ROCHESTER Review

Cover story:
And Now for Something Completely Different
Page 20. Yanks vs. the Brits

A Place Called Hope
Page 3. Helping families that neglect and abuse their children.

The Black Arts of Manipulation
Page 10. Politicians, the mass media, and you.
LETTERS
TO THE
Editor

The Review welcomes letters from readers and will use as many of them as space permits. Letters may be edited for brevity and clarity.

Salute to Bellamy

I read with a great deal of interest your article on the life of Francis Bellamy ("Our Most Quoted Alumnus," Spring 1988). However, I was disappointed that you didn’t mention that the author of the Pledge of Allegiance was born in Mt. Morris, New York, where I have lived and taught. The house in which he was born is designated with a historical plaque.

A short while before I read the article, the Colonial Dames of Florida, of which I am a member, passed a resolution that a stamp be dedicated to Bellamy on the 100th anniversary of the writing of the Pledge. I hope we are successful this time.

Eleanor N. Duffy
Leicester, N.Y.

As mentioned in the article, those who wish to support the movement to honor Bellamy with the issuance of a U.S. postage stamp may write to: Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee, U.S. Postal Service, 475 L’Enfant Plaza S.W., Washington, D.C. 20260-6300.

I would like to compliment Elizabeth Brayer and the Review for enlightening me on an item of national and University history. I would like to suggest, however, that “Republic” should be capitalized in the current version of the Salute to the Flag, just as it was in the original. Do you agree?

Russell M. Lane, ’55M
Sunderland, Mass.

It would seem to make sense. But the lower-case version now seems to be the generally accepted one—Editor.

About Time

Your article “How Many Ways to Tell About Time” in the Spring edition was intensely interesting in itself, but it also touched a long-silent chord of nostalgia.

During my freshman year (1940–41) I was one of the “pioneer” students in Philosophy 10 the first year it was offered, and it was a felicitous choice. The instructor was Robert J. Trayhern, and this was the beginning of an academic association and personal friendship that lasted for nearly 10 years.

Bob Trayhern had one of the most brilliant minds that I encountered in an extensive academic career and was a superbly effective teacher. Needless to say, the qualities do not always coincide. He was also a genial companion with a delightfully dry sense of humor. He never tried to overpower me (or any student) with his superior intellect, but I never had an encounter with him, in or out of the classroom, that did not leave me mentally refreshed and stimulated.

Philosophy 10 in its first year was frankly experimental, and the content was varied and somewhat eclectic. What makes it stand out so clearly and pleasantly in my memory was that it was my first real experience in learning to think, both creatively and critically. Bob gave us the basic tools of logic, and we used them (with varying success but great enthusiasm) on such disparate topics as Plato’s Dikaios and the Baconian and Oxfordian theories on the authorship of Shakespeare’s plays.

We also spent several days attempting to evolve a logical definition of time. After a lapse of over 40 years, I can’t pretend to quote it verbatim, but I’m sure that this is a very close approximation:

Time, as a measurable quantity, is a purely synthetic concept devised by man to define and explain the apparently sequential nature of his experiences in contact with his environment and his fellow men.

Incidentally, I once tried this definition on a group of my students in an adult education class in Vietnam with rather amazing results.

Robert C. Brown ’44/’47, ’48G
Orlando, Fla.

In “How Many Ways to Tell About Time,” John Cage is listed as “four score and 15” but since he was born September 5, 1912, according to Baker’s Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, it should have read “three score and 15.” That would make him 75 instead of 95, right?

Adelle Page Manson ’38E
Tallmadge, Ohio

Cage is indeed young for his age, but the discrepancy is not so great as the Review’s (faulty) fancy arithmetic would have it. From now on we think we’d better stick to Arabic numerals—Editor.

A Matter of Discrimination

The Spring 1988 issue carried a nice story about Todd Rosseau. However, I was appalled to read the statement that dyslexia “does not discriminate between the mentally gifted and the disabled.”

I have been disabled since the age of 9 (many years ago) and while I will not claim the description of mentally gifted, I did receive a Ph.D. from Rochester in 1975. Perhaps it does not take any mental gifts to successfully pass the course for a Ph.D. from Rochester, but I would not want to make such a statement.

Perhaps the writer meant that all of us are disabled except for a few who are mentally gifted. This interpretation would fit Todd’s statement in the article that “Everybody’s got some sort of problems, whatever they are.” While that viewpoint is one which disabled people are continually presenting, I really do not think the article was intended to be so far ahead of contemporary prejudices.

I am dismayed that Rochester Review would allow the stereotype of disabled persons as not very bright to be printed on its pages. Sure, some of us mumble and drool, but then so does Stephen Hawking. As long as these stereotypes continue to be accepted (and in this case reprinted in a journal published by a university) the barriers of bigotry will continue to impede the disabled citizens of this nation.

David Pfeiffer ’75G
Boston

The author simply meant to indicate that dyslexia in no way equates with lack of intelligence and that it could indiscriminately strike the mentally gifted, the mentally disabled, or those of us whose intellectual capabilities lie somewhere in between. The Review apologizes to anyone who may have read it differently—Editor.

(continued on page 46)
### Departments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From the President</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester in Review</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Gazette</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Milestones</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester Travelers</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After/Words</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Features**

1. **A Place Called Hope**  
   by Denise Bolger Kovnat  
   Child abuse is a painful subject, equated in our minds with blaring headlines and tales of appalling brutality. But usually the truth is far less sensational—and far more complex.

2. **A Short Course in the Black Arts of Manipulation**  
   by Peter Regenstreif  
   If you want the world to pay attention to what you have to say, you’d better say it before 9:30 at night. That’s one of the things you find out in Regenstreif’s classes in Politics and the Mass Media.

3. **Of Sound and Mind**  
   by Stephen Braun  
   Don't believe all the myths you hear about bats. They are really shy and gentle creatures who can teach us useful things about auditory perception.

4. **And Now for Something Completely Different**  
   by Thomas Fitzpatrick  
   Formal, reasoned argument is on the back burner at an Oxford-style debate—a species of performance art where intellectual one-upmanship wins you the game.

5. **Urban Gadfly**  
   by Denise Bolger Kovnat  
   In Camden, N.J., the “urban removal” mentality prevails, with not much replacing what has been removed. That attitude is changing, due in large measure to the presence there of preservationist John Doyle ’81.
Meaning and Mishmash

“Hey! Hey! Ho! Ho! Western Civ has got to go!” This intriguing chant from ardent student protesters apparently has won the day at Stanford. The faculty of U.S. News’s top-ranked university has voted to expand a traditional required Introduction to Western Civilization to include representation from non-Western cultures and the writings and traditions of women and minorities.

No sooner was the vote announced than it was roundly attacked by Secretary of Education William Bennett. Bennett saw the Stanford move as yet another proof of the moral emptiness of university studies. Instead of teaching the basics of the tradition that created and nurtures the Republic, the faculty had given in to fashionable political expediency. Classical greats would be replaced with trendy tracts.

On its surface, the Stanford curricular change has everything to recommend it. If one glances at the flash points of current history, one will find little guidance in traditional Western studies to understand the conflict of Shiites and Sunnis, Hindus and Tamils. Western Civ courses often do seem to be the march of maleness in time and place. Even in the days when I was studying American history in college, David Potter’s essay on American history, People of Plenty, noted in a footnote that this story of general prosperity applied to all Americans — except, of course, blacks and native Americans. Neither group deserves to be left a perpetual curricular footnote.

My concern about the Stanford curriculum is not content, it is form. The problem of de-Westernizing the curriculum is much more complex than inserting a section of the Upanishads after Homer. The major issue is the meaning of the university itself. The university is — unfortunately perhaps — a Western invention, and that raises fundamental problems with ecumenical urges in the cultural curriculum. The university as we understand it emerged in the Western tradition of the late Middle Ages. This curious form of educational organization responds to some fundamental trends which are especially characteristic of “Western” culture. To oversimplify a very complex story, the university draws upon two dominant traditions: Biblical religion and Greek science. The medieval university emerged in full flower at the point when those two traditions were forced into an accommodation. Greek science contributes the notion of verification to the university while the Bible gives a universal moral earnestness to the educational enterprise. Both notions seem to be essential to the meaning of our universities.

University mottos often indicate reality. My undergraduate alma mater favored Lux et Veritas; my graduate school blazoned Crescat Scientia Vita Excolatur. Science and veritas lead life forward. Greek science alone may not have been sufficient to create an educational institution. Mere theory may be the contemplative indulgence of philosophers. The Biblical tradition of moral responsibility within this historical world contributed a practical edge which initiated the social instrument of schools.

Modern Western universities came about through the merging of “alien” traditions. Maimonides had to reassure the Jewish community of Cairo about Aristotle, and Aquinas did the same for the schools of Paris — not without being condemned for heresy by the local bishop. Thus, to incorporate “alien” traditions into the university seems no great issue and should be pursued. But, I suspect that it will have to be pursued in the Western mode of verification and moral decision.

The Western university is concerned with truth and the advancement of human life. (At Rochester we of course have distilled the issue in Meliora.) The content of the curriculum exists only to advance truth and life. This high-minded notion has sharp edges. Higher education is not a species of cultural tourism; it is a form of cultural critique. We should welcome all significant others, majority and minority, North South East and West. But they will also be welcomed to the tests and trials of the university tradition.

The university should expand across all cultures provided that the forum is cultural critique. Equal time for Africa, Aristotle, and Jane Austen — rightly regarded by some modern philosophers as the last great moral philosopher in the West — is appropriate in a mode of verification. It is, I believe, the assumption which takes the great world traditions with the seriousness that they deserve. The university is not, after all, the Phil Donahue Show with tuition.

Dennis O’Brien
A Place Called

HOPE

Child abuse is to be found among all kinds of families, at all levels of income. How do you help its victims? And how do you prevent it from happening again? It is the business of the Mt. Hope Family Center to find out and to do something about it.

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

"Parenting is like the domestic Peace Corps. The hours are long. The work is hard. The pay is zip.

"Babies smell. They throw up. They cry when you're asleep and sleep when you're awake. They get sick and can't tell you what is wrong... They put tension in a home and a marriage. They are capable of testing your endurance to the limits and ripping a path through your emotions like a tornado..."

Erma Bombeck

Lunchtime at the University's Mt. Hope Family Center is a study in sensory overload—something like having a pizza at Chuck E. Cheese's.

It could be a scene at any day-care center, anywhere. As the noonday sun pours in through a wall-full of windows, about two dozen pint-size preschoolers are munching on, smooching, dismembering, or (surreptitiously) pouring orange juice all over their grilled-cheese sandwiches. When the children aren't eating, they're talking, and they don't waste a heckuva lot of time eating. Next to them, fully grown teachers sit in tyke-sized chairs trying to keep a lid on all this energy.
Over in the corner, three children are all engaged in hugging one teacher at the same time—that is, Jason* is hugging Lisa, who's hugging Danny, who's hugging the teacher, in a melee that combines the techniques of Leo Buscaglia and Hulk Hogan.

To the unschooled eye, Mt. Hope may look like a typical day-care center—but it is, in fact, a nationally recognized program for research and treatment in the area of child abuse and neglect. All of the children in the center's preschool program are at risk of or have experienced some form of maltreatment.

Child abuse is a painful, sensitive subject, one we tend to recoil from even as we gape at blaring headlines and stories of appalling brutality. Like the headlines, the characters appear in black and white.

But, usually, the truth is far less sensational—and far more complex. More often than not, child abuse takes the form of neglect or emotional mistreatment rather than overt physical injury. And, again more often than not, it involves ordinary people under extraordinary stress.

Estimates range as high as 10 to 20 percent for the number of families in which some form of child abuse takes place. In the United States, one million children are now reported as maltreated each year. Although child abuse is to be found among all kinds of families, at all levels of income, commonly it occurs in a single-parent family of young children headed by a mother on public assistance.

Children in such families might be compared to flowers planted in rocky soil: Some will bloom in spite of it all—but many won't. It is the business of Mt. Hope to find out what makes the difference and to apply that knowledge to the families that need it most.

"Lots of these kids are going to make it based on their ability to rework their experiences, to latch onto another person, or to develop an inner strength that gives them the belief that they can go on," says Dante Cicchetti, the center's director.

"Sometimes, it only takes one person to make that connection," he says with an emphatic snap of his fingers, "so that a child doesn't just lie down and give up and not fight. But we don't yet know the mechanism that makes it work."

Cicchetti, also a professor of psychology and psychiatry at the University, has throughout his career and in his writings called for extensive, intensive research on child abuse and especially on how abused children adapt to their environments—largely for the practical value of dealing with this knotty problem in treatment and in public policy.

But Cicchetti isn't just calling for more and better research—he and the staff at Mt. Hope are actively doing it, here and now. At the same time, they're applying their research directly, in programs that benefit the children and families who walk through Mt. Hope's door.

*None of the Mt. Hope clients referred to in this article have been identified by their real names.

The center's biggest effort, in terms of the population involved, is a preschool for some sixty 3- to 5-year-olds who are at risk of or who have already experienced maltreatment—physical, sexual, or emotional abuse, or physical or emotional neglect (usually, some combination of any of these).

There's no doubt that most of Mt. Hope's preschoolers benefit in some way. One mother describes her 4-year-old as more verbal, more cooperative, newly interested in his artistic endeavors, and on a better sleeping schedule after just a few months in the program. "It's just a lot of little things that have added up, so that there's a great big improvement," she says. "And now I know the meaning of sleep!"

While the preschool is central to Mt. Hope's treatment efforts, there's much more—an array of programs that reflects the array of needs of troubled families. The center works with the parents as well as the children, providing therapy for both. It runs a diagnostic clinic, children's speech-therapy programs, and parent-training groups, and operates a summer camp and an after-school program for older children. And it's all free of charge—with transportation thrown in—conducted by a team of certified special-education teachers, clinical psychologists, speech therapists, and social workers.

Moreover, as a University facility, Mt. Hope is engaged in the education and training of graduate and undergraduate students in psychology, education, medicine, social work, and speech pathology.

But it's research—more specifically, research under Cicchetti's direction—that has brought the center national recognition. Ann Cohn, executive director of the National Committee for the Prevention of Child Abuse, confirms that "Dante's work helps give us the answers we need."

One of the major research projects now going on at Mt. Hope is its "After-School Program," a weekly recreational get-together for 7- to 11-year-olds.
Pursuing a Pacesetter

Talking with Dante Cicchetti is like being paced by a track star: You’d better keep up with him, because this guy’s not about to stop for a friendly chat.

Our meeting begins as he breezes into his office, checking his messages and mail as he greets me. He grabs two containers of yogurt and a couple of amino acid tablets (he’s a weight lifter in whatever remains of his spare time), sits down in his chair, and begins lunch and our interview simultaneously.

“I guess what I’ve always been interested in is doing the difficult thing. In sports, I’d always do what I didn’t have innate abilities in. I’m always drawn to the challenge, because the problems you solve then are really important,” he says of his work.

“There are not many places around the world that can help kids with problems like this. There are so many kids who have nothing and won’t make it. The kick we get out of this kind of work is that we know that a greater percentage are going to make it.”

As he polishes off one cup of yogurt and reaches for another, he adds, “I could have sat in an ivory tower and written books and books and not done anything to help people.”

He could have—and would have been highly regarded, at that. After earning his doctorate at the University of Minnesota, he taught at Harvard for eight years, last serving as the Norman Tischman Associate Professor of Psychology.

If you ask the experts—like Professor Jerome Kagan at Harvard, Yale’s Edward Zigler, Minnesota’s Norman Garmezy—you’ll find that Cicchetti’s work is widely known and respected.

“I have a great regard for Dante, and so do many in the field,” says Garmezy in a phone interview.

“For example, I think he has done some of the best investigations there are of maltreated children. It’s that unique combination of knowing development and knowing psychopathology that brought him to the forefront.

“In fact, he’s now assuming a journal from one of the great university presses,” he says, referring to Cicchetti’s editorship of Development and Psychopathology, published by the Cambridge University Press. “To be the editor-in-chief is a rare tribute for a young investigator.”

Cicchetti is only 38 years old. And—although he might scoff at armchair psycho-social history—in many ways he is a child of the ’60s.

Physically, he’s an image flash-frozen in that time: extravagantly long, wavy black hair, a black shirt with a satin-like sheen, white jeans, running shoes.

And his thinking retains some of the idealism and social concern of those years. Certain themes appear again and again in his writing: the call for more and better research that will lead to better policy-making; the empathetic insight that maltreated children are not one homogeneous group but, rather, individuals who adapt to their environments in a diversity of ways; the reminder that there is no clear line between “normal” and “abnormal” development but that knowledge of one can help illuminate the other.

And what is the end of all this hard work? If he had his choice, would Dante Cicchetti wish a comfortable, secure, middle-class upbringing on everyone?

“I really believe that diversity can bring about more interesting outcomes, can increase heterogeneity,” he says.

“I wouldn’t wish bad experiences on anybody; I just wish that everybody could be resilient in the face of adversity. I don’t have a spun-glass theory of the mind, the idea that one bad experience can ruin you.”

So, when all is said and done, the director of the Mt. Hope Family Center is, like the name of the place itself, hopeful.

“Yes, I believe that in some cases exposure to bad experiences may ultimately lead to some children’s functioning extraordinarily well.”

Dante Cicchetti: “I guess what I’ve always been interested in is doing the difficult thing.”
To the children, it's a time for fun and friendship. (One youngster, in a group of eight 8- and 9-year-old girls, says, as her friends giggle in response: "I like coming here because I like to get away from my little brother. He's driving me bananas!") But for the researchers at Mt. Hope, it's an opportunity to learn how to help children identify their interpersonal problems and find solutions for them.

The research design divides the children into 12 groups, with six of them getting a weekly lesson in social problem-solving and the other six participating in purely recreational activities without that instruction. Half of the children in each group have been identified as experiencing some form of maltreatment (some of them are Mt. Hope graduates), while the other half have, to the best of the researchers' knowledge, not been abused but are matched to the others in terms of family income and other characteristics.

The problem-solving model in use at Mt. Hope seems eminently reasonable—and applicable to many situations, for many of us. It goes like this:

1) Say exactly what the problem is.
2) Decide on your goal.
3) Stop and think before you act.
4) Think of as many solutions as you can.
5) Think of what might happen next.
6) When you have a good solution, try it.

"A place like Mt. Hope has been on my mind since 1970. It took me 15 years to get here—to a center that combines treatment, education, and research."

"We're trying to teach them what a problem is, to develop a sensitivity to when a problem exists. When they don't feel so good and have unhappy feelings, we try to get them to see that those kinds of feelings usually accompany a problem," says Jan Gillespie, director of research.

Aside from this specific problem-solving tool, she says, the environment in general is therapeutic. "For many of these kids, it's the most prolonged exposure they have, other than in school, to adults who are empathic, supportive, and predictable."

Says Doug Barnett, a graduate student in clinical psychology who works with the program: "The children definitely learn the problem-solving model, and they definitely know the principles behind it, and they definitely understand it. Now, whether they actually apply it when somebody's been teasing them is another story."

One of the goals of the research project is to find out whether they indeed apply it—and to what effect.

Theoretically, the results of this research could find a concrete use in Mt. Hope's treatment and educational programs. Cicchetti views the relationship among research, treatment, and education as reciprocal.

"We take all the research that has been done in the past and apply it in treatment and education," he says.

Studies in language development offer an example. Developmental psychopathologists have found—as common sense would dictate—that children's language skills are directly related to their social and emotional development. That's why at Mt. Hope you'll often hear teachers urging children to "use your words," rather than fists or feet, in confrontations with other children.

The results are easily seen—or, rather, heard.

In Meg McCandlish's preschool class, 4-year-old Colin happily plays "Mommy," wearing a large, floppy, patchwork hat and carrying a purse and a jangly set of keys.

Danny, another 4-year-old, approaches with avid interest and asks, "Can I have those keys?"

"One minute," answers Colin, and walks away from Danny, unchallenged.
Real Courage

Trouble, it's been said, is always comforting when it isn't yours.
And yet, every day, Mt. Hope's researchers, therapists, teachers, and aides take the troubles of parents and children and, in a sense, make them theirs.

How—or why—do they do it?
"Something about the children calls out to me. Everything they do calls out to me for help," says preschool-teacher Meg McCandlish, sitting back in a child-sized chair in her classroom after hours.

"You look for the positive things in the child, in spite of all the hurt and anger. They've got this little ray of hope in them; they always find something to smile about and play with. You think, 'If I could only get through to that part of them!'"

With an M.S. in special education and an undergraduate degree in early-childhood education, McCandlish is well trained to keep her emotions in check. But, she says, "I have cried here before.

"I've never had to walk out of the room because I was so upset; I've been able to maintain control until the kids went home. But one little girl, I remember, had fallen out of a car; she'd lost all the skin off her chest," she says, waving her hand across her torso in disbelief.

"Not only are these children hurt—but they have lost some of their faith in their parent. The child feels some sense of 'I've been failed.'"

"They've experienced neglect, or sheer abuse, and how can they trust? And still they do. They just demand love and show love in inappropriate ways."

Those demonstrations of love are what keep others at Mt. Hope going. Doug Barnett, a first-year graduate student in clinical psychology who works with the center's After School Program, recalls one 4-year-old who was new to the preschool and withdrawn to the extent that he talked to no one.

"For some reason, he really liked me and took to me," he says with the trace of a smile. "I remember we took a bus trip somewhere, and one of his first statements was, 'Doug, come and sit with me.' And he just started to do better and better."

Barnett adds that "some people who do this kind of work have had a difficult childhood. It's one coping mechanism. You become very empathetic and you want to help."

Dante Cicchetti, Mt. Hope's director, is such an example.

"I come from a very lower-class background in a big city. I was a kid of the streets, and exposed to a lot of things most people in academia don't see. As a result, I was somebody who always cared about the underdog."

In other words, Mt. Hope's director doesn't spend much time thinking about how hard his work is. He thinks about the underdog instead.

"There's no question that it takes some courage to work here—but damn it, to be an abused kid and not give up takes real courage."

Meg McCandlish: "Something about the children calls out to me. Everything they do calls out for help."

"Nice talking, Danny and Colin!" says Meg. She and her teacher's aide nod at each other, visibly pleased with this uneventful transaction.

And that's just the point: Nothing happened. Since many children at Mt. Hope have a hard time controlling aggression, it's a very important point, indeed.

Another point you'll often hear being made at Mt. Hope is that the staff tries to work with the strengths of the children rather than focus on their weaknesses. As Cicchetti wrote in an article in the Harvard Educational Review, "The emphasis on the coping behavior and strength of a child, rather than deviant behavior and weaknesses, helps... combat the temptation toward therapeutic nihilism which is so naturally and dangerously a part of the child-protection professions."

This attitude is one of the reasons Pearl Rubin, president of Rochester's Daisy Marquis Jones Foundation, became interested in helping to support the center. "I think you could call it an 'optimistic' program," she says. "They really mean it when they use phrases like 'helping the child and parent to achieve their maximum potential.'"
But to Cicchetti, what Mt. Hope is doing today isn’t enough, largely because he knows he must work with the extended families as well as children of all ages to combat effectively the causes and results of maltreatment.

“I’d like to see this place grow into a multidisciplinary ‘lifespan’ center where families of all kinds could come for help. Right now, we’re in the process of creating a toddler center for maltreated children from 18 months to 3 years. And we’re even thinking of studying the parents’ parents—and working with adolescents as well.”

He has big plans, but he’s also moved a long way since 1985, when he assumed the directorship of the center.

“A place like Mt. Hope has been on my mind since 1970. It took me 15 years to get here— to a center like this that combines treatment, education, and research,” he says. In 1980, he wrote, again in the Harvard Educational Review, “Few treatment facilities offer the comprehensive array of services needed to deal effectively with the multifactorial nature of child abuse.”

Clearly, he has a vision—and, in many ways, he’s been able to shape and broaden the center according to that vision. When Mt. Hope began in 1979 as a preschool program for children at risk of maltreatment, it operated on an annual budget of $100,000 and occupied a converted 19th-century mansion on Mt. Hope Avenue, from which it took its name.
Defining the Field

If you never heard of "developmental psychopathology" before, you are not alone. It's a relatively new field that came to be viewed as a separate area of research in the 1970s. It's also an interdisciplinary study that draws on developmental psychology, clinical and traditional academic psychology, and psychiatry. The discipline is based on the knowledge that a number of factors—genetic, constitutional, psychological, environmental, familial, sociological—have a bearing on both normal and abnormal development.

But it's best defined by a man who is defining the field. As Dante Cicchetti has written: "Developmental psychopathology emphasizes the argument put forth by many of the great synthetic thinkers in the behavioral and neurosciences that we can learn more about the normal functioning of an organism by studying its pathology and, likewise, more about its pathology by studying its normal condition."

Since 1985, when Cicchetti took over as director, the budget has nearly doubled to $1 million. And last fall the center moved to much larger facilities in a newly renovated school building in Rochester's Corn Hill neighborhood, to accommodate the larger numbers of families being served.

But, still, the focus of all these facilities and funds and studies is the children themselves—how to prevent their maltreatment, how to help them develop, how to keep them with their families.

Cicchetti says, "The adult may have been inured to pain for so many years—it's easier to work with the kids."

And this work can produce results quickly. When asked for his definition of success, he describes the progress of a 3- or 4-year-old who, initially, seems withdrawn, lacks self-awareness and adequate language skills, and is insecure in his relationship with his parent.

"Through a therapeutic environment, and by working with the mother and the family," Cicchetti says, "we can change the nature of his relationship to secure, improve his sense of self, improve his peer relations, and teach him to talk about what he feels.

"Then, ideally, he's ready to graduate into a normal classroom."

A desirable goal, at least in the eyes of therapists, teachers, and researchers.

Lots of these kids are going to make it, based on their ability to rework their experiences, to latch onto another person, or to develop an inner strength that gives them the belief that they can go on."

But what about the people at the heart of all this—the parents and children? What do they think?

Although there's no way to ask a 4-year-old "Are you benefiting from the programs at Mt. Hope?" and parents are understandably reticent, an anecdote may shed some light.

Jane Smith, a young single mother of two boys, ages 4 and 2, sits in her neat but spare apartment on Rochester's southwest side, smoking a cigarette and watching her children play. The stereo is tuned to a rock station and the television blinks silently in the corner.

Her elder boy, John, is a newcomer to Mt. Hope's preschool program; his brother will come, too, when he's 3. Smith herself is a shy woman of few words, but she talks enthusiastically of how John enjoys the preschool.

"He runs down the stairs in the morning to get on the bus, and he takes his time in the afternoon getting off the bus. Then he stands on the porch and waves bye-bye.

"It's real good; it's brought him out of his shell."

As her younger son sits down next to her, she puts an arm around him and whispers to him, then looks up to add perhaps the ultimate endorsement: "I told some of my friends about it—and they want to get their children in, too."

"What do you get for taking on [parenthood], the most awesome job in the world? A bond of love I cannot begin to describe. . . ."

—Erma Bombeck

With two children, aged 3 and 1, Denise Bolger Kovnat is a veteran of the domestic front.
A couple of months ago
Peter Regenstreif was in
Boston, talking to alumni
about what he teaches
Rochester students in his
classes in Politics and
the Mass Media. This is
a transcript of that talk,
slightly edited for
publication.

If you had been a political science
student 20 years ago, we never would
have told you about the black arts of
manipulation. Basically, I suspect, that
was because we felt—perhaps in a sex­
ist or generationally prejudiced way—
that the real truth about politics, like
sex, ought not to be taught to young
people and to women.

But there was also this: Twenty years
ago the mass media hadn’t penetrated
our consciousness to the extent that
we, as political scientists, recognized
what was going on. The media were
just sort of “out there.”

Then the Watergate experience came
along, and a couple of enterprising
journalists did quite a deed: They drove
a president from office.

They didn’t do it by themselves. The
rest of the media picked up the chant,
and the politicians responded, and then
it dawned on us: “Hey, you know,
there is something there and we ought
to be studying it and teaching it.”

In the last 15 years Politics and the
Mass Media has become a respectable
course in university curricula: We are
now engaged in inoculating young
minds against cant and myth while
preparing them for the realities of life.

The mass media that we study to­
day constitute an enthralling kind of
activity.

We know we need the media. We
know they serve a basic public need—
a need for information—because
without information there can be no
knowledge, and without knowledge
there can be no understanding, and
without understanding there can be
no action.

We cannot communicate, you and
I, one-on-one anymore. We used to do
it over the back fence. We used to do
it in small groups. We used to have
extended families.

We don’t anymore.

So the mass media are a surrogate.
They are a message device; yet we are
so enthralled with the device that it
has developed a life of its own. And
now we say that the media people are
controlling our lives.

Well, there is a lot of misperception
floating around about the media, and
some of it is pretty ridiculous. Through­
out all societies we have had a tenden­
cy to shoot the messenger because the
messenger brings us bad news, or news
we don’t want to hear about. So we
blame the message bearer. Now, if there
is anything my students learn, I hope,
it is that you don’t blame the media.
The media exist as a device for all of
us to use.

The problem for us as common cit­
izens is that this is a one-way game—
always somehow or other failing to re­
fect our own desires, needs, or aspira­
tions except peripherally.

Why is that?

Because in politics there is a sym­
biotic relationship between the politi­
cians on the one hand and the media
folk on the other. The politicians
without the media to spread the word
would be helpless. The media without
anything to write about would equally
be helpless. So they coalesce against
us: the politicians using the media to
send their message; the media in effect
creating a filter for the message—a
prism, if you like, refracting the rays
into a different direction, a different
form, a different coloration for the
common man.

So where do I, the ordinary citizen,
fit in? How can I too use the media
effectively? How can I understand what
is going on? How can I make sense of
these strange and marvelous things
that take place almost daily, and—we
all feel sometimes—uncontrollably.
Remember this about the media: They are somebody’s agenda. If you command that agenda, you’ll command the political process.

That is why, for example, the candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination had the debate at the Eastman Theatre last spring. All very interesting, all terribly exciting. But why? Did we need a huge audience in the Eastman Theatre? Did anyone really want to influence those particular people? Of course not. They were essentially a backdrop, part of a media event.

The journalists who were sitting there were also part of a media event. The politicians were using them to send messages—all kinds of messages—and to make the whole thing real instead of just three guys in a room, which obviously isn’t all that exciting in itself.

New York’s was a crucial primary, the kicker, the one that could determine the outcome. So they were using us to talk to the voters, white voters and black voters, Jews and non-Jews, Upstaters and Downstaters.

Fascinating business, but it was a media event. It was not real—or was it?

With the media, there is no truth, there are just appearances. We live in a democracy, not in a platonic world of universalistic means and ends—suggesting that we will determine outcomes by the device of numbers, of power, of influence, of manipulation.

Let’s think about some of the manipulable things that go on out there in the media.

There is a bald statement that I make once a semester in my Politics and the Mass Media course. It is simply this: There is no fundamentally nonideological, apolitical, nonpartisan, news-gathering and reporting system. I repeat: There is no fundamentally nonideological, apolitical, nonpartisan, news-gathering and reporting system.

Having taken this in, we are ready to understand the process.

Political scientists have constructed certain models of how it all works.

Journalists have their own model: “What you see is what you get.” They say, “Listen, I can see what is going on. The stuff I write, what I show you on the screen, is purely a reflection of events.”

Well, that’s their view. We have other models. One is the professional model that sees journalists as gatekeepers. Before anything can appear in the media, the journalist has to work it through his sieve, or her prism, or their ways of looking at the world, and when it comes out, they have transformed it into something else.

Another model sees news as a product of organizational and technical factors—such simple things as “We’ve got a deadline at 9:30 at night so we can turn out a paper that will be on your doorstep at 6 in the morning.” That cuts off the news in a certain way. If you want anyone to notice what you are doing, don’t do it after 9:30 at night.

Other technical matters enter in, such as the fact that 65 percent of a newspaper is advertising—and, frankly, if it isn’t, that newspaper is going to go out of business.

And if a story doesn’t lend itself to good pictures, you likely won’t see it on television because nobody wants to look at talking heads anymore. That’s old and that’s boring.

There are organizational constraints. If you’re not making a profit, pretty soon you’re not going to be running a station anymore.

If you have a bad niche—publishing in the afternoon, for example—you’re going to go out of business. The two-newspaper town is ancient history in the United States. Why is that? Because there are organizational constraints.

There is yet another model, a political model, that says that news is a product of ideological biases and that it has to be that way because journalists are only human.

Which of these models is accurate? Well, of course, the accurate model is a combination, and we spend a lot of time describing to students how this whole mix works: What the media are interested in. What their constraints are in what they can and cannot use. And a whole range of other things such as taste, perspectives, underlying understandings of the American process.
We talk about enduring values in the American mass media. What are they? Truth, beauty, and the American way? Forget it. Let me give you some ideas, for most of which I am indebted to Herbert Gans and his pathbreaking Deciding What's News.

First and foremost is ethnocentrism. Americans are ethnocentric. Pick up the newspaper, watch television: 300 people killed in a plane crash in Turkey. Belongs on page 16. Who cares about a bunch of Turks, right? One local person on that plane. Front page. That makes sense. Most of us don't give a damn for a bunch of Syrians, Frenchmen, Italians, or even Canadians, unless of course we are in Canada. Here in the United States, we care about our own. And if the news happened in Des Moines instead of our home town, well, tough on Des

Pick up a newspaper, watch television: 300 people killed in a plane crash in Turkey. Belongs on page 16. One local person on that plane. Front page. Here in the United States, we care about our own.

Moines. We are interested in right here. You want to read about Des Moines, go to Des Moines.

Another perspective: altruistic democracy. We expect American politics to be democratic and that everybody can play. We are good guys, right? Of course, many political processes do not reflect that value, but it is remarkable that, at the hands of a good journalist, failure to adhere to appropriate process, or behaving in a mean-spirited manner—in short, contravening altruistic democracy—will take down a candidate as sure as anything.

Think about Bob Dole. Around the Beltway, in Washington, he was everybody's candidate. Democrat and Republican alike. Why not? Bob Dole had guts. He was smart. He was articulate. He knew what he stood for. Bob Dole was what people thought we needed in a presidential candidate. And then he went out and did the same thing he did in 1976. He showed he was mean and suggested he was small. He couldn't take a hit. He whined about it. And he was out of the game.

We have a vision: You know, leave a little on the table. When you're reaping your field, don't cut the corners too sharp; leave a little behind for the weak and the unfortunate and the widows and the orphans. If you don't behave that way, if you don't act responsibly, you are going to get hurt.

Take Johnson & Johnson. They understand this. When they had the problem of someone tampering with their product, and people died from it, Johnson & Johnson became a paragon of responsibility. Remember what their president did? He said: “It's our responsibility. We are going to take everything off the shelf. We are going to fix it.” He claimed the problem for his own, and he told us he was going to

Presidents and the Mass Media

- Franklin Roosevelt ranks as one of the most effective manipulators of the media because he was not afraid to be open with the press while using it to further his aims. Of course, he lived at a time when members of the media respected confidences and adhered to a code which recognized that “off the record” meant that what was divulged under that heading could not be reported or attributed.
- President Eisenhower could reach out beyond the press to the American people because he generated a sense of trust and credibility that no opposition, criticism, or problem within his own camp could shake.
- JFK's success with the media was the result of his supreme confidence in his own ability to manage the news and because he genuinely liked the press. And that liking was often reciprocated.
- Lyndon Johnson's difficulties with the media were only partly the result of his following on the heels of Kennedy and therefore paling in comparison. Johnson’s entire style was jarring to the media: He played favorites flagrantly; he occasionally gave way to towering temper tantrums; and his manipulations were too transparent and overt. In short, he didn't understand the media.
- Richard Nixon didn't like the media, and its representatives soon reciprocated the sentiment. His approach ranged from self-pity to arrogance; from outright lying to direct attack on his enemies in the press. He generated fear—and, on occasion, hatred. He was his own worst enemy.
- Ronald Reagan deserves the title “the great communicator.” He was the “teflon president” because he understood that being president means playing a role, a role that combines a heroic stance, an easy manner, and constant good humor. Above all, his countrymen like him even while they disagree with many of his policies. They have forgiven him a lot.

Peter Regenstraff
Before anything can appear in the media, the journalist has to work it through his sieve, or her prism, and when it comes out, it has been transformed into something else.

When you watch a newscast, you always see a little scene from a small town as if somehow or other we are reaching back to our roots? There is something appealing about the small town and there is something frightening about the big city and the hardness of its ways. The small town, the farm—it's a piece of America. But think of it, we are being manipulated, aren't we?

Here is another basic news value: individualism—relating everything to an individual, personalizing it. Take the AIDS case, a classic example of how individualism works. A lot of people were dying but nobody important died. The media couldn't find a news peg to hang it on and it wasn't a big story. And then a famous man got it. Remember? Rock Hudson. Suddenly AIDS was a big issue and they started covering it. Fascinating, isn't it?

More on individualism: There's a great tragedy, a plane crash. Three hundred and fifty people die, of whom 60 were this and 20 were that. That is not a story. That is a statistical summary. An accountant can give you that. The newsman will find a sweet old lady, or some kind of story about a family, to make the peg, to catch your attention.

Remember that nice little girl who fell down the well last year? Do you know how many people died during the course of that same week? How much tragedy, misery, hunger, and privation there was in the world? But, front page, lead story on all the newscasts, was this little girl whose mother obviously didn't have enough care to make sure the holes in the backyard were covered, but nonetheless we were captured by her "bravery." I'm almost being cynical about it and I don't mean to be. But she is a famous little girl today. Her story arrested our attention.

Last point: moderatism. What a beaut that is! Americans have one of the few societies in the history of the world based on a successful revolution. You know, one where you have a beginning, a middle, and an end and it's finished. There was no counterrevolution. We didn't go back and establish a monarchy. No sir, we have a real republic. It has endured over 200 years and, with good luck, it will endure a hell of a lot longer.

This is a moderate society—maybe conservative is an even better word. We don't do things radically, and if you are a radical you're out of the game.

For years, Jesse Jackson was seen as a radical, and (the thinking ran) if he is radical, he can't be successful. So he didn't get the coverage he deserved. So by last spring he was starting to be a moderate. How come? Well, he could see the prize coming up, the light at the end of the tunnel. Suddenly he was talking nice about Jewish people and he was saying how he won't sit down with Yassir Arafat anymore either. So everybody said he had paid obeisance to our value of moderatism and maybe it wasn't going to be too bad having Jesse as a serious candidate. The pollsters went out and they showed us that in fact a Dukakis-Jackson ticket beat George Bush—and-whoever-else by five percentage points, which of course made the Republicans laugh their heads off.* Well, we will see who will be laughing later on, if not in 1988, perhaps in 1992.

Another very important point about the media is their attempt to give us a balance. I am referring here generally to print media but I could be talking about audio-visual as well.

Balance in the electronic media, by the way, is written into the federal communications act itself, and the reason is that while there is no way you can interfere with print, the airwaves belong to you and me as citizens of this country. So if they don't give us balance—the right of rebuttal, provision for equal time—then someone has been unfair. And unfair is a no-no in our system, isn't it? It's also in this case illegal.

There are other kinds of balance that are also worth paying attention to. Any time you see a news broadcast, any time you pick up a newspaper, you will note the components of balance in the story mixture: Not all mean, not all happy, not all tragedy, not all crisis. Some short and some long. There is a subject balance too. A little bit of poli-
Politics, a little bit of economics, certainly the sports, and you've got to know about the weather.

There is yet another balance in the news: a geographic balance, a commitment by the networks to make certain that the various regions of the country are covered. Now, of course, nothing ever happens in Indiana and very little happens in Kansas, so they don't get an awful lot of coverage. And some of what happens there you really would rather not know about: Some kid has lost it and blown away his family and all his neighbors. So mainly you have New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Washington. (Boston is always some kind of science story; there is some myth about the people there, that they have higher IQ's than the rest of the country.)

Maintaining some kind of geographic balance is a necessity, obviously, for the news media to cover everything that is going on.

There is a demographic balance, too. Responsible news media will make certain that there is representation of the variety of ethnic, religious, racial, age — and now sex — groupings in our society. When they do a story, they will make sure that those kinds of components are covered.

And there is political balance. You can't do a Republican without doing a Democrat. You can't do the ins without doing the outs.

There is also such a thing as competitive balance, and that is a real problem in one-newspaper towns or in towns where the guy who owns the newspaper also owns the television station.

Another point for consideration: criteria for choosing news stories. What makes a story interesting enough to the media to get them to cover it? And why are other stories ignored when they shouldn't be ignored?

That's where notions like timeliness enter in. And notions having to do with high impact: "If it's the President of the United States, we have to cover it even though it really doesn't mean very much."

A good practitioner on the outside who understands all these things — and who wants to make a point in the public arena — knows what to do. He or she knows that when you approach the media, you need something with some impact. You need something that is timely. You need something that has bearing on a local area or has some kind of long-term potential.

If you've got a story of a sensational nature, if it's different, then you've really got something going — as long as you don't violate the basic norms of society, and if you play along with some vital points, the tried and true notions that always give you solid ground (and often high ground) from which to launch yourself.

What are these vital notions?

Health, number one. Everyone is interested in health. If someone's health is endangered, people get really upset, right? Safety, number two. It's not the same thing. Health is one thing; we all want to live forever. Safety is someone else doing something — or not doing something — and you could die, or get hurt.

If I tell you, "You know, that guy is spewing whatever the hell it is into the local water," then he is dead meat. He is out of the game. He has violated a basic norm. And if I play the business about heritage and our children, then

I have a step up on some guy who is talking about such things as competition (it's a nice word but it's a second-level word) or (and you can forget this one, too) profit.

The public doesn't care about somebody's profit, not even in America anymore. Profit means "You get it and I don't and the heck with you." But if I talk about health and public safety, it's "I love you, darling." See how it works?

So, we are in a game of manipulation. And using the media is a case of being on your guard, being aware, understanding that the media have a life of their own, and recognizing that you — acting for a corporation, acting for a group, acting for the public interest — can have a tremendous impact. You just have to bear in mind certain very important things that I have tried to sketch out for you here.

A well-known political consultant and frequent commentator for — and about — the mass media, Peter Regenstreif is professor of political science and coordinator of the University's Canadian Studies program.
With remarkable acuity, William O’Neill’s mustached bats “see” through their ears. Could humans ever do the same thing?
Wings folded, hanging by their toes in their large, glass-walled cage, the mustached bats look surprisingly small—like little dark-brown mice, only not so cute.

But tap the cage wall and several will let go of the netting draped from the ceiling and fly around in large swooping loops, displaying the agility and speed for which they're both admired and feared.

These bats—about 50 in all—belong to William O'Neill, associate professor of physiology. They're called "mustached," he explains, because of the small tufts of hair around their mouths.

For the last eight years O'Neill has been studying bats to find out more about what they hear and how they hear it. Learning how bats process and interpret sounds, he says, may shed light on how humans do the same thing.

"Vocal communication is at the pinnacle of human evolution," he says. "It is what distinguishes human behavior, makes us unique, and is the ancient basis for civilization. Understanding how the brain processes sounds is therefore fundamentally important to understanding human behavior."

O'Neill is one of a handful of investigators across the country who are using bats in this kind of research. (He worked up to them through earlier studies on some of the best noisemakers in the insect world, katydids and crickets.)

What makes the mustached bat so interesting to O'Neill is its remarkable, built-in, sonar device.

About half of the approximately 1,000 species of bats in the world have evolved extraordinary abilities for producing high-frequency sound waves and for receiving echoes of those waves returning from the objects around them. These abilities, a natural form of sonar, are called echolocation systems.

Bats are not unique in this capability. O'Neill points out that toothed whales are excellent echolocators, and even we humans use a crude form of echolocation all the time—we're just not normally aware of it. For instance, you can easily tell, in the dark, whether you are standing in a large hall or are confined to a small room, simply by the differing way sound behaves in those two kinds of spaces. Blind people by necessity are adept at sensing the "feel" of sound and can use it by clicking their fingers or tapping a cane to produce noises that bounce back at them from their surroundings.

Bats, along with dolphins and whales, have refined these primitive abilities over millions of years in response to their needs for perception in environments where vision fails—in pursuing dinner on the wing in the dead of night, for instance, or navigating in the lightless depths of ocean waters. Bats, incidentally, are not blind, though their visual acuity is not as great as ours. Generally, they use their eyes for finding their way on long-distance flights.

Since high-frequency sounds give a much more accurate "picture" of objects than do those in the lower frequencies (long wavelengths tend to bend around obstructions instead of reflecting off them), bats have evolved ways of producing very high-pitched cries—sounds that are far above the range of human hearing.

The primary frequency used by mustached bats is about 61,000 cycles per second, or 61 kilohertz. The range of the human auditory system is fairly wide—between about 20 hertz and 18,000 hertz—but it falls far below the hearing capabilities of echolocating bats, and most other mammals for that matter. (Bats also produce other sounds that humans can hear, but they are usually analogous to the vocalizations of birds and other mammals and it isn't thought that they are used for echolocation.)

O'Neill says bats make excellent subjects for his study because the sounds they produce are unusually pure. The growl of a dog, the chattering of a chimpanzee, and the speech sounds of a human are in contrast exceedingly complex and are very difficult to analyze and reproduce electronically. In addition, even though a bat's brain is about the size of a pea, its auditory system is proportionately much larger than is a human's or some other non-echolocating mammal's—making investigation easier.

Interestingly, he says, even though the signals bats use for echolocating are very simple sounds, they show similarities to human vocalizations. The bat cries are acoustically similar to certain phonemes (the basic syllables that make up words) in human speech. An understanding of how the bat's brain analyzes the information it receives from its echoed squeaks may help us understand how the human brain processes the strings of phonemes that constitute language.

O'Neill's research has shown that the bat's auditory system takes in many signals at once and deals with them simultaneously—an ancient example of the kind of parallel processing now being pursued by the contemporary designers of supercomputers. More important, the different elements of a sound, such as its frequency, duration, or intensity, are processed by specific neurons within the bat's brain. These neurons are expressly tuned to particular kinds of stimuli. When a bat hears a sound, it integrates the response from a large number of neurons to fashion a precise reflection of reality.
Bats in the Belfry and Other Fraudulent Factoids

Holy Chiropterula! What is it about bats that evokes such fear and loathing—and weird bits of misinformation? Take the one about “bats in the belfry” as an allusion to insanity. Actually, according to Merlin D. Tuttle, founder and science director of Bat Conservation International, bats do not live in belfries, preferring more secluded spots. “Birds in the belfry” would be a more accurate observation.

Or “blind as a bat.” Not true. Some species of bats have acute vision. Others see perfectly well but prefer to rely on their built-in sonar.

Or—saargh!—the one about “bats will dive right at you and try to nest in your hair.” As one self-styled expert unhelpfully put it, “Bats would never do such a thing. They’d be afraid of getting their feet tangled and not being able to escape.”

Bats are outside the norm, which may help explain our misgivings about them. They’re mysteriously up and doing when “normal” creatures are asleep. And they fly. The birds and the bees are supposed to fly, but not mammals, for heaven’s sake. (The bat is, incidentally, unique as a flying mammal. The so-called flying mice,” bats are not rodents. They have been evolving as a separate line since the earliest mammals roamed the earth.)

And let’s admit it, bats—most of them—are not pretty. Their faces, loaded with sonar equipment, are built for function, not looks. The fact that they swoop around, mouths in a rictus, displaying all those razor-sharp ivories isn’t going to help them win any beauty contests either. The bared teeth don’t signal aggression, however. Bats fly with their mouths open so they can emit the constant stream of ultrasonic pulses they use for navigating. When you cover their mouths, they act, well, blind as a bat.

Then there’s all the vampire lore—Dracula and all that. Bram Stoker’s 1897 horror story didn’t help the cause of bats one whit. But they do have their defenders. “Bats are among the gentlest of animals,” says Tuttle. “They’re really shy creatures who have just had a bad press.”

Bats are so shy, in fact, that little is known about many of their habits. A 1949 field-study guide to British bats, for instance—the first book on bats ever published in Britain—details with enthusiasm the 12 species native to the British Isles, but in each case, under “Gestation Period,” lists a bald “Unknown.” Even today, says Tuttle, no one has a handle on such basic facts as whether or how bats teach their young to fly.

Part of the confusion arises from the numbers and varieties of bats that inhabit the earth. It is estimated that there are over 1,000 species, together constituting nearly one fourth of the world’s mammals. In size and dietary preference they range from the tropical fruit bats (wingspan of five feet and more) to the tinnest of the insect-eaters (wingspan of less than two inches). Some bats fish, catching their prey with their mouths, O’Neill says, bats use their wings: “They scoop them up using their wings and tail membranes like a catcher’s mitt.”

Bats have undersized legs, attached to the wing at the ankle. The knees point backward, enabling a fast takeoff from a cave wall. Some bats occasionally walk around; others have been observed swimming. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald notes in British Bats that he used to watch some of his neighborhood bats taking a refreshing dip in his birdbath.

A number of species carefully segregate the sexes except during the mating season. Vesey-FitzGerald writes that he has seen enormous male and female colonies living side by side under the same roof, with “a little space—perhaps no more than an inch or so—between the nearest male and female.”

Females give birth to one pup at a time, once a year. Since this usually happens in a cave with Mom hanging from the wall by her toenails, the question arises as to why she doesn’t drop the infant. It seems she uses her wing as a hammock, cradling the newborn until it attaches itself to a tent.

Bad press to the contrary, bats do perform a number of essential functions. For one thing, they pollinate a number of species of plant life that depend on this service. For another, they act as an efficient natural insecticide. One small insectivorous bat can consume up to 1,000 bugs per night. For a vermin-free house, Tuttle recommends keeping a couple of his flying friends as pets.

For free plans on how you can construct a “bat house” for your own backyard, O’Neill says you can write to Bat Conservation International, P.O. Box 162603, Austin, TX 78716.

The detailed contours of the sound picture can tell the bat that it is heading full tilt toward a thick stone wall and at the same time divulge the equally useful information that just in front of that wall and a couple of centimeters to the right is a tiny, darting insect, just right for a snack.

Mustached bats can accurately perceive such moving targets by detecting extremely subtle shifts in the frequency of the returning echo. They do this by utilizing the Doppler effect, the change in frequency caused by the movement of an object. A common example of a Doppler shift is the drop in pitch of a train whistle as the train rushes by an observer. As it approaches, the sound waves of the whistle are compressed in the direction of the speeding train, raising the pitch. As the train recedes, the sound waves are stretched out, lowering it.

In the same way, mustached bats detect the rising or falling pitch of their echoes and can instantly interpret that as movement. O’Neill has found that certain neurons in the auditory cortex of the bats’ brains are sensitive to specific amounts of Doppler shifts.
But while he has found evidence of neurons specialized to detect discrete kinds of sounds, he also suspects that other neurons are more general and are stimulated by a wide range of sound frequencies or amplitudes.

O'Neill's research demands a broad spectrum of skills, from a sophisticated knowledge of computer programming to an earthy tolerance for dank, guano-filled caves.

Once a year O'Neill and his colleagues travel to Jamaica to catch mustached bats for study. Back in Rochester, O'Neill and crew must individually hand-feed their recruits to get them used to their new diet of mealworms.

"It's hours of drudgery," O'Neill says.

Keeping the bats healthy and happy is a challenge also. The key, he has found, is keeping their feet in good shape. An important element here is the mesh that goes in the flight cages for them to hang onto. It has to have just the right size holes. Holes that are too big won't give them a good grip; holes that are too small will cause their toenails to catch and bleed.

Another problem is preventing the toenails from growing so long they can no longer grasp effectively. O'Neill solved that one by placing the bats' water dishes next to a wall with brick facing. They must cling to the brick to drink, and this abrasion keeps their toenails filed nice and short, serving the same function as the cave wall back home in Jamaica.

The bulk of this research takes place in a small, double-walled, sound-insulated room. A live bat is placed in a kind of sandwich board that is molded to receive its body. The secured bat is then firmly clamped facing a metal frame that looks like a cutdown version of a dish antenna.

The dish-shaped frame is simply that: a frame on which small speakers can be affixed at precise distances and angles from the bat's ears.

Under anesthesia, the bat's thin skull is surgically exposed and ultra-thin wire or glass electrodes are inserted to different areas of the brain. (As in humans, the bat brain contains no sensory nerves, thus the bats feel little or no pain from the probes.)

Once wired up, the bat is presented with a variety of sounds that mimic those it makes itself. The sounds are produced from an array of electronic equipment located outside the room. By systematically varying the kinds of sounds and monitoring the probe, O'Neill can tell when a particular neuron or localized section of the brain is stimulated by a given sound. By also methodically shifting the probe, he can make a rough map of the bat's auditory system.

O'Neill's research is primarily basic: research simply for the sake of research.

"Personally, I'm in it for the curiosity," he says. "I want to know how auditory systems operate."

But there could be practical applications.

Although there are profound differences between a bat's auditory equipment and a human's, the neurons that transmit sound signals from the ears to the brain—and the neurons in the brain itself—are essentially the same. An understanding of what's going on in a bat's brain may lead us to an understanding of what's going on in a human's.

This understanding could, for one thing, result in the development of artificial echolocation systems for the blind. O'Neill says he's tried out a prototype produced in New Zealand. It involves a compact ultrasound transmitter and receiver mounted in a headband. The transmitter sends out pulses, which are reflected, picked up by the receivers, and transformed into audible beeps that are relayed to earphones.

He says the device he used was sensitive enough to allow him to locate and stack small blocks with his eyes closed.

Bats may not be blind themselves, but they may well end up helping humans who are.

Stephen Braun has been a frequent contributor to Rochester Review, writing on faculty research projects.
And now for something completely DIFFERENT
Mix in equal parts of “MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour” and “Let’s Make a Deal”—and you have the lively spectator sport known as an Oxford debate.

By Thomas Fitzpatrick

Looking like a page out of Esquire, the razor-cut, sleekly tuxedoed members of the Rochester Debate Union betray little in the way of nerves as they shuffle their notes and sneak an appraising glance now and then at their opponents across the room—and from across the pond.

The Rochester students are here this April afternoon to take on three debaters from the Oxford Union Society, easily the most famous debating group in the world. Founded in 1825, the Oxford Union enjoys something of an edge in longevity: The Rochester debating club, in its present incarnation, is all of a year and a half old.

For this first formal, head-to-head confrontation between the two teams, the contrast in physical appearance couldn’t be more pronounced. The Rochesterians—sophomore Seth Levine and Adam Perri and senior Scott West—are all on the tall side, dark-haired, carefully barbered, and elegantly turned out in identical wing-collared black-tie outfits.

*Evening dress is customary for Oxford-style debates, from the tradition of scheduling them, on home territory, after dinner.

The Oxonians—Matthew Leigh, Michael Gove, and Edward Vaizey—are all well below middle height, with unkempt hairdos in various stages of lank. But it is in their choice of dinner jackets that the fabled Oxford insouciance is flaunted. Where did they get these boxy, lumpy, double-breasted antiques? From the back of their fathers’ closets? From the wardrobe room of a provincial touring production of The Holly and the Ivy? Gove has on a shimmery gold bow tie, Leigh an electric blue job. Only Vaizey of Merton opts for the conventional black tie, but he adds his own sartorial flourish—red socks. This is blithe indifference with a vengeance, and the first clue that this Oxford style of debate is not going to follow the usual format of American forensics.

“Forensics”—not in this case something “Coroner to the Stars” Thomas Noguchi used to do on an autopsy table, but a formal, reasoned argumentation based on rules of evidence—is on the back burner. As J. W. Johnson, the professor of English who helped coach the Rochester team, says: “Americans usually see debate as a means of arriving at objective truth. This is not necessarily the main Oxford motive.” At premium here is intellectual one-upmanship, the clever phrase, the witty retort.

“It’s a species of performance art, really,” Vaizey says, and the two teams’ choice of costumes bear him out. The Brits, by their studied aloofness to fashion, aim to go one up by downplaying from the start. The Yanks, who have witnessed the Oxford tactics on two occasions, checkmate with a uniform mode of dress that implies earnestness, on the one hand, and a kind of neo-Gatsbyesque romantic quest, on the other. The green light on the end of their pier is an upset win over Oxford first time out.

The debate is the featured attraction of this Wednesday’s University Day half-holiday, Rochester’s scheme of clearing the deck of classes one afternoon a week to allow students to come together to experience something a little off the usual academic beat. They amble in to take their seats in the lower-level meeting room of the Interfaith Chapel, making a fashion statement of their own: acid-washed jeans slopped over unlaced, high-top sneakers, John Deere tractor caps worn backwards, tufts of hair poking out over the “Ad-Jus-To” straps. Many are on a lunch break, so there is munching of nacho-flavored tortilla chips and Polly-O string-cheese treats, and much hallooing back and forth.
The tradition of debate at Rochester is as old as the University itself. In fact, it's even older, students having organized the Delphic Society—for the purposes of debate and declamation—two days before the school opened its doors on November 5, 1850. The debaters shown here (in their 1914 yearbook picture) have just been handed an upset by a team from Ohio Wesleyan, gamely.

They have been lured here with the promise of something more exciting than high-school debate stuff, and have given up a sunny day's basking to fill the seats and line up against the walls. It is SRO. They cast bemused eyes at the young gents in evening dress in the front of the hall; the mood is casual interest with just a touch of a "show me" attitude. They'll get their wined or dull. Members of the audience may "interject on the speaker," that is, interrupt him at any time with a refutation or any kind of verbal by-play. Even a certain amount of heckling or cat-calling is allowed, as long as the audience avoids "unruliness." But participation by the crowd is encouraged, and the winner of the debate will be determined by an audience vote. The students rustle about at this news. They were led to expect a witty show, but not necessarily to be part of it themselves.

First up for Oxford to speak in favor of the motion is Leigh, who surprises by coming all-over serious. "I find it unfortunate that the posters advertising our arrival emphasized our propensity to make 'witty remarks'," he says, "because the subject of NATO is an inherently serious one."

Promising he "won't crack cheap jokes," he puts Oxford on the side of "humanity," which is constantly being thwarted by "irrational barriers put up against it by power blocs like NATO and the Warsaw Pact." Oxford speaks for humanity, which of course leaves Rochester to defend "the money men and the military men" who distort the true, "popular impulse to peace and understanding." Johnson, the English prof, putting on his coach's hat, sniffs out some strategy here. He thinks that this is a gambit employed by Oxford, which is determined not to get out-flanked by the Americans on the "earnestness front."

Leigh, however, cannot completely hide his peppery nature. Perri rises to interject, towering at least a foot over the diminutive Oxonian, and Leigh recognizes him with, "Big boy, come forward and throw me your best pass!" Perri makes a good point, chastising Oxford for its "naive" view of gnost, but it is largely lost in the chuckling over Leigh's wisecrack. By the end of the debate, Perri is no doubt as heartily sick of short people as Randy Newman, because he can hardly make a move without hearing that "big boy" business over and over again.

To demonstrate to the audience how it could participate, it was planned from the outset that Deanna Morell, the most active female member of the RDU, would question the first speaker from the audience mike. For her, it was also a matter of putting some courage to the sticking place. "I tell you, I could hear my heart pounding in my chest," she says later. "I had never debated before on this level, and I'm going up against guys who are ranked in the first five in the world. But I made up my mind not to be intimidated; I was going to be a rock." And the junior from Palmyra, New York, is stone cold imperturbable as she reasserts Perri's point that a warm feeling toward the Soviet Union's new "openness" among Westerners might be unwarranted.

"There, ladies and gentlemen," Leigh replies, "is the voice of extremism." Some disapproving murmurs from the crowd make him realize that he has gone a tad far, so he adds, "I have done a bad thing. I have just called this fine young woman an extremist. And that's an abusive term." When he is through scrambling desperately for a rhetorical foothold, the argument seems to be that NATO is responsible for his abusing of Morell, that power-bloc politics has undermined humanity's natural propensity to be polite.

But Leigh is nonetheless shaken, and falls back on some of the inexpensive
jollities he had earlier forsworn. On
Michael Dukakis: "Beware of a Greek
wearing fear of the Soviets: "You mean to
say, 'I'm not paranoid, but there's
somebody lurking behind me.'" He
recovered sufficiently to move to an elo­
quently to Levine, Rochester's first
No one has been more responsible
for reviving debate on the Rochester
campus than this sophomore history
major from New York City. Always in­	erested in speech and debate, Levine
was disappointed in the fall of 1986
when he arrived on the River Campus
to find that the debate club was more
or less moribund. However, an Amer­
ican studying at Oxford, one Frank
Luntz, appeared on campus with the
aim of including Rochester in an

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American tour he was trying to put
together for the Oxford Union.
Levine volunteered his services,
which were accepted, and then franti­
cally ran about trying to scare up a
group of local debaters to engage with
the Englishmen. Johnson, who had
been teaching some speech classes,
signed on as coach, Donald Hess, vice
president for administration, and Ruth
Freeman, University dean, were eager
to help Levine with the logistics and
arrangements, the Students' Associa­
tion funded the project, and Oxford
came to Rochester. The American stu­
dents Levine recruited formed ad hoc
teams with the touring Oxonians (two
Yanks and a Brit on one team, two
Brits and a Yank on the other), and
they put on an exhibition debate be­
fore a thronging audience in the May
Room of Rush Rhees.

"Students who found the American
way of debate overly structured and
boring were excited by the free-wheeling
Oxford style," Levine says. Involv­
ment in debate was sparked, the Roch­
ester Debate Union was formed, and
Levine made plans for the Americans
to go to Oxford for another exhibition
in the spring of '87. Travel funds were
a problem, but another vice president,
Roger Lathan '54, got into the act and
contacted Martin Messinger '49 of the
New York investment firm of Neuberger
& Berman. A former Yellowjacket de­
bater himself, Messinger was pleased
to hear of this Oxford connection, and
supplied the students with travel money.
The upshot is that Rochester is the
only American university officially
affiliated with the Oxford Union, and
Levine has every hope that the RDU
can continue this home-and-away se­
ries of debates every year. Fortified by
15 hard-core members, and about 20
more who have also shown interest,"
the Rochester Union plans to renew
intercollegiate debate soon with other
UAU schools like Emory and Johns
Hopkins, and take a shot at the World
Debate Championships held at Prince­
ton every year.
The Rochester debaters have orga­
nized themselves into a kind of varsity­
arrangement, with tyro debaters
expected to help the first string in re­
searching issues before they get their
own chance at the podium. And the
researchers have done their work well
on this day.
As Levine begins his rebuttal, one
can see that the Yanks are determined
to argue the facts of the Western Alli­
ance in weighty terms. He scores West­
er Europe for political disunity, ques­
tions its will to defend itself in the
absence of NATO, quotes Benjamin
Franklin on the mixed results of hang­
ing separately, and worries aloud
about "the Finlandization of Europe." But
he is constantly beset by the gadfly
interjections of the Oxonians, who rise
to question America's common sense,
defend Europe's preference for provid­
ing health care and education for its
populace rather than engaging in the
arms race, and criticize both the Soviet
Union and the United States for con­
ducting "surrogate conflicts" across
the globe.

Oxford is clearly the Muhammad
Ali of this ring, flicking quick, darting
jabs, dancing away to the ropes, clos­
ing again to slash at the opponent's
argument. With one eye on Levine and
the other taking in the audience reac­
tion to their sparring, they score and
score again. The Americans are really
not at their best in verbal rejoinder;
Levine is like Smokin' Joe Frazier,
determined to stick to the game plan,
hammering away with body blows,
ignoring when possible the counter­
punching of Oxford, looking for a
knockout opportunity.
After the debate, a peek at the
team's notes reveals that Rochester's
remarks are painstakingly prepared be­
forehand, while the Oxonians contain
themselves with just a scrawled outline
on which they improvise with great
freedom, and to great effect. You could
call this style versus substance, except
that in debate, style is substance. It’s
the art of persuasion: The audience is
the judge, and its response so far has
Oxford ahead on points.

In an Oxford-style debate, audience participa­
tion is an essential ingredient.

"When I learned that we were hav­
ing this debate in a chapel, I thought I
might give my Jimmy Swaggart imita­
tion and dump hellfire and brimstone
on you. But I see Mr. Levine has beat­
en me to it." This is Vaizey, who is
half-American (and took the chance
the tour gave him to visit his mother's
people, who still live in Brooklyn),
and has a flair for Robin Williams-like
aggressive stand up. He impishly baits
Rochester for ponderousness ("heavy,
Uncivil Waugh

British Prime Minister W. E. Gladstone (1809–1898), an early and devoted member of the Oxford Union Society, once intoned: "To call a man an Oxford man is to pay him the highest compliment that can be paid to a human being."

That spirit of politesse did not long survive in Oxford-style debates, which have become famous for the verbal barbs they evoke. Not all of the well-honed insults, however, are necessarily let loose during the debate itself. Some of the best have been reserved for post-debate reviews in Oxford student publications.

Here from Isis, for example, are a few skewers from a young Evelyn Waugh writing as an undergraduate in the early 1920s:

"Mr. R. H. Bernays was, as always, vehement, long-winded, biblical, homely, and not ineffective. He quoted French with an accent for which he thought he need not apologize.

"Mr. H. Lloyd-Jones gave the impression of having been suddenly stirred from a deep slumber by the previous speaker’s mention of Wales.

"Mr. S. F. Villiers-Smith made the sort of speech which one associates with aged colonels.

"Mr. Nobbs actually used the expression ‘made the Empire what it is.’

"Mr. H. J. V. Wedderburn addressed some of Shakespeare’s more unrestrained love poems to the President in a most shameless manner.

"Mr. D. J. Dawson was brief almost to the point of insignificance.

"Mr. I. B. Lloyd said something in a foreign tongue of which I happened to know the meaning, but could not see the interest.

"I detest all that Mr. A. Gordon Bagnall says always."

The wielder of the skewer was by no means immune to riposte. From the pages of The Cherwell, another Oxford student paper:

"I November 1923—Mr. E. A. St. J. Waugh uttered the most outrageous collection of twentieth-century Hobbesian aphorisms the Union has ever listened to."

blunt, and simplistic arguments which rely solely on statistics”), and comically pretends to be aghast at the Yanks’ implication that “Europeans couldn’t organize a piss-up in a brewery.” He sidles up to the crowd by saying he is sure they do not share the “monumentally moronic paranoia that my opponents call ‘American’ when they shout ‘Armageddon!’ and ‘the Atlantic Arch will topple!'”

The audience is really getting into the spirit of things now, rising to make points, booing, hissing (but “hissing is simply not done at debates,” Vaizey says later), shouting out “shame!” at what it regards as noxious statements. Vaizey has the crowd firmly in hand as he relinquishes the microphone to Perri.

But the Oxonian’s comedy has also served to loosen up the Americans, and Perri takes some measure of revenge for all the cracks about his towering height.

"I welcome our visitors from Oxford,” he says, “the only university whose students are able to bridge the gap between a collegiate career as a Marxist revolutionary and a career later in life as an investment banker.”

A palpable hit, Horatio. Perri has found the chink in the Oxford armor, the suspicion that beneath the verbal flash and filigree is just glib insincerity. The Oxonians squirm under this accusation of ideological dilettantism, and glance nervously at the audience to see if Perri’s right to the midsection has hit home there as well.

“Oooooh! Low bloooww” is the approving moan from the crowd. This is great. This is like Julio and the guys ranking each other down at the schoolyard.

His basso profundo larynx shifting into high gear, Perri gets on a roll. He pillories glasnost and its “dewy-eyed adherents in the West” who think that they will march arm in arm with Gorbatchev towards “the New Jerusalem of peace and understanding.” He characterizes his opponents as “John Reeds of the ‘80s,” and excoriates them for naivété. Perri has summoned up a real Old Testament prophetic scorn here, and cannot be deterred from it by interruptions from Oxford. He sits, hav-
with interruptions. What can West do when he attempts a small witticism about the Scotsman Gove usually debating in a kilt, and then Gove jumps up and obligingly pulls up his pant legs to show off his hairless gams?

Sensing that a last-minute flurry might ensure them the win, the Oxonians go after West like dogs baiting a bear. Leigh, in particular, is an obstreperous pup nipping at the Yank's heels. West mentions an EEC controversy over sheep, and Leigh "baas" in the background. The Rochester debater passes a remark about Leigh's lack of height, and the Oxonian explodes in mock indignation: "I resent this sizeist bigotry." Perri can only roll his eyes heavenward at this injustice.

West's success in preserving his poise and good humor in the face of this onslaught is remarkable, but his efforts at maintaining his train of thought aren't helped when, out of the blue, someone in the back of the hall shouts out, "What about Ireland?" and the Oxford team rises to defend British statesmanship. The audience is getting a bit out of hand at this point too, with more and more hisses escaping, and cries of "sit down!" greeting arguments it finds tiresome.

The heat of debate, of course, traps every speaker into making indefensible statements. West finds himself referring to his opponents as "card-carrying members" of the Labour Party. The few auditors over 40 in the audience collectively wince at this buzz phrase left over from the bad, sad '50s, but it doesn't seem to bother Oxford much: "And proud of it," pipes up Leigh. West attempts to belabor Oxford with reference to Tony Benn, whom he calls a "NATO-basher" and a leader of the Labourites. Leigh comes back with, "Tony Benn is as much a leader in the Labour Party as Lyndon LaRouche is a leader in the Democratic Party." This is what Mark Twain would call a stretcher. Benn is the latest in a long line of left-wingers who take the place of the bogeyman in Tory nurseries, but he is a significant player on the British political scene, and a spokesman for much of what Oxford has argued today. West is left momentarily speechless by this Oxonian chutzpa ("I really couldn't think of a thing to say"), but he carries on regardless, bringing the last speech of the afternoon to a graceful conclusion.

Crunch time now. The "tellers," or vote-takers, count raised hands, and the verdict of the audience is: Oxford 105, Rochester 88. British decorum and public-school nonchalance vanish as the Oxonians leap for joy and give each other high fives all over the stage. Rochester smiles ruefully, and takes defeat like a gent. Hands are shaken, Levine presents the Brits with University of Rochester sweat shirts, and Gove reciprocates with "official Oxford boxer shorts." Last laugh to Oxford—and all, debaters and audience alike, swarm to the punch bowl.

A new era in Rochester debate has been inaugurated. The students who attended have obviously found a novel kind of spectator sport, composed of equal parts "MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour" and "Let's Make a Deal." Levine, Perri, and West are relaxed now, glad the first one is under their belt. They took some lumps, wished some out, but they're ripe for more. Levine, RDU president and founder, says that "the Oxford style is much to be preferred. It's entertaining for the audience, and it's entertaining for me. Debate is a marketplace of ideas; whoever sells the best, reaps the profit."

Oxford will be back on campus next year, and Rochester hopes for another "angel" to help it cross the Atlantic for a rematch. West, the group's treasurer, is a graduating senior and will turn over the bankrolling chores to Morell. She hopes to set up a small endowment for the Union's future, and debate herself next year. But before that can happen, she and storied Oxford have a small problem to work out.

"They told me I'd have to wear a floor-length black gown to debate at Oxford. It's traditional, supposedly. Well, nuts to that. If they wear tuxedos, so will I." England, the Yanks are coming.

Like most former college debaters, Thomas Fitzpatrick (so he tells us) sees all sides to every issue.

The Oxonians, Matthew Leigh, Michael Gove, and Edward Vaizey, pose (sort of) on the quad with their souvenir Rochester sweatshirts, gift of the home team. Unwilling to forego the last laugh, the Brits reciprocated with three pairs of "official Oxford boxer shorts."
"Historic preservation is almost like a religious calling," says preservationist John Doyle '81. Part of his job is encouraging neighborhood revitalization. And part of it, he admits cheerfully, is being a "required pain in the butt."

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

Among the blocks of boarded-up storefronts and gutted dwellings of Camden, New Jersey, there's a street of freshly painted Victorian row houses bordered by herringbone brick sidewalks and newly planted trees.

Along the spindle-trimmed front porches, a string of little white lights glimmers through the freezing rain on this late December afternoon—a small but steady signal that there's hope for this ailing city yet.

"There are 435 lights up there. I know because I put every one of them up myself," says John Doyle '81. Doyle is by profession the historic preservationist for the City of Camden. But he strung the lights up on his own time. Practicing what he preaches, Doyle owns and is renovating a townhouse on this block in the city's Cooper Plaza Historic District. Not content with decorating his own house, he went ahead and lit up the whole block.

What it takes, he says, is a sense of community. And this, more than any other single quality, is what Camden has lost over the past 50 years.

The city is a still-very-busy port in southwestern New Jersey, just across the Delaware River from Philadelphia. In the early part of this century, Camden was also a thriving commercial, shipbuilding, and manufacturing center, home to the head offices of industrial giants like Campbell's Soup and RCA.

But the port of entry soon became a port of exit. In the 1920s, the new Benjamin Franklin Bridge to Philadelphia diminished Camden's importance as a transportation center. (And, compounding the injury, says Doyle, "it ripped right through the most affluent section of town.")

In the following decades, as in many other urban areas, Camden's middle-class white population began an exodus to the 'burbs—a tide that swelled after two devastating race riots in 1971 and 1973.

Today, much as Newark is to New York and Oakland is to San Francisco, Camden is a sort of step-sister to Philadelphia. The city's population stands at about 85,000 (down from a high near 120,000 around 1970). The bulk of the residents are black and Puerto Rican, and their median income is $10,000 per household. Of the 25,000 existing residences, some 4,000 to 5,000 lie vacant, owned by the city, and, consequently, lost to the tax rolls.

As Doyle puts it, the "urban removal" mentality prevails here—with not much replacing what has been removed. Camden is where you'll find the county's sewage-treatment plant, a state prison, a junkyard for scrap metal, and parking lots—lots and lots of them.

"Sometimes you feel like you're on the Titanic," Doyle admits.

So what is an up-and-coming young historic preservationist—one who hails from picturesque Saratoga Springs, no less—doing in down-and-out Camden?

"I'm trying to preserve the cultural heritage of a 19th-century community," he says. "And I'm kind of excited because it is Camden. It's an underdog.

"I'm getting a lot out of the experience. In a job like this you're always being tested; you get pushed around, and you learn how to push back."

Besides, he says, "Where else can someone this young achieve such an immediate rapport with the local movers and shakers? I'm a big fish in a small pond, however murky that pond is."

And there's one more reason: "I couldn't just go to work for General Foods, General Motors, General Dynamics. I didn't want to be just another hired gun."

In truth, John Doyle's personality and background—an admixture of business sense and artistic sensibility—would never allow him to fade quietly into industrial generalities.
His appreciation for architecture began early. When John was a child, he often went on business trips with his father, a real-estate appraiser for New York State working in the Adirondack Park region. As a senior in high school Doyle pursued that interest, taking courses in architectural history at nearby Skidmore College.

Fatherly influence may have contributed to his bent for business as well: The younger Doyle earned his degree from Rochester in economics. “I got through it by the skin of my teeth,” he remembers. “It was brutal.” But he also managed to come within one course of a degree in a second major, in art history.

He followed up with a master’s in historic preservation from the University of Pennsylvania.

“If I had this business skill, I wanted to utilize it in a field I was interested in — and that field was art and architecture,” he explains.

Fellow alumnus Mark Moloznik ’78 tipped him off to the Camden preservation post when he saw it advertised in the newspaper. Doyle applied and got the job. His primary duties, as he defines them, are to establish historic districts in Camden and to introduce investors to the real-estate opportunities they provide.

Doyle explains that he makes recommendations for certain areas, based on their significance in architectural and social history, to be set aside as historic districts. The city then designates them as such, with the approval of the state and the National Park Service. Once it's official, investors can take advantage of substantial federal income-tax credits as well as city tax abatements.

“Historic preservation really rides on the tax laws,” he says. “Without the tax incentives, nothing much would happen. I really have to be up to date if I want to talk turkey with investors, so I spend a lot of time going to tax seminars and consulting with representatives of the Big Eight accounting firms.

“Another important responsibility is acting as agent for the state and federal governments in reviewing the city’s use of government funds for historic preservation. Say Camden has a multi-
million-dollar urban-development grant that it loans to a developer to construct new homes in the city—but the contract with the developer also calls for the demolition of 27 existing buildings. I review the proposal to see whether the city is losing anything it ought to be hanging on to.

"That kind of review is required by a federal law established in 1966. I think a lot of people don't fully understand all the restrictions that go along with government funds. Often they just see me as a gadfly who's got his own personal agenda. They just don't realize that there are federal laws involved and that I represent those laws, just like an affirmative action representative or an environmental quality representative."

In other words, he concludes: "I'm a required pain in the butt."

O

n a typical day, the phone calls start at 8 a.m. at home, before he takes the five-minute walk to his office. One or two days a week he spends away from his desk, roaming through buildings, talking with property owners, checking construction sites, watching out for violations, and educating himself, as he puts it. When he's in the office, he spends a lot of time "just being a fireman," answering phone calls from the people he refers to as his "watchdogs" in the city. At home in the evening, the phone calls keep coming.

If some of Doyle's constituents see him as a pain-in-the-butt gadfly, his top boss, Camden's Mayor Melvin R. Primas, Jr., has a different view:

"We're in the process of a major revitalization effort, in which we've really looked at existing structures and created several federally designated historic districts around them.

"All this has fostered a great many private dollars for development. And for that John is largely responsible—by focusing attention on the historic significance of many properties in the city and their importance as a means of economic development and urban revitalization."

To its advantage, Camden does have a base on which to build. Both Campbell and RCA have kept their headquarters in town, and Camden is where Campbell has established its popular soup-tureen museum. The city is also home to the Walt Whitman Museum (he spent his last years in Camden), one of the Rutgers campuses, and Cooper Hospital, this last, says Doyle, "a major anchor" employing some 2,000 people.

Moreover, the city is in the midst of constructing a $150-million waterfront development project to include a park, an amphitheater, a marina and dry dock, the New Jersey State Aquarium complex, a Festival Market, and a 250-room hotel-cum-conference facility.

Camden's hopes are also resting on two spanking new train terminals that stand "just about ready to open," Doyle says.

"One of the new stations is sitting right in the middle of a really huge parking lot. It looks rather strange now, but the idea is that someday there may be a high-rise office building next to it."

A

nd then there are Camden's pockets of Victoriana, which include the Cooper Plaza Historic District and the Cooper Grant Historic District, both established just before Doyle arrived on the scene. These districts attract city-dwelling professionals like Ken Jackson, wide receiver for the Philadelphia Eagles; Mayor Primas, who has renovated a house in Cooper Grant; and Doyle himself, who purchased his own home from the city for $5,000, rehabilitated it, and then for $20,000 more purchased a second property, which he is now converting into two apartments.

Doyle estimates that the salvage of vacant 19th-century properties has garnered Camden between $10 and $15 million in new investments, not to mention substantial sums in tax revenues. He points to other reviving small cities like Troy, New York, and Lowell, Massachusetts, as examples that Camden can follow — towns cited by one student of urban renewal as exhibiting "industrial roots and a contemporary pluckiness."

There is hope for Camden, indeed, but there are obstacles. In a city this poor, grand schemes for preservation can crumble under financial pressure.

Doyle cites the loss of six 120-year-old stained-glass windows from the facade of one of the city's oldest churches. The pastor had replaced them with double-hung vinyl windows, complaining (justifiably) of yearly heating bills topping $10,000. Camden's Historic Review Committee issued a stop-work order, so no more windows can be removed—but to date it appears that the anachronistic vinyl will also remain.
Such conflicts are not easy to resolve, and Doyle worries that in too many cases short-term practicality will hinder long-term gains.

"Camden is a hungry town, snatching at the first thing that comes along - but I'm afraid it may suffer indignation afterwards," he remarks.

One building he hopes to pry from the city's jaws is the First Methodist Episcopal Church, a handsome structure built in 1892 of rough-cast granite with what Doyle calls "strong Romanesque details" in its masonry.

On a walking tour of the city, he stops in front of the church to gaze admiringly at it.

"Before I leave this job, I am going to save that building. It's well worth it - the whole sacristy is preserved."

The winter air is cold and damp, but he won't move on until he makes his point. "Historic preservation is almost like a religious calling. Sometimes I feel like an evangelical."

The prognosis for the church is unclear, he admits.

Cooper Hospital has owned it since 1969, and "right now, the hospital is saying it's going to be demolished."

But, he adds, "I think the hospital recognizes that trouble lies ahead for that course. There are a lot more people out there now who have begun to develop a preservation consciousness."

This growing sensitivity to the value of Camden's architectural heritage can, to a high degree, be laid on the Victorian doorstep of the city's energetic historic preservationist.

That much accomplished, Doyle is moving on this fall to pursue the next step in his career: an M.B.A. from Northwestern University, in a program in economic revitalization and urban development.

Thus equipped, he says, he wants eventually to head his own community-development firm.

Will the future John Doyle, M.B.A., ever abandon the Camdens of this world — chucking it all to go work for General Foods, General Motors, or General Dynamics?

The answer may lie in a story he tells in passing.

As a Rochester undergraduate, he lived for three years across the Genesee in the city's 19th Ward — a diverse, racially mixed neighborhood of low- to middle-income households, where trendy fern bars stand side-by-side with rundown mom-and-pop grocery stores protected by bars on the windows.

Doyle says he took the time to get to know the neighbors and shopkeepers there.

"It was definitely important for me to get on my bike and ride the other way," he says — meaning away from the idyllic River Campus.

There's a pattern here — from Rochester's 19th Ward, to Camden, New Jersey, to studies at Northwestern in urban development.

With a track record like this, chances are John Doyle will always feel the need to "ride the other way."

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Denise Bolger Kovanot has visited Oakland, Newark, and Camden — and admires all of them for their spunk.
A Rochester researcher, Don Marshall Gash, has become the first American director of a biomedical institute in China. His appointment as director of the newly established Beijing Institute for Neuroscience (BIN) was announced in May.

Gash retains his Rochester appointment as professor of neurobiology and anatomy and plans to spend between eight and 10 months a year here and the remainder in Beijing.

In recent years he has attained international prominence for his research into the grafting of nerve cells and adrenal cells into the brains of laboratory animals, studies that may have implications for treating such diseases as Parkinson's and Alzheimer's.

He sees the BIN as “complementing and extending studies conducted in Rochester and other leading American institutions in neural transplantation.” Since 1986, the Chinese have performed 15 autografts of adrenal gland cells into the brains of human patients with Parkinson's, with, Gash notes, “encouraging results.”

The new BIN will eventually comprise 40 resident scientists as well as visiting faculty and postdoctoral scholars. Gash also anticipates a comprehensive scholar-exchange program.

GSEHD to Lead National Study

What is the progress of women and minorities in being admitted to the selective ranks of doctoral-degree holders? How well does the supply of newly minted Ph.D.'s correlate with the demand in the various academic disciplines?

If you have your doctorate and can't — or don't wish to — get a job in academe, what are your job prospects in the outside world?

In other words, what is the condition of doctoral education in America today?

The University, through the Graduate School of Education and Human Development, has embarked on a national research project to find out the answers to these and related questions. The study will operate under the guidance of the Association of Graduate Schools in the Association of American Universities.

The AAU/AGS Project will examine Ph.D. programs in the major research universities whose faculty conduct the greatest volume of university-based research and who educate the largest number of doctoral students who themselves choose academic careers. To date, 43 of these universities (both public and private) have agreed to contribute financial support and to provide institutional data.

“Educators can find fragmented pieces of evidence, giving us a partial picture,” says project director G. Jeffrey Paton, assistant professor of education. “But,” he adds, “that doesn’t let us reliably evaluate the quality and vitality of doctoral education nationally. Our project will for the first time assemble comparable information from across the country. The effort is long overdue.”

Gardner Papers Come to Rochester

When Jon Griffin '79G, '86G was assigned the task of sorting the exuberant jumble of papers left behind by novelist John Gardner after his death in a motorcycle accident, Griffin equated the experience to “doing archaeology at the site of an earthquake.”

Duly sorted and catalogued, the 50 large record-storage boxes of that archive have now been acquired by the University library — constituting, according to Peter Dzwonkoski, head of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, the University’s single most important body of literary papers.

Among the contents of the collection are manuscripts and drafts of most of Gardner’s works, including The Sunlight Dialogues, Grendel, Mickelsson’s Ghosts, and On Moral Fiction, as well as family papers and correspondence with editors, other writers, and admirers. The papers also include manuscripts for works not yet published.

A man of “omnivorous interests,” Gardner threw nothing away, Griffin says, “not even the dozens of back-up sheets he used to buffer his typewriter platen.” And in addition to manuscripts and correspondence, the archive includes original paintings by Gardner, ephemera related to his teaching positions such as grade rosters, final exams, committee reports and notes, as well as
personal items like postcards, ticket stubs, grant applications, and letters from lawyers, accountants, hospitals, and the Internal Revenue Service.

Gardner commanded a reputation as one of America's greatest living writers at the time of his death in 1982 at the age of 49. The University has long been interested in him as an upstate New York writer. (He was born in Batavia, and some of his works are set against an Upstate background.)

University representatives had negotiated with Gardner for his papers before his death. Their recent acquisition was made possible by a group of friends of the University.

“Peekaboo” Cancer Cells Focus of Major New Study

Researchers at the University's Cancer Center have begun a major new study to determine how some forms of lung cancer avoid destruction by the body's immune system, thus allowing the tumors to grow unchecked.

Some cancer cells, it seems, have a way of hiding from the immune system—the body's natural defense system that recognizes, attacks, and kills foreign cells such as bacteria and viruses.

In a normal scenario, immune cells called “T lymphocytes” zero in on foreign invaders by identifying a unique combination of antigens, or protein "fingerprints," on the surface of the invading cells. These fingerprints come in two different varieties, and the T lymphocytes must spot both of them in order to verify the cell as an invader. Once the invaders are identified, the T lymphocytes usually multiply and destroy them.

But in some cancers, only one of the two varieties of antigens is present. So the T lymphocytes treat the tumor cells as “friendly” and allow the cells to keep growing.

Principal investigators in this study, funded by the American Cancer Society, are Edith M. Lord and John G. Frelinger, both associate professors of oncology in microbiology and immunology.

Using mouse lung cancers that behave in the same way as human lung cancers, Lord and Frelinger are investigating how tumors manage to block the production of the missing antigen. They are also looking at ways to coax the tumor cells into producing these antigens by using biological response modifiers—substances that trigger the body's own defenses against cancer.

Understanding the biochemistry of this suppression of the immune system will help researchers find ways to boost cancer patients' natural defenses against the disease.

Dwyer Elected Trustee Head

New chair of the Board of Trustees is Virginia A. Dwyer '43, retired senior vice president for finance at American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Three new trustees also were elected at the board’s May meeting—Alan R. Batkin ’66, Scarsdale, New York, a managing director of Shearson Lehman Hutton; Edmund A. Hajim '58, chair of Furman, Selz, Dietz & Birney, a New York City investment firm; and Alan F. Hilfiker '60, a resident partner of the Naples, Florida, branch office of the law firm of Harter, Secrest & Emery. All are former members of the Trustees’ Council, which serves both as senior advisory board to the trustees and as senior governing board of the Alumni Association.

A trustee since 1979, Dwyer is the board's 18th chair since the University was founded in 1850. She succeeds Edwin I. Colodny '48.

In 1986 Dwyer was awarded the Hutchison Medal—the highest honor the University reserves for alumni—for her outstanding achievements in the business world.

As senior vice president for finance (and AT&T's highest ranking woman), she was responsible for short- and long-term financing, financial planning, administration of the pension fund and savings plans, and corporate activities dealing with institutional investors and security analysts. She retired in 1986. She has served on the board of directors of more than 10 major corporations. Her present and past affiliations have included the American Economic Association, the National Association of Business Economists, the Conference of Business Economists, the American Finance Association, and the National Economists Club.

Kodak/Fuji Prompts Trustee Resolutions

At its May meeting the Board of Trustees adopted two resolutions to guide decisions in the event of extraordinary requests by outside parties, as in last year's Kodak/Fuji incident (reported on in the Fall 1987 issue). One resolution is based on recommendations of a special trustees' committee, which suggested establishing procedures "to facilitate the coordinated participation" of administrators, faculty, and trustees as appropriate. A similar recommendation, specifically in regard to faculty, was made by a committee of the Faculty Senate.

The trustees' second resolution said that additional recommendations from the faculty committee—on admissions policy and clarifications of confidentiality policies—should be considered by the administration.

President O'Brien said he intended "to implement those other recommendations as quickly as I can."

O'Brien said also that he will use the senate's seven-member executive committee as the representative faculty committee with which he would consult.

"The faculty's policy statement on admissions [affirming that decisions on admission and disenrollment be based on 'maintenance of an academic program of the highest quality,' fostering a campus social life conducive to such quality, and compliance with federal and state laws] is one that is endorsed by the administration, the deans, and those on the front lines who are actually making the admissions decisions," he said. "It will stand as our operating principle."

O'Brien also noted that a committee, chaired by the University registrar, is reviewing the University's confidentiality policies.
The 138th Commencement

“...If you want to be a success, if you want to be honored, to receive applause and standing ovations wherever you go, all you have to do is live to be more than a hundred.”

Rochester’s most celebrated centenarian — Broadway playwright, director, and producer George Abbott ’11 — passed along this modest bit of advice to the 2,200 graduates at the May commencement. The much-honored Abbott, who received his most recent Tony award for the 1982–83 revival of On Your Toes, has amassed 200 Broadway credits in a 75-year career. Still going strong, he was at the University’s 138th commencement (the 77th since his own graduation) to receive the Hutchison Award, the highest honor the University reserves for its alumni.

Commencement speaker (and honorary degree recipient) was William Warfield ’42E, returning on the 46th anniversary of his graduation. The famed baritone challenged the new graduates to become “forceful participant[s] in the political scene around you. . . . When thousands of people in the world are homeless and hungry, it is all our faults. Being an integral part of the political scene is the only way of having a voice in correcting the wrongs of the world.”

Rochester’s Churchillians

How does a top student get to the top?

“When I study, I try to get at the underlying concept. If I can understand where a concept comes from, I can bring it back easily whenever I need to.”

Words from the wise Leonard Mueller ’88, Rochester’s most recent Churchill scholar—one of 10 such scholars in the United States chosen for a year of study in math, engineering, or science at Cambridge University’s Churchill College.

Mueller is one of six Rochester students who have won the prestigious award in the last five years. The others: John Downie ’83, David Plaut ’84, Henry Sadofsky ’84, Michael Kallen ’85, and Karl Mueller ’85.

The duplication of Muellers on the list of Rochester’s Churchill winners is no mere coincidence. Len and Karl are brothers, both of them chemistry majors who were junior-year Phi Beta Kappas and graduated first in their respective classes. They’re only two years apart (Karl is 24 and Len is 22), and they share a healthy dose of sibling rivalry.

“I’m a little jealous. I’d like to be doing it again,” says Karl, now a doctoral student in chemical physics at Berkeley.

“Someday, actually, I’d love to collaborate with Len — once he learns something,” he adds wryly.

Len’s rejoinder is simply that, although so far he has followed closely in his brother’s footsteps, he’s aiming for Cal Tech, not Berkeley, for doctoral studies.

Len is typical of the far-from-typical Churchill winners. He was on the Dean’s List for seven semesters and has won numerous awards for achievement in science. He’s also an avid runner whose participation in out-of-class life has included—among other enterprises —service as a resident advisor, membership in the Meridian Society, and a musical stint as trombonist in the Varsity Pep Band.

With that background, and judging from what other Churchill winners are doing now, one would predict that he is well on his way to future distinction.
Brother Karl, for instance, has already been cited in an article in *Scientific American* (June 1988) for his work at Berkeley in quantum holonomy.

Like Karl Mueller, Rochester’s other former Churchill winners are engaged in doctoral studies at American universities: John Downie in optics at Stanford, David Plaut in cognitive science at Carnegie Mellon, Henry Sadofsky in mathematics at MIT, and Michael Kallen in physics at Princeton.

They all agree on the rich professional and personal rewards of a year at Cambridge.

“It was for me a first-time opportunity to see from outside my own country how we’re regarded internationally,” he says.

Mueller, too, has gained a different outlook: “When I was younger, I had a very idealistic view of the U.S. Not that I think our country is bad, but now I know that it’s not perfect. Most everyone in the U.S. seems to think that we’re the absolute tops. But, you know, there’s still a lot of great things going on in Europe.”

Which all seems to be in line with the goals of the scholarship program. In the official words of the Winston Churchill Scholarship Foundation, “The scholarships ... provide the opportunity to experience the profound educational benefits which come from living abroad.”

Competition for the scholarship is stiff, governed by a stringent set of rules. The program is open only to an elite group of 41 institutions— including Harvard, Stanford, Yale, M.I.T., Cal Tech, and Princeton— each of which is invited to nominate a maximum of two students. (In 1984 and again in 1985, both of Rochester’s nominees were selected for the award. The double win in 1984, foundation officials noted, marked the first time in the scholarship’s history that two students from the same school were picked among a single year’s 10 winners.)

All of which brings us back to Len Mueller and his study habits. How did he get into this rarified company? “Well,” he says, “I don’t think I study that much more than most people, but I set priorities; you have to.”

He pauses, gazing around a dorm room crammed full of posters, books, papers, photos, clothing, sports equipment, and a purloined road sign, and reveals one last secret: “I don’t watch TV.”

Which may explain why someday we could be seeing him on the tube instead of lolling in front of it.

### Straws in the Wind

The turnout for student-body elections at the River Campus has generally been light: Typically, only about 10 to 15 percent of the undergraduates vote for the office of Students’ Association president.

So a group of civic-minded students asked themselves, “What if voters could register their preference for U.S. presidential candidates on the same ballot?” Would participation rise among the electorate?

Last spring the question was put to the test. Students marked their SA ballots with names like Bush, Dukakis, Gore, and Jackson as well as names like Ehrman, Farrell, Hutzler, Olsen, Perez, Reimanis, and Wasser.

Electoral participation jumped: 1,289 undergraduates voted, two or three times the usual number. How much of the jump can be attributed to the charisma of this year’s SA candidates, and how much to Dukakis’s campus visit the day before the voting—or to the magnetism of his rivals—would be hard to say. But with 322 votes, Kevin Farrell, a junior majoring in neuroscience and biopsychology, emerged as the winner among student candidates.

Among the other candidates, Michael Dukakis polled first with 469 votes; George Bush took second with 303; Jesse Jackson ran third with 144, and Albert Gore finished fourth with 73.
The Nine Lives of Methuselah

Methuselah, at long last, has croaked. At age 23-plus years, the frog succumbed to the infirmities of amphibian antiquity. But you can't say Methuselah—who surpassed previously published longevity records for *Xenopus leavis* (popularly known as the South African clawed frog)—didn't lead a remarkable life.

Methuselah’s adventures began, while he was still wet behind the ears, in a University laboratory back in 1964. That was when he caught the eye of biologists J. K. F. and Hiroko Holtfreters, who kept a colony of the frogs for embryological study. Rather taken with the jaunty fellow, J. K. F. fished him out of the lab and offered him as a pet to fellow biologist and friend Herman S. Forest, who teaches at the SUNY college at Geneseo.

The frog found a rewarding life in the quiet routines of the Forest household. He loved the tidbits of raw liver that Mrs. Forest saved for him, but she didn't like the way the liver fouled his water. The Forests switched his diet to earthworms, which the frog downed like a trencherman.

At age 4, he escaped the Forest house in Rochester to spend the winter in a small frozen pool. To the amazement of the Holtfreters and the Forests, he reappeared the following spring, all thawed out and energetic as ever. Sometime after this episode—though no one remembers quite when—the Holtfreters began calling “that frog” Methuselah.

Though frogs of Methuselah’s stripe rarely sing in captivity, Forest says, Methuselah sang not only in the spring but whenever else the spirit of joy moved him, in a counter tenor best described as “finger rubbed on wet glass.”

His final big adventure occurred in his 24th year: Methuselah managed to escape the predatory attentions of two cats when he was carelessly left in a bucket on the floor. Though he survived, he was never quite the same, Forest says, and he died soon after.

Forest kept Methuselah’s body in the freezer for a while, should any scientist wish to autopsy the longest-living *Xenopus* in captivity. But one day amidst dinner preparations, Mrs. Forest came upon the withered corpus and, with a shudder, tossed it out.

Forest says he will always remember fondly the way Methuselah used to hang about the edge of the water, half submerged, looking like a well-fed politician.

*Requiescat in pace, Methuselah!*

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**NEWSCLIPS**

**Owings Mills (Md.) Times**

“If I’m remembered for anything, it’ll probably be for my arrangement of *Twist and Shout*,” jokes Eastman School of Music faculty composer Christopher Rouse in an article in the *Owings Mills Times*.

Rouse—who's serious works have been performed by major orchestras in the United States and Europe as well as by many soloists—happens also to be a rock fan and historian who teaches a popular course on the subject at Eastman. His arrangement of the Beatles' *Twist and Shout* met with wildly enthusiastic audiences during the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra's tour of the Soviet Union last year.

That kind of accessibility and visceral appeal is missing from contemporary classical music, Rouse believes. Part of the problem, he says, is that composers have been writing for other composers: “Given that the classical music audience is already a tiny minority, within that minority composers have to recognize the need to communicate with the lay listener.”

Rouse, who has built a worldwide reputation for dissonant, fast-paced and hard-to-play music, says he's now moving away from these allegro compositions toward a style intended to be more easily appreciated by those who aren't authorities on classical music.

**Health**

Here's to your health, as the saying goes.

In this case, “here” is the City of Rochester, which ranks as one of the 10 healthiest cities in America, according to a study by *Health* magazine.

That distinction is due, in large part, to the University’s Strong Memorial Hospital, which the magazine says is...
The New York Times

If George Bush becomes president — and if the budget is balanced once and for all during his administration — you may have a Rochester dean to thank, at least in part. (And if taxes go up, you may have him to blame.)

Paul W. MacAvoy, dean of the William E. Simon Graduate School of Business Administration, is one of four top economic advisers to "the de facto Republican Presidential nominee" George Bush, according to the Times.

In a front-page article, the Times writes that the four fit "a conventionally conservative mold, with a traditional Republican emphasis on balancing the budget, while the fervent, tax-cutting supply-side economists who helped devise the initial Reagan policies have minor roles."

The article describes MacAvoy as a specialist in energy and regulation who previously served as a member of President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers.

"He has been a friend of the Vice President since the early 1970s, was an adviser ... to Mr. Bush's failed 1980 Presidential campaign, and, like Mr. Bush, rejected Mr. Reagan's proposals then as 'voodoo economics.'"

Yonkers Herald Statesman

Which are more valuable: the dying words of great writers, or their undying works?

Since friends and family tend to heed the former, many great books have been lost to the flames by their authors' deathbed recantations, says J. W. Johnson, professor of English in the College of Arts and Science, in an article in the Herald Statesman.

He cites the autobiography of 18th-century giant Samuel Johnson as an example. Another: the writings of the Earl of Rochester — poet, playwright, libertine, and intimate of Charles II.

"As he faced death," the article states, "he repented his rakish past. His family therefore destroyed his impious account of court intrigues — something that today would be invaluable to historians of the Restoration Period."

The Los Angeles Times

Will schoolchildren who get along well with others achieve greater success in school and as adults?

Two University psychologists believe they will and, based on that belief, have developed a program called "Study Buddies" now being tested in the Rochester City School District.

"Most adults have jobs that require them to get along with others," observes A. Dirk Hightower, a psychologist at Rochester, in an Associated Press wire story reported in The Los Angeles Times, The Dallas Morning News, and other papers.

There are rewards for those who relate well, he adds: A waiter gets bigger tips, a saleswoman sells more products, a manager gets higher productivity from employees.

But in schools, he notes, children who help their classmates are often viewed as cheaters. So he and another psychologist, Rachel Robb Avery, designed a pilot program to change that attitude and promote cooperation among elementary-school children.

Twice a week for 45 minutes, students get to work in pairs on such classroom activities as math or spelling. Typically, buddies develop their own "company," name it, form bylaws, and even choose company colors. They then fill out reports charting the progress of their company in reaching its goals — usually the number of math problems or spelling words that they get correct.

They also spend time interviewing one another to improve their listening skills, asking questions like what is their buddy's favorite color or school subject or what their partner does when happy or disappointed.

At other times, they solve together such hypothetical problems as what they'd buy if an approaching storm were going to snow them in.

"The results so far have all been positive," says Hightower. "We've seen a decrease in the number of unexcused absences and in tardiness. We've also seen an increase in math aptitude scores."

Science News

For decades, scientists have hoped that fusion energy could provide an essentially unlimited and relatively safe source of electricity.

In March — as reported in the Spring issue of Rochester Review — researchers at the Laboratory for Laser Energetics (LLE) moved a step closer to realizing that hope, and their achievement was trumpeted in Science News, The New York Times, and many other publications across the country. Using ultraviolet light from the laboratory's 24-beam OMEGA laser to strike deuterium-tritium fuel capsules directly from all sides, the Rochester team was able to compress these capsules uniformly to a density of two to four times that of lead — the highest fusion fuel density ever measured directly.

Since actually igniting the fuel will take another 10-fold increase in compression, LLE plans to upgrade its system from 2,000 to 30,000 joules — which, according to LLE director Robert McCrory, should be enough for ignition.

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, NY 14627), the office would be grateful. A number of you did just that after our last request, and we thank you all.
Let's be thankful for the good things in life.

It's a good thing that Josefa Benzoni '88, fresh from years of soccer success in high school, didn't make the cut for the women's varsity soccer team her freshman year at Rochester.

It's also a good thing that in her next favorite sport, basketball, she lasted only one frustrating season—mostly on the bench—with the varsity team.

And it's truly a good thing that despite these disappointments, she decided to have one last try at a varsity berth, this time in track, her weakest high-school sport. It's a good thing because that's when Benzoni met track coach Jackie Blackett '81. The rest is Yellowjacket sports history.

From the word "Go," Benzoni's running career at Rochester has been nothing short of phenomenal: 19 New York State Championships; the national Division III indoor record for 1,500 meters; school records both indoors and outdoors in the 800-, 1,500-, and 3,000-meter runs, and for the 5,000-meter run outdoors; a couple of handfuls of All-American honors in cross country and track; and countless other awards and prizes for picking them up and putting them down faster than anyone else around.

To her teammates and friends, she's a running animal. To most of her opponents, she's a distant blur that happens to leave a large and very dusty wake.

"A lot of my success has to do with Jackie," says Benzoni, speaking of Coach Blackett, who herself was a national-caliber track star at Rochester. "I met her as a freshman and really took to her as a person; she's very dynamic."

And it's a good thing Benzoni is as good as she is. Otherwise, she would gain more notoriety for her dubious-sounding nickname—"Dippy"—than for her running. Actually, the same goes for Dippy's twin sister, Elisa, a star runner at Indiana University in Pennsylvania, whose nickname is the equally dubious "Weezie." "Our third youngest brother, Tommy, gave us those names when we were younger," explains Dippy. "We asked him once why and he couldn't remember. They just stuck."

The good thing that is Benzoni's (that is, Dippy's) running career becomes a still greater thing when one learns that while she was off winning championship after championship, setting record after school record, she was also maintaining a 3.00 average in the particularly difficult major of biological science/neuroscience. She was also putting in three days a week on a research project at the Medical Center. "We're studying the memories of monkeys, trying to find exactly what part of the brain controls memory," she explains. "I've always been interested in everything about the human body, why people are the way they are."

That incumbent intellectual interest, however, has been sharing Benzoni's energies these days with her relatively newfound athletic pursuits. "I just love running; it's probably my top priority here," she confided to a reporter earlier this year. "But I won't tell my father that. I don't think he's paying to put a runner through school."

Benzoni graduated in May and will enter the Graduate School of Education and Human Development this fall with hopes of becoming a secondary-school biology teacher. But lest her weary opponents hope to begin breathing a little easier, they should know that because of her abortive forays onto the soccer field and the basketball court, Benzoni is still eligible to compete one more season in both cross country and indoor track and field. That suits Benzoni just fine, thank you. Suits us too, because, as sports fans know, you can't have too much of a good thing.

**Yellowjacket Football Turns 100**

According to Arthur J. May's history of the University, during Rochester's first four decades football "was considered too rough and dangerous because local usage permitted 'a man carrying the ball to be tripped or thrown or caught in any way.' One commentator observed that 'football is for colleges with more men and more money' than the University of Rochester."

Well, times have changed. This fall varsity football marks its centennial year at Rochester, and the Yellowjackets, with 16 starters returning from last season's record-breaking 9-2 campaign, display few worries about being tripped, thrown, or caught in any way. In fact, they're raring to go.

In celebration of the anniversary, the Jackets are planning a number of special 100th-year observances, including the announcement of a Rochester Centennial Football Team. If you want to try to catch one or more of the games, here's the schedule:

**Sept.**

- 10 at Chicago (UAA)
- 17 Union
- 24 at Washington (UAA)

**Oct.**

- 1 Canisius
- 8 at Hobart
- 15 Trinity (Tex.)
- 22 at St. Lawrence
- 29 at RPI

**Nov.**

- 5 SUNY Brockport (Homecoming & Parents Weekend)
- 12 Denison
Year-end Scorecard

Continuing the pleasant news of recent years, the 25-sport varsity program chalked up its 12th consecutive campaign above the benchmark 50.0 percent winning rate. The year-end composite: 191-125-1, adding up to a tidy 60.4 percent success figure.

Added to that, Yellowjacket varsities set school records for the number of teams represented in post-season play (21) and for first-place finishes in team competition on invitational, association, state, and national levels (34).

Headlining the statistics were the achievements of the 27 individual Yellowjackets who among them earned a total of 36 All-American honors. In University Athletic Association competition, the Yellowjackets won team titles in 8 sports and finished second in 6 others—out of the 17 UAA championships they entered.

On the national scene, the Yellowjackets garnered two NCAA championships: the top spot for the second year in a row for the women’s soccer team, and a first-place finish for senior Josefa Benzoni in the women’s 1,500-meter indoor run. Right on their heels were two other Yellowjackets who placed second in NCAA national competition: junior Carolyn Misch in women’s cross-country and sophomore Scott Milener in men’s tennis singles.

Spring Stats

Total spring varsity sports: 8
Composite won-loss record: 38 wins, 51 losses
Tournament titles won: 3
Teams represented in post-season play: 4
Individuals earning All-American honors: 4
All-American honors earned: 6
Some details:
Women’s Outdoor Track & Field: Head coach Jacqueline Blackett’s squad won the UAA Championships, placed 3rd at NYSWCAA Div. III Championships, and ended up 55th in the 87-team field at the NCAA Div. III Nationals. First-place finishes at the UAA: junior Natalie Anderson (100-meter dash), senior Josefa Benzoni (1,500- and 3,000-meter runs), soph Debbie Derks (400-meter hurdles), freshman Anita Acre (100-meter hurdles), soph Debbie Derks (400-meter hurdles), freshman Liz Cahill (high jump), senior Lindis Hoyte (200- and 400-meter dashes), junior Jennifer Shaver (800-meter run), and two relays—the 400-meter (Anderson, freshman Shawna Capps, Derks, and Hoyte) and the 1,600-meter (Anderson, Capps, Derks, & Hoyte). At the NYSWCAA Championships: Benzoni was voted the Most Valuable Performer after winning the 800-, 1,500-, and 3,000-meter runs; Hoyte won the 200- and 400-meter dashes, freshman Rachelle Perman the discus, and the Yellowjackets won the 400-meter relay (Anderson, Capps, Shaver, & Hoyte) and 800-meter (Anderson, Capps, Shaver, & Hoyte). At the NYSSWCAA Championships: Benzoni was voted the top player in NCAA District II (N.Y., N.J., Pa.), finished with Rochester’s lowest 18-hole stroke average at 78.0 for his 25 competitive rounds.

Men’s Tennis: 2-2 dual-match mark under head coach Don Smith. Won UAA title, with junior Dave Weiss achieving medalist honors with a 74. At NCAAs, the Yellowjackets placed 20th in the 21-team field, with Weiss earning Honorable Mention All-American honors with a 25th-place berth. Weiss, voted the top player in NCAA District II (N.Y., N.J., Pa.), finished with Rochester’s lowest 18-hole stroke average at 78.0 for his 25 competitive rounds.

Men’s Golf: 3-1 dual-match mark under head coach Peter Lyman. Placed 2nd at the UAA Championships, where soph Scott Milener was named MVP after winning the first singles title and finishing 2nd at first doubles with partner Marc Lowitz (senior). The Yellowjackets finished as the #10 team in the NCAA Div. III National Top 25 Coaches Poll. At the NCAA Div. III Championships, Milener reached the finals of the 64-player singles draw before falling by scores of 6-4, 7-5.
A View from the Summit

From his hotel room, he could see St. Basil's in Red Square and hear the Kremlin bells—but, on the other hand, his tiny room was "paltry," room service was nonexistent, and, in the spirit of glasnost, there were no shower curtains.

So reports Steve Katz '79, a foreign correspondent for AP Radio who, as the Review went to press, had just returned from the Soviet-American summit in June.

Even better than his views of the Kremlin—and of the world's two most powerful leaders—says Katz, "was just meeting the people, talking to them."

"I remember," he says, "one woman who worked in the film industry. She said to me, totally unsolicited, 'I love Gorbachev.'"

"She was reading a magazine and she explained, 'See this poem? It's written by a poet whose work used to be forbidden. I remember reading his poems as a child at night under a blanket with a flashlight. '"

On the other hand, Katz relates, "I also spent one morning way on the southern edge of Moscow in the flat of a refusenik. There were about a dozen dissidents meeting there in a tiny cramped apartment, the kind that's typical for someone who's not on the 'ins' in Moscow. Most of them spoke English and they were telling me what their life was like and how things hadn't changed, that they still weren't allowed to leave."

Katz says he was one of 5,000 reporters "of every nationality you can imagine" in Moscow to cover the summit. In his job, he says, he spends between a third and a half of his time traveling. The first few months of this year, for example, have gone like this: February in Canada covering the Olympics; March at the NATO summit in Brussels, then to Belfast to cover IRA violence; April in the Middle East covering Secretary of State George Shultz's visit; May in Geneva covering talks between Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze; then June in Moscow.

But Moscow, he says, was the highlight, one of the travel goals he set for himself when he began working as a foreign correspondent. He came home with first-hand impressions of Gorbachev and Reagan.

"Gorbachev," says Katz, "is so full of vitality. At his news conference, when some reporters were having trouble with their headphones, he stopped right in the middle of his speech and asked, 'Can't you hear me?' Then he told some Soviet officials to get out of their chairs and let the reporters sit where they could hear him.

"People say that he's like that, that he likes to take charge."

Of Reagan's speech pressing for greater human rights, Katz observes: "I think what he did was pretty remarkable. And what was more remarkable was the fact that Gorbachev felt confident enough to let him do it."

But, for now, it's back to the everyday life of a foreign correspondent. For those of us who envy him the travel and the excitement, consider this: Even Katz has paperwork.

"I'm trying to plow through two weeks of it," he grumbles. "It'll probably take me another two weeks just to do it all."

Knocking Wood

Bach on marimba? Isn't that the instrument of Lawrence Welk and "Tico Tico"?

"I get a lot of elderly folks at my concerts who come up to me and say, 'I haven't heard the marimba since the 1930 World's Fair,'" laments classical marimbist Leigh Howard Stevens '75E.

Since graduating from Eastman with a B.M. in percussion and a prestigious Performer's Certificate, Stevens has been working hard—and successfully—to dispel those associations with the rumba and the mambo.

His new album, "Bach on Marimba," released in October on the Musicmasters label, was recently nominated for "Album of the Year" by the classical-music magazine Ovation. That same magazine also nominated him for "Artist of the Year."

Which is fine with Stevens, who plainly loves the instrument and is convinced it deserves no less respect than the piano or the violin.

"When Renee Montagne of National Public Radio interviewed me, she put it better than I ever could: She said something like—'It has a musical sound made entirely of water, a sound of liquid being poured,'" he says.

Indeed, when you hear him play Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B-flat Major, you might think of countless drops of water spilling into a clear pool—or you might just wonder how in the heck the guy does it.

Time magazine has called Stevens "the world's greatest classical marimbist," and for good reason. He plays unbelievably fast, as if his mallets were extensions of his fingers—or his fingers themselves. His sound has the precision and clarity of a synthesizer but is, at the same time, other-worldly.

(For those of you who can't distinguish the marimba from the rumba, the former is a wooden keyboard instrument with tubular resonators, played with four mallets across more than four octaves. It's Asian or African in origin, and came to the U.S. via Central America and South America—hence "Tico Tico").

Stevens says he fell in love with the instrument as a teen-aged percussionist auditioning for the New Jersey all-state orchestra: "I had my little balsa-wood xylophone and there was this other guy playing a marimba. It looked like a xylophone with a wooden keyboard instrument with tubular resonators, played with four mallets across more than four octaves. It's Asian or African in origin, and came to the U.S. via Central America and South America—hence "Tico Tico").

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and on up through what she terms "the

The best answer is to stop diet-

It's social criticism in the vein of Chris-

healthful diet for thought. And now, if

sort city of Sanibel, Florida, where, if any-

a tiny strip of land anchored a few miles

Sanibel is lush with species of flora and fauna not found

"The first people who came here ap-

established a strong conservation

"Sanibel operates primarily by volunteer

The hardworking citizens of Sanibel

been particularly successful in preserv-

in strictly regulating the lands that are sacri-

vegetation committee attending to such com-

Sanibel "last tour of duty on the city's

It was in the mid-1970s on the city's

Sanibel style. He's now serv-

the city council and his second yearlong stin-

The bulk of his time is spent bat-

Significant residents, half of whom are retired

All this adds up to a city-wide corps

ready, willing, and able volunteers that

would be the envy of the National Guard.

Or Greenpeace.

Sanibel operates primarily by volunteer

community needs as injured wildlife, the local museum,

the elderly and infirm, and house cats gone

"They haven't seen Lawrence Welk or

Ted Mack; they're used to fusion jazz like

Spyro Gyra, so they don't have the cultural

They just know that, suddenly,

They're listening to Bach and, for the first

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Rather than aspiring to sainthood,

today's anorectic unrelent-

And the number of women

which she terms the "post-1960 epidemic"

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been building since the 19th century.

This evolution, she says, reflects the in-

creasing secularization of Western society.

Rather than aspiring to sainthood, today's

anorectic is responding to images of Christ-

theer visual media (television, films, video, maga-

zines, and particularly advertising) fuel the

worrying with female thinness and serve as the primary stimulus for anorexia

She also indicts "the cult of strenuous exercise."

In sum: "Intelligent, anxious for personal

achievement, and determined to maintain

control in a world where things as basic as

food and sex are increasingly out of con-

control, the contemporary anorectic unre-

necessarily pursues thinness—a secular form of

perfection."

Starvation Diet

We skipped lunch to read Fasting Girls:
The Emergence of Anorexia Nervosa as a Modern Disease (Cambridge: Harvard
University Press, 1988) by Joan Jacobs
Brumberg '65, director of women's studies
and associate professor of human develop-
ment and family studies at Cornell.

In her exhaustive study, Brumberg traces
the long tradition of female food refusal
from its medieval religious roots to the
spiritual icons of Victorian "fasting girls"
and on up through what she terms the "post-1960 epidemic" of the disease. She
attributes the high incidence of anorexia
today to broad social pressures that have
been building since the 19th century.

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creasing secularization of Western society.

Rather than aspiring to sainthood, today's

anorectic is responding to images of Christ-

pher Lasch (chair of Rochester's Depart-
ment of History and author of the best-
selling Culture of Narcissism, whose work
Brumberg admires): incisive, insightful,
and visionary—in the sense that her views
may be common currency in, say, a few
decades or so.

Brumberg notes that her first experience
with anorexia was here at the University.

"I was a student in need of money and I
tutored at Strong, in the hospital. I was as-
signed a young woman whom I'll never for-
take. I thought she was about 11—turns out
she was 16, that was how emaciated she
was. It was 1965 and at that time it was an
extremely exotic and rare disorder.

The people at Strong told me very little
of what was wrong with this girl. Since I
was someone who always battled weight, I
remember joking, 'Oh, I wish I could be a
little anorectic.' And the number of women
who have said that to me since I wrote the
book is incredible."

Sad proof of the pressures to be thin.
Though Fasting Girls offers no remedies,
we asked Brumberg if she had any observa-
tions on what families can—or ought
to—do.

"I think the basic thing is to raise girls in
a gender aschematic environment, where
there's no particular privilege that goes
along with being female or male.

The point is not to underscore beauty
and the primacy of social presentation of
self. It's good to encourage girls to be ath-
etic as well as boys, to be smart as well as
boys.

"You know that women are judged by
their physical appearance in this society,
but you don't want all of a woman's re-
sources in that area. And you don't want
constant control of appetite to be a per-
son's most important activity."

Her own personal approach?

"I would go with Jane Brody of The New
York Times: The best answer is to stop diet-
ing, eat sensibly, and exercise quite a bit.

Healthy food for thought. And now, if
you'll excuse us, we're going to have lunch.

Volunteer Island

These days, it seems nearly every leader
of nearly every volunteer organization is be-
moaning the dearth of good, reliable help.

But not Myron Klein '43, mayor of the re-

is one of the largest and busiest volun-

teeer forces to combat the city's other

problems. 'I'd say there is more volunteer
activity here than in most of America,'

says Klein with just a hint of hard-earned
self-righteousness. "It's gratifying to work on
these city jobs; we're very proud of the
place."

This, however, is Klein's last tour of duty
on the city council. The retired optical-lab
director plans to retire a second time this
November when his mayoralty expires.

What next? Well, both Klein and his wife,
Evelyn Theis Klein '41, are serious amateur
artists—he a potter, she a handweaver.

But then again," muses Klein, like a
young soldier eager to return to the front,
"I'll probably volunteer for some more
committees."
Reforming Mental-Health Care

Ohio has clearly made up its mind about caring for the mentally ill. The state recently adopted a new Mental Health Reform Act that will include the option of normal, individual housing for mentally ill people who previously might have been banished to hospitals or shipped off to group homes.

We learned about Ohio's cutting-edge social-services policies from a source right in the thick of it all—Maureen Corcoran '78N, assistant deputy director for program and policy in Ohio's Department of Mental Health.

"Our state is way ahead of the country in mental-health-care policy," says Corcoran. "We've been recognized by several national groups, including the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, for improving mental-health services faster than other states."

She is more than a bit proud of that fact; in her last post as executive assistant to Ohio Governor Celeste for human-services policy, she was instrumental in helping to put together the new reform act. Now, as policy liaison to five state agencies—health, human services, mental retardation, mental health, and aging—she makes sure the reality matches the policy's ideals.

The reform act passes full responsibility for managing state social-service funds, and for planning and delivering community mental-health services, from the state to local county boards.

"People who used to get bounced around now have one place—their local board—they can turn to for help. It also means that the local boards can tailor their social services to the specific needs of their communities," she says.

"Ohio believes that severely mentally ill people, even schizophrenics and manic-depressives, should be able to choose between individual or group living situations if they wish. The local boards provide support services through the ups and downs of mental illness, from minding patients' homes while they're hospitalized, to helping them find appropriate work.

"Used to be if you succeeded in a group home, you got kicked out to fend for yourself; that doesn't make any sense," says Corcoran. Now with the reform act, there is a strong financial incentive for the local boards to give their all to support these people in their preferred living and working situations; it's considerably cheaper than hospitalization.

"Keeping a mentally ill patient in the hospital costs $190 a day; you can do a lot of other things with that. Despite what you may believe, these people are capable of living productive, happy, and independent lives, as long as they have the support they need."

If Corcoran seems up on the issues, it's no wonder. After a nursing degree at Rochester, she earned dual master's degrees in health finance and nursing administration at Case Western Reserve University. A member of the nursing faculty at CWK, she also served as assistant director of medical/surgical nursing at the University Hospitals of Cleveland. Such credentials won her the job on the governor's staff and a spot on his Committee on Health-Care Cost Containment. Her service has earned her honors as a CWR 1987 Alumna of the Year and a listing in Who's Who in American Women.

The upcoming presidential election could be the watershed for the future health of the nation, warns Corcoran. "Human services are an area where current federal policies have really left us in a lurch," she says. "A pretty clear choice exists between the current administration and Dukakis, who because of his own experience in Massachusetts, has focused upon the importance of these issues."

Rochester Links

Allen Brewer '40 says he majored in geology but never got to use it in his subsequent career as president of a printing company.

Now it looks as if he's finally getting down to earth: As co-chairman of the 1989 U.S. Open to be held at Rochester's Oak Hill Country Club, Brewer has become a careful student of the hills and valleys and sand traps and water holes of his home course—all along with the other groundwork involved in organizing a tournament of this magnitude.

"This is the World Series, the Super Bowl of golf. It's probably the biggest thing that's going to happen in the Rochester community for the next 25 years," Brewer says, adding that the Open will be telecast across the U.S. and in Spain, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and Australia, while radio coverage will be broadcast in eight languages.

"We've been working on it for two years already, preparing the course, doing the marketing, planning transportation and security, working on leader-board scoring and hospitality," he says.

There are economics (Brewer's college minor involved, too: The Open is expected to generate $25 million for local businesses—which is nothing to shake a nine-iron at.

Oak Hill was the site of two previous Opens, in 1956 and 1968. The club has two 18-hole courses, known as the east and the west, and the Open will be played on the more-difficult East Course—the one which, incidentally, the University's golf team uses for practice. (The golf club and the University share some common geographic ancestry by the way: The club's original location was on the banks of the Genesee, on the top of Oak Hill. In the 1920s when the University acquired the property as the site of its new River Campus, the club moved to its present location, taking the name with it.)

Selection as the site of the Open is a prestigious designation, one which indicates the excellence of the course.

"Of the four major championships—the PGA, the Open, the British Open, and the Master's, it's only the Open and the PGA that clubs like ours are eligible to host. And those two probably get about a hundred requests a year from would-be host clubs," Brewer says. "We started in 1980 to secure the Open, and we didn't know we got it until 1985."

For Brewer, whose position is voluntary, all the planning and decision-making and meetings and worry are a labor of love: "It's one of those things where you happen to love the game and you're trying to give something back to it. And there are other rewards—for instance, the opportunity to meet greats like Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus.

But what about the ultimate perk, a chance to ride in the vehicle that anoints any important sporting event as truly important—that is, the Goodyear Blimp? Is it his for the asking?

"I don't know if it'll be here, and I don't think I'll get a ride if it is," Brewer says modestly.

Well, we think he should use all his contacts—call Arnie and Jack, if he has to—to get it here and get a ride. After all, how many geology majors get to study the terrain from a dirigible?

Brewer says that if you're interested in attending, you should buy your tickets soon; they're just about sold out. Dates are June 12-18, 1989. For tickets, write Oak Hill Country Club, 1989 U.S. Open, P.O. Box 1989, Rochester NY 14610-0989—or call (716) 248-OPEN.
An American Romantic

Seated on the running board of his father's truck, a young man waits, head held high in expectation, for the bus that will take him to college. He's dressed in his Sunday best (marred by a rather loud tie), and his faithful collie rests her head on his knee. Next to him, preoccupied, jaded, his father crouches in worn boots and dirty work clothes, a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

This is a scene from Norman Rockwell's America, one of hundreds of images from the covers of The Saturday Evening Post that helped define our nation's sense of itself before and after World War II.

Never mind if the headlines in those same magazines shrilled, "Case History of College Communism" or "How Will America Behave If H-Bombs Fail?"—Rockwell showed us life as we hoped it might be, and we could smile and forget, for a moment, life as we feared it might be.

That was his special magic, according to Maureen Hart Hennessey '78, a former Rochester history major who is the newly appointed curator of the Norman Rockwell Museum in the artist's hometown of Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

"His paintings are, I think, important in and of themselves, but there's a whole other level of interpretation when you realize what and why they were painted. They were a reflection of how people saw themselves at the time, how they wanted to see themselves, whether it was in the '30s, when they needed cheering up, or in the '40s, when they were consumed with the war effort.

"You have to remember, he was a commercial artist, so that's how he viewed what he was doing. He didn't view it as 'Art' with a capital A. He knew what the patrons of The Saturday Evening Post and Boys' Life wanted to see."

But, she says, there's another side to the man who immortalized America's town gossips and Little League players.

"In the late '50s and '60s he began to deal with issues that, at that time, were fairly controversial. He did a number of paintings dealing with civil-rights issues, for example."

She goes on: "It was an illustration for Look about the three civil-rights workers who were killed in Mississippi. The painting is so graphic that they used a study for it rather than the final piece. It's very stark, using only blacks and grays and whites with splotches of red. You see one man holding up a body, and, unlike Rockwell's other drawings where he reproduces real faces, the faces here are indistinct," she says.

"There aren't any humorous touches; there's very little humanity in it, no identifiable people or scenes."

Another painting on a similar theme has frequently been requested for loan, she says.

"It's called The Problem We All Live With, and it shows a little black girl in sneakers carrying a book. She's accompanied by four U.S. marshals in armbands, and there are tomatoes being thrown at her."

"It was something for a mainstream American illustrator—and at that point he was in his late 60s and 70s—to be doing this."

Hennessey reminds us that Rockwell's images are still very much a part of how we view ourselves, appearing in everything from the recent movie Broadcast News to a nationally distributed AIDS poster to Rochester's 1979 Interprets yearbook. Yes, it's true. Not only does Rockwell's Rochester look significant to us now, it is in our past that we view ourselves, appearing in everything from the post-war college student, but Saturday Evening Post covers and other Rockwell illustrations appear throughout the book, interspersed with photos of Class of '79 pranks and parties.

Perhaps Hennessey should secure a copy for the museum—to serve as her alma mater's testimony to Rockwell's ability to reach yet another generation of Americans.

Mr. Moto

If life were a game of "Jeopardy," Roy Janson '81GU would be a $1,000 answer just begging for a question. The question: "Who holds degrees in environmental science, lists bird counting as a favorite hobby, and holds prominent posts in motocross and all-terrain vehicle racing?"

Roy Janson, nature lover and bird watcher—with a master's in environmental science from Rochester—is also a biking man. A former professional racer, he is motocross manager in the professional-racing department of the American Motorcycle Association and president of the American All-Terrain Vehicle Association. His work involves rough-riding through the monstrous logistics of organizing the professional motocross competitions held in the United States. In his previous post as land-use coordinator in the government-relations department, he worked with the U.S. Forestry Service on the legal and environmental issues of off-road motorcycling.

And far from being an ethical thorn in his side, his knowledge and love of the great outdoors, he says, are precisely what commit him to wise use of natural resources.

"Our track record for managed areas—trails designed with noise, erosion, and safety factors in mind—is very good," says Janson, who teaches trail-construction courses for the forestry service. In fact, he says, the AMA's environment-conscious approach and rider-education programs such as "Tread Lightly!" have earned the group recognition from the forestry service, the federal government, and several states.

A long-time motorcycle enthusiast and former professional racer, as well as an avid bird watcher ("I hate to have my bird count disturbed"), Janson understands well the conflict that rages between trail bikers, who like to see nature from atop a saddle, and nature lovers, who consider motorcycles and ATVs to be the fossil-fuel-powered equivalents of James Watt.

"Riders have no blank check to override other people's recreational experience," he says, at the same time pointing out that modern trail bikes are quieter than cars. "That's why we must look toward education to prevent people from altering muffler systems and such, and toward management, to locate activities for less conflict."

"I am a pragmatist," declares Janson. "We must avoid 'good recreation, bad recreation' judgments. Whether it's downhill skiing, ultra-light flying, or off-road biking, Americans have shown they want to participate in high-risk recreation. We have to be up front about the problems and risks and find the best ways to manage all of our activities."

"Our national forests were designed to have multiple purposes, including mining, lumbering, and recreation. Between the hard-core environmentalists and the hard-core motorcyclists, there is a middle ground. We can and should strive for that middle ground."

Denise Bolger Kovnat and Shinji Morokuma
RIVER CAMPUS
Career Moves
Paul Stein '47, formed a consulting business in California, having retired after 39 years in the aerospace business, most recently as senior project engineer and chief design engineer, aircraft environmental control systems at Hamilton Standard, a division of United Technologies.
Beth Bishop Flory '48, '50G, appointed chair, Dept. of English, Darrow School, New Lebanon, NY.
Ann Hurbut Prentice '54, named associate v.p., Library and Information Resources, University of South Florida, Tampa.
Gabriel Cohen '55G, appointed executive director, Jewish Education Council, Seattle.
Robert O'Mara '55, appointed chair, Dept. of Radiology, University of Rochester Medical Center.
Beverly Borst Kingsley '59, promoted to assistant manager, Welbourne Realty, Inc., Niskayuna, N.Y.
Peter Kirby '61, named associate professor, management, Saint Leo (Fla.) College.
Timothy McKee '63, '87G, promoted to senior consultant, management consulting services dept., Price Waterhouse, Detroit.
Robert Young '63, joined Dean Witter Reynolds as v.p., convertible securities.
Lois Bronner '64, named head, matrimonial and family law dept., Herzfeld & Ruben, P.C., Wall Street.
James Frost '64, appointed senior v.p., The Boston Company, following relocation from London.
George Park, Jr. '67, named publisher, Finger Lakes Times, Geneva, N.Y.
Kenneth Daniels '68, elected v.p., The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Southern Operations, where he is regional compliance director.

Finger Lakes Times, assistant v.p., editorial services, corporate
James Frost
Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Southern Operations, where he is regional compliance director.

Ann Hurlbut Prentice '54, named associate v.p., Library and Information Resources, University of South Florida, Tampa.

Rochester Review/Summer 1988

Alumni
MILESTONES

Advanced Degrees
Nicholas Ambulos, Jr. '82, Ph.D., microbiology, University of Maryland-Baltimore County.
Brian Cutler '82, Ph.D., social psychology, University of Wisconsin-Madison; accepted faculty position, psychology dept., Florida International University; The State University of Florida-Miami.
Christine Branche '83, Ph.D., epidemiology, University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill; now working with Centers for Disease Control, Atlanta.
Stacey Merkin '83, J.D., Temple University School of Law.
Karen Stern '83, M.A., clinical psychology; she is completing predoctoral internship, Springfield Hospital Center, Maryland.
Elliott Gruskin '84, Ph.D., biochemistry and molecular toxicology, Vanderbilt University; he will begin postdoctoral position at M.I.T. this fall.

Anne-Louise DePalo '84, established law office, Hylan Professional Plaza, Staten Island.
Stewart Ashkenazy '85, passed Part 5, actuarial examinations; attained “Associate of the Society of Actuaries” designation; and is currently working in the personal insurance planning dept., Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., New York City.
Eric Roberts '85, completed first year as optical design engineer, Ball Aerospace Systems Division, Division of Information Technology and Services, University of Rochester.
Stephanie Seeman '87, named administrative assistant, human resources, Savings Banks Association of New York State.
Honors/Elections

Samuel Stratton '37, congressman, New York's 23rd Congressional District, honored in Schenectady with "Sam Stratton Day" for his many years of public service.

Elmer Conway '41, chair, Mack Truck, Rochester, received "Truck Dealer of the Year" award; he was also East Regional winner, with annual sales of $50 million.

James McHugh '50, retired senior engineer in rotor dynamics, General Electric, Schenectady, named Fellow, American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

D. Allan Bromley '52G, Henry Ford II Professor and director, A. W. Wright Nuclear Structure Laboratory, Yale University, awarded honorary degree from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

Francis Rowe Dowling '54, executive director, Family Services, Dutchess County, N.Y., re-elected chair, Dutchess County Mental Hygiene Board.

Mark Hampton '64, partner, Wright, Wright & Hampton law firm, Jamestown, N.Y., appointed to Norstar Bank's Southern Chautauqua advisory board.

Marjorie Bloss '65, manager of resource sharing, Online Computer Library Center, Dublin, Ohio, awarded Bowker/Ulrich Serials Librarianship Award.

Anthony Bottar '72, partner, Cherundolo, Bottar & DelDuchetto law firm, Syracuse, appointed to North Star Bank's Southern Chautauqua advisory board.

Raymond Premru '56E, appointed professor of trombone, Oberlin College.

James Richens '60GE, appointed to newly formed position of "composer-in-residence," Memphis Symphony Orchestra, where he is also assistant conductor.

Steven Staruch '86GE, accepted a radio-broadcasting position with public radio station WXXI-FM, Rochester; he has his own six-hour classical-music program.

EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Books Published

Leon Hollerman '39, author, Japan Disincorporated (Hoover Press) and Japan's Economic Strategy in Brazil (Lexington Books).

Andrew Nasmith Johnston '43, author and illustrator, poetry collection, Beyond the Moongate (Lotus Press, Detroit).


Renee Fleming '83GE, named a winner, 1988 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions; in 1984-85, she received a Fulbright grant and spent the year in Germany.

Performances/Recordings

Claire Deene '34E, performed violin sonata with Betty Schien, pianist, in Williamsburg, Va., and performed works of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven at Dungalok Community College, Baltimore.

Alfred Mouledous '49E, 52GE, pianist, performed as guest artist in a Gershwin and All-American Pops concert with the Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra.

Anthony Crain '69E, professor of piano, SUNY Oswego, presented a recital in Research/Career Development Award from the National Institutes of Health.

Valerie Schmid '81, assistant actuary, CIGNA Corporation, Philadelphia, recognized as Associate of the Casualty Actuarial Society.

Honors/Elections


Esther Jane Kulp '81E, '83GE, awarded Rotary Foundation Scholarship for 1988-89, which she will use to study music at the Fondazione Accademia Musicale Chigiana, Siena, Italy.

Key

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
FN - Fellowship, School of Nursing
U - University College
GU - Graduate degree, University College

Rochester Review/Summer 1988
Kathy Lynn Lindstrom '73N

Lanigan Hall, performing works of Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Liszt, and Debussy.

David Cowley '63E, assistant professor, University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh, performed a cello concert in the Fine Arts Recital Hall at UW-Milwaukee.

Jerry Neil Smith '63GE, professor of music, University of Oklahoma, attended the premiere of his “Suite of Modern American Dances” at the 1988 Music Educators National Conference in Indianapolis.

William Quick '71E, adjunct instructor of percussion, Colgate University, and instructor of music, Liverpool, NY, schools, presented an evening of percussion and poetry at the Humanities Fest, Cazenovia College.

Richard Ratliff '73E, '75GE, '82GE, associate professor, University of Indianapolis, performed C.P.E. Bach's Sonata in A Minor, W. 49/1 (“Wurttemberg”), Beethoven's Sonata in A-flat Major, Opus 110, and selections by Rochberg, Beall, and Albright at the university's recital hall.

Ellen Rowe '80E, '82GE, director, UConn Jazz Ensemble, performed music of Styne, Parker, and Dobbins in a jazz concert in von der Mehden Hall, University of Connecticut.

Cynthia Carr Leebi '81E, assistant professor of music, Lawrence University, was featured French horn soloist in a performance by the University Symphonic Band; she recently spent a year as an ITT International Fellow in Oslo, Norway, where she performed with the Norwegian National Broadcasting Orchestra.

Sgt. Howard Potter '82GE, mallet percussionist, performed in a recital at the Eisenhower Hall Ballroom, West Point, as part of the 1988 Chamber Music Recital series sponsored by the United States Military Academy Band; he recently received his D.M.A. from the Manhattan School of Music.

Jeff McLelland '83GE, assistant professor of music, William Carey College, presented a faculty organ recital in the First Baptist Church, Hattiesburg, Miss.; he is also Mississippi District chair, American Guild of Organists, and organ-area chair, Mississippi Music Teachers Association.

Christopher Hettenbach '85E, '86GE, tenor, sang the principal role of Tom Rakewell in Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress, at the Hartt School of Music Opera Theatre, University of Hartford, where he is an Artist Diploma candidate in opera.

Laura Zaer '86GE, harpist, was featured artist at the Rogue Valley (Ore.) Symphony Guild's annual “Tea and Symphony.”

MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY

Career Moves

Thomas Panke '68GM, '70GM, named director, pathology and laboratory medicine, Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati.

George Fouse '76GM, '80GM, named to medical staff, Dept. of Emergency and Ambulatory Care, Altoona (Pa.) Hospital.

Norman Walton '77R, achieved board certification, EEG, neurological specialty; he is on the Corning (N.Y.) Hospital Medical Staff.

Edward Goldstein '79RC, '84M, named to provide supplemental staffing, emergency dept., Canton-Potsdam Hospital, Potsdam, NY.

Scott Glickstein '81M, joined staff of Park Nicollet Medical Center, Edina, Minn.

John Gatell '85M, received Maimonides Medical Research Grant for his study, “Noninvasive Cardiac Output Monitoring Utilizing Indocyanine Green.”

Mark Hoffman '85F, principal investigator, Eastern Cooperative Oncology Research Group, received subspecialty certification, cancer medicine, American Board of Internal Medicine.

Honors/Elections

Erling Johansen '55GM, '65GM, dean, Tufts University School of Dental Medicine, named International Educator of the Year by the American Academy of Dental Medicine; and director, advanced cardiac life support course.

Jonathan Dehner '70R, elected president, Greater St. Louis Society of Radiologists; he is currently diagnostic radiologist, Scott Radiological Group.

Ralph McKinney, Jr. '71GM, professor and chair, Dept. of Oral Pathology, Medical College of Georgia School of Dentistry, named international treasurer, International Congress of Oral Implantologists for 1988-89.

NURSING

Career Moves

Phyllis Frankson Bricker '58N, chosen president-elect, Virginia Association of School Nurses.


Kathy Lynn Lindstrom '73N, inservice education instructor and diabetes educator, W.C.A. Hospital, Jamestown, N.Y., passed certification exam for Diabetes Educators.

Cheryl Weber '82GN, board member and program chair, Western N.Y. League for Nursing, earned recertification from the ANA in Community Health Nursing; she also presented a paper entitled “Transdisciplinary Approach to Dysphasia” at the New York State Speech Language and Hearing Association.

Teresa Mason '85GN, assumed head-nurse position, surgical ICU, Eisenhower Army Medical Center, Augusta, Ga.; she has received ANA certification as a medical-surgical clinical nurse specialist.

Advanced Degree

Eileen Kelly '82N, M.B.A., University of Texas-San Antonio.
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.

Grand European Cruise—September 24-October 7
From Copenhagen to the Canary Islands on the Ocean Princess via Hamburg, Amsterdam, Tillbury, 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 rt. air from 100 cities. Rates begin at $1,195. Bonus for early reservation: 2 free nights (pre- or post-cruise) at Hawaiian Regent in Honolulu.

Race of the Danube—October 24-November 6
Two days in Vienna precede a floating trek through the Balkans to the Black Sea and a crossing to Istanbul. Along the way are visits at Bratislava (Czechoslovakia), Budapest (Hungary), Belgrade (Yugoslavia), and Bucharest (Romania). An unforgettable journey through old empires and kingdoms. $2,800-3,200 from NYC. A sellout.

Mexican Riviera—February 9-18
Two nights at the legendary del Coronado in San Diego precede a relaxing 7-night cruise aboard SS Bermuda Star, with ample visits at Cabo San Lucas, Puerto Vallarta, and Mazatlan—an ideal, untried mix of sea and shore time. Beginning and ending the cruise in San Diego makes a pre- or post-sojourn in Southern California an easy plus. From $1,295, including two nights at the “del” and free air from 70 major cities.

Portugal-Spain—May 18-30
A unique Iberian adventure—3 nights in Lisbon, 2 in the Algarve, 3 in Seville, and 3 in Madrid. Includes full-day excursion to Jerez de la Frontera aboard luxurious Al-Andalus Express. Full orientation tours in Lisbon, Seville, and Madrid, deluxe motorcoach transfers, and all baggage handling included. $2,495 from NYC. Group arrangements from Rochester.

Russia’s Imperial Treasures—June
A repeat of the sellout-plus program in 1988. Fourteen days in Georgian and Armenian republics, Sochi on the Black Sea, Moscow, and Leningrad. All meals and local tours included. Lectures by Soviet scholar en route. $2,995 from JFK.

Canadian Rockies—July 14-25
An 11-night program which includes Vancouver, Victoria, Lake Louise (Chateau Lake Louise), Jasper (Sawridge Hotel), and Banff (Banff Springs Hotel), relaxing and scenic tour-transfers, all breakfasts and 10 dinners, plus city tours of Vancouver and Victoria. $2,495 from Rochester or NYC; $2,075 from Vancouver, with attractive air supplements from major cities to Vancouver and return from Calgary.

Cruising the Mississippi—April 1-10
Downstream on the mighty Mississippi, from Memphis to New Orleans. A scenic, historic, educational, and highly enjoyable sojourn in the Old South, with visits in Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton Rouge, and Nottoway Plantation. Seven nights at the Royal Orleans, in the home of Dixieland. All meals aboard ship, transfers, and baggage handling included. $1,795 to $2,295, depending upon cabin selection. Favorable air add-on—$200 from anywhere in the U.S.—to Memphis and return from New Orleans.

Note: All prices are current best realistic estimates, subject to final 1989 tariffs and significant fluctuations in international exchange rates.

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, NY 14627, (716) 275-3682.
LETTERS
(continued from inside front cover)

More on Lansdale

Re: Bruce Lansdale ’46 and the American Farm School in Greece [Winter 1987-88].
I think I was on the same football team as Bruce. In fact in 1944 I made one of the All-Service All-American teams at Rochester, on the team that beat the great Colgate team. But I never ever saw any girl cheerleader. Was I too busy on the field or were Bruce and other teammates protecting the girl cheerleaders by hiding them from this Marine officer candidate?
Bill Adler ’45
Barrington, Ill.

You were probably doing just what your coach told you to, which was to keep your eye on the ball, not on the sidelines. In the photo reprinted here from the 1947 Interpres yearbook, Tad Krihak Lansdale ’47, is the one on the right—Editor.

Bill Adler ’45
Barrington, Ill.

Thanks for printing my letter regarding Bruce Lansdale [Spring 1988]. However, your typesetter made a mistake in the second sentence of the second paragraph. It should have read that Thessaloniki “... had a large Jewish population which was lost during the war,” not “has.” The sentence lost some of its meaning as you printed it.

Albert Barr ’56
San Rafael, Calif.

Well, it does matter. The Review doesn’t like to carelessly misrepresent our contributors that way. Our apologies—Editor.

Bill Adler ’45
Barrington, Ill.

Most important, my Freshman English professor is probably turning over in his grave! No matter, the main thing is we paid tribute to Bruce Lansdale.

Albert Barr ’56
San Rafael, Calif.

About “grey-panther” type seniors on alumni committees: As always, we are delighted to hear from any of our alumni—in any age group—who would like to volunteer—Editor.

Albert Barr ’56
San Rafael, Calif.

Query

I am researching the life of G. S. Fraser for my doctorate at Nottingham University. Fraser came to Rochester as visiting professor of English from 1963 to 1964, and I am anxious to trace any of his former students. If any readers remember having been taught by, or having met, Mr. G. S. Fraser, they might care to write to me at:
16 Hawkswood Close
Chilwell
Nottingham NG9 5FX
Janet Hopewell
Nottingham, England

Coed Suites

Am I interpreting correctly the issue in the latest Review about the president giving some qualified approval to coed suites? Are coed suites what I think they are? Places for students to shack up? Is my interpretation correct? If so, do they want the alumni to help pay for this stuff?

Ask any of my classmates. I was a real fun-loving kid at Eastman—but a sanctioned dorm to shack up! Come on now. Please tell me that I am wrong.

One more thing: How about more seniors (grey pansies) on alumni and advisory committees? Also, the present group seems oriented to business, corporations, and executives.

Glen C. Law ’47E
Waldorf, Md.

For the last 20 years (since about the time most colleges and universities started treating their undergraduates as adults and stopped trying to act in loco parentis), schools have been offering coed living space as an option students can choose in their residence halls—usually with men and women living on separate floors or by random room assignments on the same floor. Rochester is no exception, and for the most part it has worked well. Be assured, however, that the experiment of extending this option to the six-person, single-bedroom suites in Hill Court is to be considered no more of a sanction to the kind of coed living arrangements you are thinking of than are any of the other configurations of room assignments currently offered.

Glen C. Law ’47E
Waldorf, Md.

Changeless

The Spring Rochester Review was, to me, one of the most interesting issues. President O’Brien’s article (“Down with ‘Academics’”) was so apropos of the 1980s—but curiously, strongly reminiscent of Dexter Perkins’s comments to incoming freshmen in September 1925. Plus ça change, plus ça ne change pas.

Cherry Bahler ’29
Williamsville, N.Y.

Picture to the Editor

This photograph of the new Wilson Commons (still glassless) against the old library dome was taken on the cold clear evening that President Sproull was inaugurated in 1974. It was extra-special to find the dome lit at this time since during the energy crisis such lighting seldom happened. But because it was such a special night, the University was on stage in all its glory.

No special tricks to this shot. I took it via tripod-guided 200 mm shooting through the empty Commons against the lit dome.

Bill Sacks ’75
Chappaqua, N.Y.
Moving? Making News?

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

☐ Alumnus/a  Class ________
☐ Parent  ☐ Friend
☐ New address, effective date __________ __________

(Please enclose present address label)
My comment and/or news
(for Alumni Milestones/Alumnotes):

Mail to: Rochester Review, 108 Administration Building, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627

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In recent months, we have been bringing you what we think is a livelier, more readable, better University of Rochester magazine.

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Mail to: Rochester Review, 108 Administration Building, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627
1988: There's No People Like Show People Like Vicki Brasser '79E

Victoria Brasser's story reads like an ingenue's dream: Fresh off the train (all right, it really was her father's car), a young would-be actress aims to make it in New York. The head of the temp agency where she works ("of all people," she says) sends her off to audition for Stephen Sondheim's Sunday in the Park with George. Without Broadway experience or the essential union card, she lands a job as an understudy and, when one of the stars leaves, joins Bernadette Peters on stage.

The rest, you might say, is Playbill fare. Stephen Sondheim recommends Brasser for the starring role in the New York revival of On the Twentieth Century, in which she performs to critical acclaim. Following that, she replaces the leading lady in an Off-Broadway production, Olympus on My Mind.

Then, there's a little thing known as her Met debut with Kiri Te Kanawa, Tatiana Troyanos, and Judith Blegen in Strauss's Die Fledermaus, in which Brasser sings the role of Ida. ("They hired me as an actress, but when they found out I was a trained singer who went to the Eastman School of Music, they were delighted," she says.)

More recently, Brasser starred in Mademoiselle Colombe, a musical based on a Jean Anouilh play, which had an extended off-Broadway run and was nominated for an Outer Critics Circle Award. She and her co-star, Tammy Grimes, received strong reviews from The New York Times. (What's more, she cherishes a "lovely note" she received from Hal Prince about her performance.)

Brasser's story does leave one a bit starstruck. As she says, "Dreams do come true"—at least, one might add, for someone as talented and determined as she.

"I've always known I was meant to do this," she says. "When I was a kid I was playing National Velvet and pretending to be Elizabeth Taylor. Performing is the only thing I could possibly do.

"And I would say to someone considering going into this business: If anything else appeals to you, do that instead. I think the stage is only for those who can do only this."

And we're talking drive here—not lack of gainfully employable skills. Drive and a belief in oneself.

"For as many people who take a liking to you in this business, there are as many who don't—and you can't let your head be turned either way."

"Some people are going to see you differently from what you know in your heart you are, and you can easily be led astray if you don't know who you are, if you aren't centered."

And centered she is, on stage in the spotlight. But as if that weren't enough, Brasser wants to make the leap from the Big Apple to the Silver Screen. Her plans include a move to Los Angeles in hopes of appearing in films.

"Because of Mademoiselle Colombe, there are some people in film who are interested in me. It's a side of the business I don't know a whole lot about, so that's what I'm planning."

"I'm looking to get into a production out there and, I hope, into film—although I'm not closing the doors on New York," she says.

Which is good, because it looks as if New York has been opening all kinds of doors to her.

1979: "Star Quality"

At Eastman, Brasser says, "I took everything, everything, everything. I had mega credits per hour, but I didn't really star in a lot of productions. It's an institute of learning, so I took every course I could."

Still, Thomas Paul, professor of voice who coached Brasser on several occasions, remembers "a very lovely performance of The Fantasticks which she conceived and directed and sang in."

He continues, "I was impressed with her at the time and I knew that this was someone who had the right combination of flair and talent and drive—underline drive. I knew she was an artistic personality who was going to assert herself over the long haul."

Mirta Borges Knox '54GE was alumni director of the Mu Upsilon chapter of the international music fraternity Mu Phi Epsilon at the time Brasser presided over the collegiate chapter. She remembers Brasser as "very cheerful, outgoing, a person who had great enthusiasm for everything."

She adds, "I just knew that she had star quality, because she had the determination and the self-confidence. You have to have it."

However well she did at Eastman, her friends can't help but turn the spotlight on her present-day success.

"Have you seen her act and dance?" says Knox. "She's really quite something."

Denise Bolger Kovnat
## COME HOME TO...

### HOMECOMING

A VERY SPECIAL CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENTS

### PRELIMINARY SCHEDULE

#### Friday, November 4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Registration</td>
<td>3-8 p.m.</td>
<td>Wilson Commons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asian Expo</td>
<td>8 p.m.</td>
<td>Wilson Commons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Popular-Music Concert</td>
<td>8 p.m.</td>
<td>Strong Auditorium</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Saturday, November 5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Registration</td>
<td>8 a.m.-noon</td>
<td>Wilson Commons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast with President O'Brien</td>
<td>9 a.m.</td>
<td>Douglass Dining Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome and Remarks by</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>President O'Brien</td>
<td>10 a.m.</td>
<td>Douglass Dining Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meet the Deans/See the Sights</td>
<td>11 a.m.-noon</td>
<td>Informal Deans' Meetings and Campus Tours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pre-Game Celebration</td>
<td>11:30 a.m.-1:15 p.m.</td>
<td>Zornow Center Lawn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>1:30-4 p.m.</td>
<td>Rochester vs. Brockport</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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#### Saturday, November 5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>City of Rochester Tour</td>
<td>1-4 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campus Receptions</td>
<td>4-6 p.m.</td>
<td>Residence Halls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fraternities and Sororities</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indoor Tailgate—with Music</td>
<td>4-6 p.m.</td>
<td>Sponsored by Rochester Area</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 1988’s “167 Days Since Graduation Party”</td>
<td>6-8 p.m.</td>
<td>Alumni Association</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday Night Celebration</td>
<td></td>
<td>Theater, Music, and Assorted Other Entertainments</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Sunday, November 6

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Farewell Brunch</td>
<td>9:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>Danforth Dining Hall</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Alumni Outside the 300-Mile Radius:

Although you will not receive a special mailing, of course you're welcome too. For more information, write or phone:

Fairbank Alumni House
685 Mt. Hope Avenue
Rochester, NY 14627
(716) 275-3684

### RIVER CAMPUS ALUMNI HOMECOMING & PARENTS' WEEKEND
Thanks to you, Tim Healy '88 has a Rochester degree and a foot in the door.

Two summers ago, Tim went to work for Dime Savings Bank in Rochester. But he didn't spend his time stuffing envelopes and licking stamps, as with many summer jobs. Instead, he pulled in $1 million in mortgage business and gained some valuable marketing skills—and earned money for his education in the process.

Tim was hired through SummerReach, a program that places qualified Rochester students in meaningful summer jobs and, in most cases, subsidizes employers' wages to help students pay for school. SummerReach was spawned by two hard facts: that getting a job isn't easy and a college education isn't cheap.

And that's where you come in. Your unrestricted gift to the University's Annual Fund makes programs like SummerReach possible. So that Tim Healy and hundreds of others like him can get an education of depth and substance—and learn skills that will last a lifetime.

For information, call Brian Walsh at (716) 275-7905 or write: Annual Fund Office, 685 Mt. Hope Avenue, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14620.

Give to the Annual Fund. It Pays!
Slice of history—detail from Morey Hall: When the River Campus opened in 1930, a number of the academic buildings were named for revered nineteenth-century professors as a way of translating tradition from the old campus to the new. Among those memorialized was William Carey Morey, who as a Rochester undergraduate served in the Civil War and was present at Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court House. He went on to assume an august position as an international authority on ancient Roman law, an elevation that failed to discourage his students from calling him “Uncle Bill.”