Cover Story: Committed to Memory
Page 8. Do you really remember your past?

Time Machine
Page 3. Clocking the age of almost anything, from a frozen mammoth to the Turin Shroud.

Light from the Attic
Page 14. Carl Chiarenza’s “landscapes of the mind.”
Letters to the Editor

The Review welcomes letters from readers and will print as many of them as space permits. Letters may be edited for brevity and clarity. Unsigned letters cannot be used, but names of the writers may be withheld on request.

Still Pushing Deadlines

The way we were in '66: Campus Times yearbook photo

In the last issue's cover story on the Campus Times, we asked CT alumni to share with us tales from their lives as student journalists and how the experience helped them in getting where they are today. Following are some of the responses—Editor.

What a treat to read a feature article on the Campus Times, which was such an important part of my formative experience at the University. While it seems to have gone through many cycles since those days (up to a daily and regretfully down to a weekly), and Fred, the master typesetter no longer operates the linotype machine, it still seems from reading your article that the process is much the same, and that's a good thing. Anyone who ever worked on the paper consistently for four undergraduate years viewed it as a labor of love and an obsession.

I read with some interest that the Students' Association subsidizes the newspaper. I can't recall if that was the case in my day but, if so, it was not adequate. My staff and I took over a paper that was publishing twice a week, typically in a four-page format, but sometimes with a two-pager, and within a relatively short period of time had the paper up to two 8-page editions a week, with an occasional 12-page edition. There was no money for this sort of editorial excess and by the end of the first semester of my editorship we had an enormous deficit (I believe) over $30,000, which nearly cost me my job.

Determined to stanch the red ink, I approached one of the business professors and asked him to recommend a good marketing person to become business manager of the paper. The individual I approached said he would take the job under one condition—that he got a parking spot on campus.

Still Pushing Deadlines

The way we were in '72: Campus Times yearbook photo

The truth is that I enjoyed it so much that a career in journalism became a serious consideration, but being unable to figure out how to make it pay, I ultimately went off to a business degree and a career in investment banking. However, the experience at the Campus Times was something I wouldn't trade for anything. I certainly am delighted to see it still fulfills the same function for a new generation of students.

Christian Y. Wyser-Pratte '65
New York

I enjoyed working on the Tower Times [women's college predecessor to the combined Campus Times] more than anything else I did at the University (with one possible exception—the time I choreographed the Quilting Club show). Everything I know about writing/editing I learned at the feet of Nora North (editor, 1948) and Pat Steepee (editor, 1947). Anne Houlihan Keefe '46, quoted in your article, is right on target when she says, "If you know something about editing and can write, you'll always make a buck." I've been testing this theory since the day I left Rochester and, one way or the other, it's worked for me. At the moment, I'm in charge of communications for thrift marketing products and employee benefits at Bankers Trust Company in New York.

One of the more amusing stories that occurred during the year I edited the Tower Times at the women's campus made news on both sides of the River on April Fool's Day 1949. To commemorate the day, Tower Times had decided to print a take-off on the Campus, then the River Campus newspaper. On the morning of the first, I arrived at the women's campus to find that the entire Tower Times press run had been captured by marauders from the Campus, who had arranged to have the papers emblazoned across the front page with four memorable words: "So Who's Laughing Now?" Who, indeed? The story made it to the Democrat & Chronicle, the Campus got the last laugh, and the Tower Times, April 1, 1949, issue, became a collector's item.

Joyce Gitelman Barrow '49
New York

You ask for "tales to share" from Campus Times alumni. I don't have a story per se. But the CT—not my formal education at Rochester—got me started in my present career as a writer, teacher, consultant, and author. I have written and published 17 books, with book No. 18 under contract for a new generation of students.

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Departments

From the President 2
Rochester in Review 28
Rochester Travelers 37
Alumni Gazette 38
Alumni Milestones 42
After/Words 48

Leslie Dunner '78: “Conductor Con Brio”

Features

Time Machine 3
by Thomas Fitzpatrick
A machine developed for pure research has turned out to have a surprising capability.

Committed to Memory 8
by Denise Bolger Kovnat
Memory is about as reliable as a 5 o'clock flight out of O'Hare on a Friday night — we make the connection somehow but with something less than precision.

Light from the Attic 14
by Judith Reynolds
Artist-photographer Carl Chiarenza: He finds the creative process so mysterious that he sometimes finishes a picture and looks at it wondering who made it.

Legal Eagle 20
by Jeremy Schlosberg
How Alan Darnell '68 got from playground loser to courtroom winner.

Beep 24
by Shinji Morokuma
PhoneMail: The newest on-campus entertainment phenom.
Drugs on Campus

The first disciplinary action I ever took as dean of men at Middlebury College was to suspend a junior student (male) for being on the wrong (female) side of the street after curfew. That was in 1964, i.e., sometime in the mythical past. Today, on college campuses there doesn’t appear to be a wrong side of anything. The only thing the dean suspends today is ethical judgment.

It was high-handed enough to suspend a student for geographic vagrancy, but I recall a faculty meeting at Princeton in the late ’50s where a student was disciplined for what was delicately referred to as “the rule regarding women in the dormitories.” The rule no doubt covered a multitude of scarlet offenses, but in this instance the woman in question was the chap’s mother who was visiting after 10:30. That seemed a bit much—but colleges did have rules then.

I am delighted that we have given up being all-purpose nannies to the young adults on our campuses. Life is too various and mores may be too problematic to pretend to enforced virtue from dawn to dusk. Except for drugs.

I am moved to that exception by A. M. Rosenthal’s anguished column in the Times about the position of intellectuals on the drug issue (The New York Times, February 3, 1989). As he notes, intellectuals have a number of up-front causes: abortion rights, gay liberation, environmental causes, etc.

Where are the intellectuals on drugs? Not to be seen. Colleges and universities surely fall under Rosenthal’s criticism. What have academic leaders said on this issue? Scarred by enforcing too many foolish curfews, we seem to have lost the zeal for moral condemnation.

On a wide range of moral issues, colleges should probably follow the cue of prevailing social wisdom. I doubt that academic heads are that much wiser on the tangle of ethical dilemmas that concern the general public. College presidents are not experts in condemning venality and lust. But drugs are different.

In addition to general community morals, the academic world has some special inner moral imperatives. Plagiarism is an academic sin and one which will bring suspension to student and faculty alike. Plagiarism attacks the inherent meaning of the academy as the temple of truth and verification. Drugs do the same.

Freud said, “where id is ego shall be.” That is also the slogan of university life. Our fundamental purpose is to bring the light of consciousness to the dark places of the world, the mind, and life itself. Drugs say the opposite: “Where ego is there id shall be.” Drugs work to overcome the centered life of ego and self-consciousness. Drugs create overwhelmingness; they flood the psyche with dazzling sensation in which the pain of being a self can be lost. And being a self is painful. Freud also said: “Life is too hard for us.” But he still thought it better to know life in full consciousness than to fly to drugs, delusion, or dementia.

The morality of university life is categorically opposed to the meaning of drugs. For that reason there is no excuse for their presence on our campuses. They should be as clearly condemned as plagiarism: a special violation of academic ethics.

The college case against drugs is clear enough with hard drugs: heroin, cocaine, LSD. Those drugs are powerful ego destroyers. What about the “soft” drugs: marijuana and alcohol? Here the case is more complex. It is not so much the sure and direct effect of the drug itself as it is the culture of use. Unhappily, in much of “youth culture” the soft drugs all too often exist in an expectation of intoxication. One intends to get stoned or smashed. The intent of intoxication—losing one’s mind—is hardly an activity to be condoned in institutions whose sole purpose is the cultivation of same.

To say that universities should categorically condemn drugs and the intent of intoxication, does not dictate any specific set of disciplinary actions. We even try to rehabilitate plagiarists. But we should be clear that if plagiarism trashes knowledge, drugs trash the knower. Drugs, their users, and especially their dealers do not belong within the ambience of academic tolerance.

Dennis O’Brien
Harry Gove's tandem accelerator, originally developed for pure research into nuclear physics, has led him into some very strange places indeed—including a 10-year entanglement with the Shroud of Turin.

Counting carbon-14 atoms to determine the age of various artifacts is one of the jobs of this gleaming hulk, and it goes about it with such swiftness and pinpoint accuracy that science itself has moved into a higher gear.

Working with other physicists under a grant from the National Science Foundation, Gove originally developed the accelerator to add speed and precision to "pure," fundamental research into nuclear physics and such. But, when used for carbon dating in its AMS mode—AMS for "accelerator mass spectrometry"—the machine has proved itself so versatile in its decade of existence that geologists, archaeologists, climatologists, and a host of others have lined up to submit samples from their work to its analysis.

As a result, a device meant for pure research has become the subject of cover articles in the popular scientific press. Magazines like Discover and Science have featured the discoveries the accelerator has made possible, as have the science sections of The New York Times and the Washington Post.
But most extraordinarily, the tandem accelerator may well be the only instrument of nuclear physics in history to become the object of intense fascination in diocesan newspapers and worried accounts in parish newsletters. That, of course, was the result of Gove's and his machine's involvement in the affair of the Shroud of Turin. Or perhaps, in Conan Doyle style, it should be called “The Adventure of the Burial Cloth,” for it certainly has been that for Gove and the University's NSR Lab ever since the physics professor (and founding director of the lab, a position from which he very recently retired) got the idea of putting one of the most venerated and controversial relics of the Roman Catholic Church to the test of a new-found capability of the nuclear accelerator.

Sitting around after sessions of a 1977 scientific conference, shoptalking and sipping wine with a fellow scientist from the University of Toronto and the president of General Ionex Corporation, Gove and his colleagues found themselves wondering if the tandem accelerator couldn't be used to date materials based on their carbon-14 content. Back at Rochester's NSR Lab on East River Road, Gove and his associates resolved to try it, using for their first test a piece of ordinary barbecue charcoal from a grocery store. The accelerator went to work with its 12 million volts, stripping electrons, isolating and toting up the carbon, making the element's peak show up on the oscilloscope, as Gove put it, “like a sore thumb.” Much joy erupted, and scientific objectivity could hardly keep feet from dancing—and with good reason. This test, and others that would follow at Rochester in the months ahead, showed with certainty that they had achieved a revolutionary breakthrough in carbon dating.

Now, “revolutionary” is a word casually tossed around to describe even the most minute advance in knowledge, but in this case it was appropriate. Carbon dating has been around for decades, following discoveries in the mid-1940s that the age of things could be determined by paying attention to two kinds of carbon elements plants and animals absorb during life. The first of these, carbon-12, is the ordinary stuff creatures take in and metabolize during life on earth. The other, carbon-14, is radioactive, coming from the collision with nitrogen atoms of particles of matter that bombard our atmosphere from outer space.

As long as a plant or animal remains alive it assimilates both normal and radioactive carbon in a ratio of about one trillion to one. With death, the assimilation stops and the ingested carbon-14 continues to decay without replenishment: Start with 100 milligrams of carbon-14 and after 5,730
years you've got 50 left; another one of those five thousand year-plus spans leaves 25; and so on. Measure the radioactive decay and determine the age of anything, from a Tintoretto to a Stone Age skeleton. However, dating methods pre-AMS had two distinct drawbacks. Unable to distinguish between carbon-14 and other radioactive substances that might “contaminate” the sample, they were limited in the maximum age they could date with any certainty. Worse was their unhealthy appetite for the object to be dated—a museum puzzled over whether it possessed a modern fake or an authentic 17th-century Georges de la Tour could find out, but only at the expense of reducing much of the painting to a cloud of gas.

The nuclear accelerator changed all of that. It could not be fooled by contaminants: Avoiding radioactive decay altogether, it focused its particle beam directly at the carbon-14 elements and counted them. The new accelerator required only 1/1000 of the material needed by conventional methods—or just a few thousandths of a gram (place the sample speck on your pinkie nail and you’d hardly notice it was there). And its speed of measurement was astounding. Once the sample was prepared, the accelerator could complete its assignment in seconds.

If it has taken the reader five minutes to get so far in this article, be ashamed of your foot-dragging. In that time, AMS could date: a baby woolly mammoth found in a Siberian tundra, seeds of maize and squash dug up from the site of an Indian village in west-central Illinois, meteorites shipped in from Antarctica—and still have time left over to run through a few polar ice cores. All of which the Rochester accelerator did in the late ’70s. This activity attracted national press attention, and with it came contacts from groups like the Shroud of Turin Research Project.

“No, not a religious person,” Gove had frankly never heard of the shroud, purported to carry the image of a crucified man and believed by many to be the burial cloth of Christ. Rarely shown to the public since its mysterious appearance in mid-14th century France, the shroud was on temporary display in Turin, Italy, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of its acquisition by the cathedral there. At the conclusion of the event a group of scientists, including experts in x-ray radiography, optical microscopy, and a variety of other analyses, were to be given a few days to subject the single piece of linen, 14 feet long by 3 1/2 feet wide, to a battery of tests and experiments to try to determine its authenticity.

His interest piqued, Gove traveled to Turin, witnessed and was impressed by the piety of the throngs (more than three million) who filed into the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist to view the relic. He stayed for the meeting of scientists, realizing that back in Rochester he had the means of determining, once and for all, whether the burial cloth could possibly be 2,000 years old.

The church had always been reluctant to put the shroud to a carbon-dating test, mainly because of the damage to the relic that would result—it had no wish to dissect only to destroy. The nuclear accelerator, however, needed but a few threads for a sample, and Gove startled both the scientific and religious worlds with this proposal: Six labs which now possessed AMS capability could date the shroud and compare results using but a minute quantity of the cloth, a piece only two inches by a half-inch would be enough for all six.

Gove’s proposal met not with immediate acceptance but with nearly a decade of delay, as private and sometimes secret negotiations took place in church circles and behind closed Vatican doors. Close to Gove, that is, and other similarly interested scientists.
“The gulf between religion and science can be incredible,” he said a couple of years ago, when a decision about dating the shroud seemed to be protracted beyond all patience. “I don’t get to talk with cardinals. Or rather they don’t talk to me.”

Politics in the scientific world can be difficult enough, with laboratories, universities, and the rest maneuvering for grants, projects, and prestige; Gove knows that world, and accepts these things as part of the game. But all the scientific stratagems in the world do not hold a votive candle to Vatican politics. The popular notion that matters wind their way through the Vatican maze propelled by the arch of an episcopal eyebrow, a waggle of a bishop’s hand, the telltale rustle of a sou- tane, or a whisper in a Curial ear has some truth to it: Gove is not the first American bemused by the process.

The larger truth is that the church, in its temporal role, is a huge political and economic organization with competing and often conflicting constituencies, in matters both of faith and turf.

The church’s position with regard to the shroud has always been one of diplomatic skepticism, accepting the shroud as a means to devotion, without any commitment as to whether it actually is the cloth that wrapped Christ’s body in Joseph of Arimathea’s tomb. No matter which way the carbon dating went, the church would have a problem on its hands. Since Luther, the church has been sensitive to outside rumblings about idolatry, because so-called “miraculous” items—like Veronica’s veil, the centurion’s lance, pieces of the True Cross peddled on the streets of Rome, and even images of the Virgin spotted in a firewood yard in Barrett Station, Texas—tend to slip over into becoming objects of veneration themselves. On the other hand, it has no wish to undermine the spiritual lives of the thousands who, as Gove discovered during his involvement with the shroud, “have buttressed their faith, or even been converted by contact with the burial cloth—it touches deep emotions.”

Of most immediate concern to the Vatican was dealing with the archbishop of Turin himself and the concerns of his flock. They had a proprietary interest in what was done with their world-famous relic. Gove thinks that Turin was “fearful of a Rome takeover of the shroud” and was determined to protect its interest. The pope in dealing with matters sub specie aeternitatis must be attentive to what the archbishop of Turin wants, and once that prelate turned adamantine, it was upon this rock that Gove’s quest founded.

The archbishop did an end run around the Pontifical Academy of Science, the organization set up by the Vatican to help it deal with scientific-religious issues, and announced that ignored both Rochester and Brookhaven in selecting Arizona, Zurich, and Oxford as the three labs that would do the test. So, the man who not only developed the accelerator technology but also first proposed that it be used to date the shroud was left in the vestibule. As it turned out, Gove was invited to observe Arizona’s test, and after what he calls “10 years of tears and joy” Tucson’s version of Gove’s accelerator was cranked up and delivered its finding in less than a minute: The cloth of the shroud is not 2,000 years old, but dates from the year 1350—give or take 80 years. Luckily for the sanity of all concerned, the three labs came up with virtually the same result.

“No more relics,” Gove swears today, pointedly not on a stack of Bibles. “It was a nifty scientific adventure, and great publicity for the lab, but I would never touch something like this again. There’s too much bickering and non-scientific nonsense involved.” He laments the “language barrier between scientists and clergy.” “That bothered me the most,” he says, “especially when the Pontifical Academy of Science, set up to bridge the gap between religion and science, was bypassed. When it came down to it, Turin got the last say.”

“I suppose I could have been more diplomatic in my own responses, and perhaps that would have given us the opportunity to close out the 10 years of involvement by doing the test here in Rochester,” he says. But a look at Gove’s life makes one doubt that anything short of outspoken integrity is really an option for him.

After Rochester’s race riots of the mid ’60s prompted the formation of the seminal civil-rights organization FIGHT, which began pressing for equal opportunity in Monroe County, white progressives joined together in a sister group called “Friends of FIGHT.” Gove took a leading role and headed the organization for a time, expanding its focus to include just about every liberal cause that was in the air throughout the ’70s. The biggest victory for Gove’s group was its success in persuading the largest grocery retailer in the area to remove California table grapes from its bins—this
in response to the call of the United Farm Workers' Caesar Chavez for a nationwide grape boycott.

Gove retired from the political fray later in the decade, citing the chronic ailment of thoroughly committed social activists—“burnout.” But 1989 finds him back in the public forum, this time having to part company with many of his old friends and compatriots. His old organization is now known as Metro-Act, and has pushed an anti-nuke stance, trying to persuade the City of Rochester to style itself, in Scandinavian fashion, a nuclear-free zone. Gove believes in nuclear energy, thinks attendant problems can be solved or contained, and has, characteristically and forcefully, begun speaking out on the subject.

Relentlessly, Gove tries to make connections between his professional work and issues at large in society, hammering at those kinds of barriers that frustrated him in the Shroud of Turin episode. The group at Rochester's NSR Lab has found a new dating technique to measure the ratio of iodine to uranium in granite formations. This can indicate the extent to which underground granite has been penetrated by water over a considerable length of time. If it can be shown, as Gove says, that “for millions of years an area has been undisturbed by water seepage, then that site will probably be safe for nuclear-waste storage. It's unlikely that the waste will be leached out into the environment by water.”

The true business of the NSR Lab's tandem accelerator is nuclear physics, whose practical impact is not easy to discern. So Gove believes that “it is always good for fundamental research to do something that has immediate practical application.” In his 67th year his imagination seems to be traveling in these directions. He speaks of the nuclear accelerator's use in the photographic industry—Kodak can use it to measure stable isotopes in photographic emulsion. It can be useful in the microchip field, where nitrogen can get into semiconductors and irritatingly prove elusive to conventional probes. Nature, as Gove says “can be a testy critter,” but AMS can help tame it: While measuring the carbon-14, “it can tag the nitrogen.”

And he has “a real feeling—call it a hunch” that AMS can eventually be a diagnostic tool in medicine. Physicians concerned with seeing how a patient's blood sugars are being metabolized now must draw a multitude of samples from the unfortunate's veins. Harnessing the tandem accelerator to the task, since it needs only a tiny sample to do its quick work, would lend efficiency to the diagnostician's labor, and of course, mercy to the patient. Such advances are only possible, Gove cautions, if “the language barrier between physics and medicine can be broken down.” He looks to such as the medical center's nuclear medicine unit to run interference.

More than nudging time to give up its secrets, the accelerator has also proved a magnetic, cross-disciplinary draw for a variety of sciences—applied and otherwise. There is something more to the attraction, however. This is how a machine should look—not a bank of lights that blink and beep, but a massive shining bulk that stretches its length over most of the floor area—one can sense in a glance its muscular potential. Gove has often leaned his lanky, well-over-six-foot frame up against it for a photograph and it always dwarfs him, but there is nothing intimidating about it. This is the kind of machine that rouses good feelings in an engineer's heart (which the Canadian-born Gove was, before graduation from Queen's University and the lure of physics); you want to give it a hearty slap on its side, invent for it a corny nickname like “Big Bertha” or “The Emperor,” or something, encourage it on with muted chants.

Gove has climbed aboard and let the accelerator take him to many strange places—sometimes letting him off, as in the Shroud of Turin affair, to squirm uncomfortably in very odd nooks, indeed, for a physicist. But Gove continues to hand in his ticket to be punched. For all his swearing off of future involvement in churchly artifacts, it's worth noting that the University's "Great Disputes" series of lectures this spring offers a provocative title: "The Turin Shroud: Relic, Icon, or Fake?"

The speaker? Professor Harry Gove, physicist and indefatigable voyager.

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This baby is 27,000 years old. Shown off here by a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, the frozen body of the infant woolly mammoth was discovered in the Siberian permafrost in 1977. Gove's team of researchers was able to determine its age using only 70 milligrams of muscle tissue. Earlier carbon-dating techniques would have destroyed much of the animal.

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“We met at nine.”  “We met at eight.”
“I was on time.”  “No, you were late.”
“Ah yes, I remember it well.”
“We dined with friends.”  “We dined alone.”
“A tenor sang.”  “A baritone.”
“Ah yes, I remember it well.”

Lyrics from
“I Remember It Well,”
by Alan Jay Lerner, from
Gigi. ©1958, Chappelle &
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reserved.
Committed to MEMORY

Autobiographical memory—the way in which we create the stories of our lives—may be wildly inaccurate. But there is a reason for that inaccuracy, says a Rochester psychologist who has spent most of his scholarly life examining the elusive faculty we call “memory.”

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

Memory, it’s been said, is the thing you forget with. Ask any couple that’s been married 20 years. What he remembers and what she remembers about the same event are often two very different things.

It’s as if memory were a pair of blurry, often rose-colored glasses—rather than a clean, distortion-free lens—through which we view the past. Or, to put it another way, memory is about as reliable as a 5 p.m. flight out of O’Hare on a Friday night—we make the connection, somehow, but with something less than precision.

The question is, why?

For the past eight or nine years (he forgets exactly how long), psychologist Craig Barclay has been researching that very question—seeking to learn under what conditions our everyday memories are accurate or inaccurate, and why.

Working in what is a largely unexplored field, this Rochester professor has chosen to mine one particularly rich vein: “autobiographical memory,” or, the things that we remember about our lives.

Autobiographical memory is quite different from the mind’s “data storage capacity”—for phone numbers, state capitals, the Pledge of Allegiance. Rather, it is the basis for most psychotherapies (especially the Freudian “talking cure”), the source of eyewitness testimony, and the wellspring of much of our history and literature.

But more important to this story, Barclay and his colleagues tell us that autobiographical memory is the source of our “sense of self”—the feeling that, through the years, we are and remain the same person, with the same characteristics.

Now, for non-psychologists and psychologists alike, this is pretty elusive stuff—like Churchill’s “riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.” A September 1985 article in Psychology Today explained it well: “Barclay’s major thesis is that people do not re-
produce the past, they reconstruct it in
accord with 'self theories' of how they
are likely to act. . . . When we recall
events from our lives, we behave more
like authors writing autobiographies
than like videocassette recorders. . . .
Our autobiographical memories reflect
not only our past but also our person-
allities and beliefs about ourselves."

In other words, whether we know it
or not, we all edit our autobiographies
as we go through life, deleting a chap-
ter here, embellishing an episode there,
creating a narrative to our lives. It's as
if our dreams come true retrospectively:
The woman who was chubby in her
teens may, as an adult, remember her-
sself as a slip of a girl; the elderly man
who sat on the sidelines in his youth
may now vividly recall his glories on
the gridiron.

Few of us are exempt from such cre-
ative, albeit unconscious, memorial
tampering. There is an oft-quoted story
about Ronald Reagan, who recollected
photographing the liberation of Nazi
concentration camps at the close of
World War II — when, in fact, he did

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his entire wartime service in Holly-
wood. He embraced the story as his
own, Barclay says, because it supported
his sense that he was (back then)
a more central figure in world events
than he really was.

(Collective memories — that is, his-
story — can be manipulated in much the
same way, for similar ends. During the
Stalinist era in the Soviet Union, for
example, historical "facts" were altered
and entire events expunged from the
record, to uphold the Stalinist view of
the nation's past.)

While autobiographical memories
aren't precise or unchanging, by any
means, they do have subjective truth,
according to Barclay — much like the
metamorphic self-portraits of Vincent
Van Gogh. And the metaphor goes fur-
ther: We both define and are de-
dined by this self-portrait, memory,
which we paint in broad strokes from
moment to moment.

By way of example, think of some-
one who goes through a painful di-
 vorce and feels great guilt over what
went wrong. Often, through therapy,
such people come to terms with the
failed relationship and understand
more objectively who or what was to
blame. What happens, in Barclay's the-
ory, is that memories are reworked
—and, thus, an individual's self-image.
At base is the notion that memory
is not just a file cabinet where we store
the events of our lives; it is a living,
breathing, ever-changing entity, as we
are—for it is who we are.

To explain this, Barclay cites an
exception to prove the rule: "Look at
people who have Alzheimer's disease
or degenerative neurological disorders
of various kinds; what they are losing
is the generative structure that allows
them to reconstruct their past. And
when they lose that, I think they've
lost a very fundamental characteristic
of being a person."

Certainly, this research doesn't fit
neatly into any category, and neither
does the researcher. Trained as a de-
velopmental psychologist, Barclay holds
joint appointments in the Department
of Psychology and in the Graduate
School of Education and Human
Development. (He says his work has
implications for education in that our
schools tend to promote a "normative
sense of self" which can rob children
of the richness of their experience and
cause some to be labeled "deviant.")

Prior to coming to Rochester in
1985, Barclay filled various teaching
and research posts at the University of
Pittsburgh, the University of Michigan,
SUNY Cortland, and the University of
Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where
he received his Ph.D.

While he was teaching at SUNY
Cortland in the late '70s and early '80s,
he often visited nearby Cornell for
courses and seminars. There, he came
to know Ulric Neisser—a leading
scholar in the field of memory who
published one of the first cognitive-
psychology books in the country and

Craig Barclay has been committed to the study
of memory for the last eight or nine years (he
says he forgets exactly how long). Trained as a
developmental psychologist with a Ph. D. from
the University of Illinois-Urbana-Champaign,
he holds joint appointments in the College of
Arts and Science and the Graduate School of
Education and Human Development.

has since published several books on
memory.

Barclay credits Neisser with stimu-
lating his interest in autobiographical
memory. And Neisser—currently di-
rector of the Emory Cognition Project
at Emory University and the Robert
W. Woodruff Professor of Psychology
there—returns the compliment, declar-
ing that “Craig is doing very good
work.”

He puts it in this framework: “Craig
is at one point on a continuum of the-
oretical possibilities, in that he believes
that memory is primarily reconstructed
to suit our present purposes.” At the
other end of this continuum are those
who believe that autobiographical
memory is highly factual—almost
photographic.

Neisser continues, “I think what he
has done is to show concretely some
of the ways in which memory can be
changed—what kind of mistakes we
can make as we recall events.”

According to Barclay, “Memory is
very malleable, especially when you
see it in its everyday uses, because
memories are frequently in the service
of social and interpersonal ends.” In
his view, memory functions much like
a witness responding to an attorney's
leading questions: “In everyday life,
memories are constantly being pushed
around by expectancies and anticipa-
tions.”
The work of University of Washington psychologist Elizabeth Loftus bears this out, he says. She has shown people videotapes of an automobile accident and then has varied the questions she asked about what they had seen. When she asked, for example, “What happened when the cars crashed into each other?” her subjects would describe a more serious accident than when she asked, “What happened when the cars bumped into each other?”

As any sales rep would agree, you just have to ask the right question.

Nevertheless, there are examples of prodigious, demonstrably accurate memories. What about Proust, for instance, whose extraordinary powers of recall produced a 16-volume masterpiece?

Barclay would argue that Proust’s memory, although encyclopedic, was far from photographic. Even when autobiographical memory appears to be accurate, he says, it is in reality due to a process of reconstruction “driven more by attitudes and beliefs about yourself than by accurate memories.”

He describes the legendary memory of Toscanini, the great conductor, who at one time wrote down, from memory, an entire movement of an obscure piece — Joachim Raff’s Quartet No. 5 — including all the dynamic marks. When a manuscript was later found, it revealed that he had made only one error.

While Toscanini obviously knew the piece well, Barclay holds that he didn’t reproduce the manuscript note for note by rote. Rather, he reconstructed it “by ear” — from what he knew of the piece, what he knew of music in general, and what he would expect to hear, “based on themes and formulas that are very generic.”

Another example of apparent accuracy is what Barclay and fellow scholars call “flashbulb memories” — a category that includes, for instance, your memory of what you were doing when you heard that Kennedy was shot.

“People have shown that, even though these memories are extremely vivid after many years, in fact they are also quite inaccurate. Marigold Linton [of the University of Utah and a pioneer in the field] tells the story of one of her colleagues who said, years after Kennedy was killed, ‘I know that you came down to my office and told me...’

Barclay would argue that Proust’s memory, although encyclopedic, was far from photographic. Even when autobiographical memory appears to be accurate, he says, it is in reality due to a process of reconstruction “driven more by attitudes and beliefs about yourself than by accurate memories.”

Recognition does not always give us back the warmth of the past; we lived it in the present ... and all that is left is a skeleton. ... Like a butterfly pinned in a glass case: The characters no longer move in any direction. Their relationships are numbed, paralyzed.

Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose garden
T.S. Eliot, “Burnt Norton,” Four Quartets

The past is what you remember, imagine you remember, convince yourself you remember, or pretend to remember.

Harold Pinter

Once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime flowers which my aunt used to give me ... immediately the old gray house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theater.

Proust, Remembrance of Things Past

One Christmas was so much like another ... that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six.

Dylan Thomas, A Child’s Christmas in Wales

Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.

Oscar Wilde, The Importance of Being Earnest
about what you had heard on the news. She went back and checked, and she had been in Washington that day.

Flashbulb memories, too, play a role in the stories of our lives. Says Barclay, "They have a wonderful nature, I think. They allow you to weave your own personal history in with the history of your culture, so that if you can say where you were when Kennedy was killed, you immediately have a common experience with strangers. It may not be as important that those memories are accurate as that they tie you to those relationships."

Barclay values memory, obviously—but, as one might guess from his work, he doesn't trust it too far. During our interview, when my aging, battered tape recorder broke down, he produced from his desk the ultimate mnemonic device—a gleaming, compact SanYo Voice-Activated System Model M1170 that recorded our conversation flawlessly.

It's not surprising that he's an avid consumer of Memorex, Maxell, and the like, for he's staked out his scholarly territory not far from their marketing position—that it's a good idea to keep records. Never mind this talk of sense of self, he says, which is merely how he interprets his research. What his studies support most clearly is the simpler notion that our memories are far from precise and, in spite of that fact, we are often confident of their accuracy.

His research method, he says, works much like a leading question: "I have people keep diaries and then I take these diaries and change them in certain ways. And then, after a period of time, I have the subjects read the entries—either their originals or altered entries, called 'foils,' that I have created from the originals—and they have to distinguish between which were the real events and which weren't."

His first study of this kind was completed in 1982 in collaboration with Henry Wellman of the University of Michigan. In it, six adults kept records of three events daily for four months. Over the course of two-and-a-half years, their memory for different samples of their original records was tested five times.

Each test included 1) some of the subjects' original records of events, 2) a number of "foils"—original records with certain aspects changed, and 3) a number of what Barclay calls "foil others," that is, another person's records altogether, reported during the same period. The subjects were asked to identify whether or not a given item was one of their original records and how confident they were about this judgment.

The findings were both predictable and surprising. As you might expect, the subjects' accuracy in identifying their original records remained high over the course of the study. Moreover, false memories were likely to be rejected—at first.

But after five months, while the subjects continued to correctly identify their original records, they also began to accept false memories as their own—with a relatively high level of confidence. Neisser explains, "It's one thing to think that people will make their own errors. But to think that they will assent to errors made on their behalf by other people is really surprising.

"I was pleased to see this confirmed, and it opened a whole new range of experimental possibilities."

(Neisser himself has used a different method to test memory accuracy—that of John Dean's testimony during the Watergate hearings, in which Dean described dozens of meetings he had attended over a period of years. By comparing his testimony to the actual White House tapes, Neisser shows that Dean was often wrong in terms of isolated episodes. But what made his testimony so indicting was that he captured the essence of what took place in the Nixon White House.)

In more recent studies, Barclay has looked at how accuracies and inaccuracies in autobiographical memories may be tied to people's attitudes and beliefs about themselves. A study he published in 1988 (in collaboration with Linda Carter-Jessop and Andrea Petitto at the Graduate School of Education and Human Development and Anthony Labrum of the School of Medicine and Dentistry) compared women with Premenstrual Syndrome (PMS) to a matched control group not subject to PMS.

The research supported the claim that mood can indeed interact with our attitudes and beliefs about ourselves to affect our memories. For example, when tested on memories and foils, PMS subjects were found to be more error prone than controls. (The researchers theorized that PMS subjects, distracted by greater ups and downs in mood, "stored less specific information" as events took place and relied more heavily on generic "theories of self" than on vivid personal memories.) The control group, on the other hand—people who, in contrast to the PMS sufferers, had shown in psychological tests that they had a more positive view of themselves—had trouble remembering negative events from their past.

"The Pollyanna Syndrome," as Barclay describes it, or the "Optimist-Sees-the-Doughnut Syndrome." In other words, thinking positively about oneself isn't just a self-fulfilling prophecy—it can be a self-fulfilling "history" as well.

This kind of work is not without controversy. Philosopher Robert McCauley of Emory University, for one, criticized a 1986 study by Barclay and Peggy DeCooke (a doctoral student at the University of Pittsburgh) for unwittingly testing their subjects' ability to remember the wording of events, as described on the tests, rather than the events themselves.

Neisser agrees that this particular study is flawed. But, he adds, "It is a very difficult problem, the issue of making foils in this kind of work. And Craig was the first person to do it. His was the first paper in which we had foils in a diary study—and, sure enough, some people fell for the foils. That was a big finding."
There's another level of controversy, too: that of whether autobiographical memory is, indeed, as inaccurate as Barclay and colleagues say it is. Among the half dozen or so people nationwide who are studying memory, psychologist William Brewer of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign falls on the opposite end of the spectrum from Barclay, theorizing that autobiographical memory can be quite accurate.

Speaking on the phone from Cambridge University in England, where he is on sabbatical at a center for the study of everyday memory, Brewer comments, "Barclay and Neisser have taken a relatively strong position that memories are distorted. On the other hand, I came out with a rather large data set that these memories are actually closer to being correct."

"It looks to me as if there will eventually be some sort of compromise between the idea that these memories are like highly accurate Polaroid snapshots of your life and the idea that memories are so dramatically reworked. It's like fact versus fiction; the truth may lie somewhere in the middle."

And then again, in what scholars call the realm of "metatheory" (the most abstract theory), Barclay's work is controversial because he's studying "hot" memory as opposed to "cold" (what's known as rote) memory, says Rochester psychologist Richard Ryan. "Cognitive psychologists classically study cold memory, which is the driest possible function. But to study memory as it occurs in life, to study every real and emotional event as it goes on—and also look at how memory for mundane events is linked to the long-standing story of the self—this is an area we're just beginning to take seriously."

And this is precisely the reason, he says, why he's "very fond of" Barclay's work: "I think it's potentially groundbreaking, because it's tackling the most difficult problems."

Sitting in his office in Lattimore Hall, clad in the sweater and wool pants that are required for Rochester winters and wearing the wire-rim glasses that belong to the memories of another era, Barclay talks about these "most difficult problems"—the ways in which we create the stories of our lives.

He has a name for it: "The Improvisational Self"—a self whose story is spontaneously created and recreated in the present, much like the tune of a Dixieland jazz musician.

Then again, that's not quite right, he says, as if caught up in his own improvisation. "Actually, the best description I've found for it is a type of old Welsh folk music called 'Penillion forms,' in which a harpist and a bard interact. It was a form of competition to see if the bard could adjust the words, keeping the meaning of the story the same, as the harpist changed the melody.

"I think there's more that quality to the telling of our life stories."

The improvisation continues: "But people don't speak in themes, and they don't speak in improvisations. They speak in memories from their lives. That's what they do."

So perhaps we should end here, appropriately, with a memory from a life—a very famous life—quoted by Barclay in one of his studies.

For many years I believed that I remembered helping my grandfather drink his whiskey toddy when I was six weeks old, but I do not tell about that any more now; I am grown old and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying now and soon I shall be so I cannot remember anything but the things that never happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.

from Mark Twain's Autobiography

Denise Bolger Kovnat says that she's been forgetful for as long as she can remember.
Why are photographs so fascinating? One reason, suggests artist-photographer Carl Chiarenza, is that “we are passionately interested in seeing what cannot be seen by our own eyes.” Chiarenza’s “landscapes of the mind” lead us into that unknown territory.
Eminent American photographer and art historian Carl Chiarenza walks up two flights of stairs to a small attic studio. He cautions about children's toys, pajamas, and books on the steps. His "studio," located at the top of the stairs, is a narrow landing framed by a built-in bookcase, a door to a storage area, and two dormer windows.

A table brims over with large pieces of paper; smaller bits are stuffed into a blue plastic drawstring bag from a sporting goods store in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Chiarenza shuffles aside mailing tubes in order to move a tripod light aimed at the end wall.

Tacked to the wall are scraps of paper, nothing extraordinary. The pieces of cardboard and strips of film packaging have been assembled into a small collage, the size of a hand print. In their overall grayness there is nothing to distinguish them from other debris under the soft dormer light.

But the bits of paper are the first step in what will become unmistakably a Chiarenza photograph—large, densely black, and abstract.

Chiarenza photographs are not easy to understand. The viewer who tries to find a traditional picture—or to pinpoint distinct symbols—will be disap-
pointed. These are works of an abstract artist who uses shapes, lines, and light—not familiar images—to convey ideas and emotion.

In his "Menotomy 320," for example, Chiarenza positions a strong vertical axis in the center of the frame. Boldly lit, it rises from a solid black horizontal base and divides the image into equal sections. The left segment has a broad surface that curves from dark to light. And at the left edge, a tear reveals a series of rippling verticals broken by a black hole.

To the right of center, a major diagonal axis drives up to the right corner where crumpled foil brackets the right-hand edge. The knife-like forms created by the diagonal have surfaces that bend and crackle, the light catching the creases.

At first glance, "Menotomy 320" is a stable image, but the restless surfaces disturb its structural equilibrium.

There seems to be no relationship between the ordinariness of the wall collage and Chiarenza's finished work. The intervening ingredients, of course, are creative imagination and technical know-how. Plainspoken as he is, and adamant about the phoniness of jargon, Chiarenza appears to have an abundance of creative reserves—treasures in the attic.

He also has the knowledge of optics and the photographic expertise to create haunting images seemingly out of nothing.

What idle thoughts are to a philosopher or beads of lead are to an alchemist, light and torn pieces of paper are to Chiarenza. Nothing is what it seems—everything is transformed.

At 53, Carl Chiarenza may not be a household word, but he is a key figure in the second generation of American photographers, following such artists as Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Minor White, and Aaron Siskind.

Born in Rochester, Chiarenza was educated at Rochester Institute of Technology, Boston University, and Harvard. He spent 30 years in Boston, where he became chairman of Boston University's art-history department and established himself as an administrator, teacher, scholar, critic, and photographer (he prefers the term "picturemaker").

Now, Chiarenza has come full circle. He holds one of Rochester's distinguished "chairs"—the Fanny Knapp Allen Professorship in Art History. At the University, he teaches one undergraduate course and has been charged with developing a graduate program in
the history of photography, in collaboration with the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House.

His presence at the University may allow it to join the handful of other academic institutions—Harvard, Princeton, Boston University, and the Universities of Michigan and New Mexico—that include photographic history in serious art-historical study.

In returning to Rochester, Chiarenza brought with him his wife, Heidi Katz, and their two children, Jonah, 8, and Gabriella, 5. He also brought the problems of a multiply talented person living in an age of specialization.

Chiarenza is a hybrid, a doer and a thinker. He is considered among the best in two fields, photography and art history. His photographic work appears in 33 public collections and is reproduced in countless books.

His critical writing includes a major book on Aaron Siskind as well as reviews and articles on Siskind’s photography. In addition, Chiarenza continues to publish in a variety of journals and to conduct symposia and workshops.

His multiple talents and interests take their toll, however. Under his calm demeanor, he says, he is a volcano—filled with frustration and unending restlessness.

The split between practitioner and theorist (and teacher) leads to what he calls a “schizophrenic life.” He admits to being doubt-ridden and stretched to the limit.

Delivering a lecture on his own work last fall in the University’s Wednesday Evenings series, Chiarenza made it clear he felt awkward talking about his photographs: “I feel like I’m doing a striptease up here,” he said.

Privately, he lets it be known that little is easy for him. “Teaching is hard for me. I agonize over it a lot. And I’m slow at writing. I don’t like jargon or complicated language: I tend to over-explain. It all takes time.”

“More than anything else,” he says, “I want to make pictures. Picturemaking is the best way, the most forceful way, for me to share my view of contemporary reality. I’m torn. Everything takes time.”

Standing under the low ceiling of his studio, Chiarenza spends hours constructing a collage, shifting the lights he shines on it, attempting to give form to his “view of contemporary reality.” He rearranges, adds, subtracts—“until it works.” Then, using his 4 x 5 Toyo view camera, he shoots the final negative.

The second half of Chiarenza’s picturemaking takes place in his basement darkroom. Sidestepping a sleeping calico cat and ducking overhead pipes, he winds his way downstairs.

As small and cramped as his dormer studio, Chiarenza’s darkroom isn’t the high-tech affair one might expect. It’s a conglomeration of wood-slat tables and sinks, the prerequisite brown bottles, mix-matched trays, and a clothesline. No chrome or glass or multiple rooms.

It is in that space, he says, that the most intense creative work occurs. At his Beseler enlarger, dodging and burning (diminishing or intensifying the light effects) as he exposes the negative image onto photographic paper.
"I'll use anything I can to get the picture I want," he says. "I'll use my arms, elbows, and shoulders, if necessary."

To produce his pictures, Chiarenza does what every photographer does—decides what he wants to shoot, checks the lighting and exposure, frames the subject, focuses, develops, and prints. That his works are different from the works of thousands of other photographers is a testament to his creativity and his craftsmanship.

The creative process is so mysterious to him that he says he sometimes finishes a picture and looks at it wondering who made it. He frequently mentions the "unknown"—that layer of mystery that inhabits many of life's moments—the ineffable. The unknown, he says, "drives" creativity.

"It is the single most important force in being human," he says. "We live in an indeterminate, changing universe. I am aware of the utter uncertainty of our time, and I want my work to echo the flux of our time and space."

As he composes and prints, he says, chance images emerge that excite him and serve as evidence of the unknown. He wants those who see his pictures to feel that presence of the unknown: He wants his pictures to attest to how little we know and how much we feel.

He says he knows that abstract photography is inaccessible to many people—and that, at worst, it is dismissed as obscure and meaningless. Appreciation of abstract photography must be acquired, he acknowledges, like appreciation of abstract art in any form, whether it is painting, sculpture, dance, or music.

"Pictures are about pictures," Chiarenza tells his students in his art-history class. "Pictures are not about reality."

That conflicts distinctly with the idea that pictures of any kind are a realistic "window on the world," a Renaissance notion that has gripped the Western world for 500 years—and one that is wrong-headed, says Chiarenza.

"Pictures are about appearances," he says, "and rise out of conventions."

What we see when we look at a picture, he says, is an interpretation of the subject of the picture. "Pictures are made through the filter of culture and
the bias of individuals. Pictures are also based on our expectations of what pictures should look like—our experience with past or present pictures.”

Chiarenza gives the example of a 19th-century Western photographer who took pictures of Chinese men. The pictures look like European portraits. And he tells of the Orientals who photographed the American landscape. Their pictures looked like Eastern, not Western landscapes.

In Room 315 of Harkness Hall on the River Campus, Chiarenza prods his students with questions. “What do you see?” he says as he projects images on a wall.

He shows a photograph by the late Garry Winogrand, taken in Dallas a year after the Kennedy assassination. In the picture are a group of tourists, all carrying cameras. One man holds a postcard of the Book Depository building.

Many Americans have a visual image of that location, based on pictures they have seen on television and in newspapers. But the Winograd photograph, says Chiarenza, is not a picture of reality. It is Winograd’s commentary on the assassination and the responses to it. He has taken a picture of people taking and selling pictures of a significant reminder of that important moment in history. The photograph is, above all, a social comment, not just a snapshot.

Hesitantly, the students describe what they see, and Chiarenza encourages them to see more, to relate what they see to their world and to other pictures they have seen. He leads the students to a realization that much of what they know about the world is learned through pictures.

Issues he stresses in his teaching are echoed in his writing. Among those most often repeated:
- “Picturemaking” is a broad category that encompasses photography, paintings, prints, collages, and mixed media. Any viable history of picturemaking must include photography.
- Elitism in “art” damages the long history of picturemaking.
- Picturemaking is a fundamental human activity that rises out of a drive or a need to represent visually an understanding of the world.
- All forms of picturemaking are valid and reflect a person’s experience of the world.
- Everyone who makes pictures operates from a mental bias and cultural set.
- All forms of visual representation have a history, a tradition, and conventions. Ultimately, there is a personal note in everything created, but the work exists in a larger context.

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Writer Judith Reynolds, the arts editor of City Newspaper, is an art historian, painter, and photographer who has taught art history at the college level and studio art, including photography, at the secondary-school level.
Legal Eagle

According to repeated nationwide surveys,

More Doctors Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

Come in your T-Zone (T for Throat, T for Taste)!
"Trial Lawyer of the Year," Alan Darnell ’68 achieved that distinction thanks to the first-ever suit in which a smoker won damages from a tobacco company. He might never have made it, he says, if he hadn’t started out as the kid with a big mouth.

By Jeremy Schlosberg

Little could he have realized it at the time, but young Alan Darnell ’68 received early motivation for a career in law on the grammar-school playing field. Growing up on Long Island, he was not what you might call a born athlete. “Un-coordinated and fat” is the way he describes his young self. “My most vivid memory of sports is being the last one picked for the team,” he says today, with the bemused tone of one who has had the last laugh. “That’s why I ended up using my mouth.”

Thus did Darnell proceed to excel in communication, narration, persuasion. By the time the Roslyn High School graduate arrived in Rochester in the fall of 1964, his verbal facility had made his career choice clear. “I basically said to myself, ‘What human endeavor can my limited talents be useful in?’” The answer was this: “If you have a big mouth, being a lawyer is something you can do.”

Thus did Darnell, he with the big mouth, proceed from Rochester to the University of Pennsylvania Law School. From there, in 1971, he was hired by the New Jersey firm of Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer. A partner since 1980, a senior partner since 1986, Darnell has gained national prominence in the last few years as one of the lawyers for the plaintiff in the highly publicized Cipollone case, a suit by a cigarette smoker against three cigarette manufacturers, which generated massive newspaper and television coverage during its six-year journey through the courts.

Other similar suits have appeared over the years — more than 300 of them since 1954 — but this was the first ever to award damages to the plaintiff, Rose Cipollone, who herself died of lung cancer shortly after the legal proceedings began.

Although the amount of the award was relatively small ($400,000 — the jury decided that Cipollone was 80 percent responsible for her own cigarette habit), anti-smokers hailed the verdict as “another nail in tobacco’s coffin.” Washington University law professor John Banzhaf, head of the Action on Smoking and Health group, characterized the decision as “the most important legal development involving tobacco since the cigarette companies were forced off television.”

Experts in the field of products liability predicted the case would provide a “how-to” manual for plaintiffs in 110 similar cases currently being pursued and could prompt a spate of fresh lawsuits as well.

Publicly unfazed, tobacco companies concede, as one executive put it, that the judgment was perhaps “a little like landing on the moon — that was a big achievement.” But, he added, “once we’d done that we didn’t go back very much. There was nothing up there.”

Darnell doesn’t see it that way. The important point, as he told a Time reporter, was that “the myth of the tobacco industry’s invincibility has been shattered once and for all.”

The unflappable, ever-quotable Darnell, unsurprisingly, seems to relish his national publicity. While the case was still going on he was, along with Mark Edell, the other lead lawyer for the plaintiff, interviewed on “60 Minutes” by Mike Wallace. Wallace, declares Darnell, “was a pussycat.”

As the result of the Cipollone case, Darnell shared with Edell an associate the Trial Lawyers for Public Justice “Trial Lawyer of the Year” award. It was the second time Darnell had won it. He is the only lawyer yet to win it twice.

The Cipollone case was exhausting, expensive, and, seemingly, endless. Six years after its beginning, the suit is still active, now on appeal. But it was also exciting and rewarding for Darnell, who feels impelled by the desire not merely to practice law but to do significant, even momentous work.

He believes himself to be in the right law firm to do that work: Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer was founded by David T. Wilentz, who, as attorney general for the State of New Jersey, tried the Lindbergh kidnapping case in Flemington in 1933. “Being at a firm where the founder is a part of history, I have had the desire to be a part of history also,” says Darnell.

Audacious? Perhaps. But you come to expect this sort of pronouncement from a man who readily acknowledges his ability and willingness to assert himself. “I’ve never been shy,” he says. “I’m the kind of guy that if the soup is cold, I’ll send it back. Other people might just eat cold soup.”

Darnell traces his tobacco road back to a seemingly unrelated case he worked on early in his Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer career — involving a man who had been paralyzed from the neck down as a result of a motorcycle accident on his family farm in New Jersey. Originally it had been a criminal case, not handled by Darnell’s firm, in which the man’s brother was tried for murder: After the accident, the paralyzed victim had asked to be killed. The brother was eventually acquitted; a book was written and a movie made about the circumstances.

Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer’s involvement began when the victim’s widow approached the firm with the idea that the motorcycle had gone out of control due to a product malfunction. A suit was brought against Kawasaki, the manufacturer, in 1974; Darnell worked on little else for two years. A six-week trial resulted in a verdict against the plaintiff — Kawasaki was held to be blameless in the accident.

“That was my baptism by fire in products-liability cases,” says Darnell. Such cases were not nearly as common then as they are now, he notes; this was
not only Darnell's first but Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer's first too. A few years later, Darnell worked on a case in which Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer represented an epoxy-product manufacturer that was being sued by 20 people claiming the product had caused them to become highly sensitive to light. (“We had to take their depositions in the dark,” he remembers.)

This case was settled out of court, but gave Darnell crucial experience for two reasons. First, he was this time representing the defendant rather than the plaintiff in a products-liability case. Darnell continues to this day as a litigator on both sides of the products-liability fence. “I'm what they call 'bilegal,'” he says. “I think it’s important that lawyers do this, but most don’t. They do one side or the other, but won't cross the line.”

Part of his ability to cross that line stems from his firm’s historical commitment. Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer is the only firm of its size (now 130 lawyers) that, as far as Darnell knows, has a sizable plaintiff’s personal-injury practice. “Most law firms our size don’t take on these cases,” he says. “So that gives you a unique perspective — because we can afford to invest time, money, and energy into these plaintiff’s cases and yet not bankrupt the firm.”

Darnell considers this “bilegal” experience invaluable. “I think it’s given me a unique opportunity to be objective. It keeps you from being what I call a ‘true believer,’ which is a lawyer who can see only one side and is unable to understand the other side's position, or to anticipate it. I can put myself in the devil’s advocate role very easily, saying, ‘What would I do if I were the other guy? What would I do to me? What would I do with my client? Where would I go?’ I think it’s easier for me to do that than someone who’s never gone both ways.”

The epoxy case also marked the beginning of Darnell’s involvement with what are known as “toxic-tort cases.” Unlike most previous products-liability cases, which involved traumatic injuries, this one had to do with a product that allegedly caused damage merely by exposure. He didn’t know it at the time, but he would become intimately familiar with the legal ins and outs of toxic torts before the decade was out — and would, in fact, with the new decade, become a recognized expert in the area.

It began in 1979, when a Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer senior partner called Darnell into his office. The senior partner had asbestos on his mind — specifically, the 21 cases Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer had pending that concerned employees who were suing the company for asbestos exposure. “We would like you to get involved with them,” Darnell was told. “Let me think about it,” said the younger lawyer. Darnell thought about the increasing legal commotion being raised over asbestos, remembered hearing that there was even a new newsletter devoted entirely to asbestos litigation. He saw it not only as a growing area of concern, but an area in which he as a lawyer could do some good for innocent victims. He went back to the senior partner’s office and said, “I’ll do it. But you understand,” he added, “that if I get committed to these cases, it will be like I don’t work here anymore, because it will be overwhelming.” The senior partner laughed. “You’re exaggerating,” he said.

From 21 cases in 1979, Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer today has some two thousand asbestos cases in the office. Darnell is the head of what’s known as the “toxic-tort team” — a full-fledged battery of lawyers, paralegals, and clerks devoted to nothing else but handling asbestos litigation.

In 1982, Darnell argued an asbestos case called Beshada v. Johns-Manville before the Supreme Court of New Jersey. In it, Darnell broke the back of the traditional asbestos-company “state of the art” defense. This defense claims that asbestos manufacturers should be excused from any liability dating back to a time when the true dangers of asbestos exposure were unknown. Manufacturers had long known that direct exposure during manufacturing itself could be dangerous, but claimed to have no idea that exposure to the end products — such as asbestos insulation — was at all hazardous, until a famous article was published in 1964 by a medical researcher.

Darnell’s argument was, first of all, that internal documents showed the company did suspect the danger, so they were lying. But you know what?— argued Darnell — it shouldn’t matter whether they knew of all the dangers or not. This does not relate to negligence theory, he said, which requires unreasonable or careless action. This is strict liability theory, which is, as he explains it: “You are liable without fault. You sold a bad product, a dangerous product. And if a product is dangerous, it’s just as dangerous, and my clients are just as injured or dead, whether you knew it was dangerous or not.”

Therefore, he argued to the Supreme Court, the state-of-the-art defense has no place in products-liability cases.

“The Supreme Court, for the first time, agreed with me,” he says. It was a landmark decision; for his work in the case,
country, and they haven’t paid a dime. And here you are paying my client lots of money.”

Darnell found a receptive ear; he soon joined forces with two asbestos defense lawyers—one of whom was Mark Edell—to pursue the idea of a suit against a cigarette manufacturer. This led to their taking on the case of Rose Cipollone, a longtime smoker who claimed that she was lured into an addictive and deadly habit long before the deleterious effects of smoking were generally known. That was the case that became a legal landmark last year when a federal-court jury, for the first time in a cigarette-company suit, awarded damages to the plaintiff.

“I think the verdict should have been a lot higher,” says Darnell. “But that’s neither here nor there—it was the first time anybody ever got a verdict for a penny from a tobacco company.”

There are many complex legal reasons why these cigarette cases take so long and are so difficult for plaintiffs to win. But there are psychological and financial barriers too, of which Darnell is well aware. “You go to the typical person in the street and say: ‘I represent someone who was smoking and who died from smoking. Should that person get money?’ Most people would immediately say: ‘What are you, nuts? Absolutely not.’ That’s our burden to overcome, that initial reaction.”

A more tangible obstacle is the bottom line. The Cipollone lawyers have estimated that it took more than $400,000 in out-of-pocket expenses and more than $2 million in lawyers’ time simply to get it to trial. Because this is a personal-injury case, lawyers are paid nothing by the plaintiff until, and unless, there is a victory. And then there is the problem of dealing with the massive legal horsepower the tobacco companies routinely muster to counter lawsuits. “They can churn out briefs overnight; they have an unlimited budget,” says Darnell. “We sometimes feel like David versus Goliath.”

The lawyer as underdog, however, is not the typical perspective most of us have. In fact, to say that there is a societal prejudice against lawyers is something of an understatement. It goes back a long way: “The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers”—that no doubt prompted a great cheer when first heard at the Globe Theatre. Darnell actually encountered the 1980s version of that famous line in a comedy club one night. One of the comedians asked during his routine if there were any lawyers in the audience. Darnell, not one to shun the spotlight, raised his hand. “Dirtbag!” lashed the comic, among many other, less printable epithets. A cheap laugh, certainly, but a laugh, definitely. “It brought down the house,” says Darnell, who remains unruffled and philosophical about this sort of thing.

“People don’t like anybody who makes a living from anyone else’s misfortunes or problems,” he says. “Look, there are always mixed emotions about it. I make my living this way. I get a percentage of what they get. But if I didn’t do it, they wouldn’t get anything. So I don’t feel at all—what’s the word . . . different (is that a good word?) about doing it.”

As a matter of fact, Darnell resolutely defends the system that provides for personal-injury lawyers to receive fees contingent upon the reward. “There are those people who think the contingent-fee system is the worst thing about our American legal system,” he acknowledges. “They think lawyers are rapacious and greedy and making all this money, just stealing from insurance companies and making car insurance expensive.”

Darnell believes this view to be “a bunch of hooey.” A lawyer sitting down to examine a case is, he says, “that case’s toughest critic.” After all, he points out, if you don’t win, you won’t get paid. Rather than encouraging rapaciousness, he says, this system automatically weeds out frivolousness. “I think that the contingent-fee system, instead of causing more cases to be filed, is a gatekeeper; it prevents stupid cases from reaching the courts. Of course,” says Darnell, leaning back with the hint of a grin, “one can differ on what’s a stupid case and what’s a good case. But that’s why there is a legal system.”

There is no denying, however, that lawyers most skilled in this area—such as an Alan Darnell—are indeed amply rewarded. And Darnell himself, ever forthright, is the first to admit it, and, again, to feel not different (is he ever?) in defense. He makes no bones about the BMW he drives (“what else?” he jokes); it’s a 1988 735i. His wife, Joan, drives a BMW convertible. “We’re not embarrassed to live well,” he says.

“I can say that, yes, I’ve made a good living from doing personal-injury work, but my clients have gotten millions and millions of dollars of compensation that they really need as a result. And that makes me feel good. It’s nice to make a good living from helping people. Unfortunately, in this world, most of the people who make a lot of money do it in ways that don’t particularly help others.”

For a man of some means, Darnell is nevertheless a man of simple tastes. “You could say I’m a pretty boring guy,” he says. “I’ve only one wife and one job.” He and Joni, as she’s known, have a 12-year-old boy and a 9-year-old girl; they live in Wayside, some 30 miles from Darnell’s Woodbridge office, at the northern end of the Jersey shore. When he’s not working, either in the law office or in his spacious, refinished-attic home office, he likes nothing better than spending time with his kids . . . except, perhaps, cleaning and polishing his car. “My idea of a nice way to spend a Saturday afternoon is to wash and wax my car to within an inch of its life—and then I can see the pores of my skin in the paint.” He loves the satisfaction of completing a job in a single afternoon, the way it looks, and, admittedly, the envious praise it provokes.

But it is hard to conclude, in the end, that Alan Darnell is necessarily any more vain or self-satisfied than most of us. He is simply less inhibited about betraying such feelings. He is one of the few people you might interview who, when you’re done, first of all wonders aloud how he rates as an interviewee and second of all guesses that he did pretty well. And, third of all, is right. He may be forthright, blunt, and occasionally off-color, but he is nearly always pithy and quotable.

“I’m very up-front and honest,” he proclaims. “Crude and obnoxious too, but honest.” In fact, he decides, that would be a perfectly satisfying epitaph: “Crude, but honest.” If he has his way, Alan Darnell will be pithy and quotable in the hereafter as well.

Jeremy Schlosberg writes frequently about alumni for Rochester Review.
"PhoneMail" comes to campus. Students can make dates, break dates, discuss assignments, exchange gossip—and virtually anything else—without ever speaking directly to anyone. And they have put it to uses most of us would never have dreamed of.
Hi, this is Shinji. I’m sorry I can’t talk with you in person, but I’m glad you called. Please leave your message after the beep, and ...

Hey, as long you’re on the line—you’re still there, right?—let me just tell you about the wizardry that allowed you to get in touch with me even though I’m not here. It’s called “PhoneMail,” and believe me it’s the greatest thing since “Touch Tone.”

PhoneMail is one of the nifty little features of the multimillion dollar phone system the University put in a couple of years ago. Yeah, yeah, you’re right—PhoneMail works mostly like a home answering machine: delivering greetings and taking messages for people who either can’t or won’t answer the phone themselves. PhoneMail users can then, at their leisure, “pick up the mail” from their personal and confidential PhoneMail “boxes.”

What’s really different about all this is that it’s a whole interlocking system of answering machines, brought to you through the micro-magic of computer chips. A sort of “electronic village,” you might say.

PhoneMail has been available to faculty and staff since the advent of the new phone system, and they’ve been using it like, er, grownups—“You have reached... I am sorry... At the beep...” But last fall, when River Campus undergrads got back to school, they found this new goodie on their phones too, on their very own dorm-room phones. That’s when the full possibilities of the system opened up. Oy, you shoulda seen what happened. Like among other things the Great Chainmail Gridlock Episode—but I’ll get back to that later.

I know, it’s not like what it was when you were in school. “Party-line” hall phones. “Hey, Suuuuuuue. It’s for youuu.” Well, buddy, times have
changed. Now it’s one phone per room. A private phone. With PhoneMail.

Need I tell you PhoneMail has been a smash with the students? They can now make dates, break dates, discuss assignments, and exchange gossip and virtually anything else except germs without ever speaking directly with anyone. Great training for maintaining aplomb on all those answering machines out there in the real world. It’s also big with parents, who finally have a reliable way—albeit an asynchronous one—of communicating with their sons and daughters away at school. “Where have you been? We’ve been trying to get in touch with you all week!” Who wants to hear it? Or say it?

But what really fascinates the students is the PhoneMail Personalized Salutation. Users have the option of going with the default greeting—“The party you have reached at extension 4-XXXX is not available”—or erasing it and instead coloring the blank computerized canvas with original greetings of their own creation. Our guys took to that option like Picasso to paint. Let me tell you, some of the messages they came up with are worthy of Grammys, Emmys, and Oscars.

Like what kind of messages? Well, from Robert Goulet to Guns ’n’ Roses, it’s generally music, the primary medium for expressing “Who I Am” while saying “Leave A Message.” With digital keyboards, acoustic guitars, blasters, or whatever noisemaker happens to be at hand, the creative types attempt to telephone receiver, you can catch the campus’s hottest hits, usually the latest pop single by the “Bad Boys of Rock ’n’ Roll” du jour. Last semester it was “Sweet Child o’ Mine” by Guns ’n’ Roses.

Many of the PhoneMail retro-garde turn to television music for their telephone greetings: nostalgic themes from “The Jetsons” (“Meet John Mattos, Roommate Brian . . .”); “Mission Impossible” (“Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to leave a message at the beep”); “Dragnet” (“The message you are about to hear is true. Just the facts, ma’am”); and “Hawaii Five-O” (“Book ’em, Dan-O. He’s not here. How about Steve-O? He’s not here either”). Even the news program “60 Minutes” is not immune: “Tick tick tick tick . . . and I’m John Witherspoon.”

Other types of greetings? How about an enactment of a romantic dinner interruptus? A horror-movie scene narrated by an ersatz Boris Karloff? Or what sounds like a fight between a detective and a “quivering pad of butter” from a surreal Mickey Spillane novel? A young lisping child answers one phone. Another guy regularly holds a “Guess That Sound” Contest through his PhoneMail salutation. Virtually anything goes.

Writers “Ludwig and Camper Van Beethoven” of the Campus Times defined PhoneMail’s versatility this way in the September 22, 1988, issue:

Ten Reasons Why the PhoneMail System Is Really Great:
1. It’s an equal opportunity recorder.
2. PhoneMail doesn’t discriminate against freshmen.
3. PhoneMail doesn’t care whether or not you are a member of a fraternity.
4. PhoneMail doesn’t care whether or not you like “Sweet Child o’ Mine.”
5. PhoneMail doesn’t care how idiotically stupid your messages are.
6. PhoneMail doesn’t care how idiotically repetitious you are.
7. You can’t be allergic to PhoneMail.
8. With PhoneMail, you can leave a message on anyone’s phone, and you still won’t get AIDS.
9. The PhoneMail Babe has the sexiest voice on campus.
10. The PhoneMail Babe has the sexiest voice on campus.

Ah yes, the PhoneMail Babe. That’s the pet name students have given to the being/device whose authoritative-yet-approachable feminine alto delivers all the prompts to phone users. She came with the phone system, say the folks in the University’s Telecommunications Division, who prefer to refer to the electronic entity as “Silicon Sally.” She’s something of a cult figure here, but her true identity, or whether she even has one, is a mystery.

Back to the Campus Times. The same Van Beethoven Brothers, in the very same issue, launched a PhoneMail Greeting Contest, widely believed to be the first in the University’s history. Winning first prize were Lisa Heller ’91 and Leslie Miller ’91 for their innovative “PhoneMail Rap”; Nigel Richards ’92 and Leo Fishburn ’92 coped second prize for their dramatization of the murder of the PhoneMail Babe. Like I said, anything goes.

Now here’s a surprise: Have your editor assign you to do a story on “The Rise of PhoneMail as an Entertainment Medium on Campus,” and when you start calling up people to check out the clever Personalized Salutations, you find out the subject maybe should have been “The Second-Semester Decline of PhoneMail as an Entertainment Medium on Campus.” Suddenly, a lot of Personalized Salutations aren’t straying very far from “Hi, this is Laura. I’m sorry . . .”

The suspicion is that truly imaginative PhoneMail greetings may be going the way of those talking Teddy Ruxpin bears. The novelty is wearing off. Could PhoneMail become just another abandoned techno-toy whose secrets and amusements have all been discovered?

What with second-semester papers, practice, and parties, fewer and fewer students seem to have the time or the energy to brainstorm the umpteenth version of “I’m not home, leave a message.” The students who have fostered a following on campus for their ingenious PhoneMail—Greeting Gurus, you might call them—concede that their reputations can be strenuous to uphold after even a single semester.

Seniors, busy job hunting, tend to become suddenly circumspect. Can you imagine what happens if a representative from IBM calls to offer you a job and what he or she hears is the Chipmunks singing “Help Me Rhonda”? Job prospector Steve Bond ’89, when asked about his usual slapstick performances, explains: “Ay, you should’ve called earlier. I just changed my message back to something normal because I was expecting someone important to call.” Hey, none taken, Steve.

But what may have begun to draw the curtain on “The Rise and Fall of PhoneMail as a Major Entertainment Medium” is the “1” button. By pressing 1 on the keypad when the greeting begins, a caller can bypass the message altogether and go straight to the beep; kind of like zapping commercials on
PhoneMail is just one of the many high-tech capabilities of the University's ROLM phone system. The system includes some 11,500 telephones, 3,900 of which transmit computer data as well as "voice" and 1,800 of which transmit data only (the rest are your everyday voice only). These phones answer to the growing needs of some 6,400 students (4,600 undergraduate and 2,000 graduate), 1,000 faculty, and 7,300 staff—and those are just the full-timers in each category.

The bottom line is a phone system so sophisticated as any in existence, anywhere. Each standard phone comes with a 36-page "Quick Reference Guide" (along with a "Quick Reference Guide Supplement"), explaining such features as the "Camp-On" button (so you can "camp" on someone's busy line and place your call when he or she disconnects) and the "Park" button (so you can transfer a call to a busy extension and hold it there until the line is free). And then there's the electronic "memory" for often-dialed numbers, the ability to hold conference calls with up to eight parties, and the "Pick-Up" button that lets you answer someone else's phone.

There are those who claim it takes a Ph.D. to figure it all out. But, ultimately, the system does make life easier—and more efficient—for a lot of people. For instance, a professor can simultaneously talk on the phone and transmit data over the same instrument. A student can submit a term paper simply by dialing the extension of a professor's personal computer, after which the professor can read and grade the paper and send it back to the student's PC—all without touching a single sheet of paper.

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Sharp-eyed Robot

In 1920, in his play R.U.R., the Czech writer Karel Capek introduced the robot, bearing a name he coined from robotnik, meaning "peasant slave." Ever since, scientists have been working at augmenting the real-world labor force by developing humanoid automatons.

A major difficulty they have encountered has been in trying to get the machines to "see"; effective robot vision has remained an elusive achievement.

It has proved relatively easy to get a computer to perform the same task over and over, where no adaptation is involved. The problem has been to develop an interactive robot that can deal with, adjust to, and contribute to a changing world. Vision is an essential tool for this achievement.

That's where a team of University of Rochester scientists comes in. Headed by computer science professors Dana Ballard and Chris Brown, the Rochester group has become the first to solve two basic problems associated with robot vision.

Ballard, Brown, and cohorts have developed a model Rochester Robot that has both depth perception (achieved by moving its head) and the ability to focus on a moving object (achieved by turning its eyes toward or away from each other).

Ballard attributes the Rochester team's rapid progress to a new robot arm and head installed in the Computer Studies Building last spring and to powerful, newly installed parallel computers that allow the Rochester Robot to react quickly, without lengthy pauses for analysis—an ability called "real-time image processing."

In developing the robot's vision system, Ballard and applied mathematics graduate student Altan Ozcanlari used human depth perception as their model: When people move their heads—and at the same time keep their eyes fixed on an object—they sense depth by observing the directions in which the objects in front of them seem to move in relation to each other. The ability to perceive depth from these movements, a capability more powerful than stereo vision, is called the "kinetic depth effect."

For an example, look out a window. Put your right hand in front of your face, between your eyes and the window. As you move your head to the right, the more distant object (the window) seems to move in the same direction as your eyes—to the right—while the nearer object (your hand) seems to move in the opposite direction. Ballard has taught the computer to use this knowledge to help it measure the distance between objects.

The second problem, "vergence" (the ability of one's eyes to turn toward or away from each other), was solved last fall by doctoral candidates Tom Olson and Robert Potter. The robot's two camera eyes can now verge on an object, moving independently of the head to maintain a clear image of the object as it moves toward or away from the machine.

For a number of years most scientists have approached robot vision as a physics problem, using complex formulas and number-crunching computers in an attempt to give robots the capability of reconstructing the shapes of objects. While researchers were having success on paper, the actual robots remained as blind as ever.

A few years ago several laboratories began looking at the problem in fresh ways, and Ballard and Brown decided to pursue a biological model: Instead of using powerful formulas to allow a robot to reconstruct patterns, the team would program the computer to take advantage of some of the tricks humans use to make their way through the world.

The new line of investigation is simple but effective, and it is already paying dividends.

"We think the biological approach is the best resource for success of the robot system," Olson says. "We want a system that can handle itself in environmental situations. The vergence system is a crude image-processing technique—but it works. Other methods might come up with a slightly better picture, but it might take the robot 20 minutes to put the picture together. We want something useful, that can interact with its environment."

Though depth perception and focusing on moving objects are important, Ballard says there are additional abilities a truly "seeing" robot would need. Such a robot would have to be able to change quickly the focus of its gaze, to track an object as it moves through a diverse environment, to see within a greater range of light, and to process color images.

"This is really low-level perception work," says doctoral candidate Steve Whitehead. "Look at animals; they aren't very smart, but they survive, and they learn to deal with their environment. That's what we want the robot to do."

Vision work is one aspect of an even larger goal in the computer science department: artificial planning and intelligence. Once computers can "see" well enough, scientists plan to use such everyday playthings as balloons and model trains to train the machines to "think."

In one proposed experiment, the robot will use a stick attached to its head to prevent several falling balloons from hitting the floor. The experiment forces the robot to combine its seeing capabilities with a decision-making process to decide which balloons to attack first.

The ultimate R2D2 is still far in the future—but we're beginning to catch up.
The 1989 Rochester Conference: Getting a Grip on ‘Power’

Chicago Tribune reporter Jon Anderson attended last winter’s third Rochester Conference. Following are some excerpts from his report, copyrighted © 1988, Chicago Tribune Company, all rights reserved, used with permission.

Knowledge is power, philosopher Francis Bacon once observed, a thought that was considerably expanded [in January] at the University of Rochester. At an eight-day conference called “Power,” 10,000 people showed up for 80 events, including lectures, readings, dances, exhibitions, and carillon recitals.

Designed to jump-start the University’s spring semester, the annual Rochester Conference brings together poets and physicians, philosophers and paleontologists, anthropologists, musicians, and mathematicians to play off a single theme. Last year it was “On Time,” to encourage students to look beyond their wrists by suggesting new ways to think about time. “This year,” said University dean Ruth Freeman, the University’s point person on the project, “we chose ‘power,’ first of all because it was an election period.”

Beyond that, Freeman said: “Undergraduates have a habit of dividing their world up into work and play, and most students initially thought this was about how to become a CEO. Instead, we tried to show how power can be discussed in subtle ways. It was an intellectual festival, a time to experiment, to break down walls.”

Indeed, the topic heated up imaginations in the University’s catering department, which mounted a “Power Dinner” in the Susan B. Anthony dormitory, offering such “aphrodisiacs” as eels and peaches. Campus movie halls showed power-struggle movies, among them “Cool Hand Luke” and “East of Eden.” Student and faculty weight lifters competed in dead lifts and push presses. Folk singer Pete Seeger, an advocate of banjo-power, strode across campus, his case bearing the motto: “This machine surrounds hate and forces it to surrender.”

Another hit, from an entertainment point of view, was James Randi, a magician who specializes in debunking charlatans. Winner in 1986 of a MacArthur Foundation “genius grant” of $272,000, the “Amazing Randi” showed how some power, such as that of psychic spoon-benders and faith-healers, is spurious. He told of one case in which a backstage assistant funneled information through a concealed receiver into the ear of an evangelist who shouted to a limping person, “God tells me your knees are bothering you!”

The power of language interested Stephen Greenblatt, critic, author, and godfather of a movement known as New Historicism which seeks to show “that literary works are not freestanding esthetic objects but products of historical moments and social formations.” Addressing “Kidnapping and Language in the New World,” Greenblatt noted that early English explorers seldom tried to master local tongues. Instead, using the power of guns, they carted natives back to England to teach them English and, by extension, make them spreaders of English ways.

“Language is the companion of empire,” Greenblatt noted. “Cooperation became co-option, because there was nothing reciprocal. The English ignored most of what they could learn.”

More subtle forms of power were examined by several literary lights, including Marge Piercy, the author of nine novels and 11 books of poetry containing, according to her introduction, “true accounts of our battles on the fields of race, generation, class, and sex.”

“Sometimes power is simply the power to eliminate nuisances,” Piercey said between poems, suggesting that all telephone answering machines be programmed to say, in a gruff voice, “Whaddya want?”

Power metaphors, several speakers noted, often worm their way into other
disciplines, creating a kind of “bigness bias.”

In mathematics, for example, the number “10 to the 5th power” somehow seems impressive, perhaps because “power” is used instead of a more neutral term, such as “10 to the 5th flowerpetal.”

Gaining power is seldom easy. During a session on job hunting, Adam Urbanski ['69, '75G], president of the Rochester Teachers Association, remembered Winston Churchill’s admonition, “Success is nothing more than going from failure to failure with undiminished enthusiasm.” Others, such as former White House chief of staff, Donald Regan, appeared to enjoy the process.

“As I think of the concept of power, at least three words come to mind: force, authority and freedom,” said Regan, whose memoirs, For the Record: From Wall Street to Washington, were on sale at the campus bookstore. Regan recalled his World War II days as a combat Marine officer in the South Pacific, times when “power represented the force I was part of, the authority I had, at age 26, leading 1,200 men who called me ‘the Old Man.’

Similarly, “when I was chief executive officer of Merrill Lynch, I was accustomed, as many in business are, to people jumping when I asked them to.” Less happy was his time in Washington, a subject on which, he said, “I speak with some scar tissue.” In government, Regan found that when he issued commands the responses were usually less than enthusiastic, ranging from “Why me?” to “Please define jump” or ‘How about hopping or skipping?’ or ‘Have you filled out an environmental impact statement?’

Power struggles often lead to war. But one speaker, [former Rochester faculty member] Bruce Bueno de Mesquita, senior fellow at Stanford University’s Hoover Institution, noted that “war in fact, can be useful,” that conflicts have “stopped evil people, such as slave-traders and Nazis, from doing evil things.”

Strangely, de Mesquita added, the percentage of wars won by the side that has the larger forces has been steadily dropping, from 80 percent in Victorian times to 50 percent after World War II, perhaps because sheer military force can be outweighed by determination, as in Vietnam.

Defining “power” is difficult, observed Vanderbilt University political scientist Jean Elshtain, noting that its meanings, evoking images of legality, brute force, creative energy, and control, fill three columns in the Oxford English Dictionary.

One problem in public power struggles, she added, is that leaders often re-define the underlying arguments.

Thus, she said, the American civil rights movement lost power “as it descended from a moral issue to another form of interest-group politics.”

During the week, Rochester students also got to choose from a dozen mini-courses. One group tackled gender problems, pondering the topic, “If men have power, why should they give it up?” Another, led by a mechanical engineer, studied ancient power, specifically how Romans built things.

Elsewhere on campus, they got to hear and talk with theologian James H. Cone; Gail Godwin, author of A Southern Family; and science-fiction writers Orson Scott Card and Robert Forward, a florid-faced man in a white suit who said: “I want to go to the stars. Do you want to come with me?”

A physicist with Hughes Aircraft Co. who retired to write and consult, Forward proposed using the thrust from clumps of anti-matter the size of grains of sand to launch space shuttles.

“When?” one student asked.

“If we put money into it,” Forward replied, “30 years.”

Many agreed that personal power—whether it involves clout, influence, prestige or authority—involves asking good questions, shaping energies and focusing on goals. It’s often hard.

Pete Seeger, talking to students in a dormitory common room, recalled walking the streets of New York trying to raise funds. “I told a group of people, ‘We’re trying to clean up the river,’ and one of them asked, ‘What river?’ They’d seen the Mississippi on TV, but they didn’t know that the Hudson was half a mile away.”

Others offered their own views of roads to power. On a wall in the student union, someone had crayoned a modern version of an ancient Greek maxim: “Be Yourself. It’s a Dirty Job, But Someone’s Got To Do It.”
Family Ties, Sibling Strings

“One advantage of working with your family is that there aren't any surprises. You know what you're getting into.”

“Yeah, we already knew all our nasty habits before we ever agreed to play together.”

That's how the members of the Eastman School's family foursome—the Ying Quartet—explain, to a background of cheerful guffaws, their sibling harmony.

A lot of siblings would consider working together a fate worse than death. But Eastman students David, Timothy, Phillip, and Janet Ying think otherwise. Their family ties, they will assure you, are among their greatest assets.

The four members of the Ying family of Winnetka, Illinois—string players all—found themselves together at Eastman this year as the result of four more or less unrelated choices. David, 25, the quartet's cellist, is a second-year doctoral candidate. Tim, 23, first violinist, is just beginning his graduate studies. Phillip, 20, violist, is an economics-to-music transfer from Harvard. Janet, 19, second violinist, is a freshman.

The Yings have been playing together, informally, for a number of years, "entertaining family friends and earning a quick buck at a reception every now and then." Once they realized they were all going to be at the same place at the same time, it was a case of "Hey, why not play quartets again?"

They chose the no-frills designation Ying Quartet, because, explains Phillip, any other logical name "contained too much rhyming."

Superb together, the Yings have distinguished themselves individually as well; they have won prizes in such competitions as the Naumburg, Washington International, and Coleman, and earned accolades as soloists with such orchestras as the Chicago Symphony, the Chicago Civic, and the Rochester Philharmonic.

As a quartet they are already busy with recitals and concerts; they made their local debut at Rochester's Temple Beth El in January and have been invited to perform at the Midwest Band and Orchestra Clinic in Chicago. Their hectic performing and academic schedules are supplemented by weekly coaching sessions with the Cleveland Quartet, the Eastman School's renowned string quartet-in-residence.

The Yings admit that there are problems and pressures involved in belonging to a quartet—and a family quartet at that—and they don't look for easy solutions. "But we can't stop being siblings," says David. "Even if the quartet broke up, we would still have to deal with each other; so we might as well make it work."

Tim confesses that "we know how to fight really well," and then speaks more seriously about the communications gap he encounters when playing with others. Phillip adds, "We do get a lot more done at rehearsals—maybe it's because we're not as formal with one another."

Formal they are not. Sitting in a room with the four of them is like being at the family supper table. Their mutual affection is clear, and they're banking on that to keep them together in a field where chamber groups all too frequently disband as the result of personal disputes. "We hope it will work for a long, long time," says David.

The biggest problem, they concede, may be too much togetherness. In addition to performing together, David, Phillip, and Tim share living quarters in an apartment around the corner from the school. Freshman Janet, the quietest of the four, has her own space, in the Eastman dorm. "How," asks Tim in mock horror, "would you like to go away to school and have to live there with three older brothers?"

Testing a New DPT Vaccine

Many parents of infants worry about the possible side effects of a vaccine known as DPT (diphtheria, pertussis, tetanus)—but choose to risk these side effects rather than the diseases themselves.

Such worries could someday be a thing of the past, thanks in part to a study now under way at the School of Medicine and Dentistry. Under the guidance of pediatrician Michael Pichichero, a clinical associate professor here, some 120 healthy babies in the Rochester area will participate in a study of a new DPT vaccine that produces far fewer adverse reactions than the one now in use.

DPT has been implicated in a variety of reactions, ranging from fever, swelling, and persistent crying to seizures, high-pitched shrieking, shock, brain damage, and even death. The problem is the pertussis (whooping cough) part of the formula, manufactured in the U.S. from "whole" cells of pertussis bacteria. The vaccine to be tested is "acellular"—that is, the vaccine is made outside the bacteria cells by culturing the bacteria and then removing them from the solution, making for a purer vaccine with virtually no toxins.

The study will be carried out by the medical school's pediatric infectious disease and immunology division. Rochester is one of eight sites nationwide for the tests, which will involve 1,000 infants.
A visit with "Gram": What do you do when you've gone off to college and left your whole family behind? Some Rochester students have found a way to fill the void by taking on an honorary grandparent.* Sponsored by the Campus Y and Hillel, the Adopt-A-Grandparent program matches up students with local nursing-home residents of similar tastes and interests—for instance, Mildred Levinson and Suzanne Kieffer '92, pictured above during one of their weekly schmoozes. In the words of another adopted grandmom, Jewish Home resident Pauline Weinberger, "Let me tell you, when those young people walk in here, this place turns into a love spot."

*For an alternative solution, see page 31.

Admitting Success

This year, applications to most colleges and universities are down appreciably (the Ivy League schools, for instance, are down anywhere from 5 to 18 percent). Yet applications to Rochester—for the Class of 1993 at the River Campus and the School of Nursing—are up between 3 and 4 percent.

What's more, those numbers are at record highs for the fourth year in a row.

"We're now [mid-March] at 7,126, versus 6,900 for last year at this time," reports director of admissions Ann Wright '63, '66G, '71G. She adds that early-decision applications—from those applying early to Rochester as their first and only choice—are up as well.

The reason for the success?

"What has worked for us is that people come here and are impressed with our students' enthusiasm, with such innovations as "Take Five" [the program that offers selected students a tuition-free fifth year] and University Day [class-and-lab-free Wednesday afternoons that permit the exploration of other options] and they're impressed just by the beauty of the campus," says Wright. "Their counselors call me back and say, 'What are you doing at Rochester? All our students are raving about their visits!' People are finding out about us through word of mouth."

The profile of students applying to Rochester is changing as well, says Wright.
"What we're seeing is a decline in students who are interested in engineering, which reflects a national trend. What is unusual for us -- as we're often perceived as a science and engineering school -- is that we're seeing a major increase in those interested in the liberal arts.

"We're also up in women's applications: 3 percent over last year, and those are significant numbers." Women now make up 44 percent of Rochester's larger applicant pool.

With these growing numbers of applications come many more "innovative" applications -- in the form of home videos, tapes of musical or dance performances, snapshots of art work, boxes of homemade fudge, or anything that might stand out among the piles of forms on an admissions officer's desk.

Last year, for instance, an enterprising Len Prokopets '92 sent along with his forms an original cartoon encouraging his admission and a little rubber stamp bearing the hopeful words, "UR accepts Len." (Yep, the University used it.)

And this year, Scott Forester of Marshfield, Massachusetts, enclosed a letter written in 1822 by a Rochester woman, Almira Badger, to her sister Sabra Perniani in Albany. In the letter -- now in the library's Department of Rare Books and Special Collections -- Badger urges her sister to visit Rochester via the Erie Canal, which she says will "be very pleasant when it is through to your place."

The letter was Forester's way of introducing the subject of his application essay, namely, his efforts to preserve Thoreau's Walden Pond from destruction. The link between the letter and Walden is the time period in which both were written -- a time when postage stamps hadn't been invented, the Erie Canal was yet to be completed, and the mill village that is now Rochester had only recently been incorporated as a city.

The contrast between then and now, wrote Forester, is underlined by the sad state of Walden Pond today, surrounded by bath houses and a town dump, which prompted him to initiate a bill, now before the Massachusetts legislature, to make the pond a wildlife sanctuary.

Whether or not Forester will receive a letter in return -- an offer of admission that is -- remains to be seen, says Wright. Offers for some 1,125 spots in the Class of 1993 were sent out in late March and early April, after Rochester Review went to press.

The Hole in the Library Card And Other Little-Known Facts

Perched before a computerized "card catalog" terminal, effortlessly searching the library holdings for critiques of Moby Dick or back issues of Limnology and Oceanography or whatnot, University library patrons owe a considerable debt to Otis Hall Robinson (Class of 1861), grandfather of sorts to this latest wrinkle in library modernization.

We found out about Robinson by leafing through a copy of Alma Mater, recently published by Peterson's Guides as a compendium of "unusual stories and little-known facts from America's college campuses."

It seems that back when real card catalogs still ruled the libraries, Robinson invented the hole in the cards for the retaining rod to go through. "This simple but brilliant idea made library catalogs available to students and faculty, since librarians no longer had to worry about the cards becoming disarranged," says the Alma Mater account.

The University gets its fair share of other prominent mentions in the new book. Some of the "little-known facts" many Yellowjackets already know about, like the famous "feathers" incident during a 1952 concert at the Eastman Theatre (when, "timed to the second," a cloud of duck feathers descended from the ceiling at the first cannon clap in the 1812 Overture).

Among the facts we were unaware of is Rochester's place, in recent years, among colleges enrolling the most winners in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search, "the Nobel Prize for high school scientists," as Alma Mater puts it. Rochester is tied for 10th, with Penn.

The University also made the book under the "Student Nicknames for Courses" category. Rochester courses "Bombs and Rockets" (National Security Policy) and "Food and Famine" (World Population and Resources) were listed along with creative sobriquets from other schools like "Heroes for Zeros," "Clapping for Credit," and "Self-Torture and Anxiety." However, Alma Mater noted, "virtually every college has a geology course students have labeled 'Rocks for Jocks,'" which Rochester -- ah yes -- does also.

Bone-Marrow Transplant Center Opens

A new, 12-bed bone-marrow transplant unit -- the only one in upstate New York offering allogeneic (donated) transplants -- opened at Strong Memorial Hospital in January.

According to Dr. Marshall A. Lichtman '66R, president of the American Society of Hematology and academic dean of the School of Medicine and Dentistry, allogeneic bone-marrow transplants are now an important option for those suffering from aplastic anemia, acute and chronic leukemia, and related disorders.

"Bone-marrow transplants may offer the best chance of long-term remission and possible cure for several of these diseases," he says. He cites recent research indicating that patients with aplastic anemia stand an 80 to 90 percent chance of nearly normal bone-marrow function after undergoing transplantation. Children and adults who have undergone transplants for leukemia and who remain disease-free for three years may be considered cured.

Bone-marrow transplants have increased more than 200 percent in the United States and more than 300 percent worldwide in the last five years. There are now more than 70 transplant programs nationwide, about double that of 1983.

After a lengthy process of reviewing applications from hospitals throughout the state, the New York State Department of Health selected Strong in December 1987 as the site of the state's newest transplantation unit. The facility is named for the late Samuel E. Durand, a benefactor of the Medical Center.
NEWSCLIPS
from the national media

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

Business Week

Once again, Business Week has ranked the William E. Simon Graduate School of Business Administration among the top 20 M.B.A. schools in the nation.

In a story that was reported nationwide, from USA Today to The Los Angeles Times, Rochester was ranked 20th in a survey based on a poll of corporate recruiters and a random poll of about 3,000 1988 graduates of 23 schools often found on “top-20” lists.

This year, Northwestern’s Kellogg School was the favorite of corporate recruiters and garnered some of the highest grades from graduates. Harvard (Tuck), and Penn (Wharton) were ranked second, third, and fourth, respectively.

Discover Magazine

As with the Dark Lady of Shakespeare’s sonnets, “dark matter” is believed to be real, but has never been identified.

And there’s the rub. “Experimenters around the world are panning for celestial gold,” reports Discover magazine, “hoping to snare the so-called dark matter that astrophysicists insist pervades the cosmos—although they’ve never seen it.”

Almost all astronomers agree that it’s there (in fact, there’s thought to be more of it than ordinary matter) but they can detect it only by its gravitational influence on visible matter. In the 1930s, Fritz Zwicky of Caltech noticed that galaxies in clusters were moving around so fast that they should, by rights, not stay in their clusters at all. He surmised that some-

thing was clearly keeping them there.

And in the 1970s, when stars at the outside edges of the Milky Way and other spiral galaxies were found to be orbiting faster than theory would predict, it was thought that individual galaxies also harbored a reservoir of unseen matter whose gravity kept their stars from escaping.

More than a dozen groups around the globe are now looking for the elusive subatomic particles that are thought to compose dark matter.

There’s a long line of suspects: for example, axions (particles whimsically named after a laundry detergent, possibly more than a trillion times lighter than electrons) and WIMPs (“weakly interacting massive particles”)—not to mention a variety of odd candidates like “boson stars,” “quark nuggets,” and “shadow matter,” as well as a perpetual contender known as “the magnetic monopole” (a still-theoretical particle that carries only a north or a south magnetic charge, but not both).

The axion is the odds-on favorite of scientists at the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island (Rochester is one of nine members in the lab’s consortium). A team of physicists there has built an axion detector consisting of a copper cylinder, surrounded by a superconducting magnet, designed to resonate at microwave frequencies. If an axion passes through the cylinder, the magnet should make it decay, producing microwaves that would cause it to resonate.

In theory, that is—but after two years of searching, Brookhaven researchers have yet to find a signal. This isn’t surprising, says Bruce Moscowitz ’80 of Rochester’s Department of Physics and Astronomy, a collaborator on the project: “It’s as if we’re looking for a specific station on a radio that has five million channels.”

Not to be deterred, Moscowitz and colleagues are scanning frequencies from one to six gigahertz, using copper cylinders of different sizes and repositioning a sapphire rod in each to subtly adjust the frequency.

The significance of their search is such that, if one axion or any particle composing dark matter were to be found, “the occasion would be as momentous as the discovery in 1965 of the universe’s microwave background, the fossil echo of the Big Bang itself,” says Discover.

The San Francisco Examiner

If brain cells continue growing and migrating within the brains of some adult birds, as recent research has shown, could the same hold true for humans?

That is, can we change our minds—literally?

“That’s a question we are all interested in,” says Rochester psychologist Kathy Nordeen, who together with her husband, fellow psychologist Ernest Nordeen, is studying the neurobiology of a type of bird called the zebra finch.

The key terms here are “brain plasticity”—the ability to generate new brain cells and connections in adulthood—and “neurogenesis”—the birth of brain cells. Recent studies on adult birds have shown links between neuro-
genesis and the ability to learn a new song, raising the question of whether human brains also possess such plasticity, and, if so, what implications this has for treating such conditions as strokes and Parkinson's disease.

Nordeen holds out little promise: "At the present time, I don't think there is any evidence of neurogenesis in the human brain."

But some scientists interpret the research otherwise.

The Nordeens' more recent work, writes researcher Peter Marler in *Nature*, "increases the probability" that the alleged link between neurogenesis and bird songs is real.

**Psychology Today**

"We are part of a society in which poets extol ‘the silent manliness of grief’ and women are expected to provide shoulders for one another to cry on." So notes a *Psychology Today* article on gender-related reactions to grief, which points out that "most researchers say that men and women share equal feelings of pain and grief, but, overall, women use their social-support systems to help them through mourning, and men do not."

Among the studies cited to support this view was recent research by Ruth O'Brien, associate professor of nursing, which found that, generally, when dealing with grief women continued to talk about their loss while men preferred to avoid the subject.

O'Brien's study also suggested that although having networks of family and friends did not decrease the stress felt by widowed men and women, "it did help them over time to cope better with the ongoing day-to-day changes and adjustments" in their lives.

**Physics Today**

Advances by two Rochester research groups have been cited as top science-news stories of 1988 by this leading journal. Two other journals made the same picks.

Work with photons by Leonard Mandel, professor of physics and astronomy, and Zhe-Yu Ou, a doctoral candidate in physics, made the top-news list in both *Physics Today* and *Optics News*.

The Rochester physicists' accomplishment: measuring, more accurately than anyone else ever had, the time interval between the arrival at a given point of two photons—the particles that comprise a beam of light. The pair measured the interval between the photons to an accuracy of about one femtosecond, which translates to a billionth of a millionth of a second.

Researchers at the Laboratory for Laser Energetics (LLE) also earned a spot in year-in-review literature. LLE scientists were cited, also in *Physics Today* as well as in *Science News*, for compressing a deuterium-tritium fuel capsule to between 100 and 200 times the fuel's liquid density. This milestone, reached in March of 1988, marked the highest density achieved that has ever been directly measured.

**Human Events**

"The sympathetic portrait shows a politician more flexible in tactics and less rigid in his views than the vice presidential candidate was portrayed in the 1988 campaign, a legislator who believes ‘you don’t get anywhere if you are hung up on purity.’"

Such comments make conservatives nervous, writes the *Washington, D.C.*, weekly *Human Events*: "Conservatives are still waiting for Quayle to prove he’s still one of them."

Nevertheless, a Quayle spokesman says that Fenno did a "conscientious, scholarly, objective job." Writing in *The New York Times*, NPR national political correspondent Linda Wertheimer agrees, calling the book a "thoughtful account of Mr. Quayle's early career and his major legislative successes."

**Washington Post**

"Obviously, this is a demanding work that takes time to absorb, but one definitely worth the effort," writes *Post* reviewer Pamela Sommers of Symphony No. 1 by Christopher Rouse, associate professor of composition at the Eastman School of Music.

Rouse's composition recently garnered the $5,000 first prize in the Kennedy Center's prestigious Friedheim competition, a new award recognizing new American orchestral works. The symphony was chosen from among 95 entries performed at the Kennedy Center last fall by Philadelphia's Curtis Institute Orchestra.

"Of the four works selected for public performance, [Rouse's] was the least accessible but, in this listener's opinion, the most powerful of the lot," the reviewer continues.

"The innovation lies in the way that he develops and sustains a troubling, almost tragic mood—through novel instrumental layerings, a sure sense of dynamic raging and release and an ability to infuse an adagio movement with rhythmic vitality."
Football’s New Head Coach: Rich Parrinello ’72

Rochester’s football rivals had better beware. Rich Parrinello is back.

Truth is, the new head coach for Yellowjacket football is back twice over. From 1984 to 1988, Parrinello was assistant football coach here. And before that, he played on the team—from 1969 to 1971, when he earned three school records, helped set six more, and was twice named All-American.

Parrinello returns to Rochester from the top coaching job at the University of Chicago, where he coached a 3-6 season in 1988. He’s replacing Ray Tellier, now head coach at Columbia University.

“It is a proud and humbling moment for me,” said the new coach at the March press conference announcing his appointment. “I’ll be sitting in a chair once occupied by great coaches and people. I hope I can occupy it with as much dignity and success.”

Parrinello is listed among nine different categories in Yellowjacket football records. He owns three records outright: the most points scored in a career (220), the most touchdowns in a career (36), and the highest average yards per catch for pass receiving (21.3 yards) in a career. The Associated Press designated him a Small College All-American in his junior and senior years.

His challenge at Rochester is to maintain a Yellowjacket winning streak of 8 and 2 this year and 9 and 2 last year. Happily, he has the home advantage, so to speak: According to offensive lineman Randy Bordeau ’89, “A lot of players were hoping he’d come back.”

Winter Sports Wrap-Up

The women's track-and-field team ran off with second-place national honors this year, scoring 31 points at the NCAA Division III Championships and coming in second only to Christopher Newport College's 56 points. The second-place finish was the highest ever for Rochester.

Graduate student Josefa Benzoni ’88 won two individual championships in her final collegiate event: She won the 1,500-Meter Run for the second year in a row and captured the 3,000-Meter Run as well. Clocking in a time of 4:30.38 in the 1,500, she finished nearly four seconds ahead of her nearest competitor. In the 3,000-Meter Run she finished in 9:37.46, nearly two and one-half seconds ahead of the runner-up.

Benzoni also ran the second leg of Rochester's 1,600-Meter Relay team that finished second nationally. The other teammates were Lesa Hojnicki, Jessica Lyon, and Natalie Anderson. Hojnicki and Anderson were both dual All-America winners. Anderson was second in the 55-Meter Dash, timed at 0:07.34 seconds. Hojnicki finished fifth in the 800-Meter Run with a clocking of 2:18.25.

Lyon, a freshman, helped Rochester win the University Athletic Association indoor championships two weeks before the NCAA meet. Lyon won three events outright and was a member of the winning 1,600-Meter Relay team, scoring 40.5 of Rochester’s 136 points. The Yellowjackets easily outdistanced Washington University in St. Louis, 136-68, for the title. Lyon won the 55-Meter Hurdles, the Triple Jump, and the Long Jump. The event marked the second year in a row that Rochester won the UAA title.

Another member of the Class of 1992 was a key figure in Rochester's performance at the Women's Swimming and Diving Championships. Monica Farren, a freshman, finished with six separate All-America accolades. The Jackets compiled 49 points, the highest total ever for Rochester at the NCAA Division III Championships, and finished in 20th place.

Farren earned All-America honors for the 50-Yard Freestyle, the 100-Yard Freestyle, and the 100-Yard Butterfly on an individual basis. She was the anchor leg on two All-America relays (the 800-Yard Freestyle and the 200-Yard Freestyle) and swam the opening leg of the All-America 400-Yard Freestyle Relay.

The Yellowjacket swim team set five different varsity records at nationals. Farren rewrote the books in the 50-Yard Freestyle when she was clocked in 0:24.62 seconds, placing her seventh among all finishers. She was sixth in the 100-Yard Freestyle with a time of 0:53.48, another varsity record. The 800-Yard Freestyle Relay team of Amy Stevenson, Erica Nilsson, Kirsta Leale, and Farren set a varsity record (8:03.96), as did the 200-Yard Freestyle team of Nilsson, Stevenson, Pam Langley, and Farren (1:41.98). That quartet also set a record in the 400-Yard Freestyle Relay (3:42.08).

All of the relay swimmers won All-America honors in addition to Farren's individual plaudits, collectively ending up with a total of 19 All-America citations.
All smiles: The women’s indoor track team finished second (behind Christopher Newport College) at the NCAA Division III Championships in March, the best finish in Yellowjacket history. They are: front row, Anita Acre, Lesa Hojnicki, Natalie Anderson; back row, Josefa Benzoni, Jackie Blackett (head coach), and Jessica Lyon.

One further record-breaking accomplishment deserves mention: Senior Jonathan Jones concluded his Yellowjacket basketball career having acquired ownership of 23 individual Rochester records. Jones broke most of the marks in his senior year, among them career scoring (1,931 points) and rebounding (982). He was All-UAA, All-ECAC, and All-East (this last picked by the National Association of Basketball Coaches).

**Winter Scoreboard**

Men’s Basketball: 17-10
Women’s Basketball: 11-13
Men’s Swimming: 9-2, 3rd at UAAs
Women’s Swimming: 5-2, 2nd at UAAs, 20th at NCAAs
Squash: 3-13
Women’s Track: 1st at UAAs, 2nd at NCAAs
Men’s Track: 2nd at UAAs

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**Rochester TRAVELERS**

**University of Rochester Alumni Tours**

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.

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 who have no direct connection with the University—other than spouses, dependent children, or parents of alumni and current students—will be requested to make a tax-deductible donation of $50 to the University.

Prices are current best estimates, subject to final 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 the Office of Alumni Affairs, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627, (716) 275-3684.

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**Russia — Pathways of Peter the Great — July 18–31**

Moscow and Leningrad, with 7 nights aboard M/S Kirov for cruise of Neva and Svir rivers and Lakes Onega and Ladoga, including visits to Kiizhi Island, Petrozavodsk, and Valaam Island, plus 2 nights in Berlin. This is a “white nights” visit to the Karelia region in northwestern Russia, newly opened to Westerners. $3,000–3,445 from NYC. Group fares from Rochester.

**Cultures of Eastern Europe — July 23–August 11**

Berlin (3), Warsaw (3), Cracow (2), Budapest (2), and Vienna (3). Experience the present in a region from which much of our intellectual and cultural heritage derived, and which has experienced such devastating upheaval and remarkable recovery in the 20th century. A new itinerary to old places. All meals in Poland and full breakfasts elsewhere, air from Berlin to Warsaw, deluxe motorcoach Warsaw to Cracow to Budapest, hydrofoil on Danube to Vienna, and orientation tours in all cities included. $3,095 from JFK. Group arrangements from Rochester.

**Canadian Rockies — August 30–September 10**

An 11-night program which includes Vancouver, Victoria, Lake Louise (Chateau Lake Louise), Jasper (Sawridge Hotel), and Banff (Banff Springs Hotel), a 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.

**Wings Over the Nile — October 7–20**

Two weeks and the best of Egypt, with key transfers by air. Cairo (Giza), Alexandria, Suez Canal Blyover, St. Catherine’s Monastery at the foot of Mt. Moses in the Sinai, Nile River Cruise with visits to Luxor and tombs of the West Bank, Edfu, Kom Ombo, and Aswan, and Abu Simbel. An exciting encounter with antiquity. $3,499 from NYC. Group arrangements from Rochester.

**Vikings, Czars, and Emperors — October 28–November 12**

From NYC to Copenhagen (3), Moscow (2), Beijing (3), Xian (2), Hong Kong (3), and return via San Francisco. Perspective from the Mermaid to the Kremlin; to the Great Wall, Temple of Heaven, and Forbidden City; to a mythical army of 7,000 terra cotta soldiers and horses; to the singular scene from Victoria Peak and the bundle of Hong Kong, in an unbelievably manageable Round-the-World program. Over-the-water flights on SAS and Cathay Pacific, two of the world’s finest airlines. Many inclusions. $3,595 from NYC to San Francisco; favorable group and individual domestic connections available.
**Portrait of the Artist**

The images are incongruous, puzzling: an enormous pair of lips suspended in the Parisian sky, an everyday household flatiron sprouting tacks from its base, a woman's back adorned with the "f-holes" of a violin, a ticking metronome with a photo of a human eye affixed to its "ticker" with a paper clip.

Indeed, the art of the Dada-Surrealist Man Ray has been criticized as opaque. As elusive as the artist himself, which could pose a daunting prospect to biographers.

But not to Neil Baldwin '69, who says he was "thrilled" when Juliet Man Ray, the artist's widow, gave him the go-ahead to write MAN RAY: American Artist (New York: Clarkson N. Potter), the first full-scale biography of Man Ray by an American writer.

In his introduction to the book, Baldwin writes that "history (to borrow Stephen Dedalus's haunting phrase) was a nightmare from which Man Ray was trying to awake... Painter, photographer, filmmaker, printmaker, object-maker, poet, essayist, philosopher—his eclecticism [is] the ground rules of art history." For these reasons, Man Ray was "the quintessential modernist personality.”

The emphasis here is on personality: "Man Ray was a Surrealist person," Baldwin writes, "not merely an artist." Born Emmanuel Radinsky in Philadelphia in 1890, he was the only American among the Dada-Surrealist group in Paris. Warm to his friends yet distant from his family, a peerless photographer who wanted most to be known as a painter, he was a complex and disquieting figure.

Humanizing the artist may be "the greatest achievement of this fine, richly illustrated biography," writes The New York Times. Says Publishers Weekly, "Baldwin unmasks [Man Ray's] quirks in a model biography—judicious, compulsively readable, rooting its subject in his cultural milieu... [It] is a remarkable feat of sleuthing."

What makes the feat even more remarkable is that Baldwin wrote the 373-page book—footnotes and all—while working full time as manager of the annual fund for the New York Public Library (he takes proper pride in having raised $45 million in the library's recent campaign). Writing the book was "an act of survival" for him, he says, helping "to balance the heavy institutional responsibility" he carries at the library.

Baldwin, who holds a Ph.D. in English from SUNY Buffalo, has published several books of poetry as well as a biography of William Carlos Williams, To All Gentleness. "The point is, I have to be a writer; I must write in order to survive, to keep my mind and my imagination active," he says.

Writing has been a matter of survival for family members as well, it seems: Baldwin's wife is Roberta Plutzik Baldwin '69, and her father is the late Hyam Plutzik, the revered poet and Rochester English professor. Baldwin recalls that he and his wife met at the University as freshmen, when they were "on line at the men's dining center." His parents, too—David Baldwin '43, '45M and Halee Morris Baldwin '44—met while they were students here.

The publication of Baldwin's book coincides with a major national retrospective of Man Ray's work, which opened last December at the Smithsonian and travels to Los Angeles, Houston, and Philadelphia through 1987 and 1990. Together with this exhaustive biography, it may help unlock the secrets of the man who has been called "the Dada of us all."

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**Cosmic Coup**

When we caught up with University of Chicago astrophysicist Don Lamb '74G—a man who ordinarily theorizes about the nature of mysterious celestial phenomena—he had just emerged victorious after grappling with a particularly vexing, earthbound problem: Where to find a swimming cap for his young son in the middle of winter in Chicago.

The same ingenuity with which he located the out-of-season headgear no doubt played a starring role in another recent discovery of his that has the astronomical and astrophysical types all abuzz. Lamb and his colleagues reported in January that they have finally deduced the long-sought source of cosmic gamma-ray bursts—one of nature's most powerful events—that has eluded hundreds of other scientists for more than 20 years. Lamb and team developed a theoretical model that presents what he calls "convincing evidence" that the gamma rays can only be generated by neutron stars. It is an accomplishment akin, for instance, to discovering the source of the Nile.

Gamma-ray bursts are hugely powerful blasts of energy lasting from seconds to as long as a minute whose total luminosity—though invisible to the human eye—is 100,000 times "brighter" than all the light from the sun. They were accidentally discovered in 1967 by scientists at Los Alamos National Laboratory who were using radiation detectors to monitor Russian adherence to the Khrushchev/Kennedy Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty.

Nearly a thousand bursts have been detected since that time, but their origin, until Lamb's theoretical work, has remained a profound mystery. "It's been like being in a darkened room, seeing a flash of light from one direction, then later another from a different direction, and then trying to figure out the nature of the source," says Lamb.

To test his theory, Lamb and his colleagues used data gathered in February 1987 from a satellite-borne gamma-ray detector. The detector—which recorded gamma-ray bursts in never-before-seen detail—gave an energy spectrum that showed that the rays had passed through an extraordinarily powerful magnetic field, a trillion times that of the earth. Lamb's theory was able to explain precisely even unexpected characteristics of the energy spectrum, which led Team Lamb to reach their revolutionary conclusion.
"Strongly magnetic neutron stars have always been a good candidate, but there was no concrete data to support the idea; cosmological theories have gotten more prominence lately," says Lamb. "The fact that we can explain the spectrum so well is convincing evidence that the rays come from magnetic fields that can only be generated by neutron stars." (Neutron stars are the collapsed cores of burned-out stars that started out 10 times as large as the sun. Shrunk to about 10 miles in diameter, they are so dense that a teaspoonful of one would weigh thousands of tons.)

An added bonus to all this work, says Lamb, is the answer to another problem: Since neutron stars are located within our galaxy, the theory resolves the controversy about whether the gamma-ray bursts originate within or beyond the Milky Way.

Lamb explains all of these complexities with the patience of one who could teach physics to poets, which, by the way, he did at the University of Illinois and at Harvard. A graduate of Rice University, Lamb earned his M.Sc. in Liverpool ("just before the Beatles got big") as a Marshall Scholar and studied at CERN in Geneva, Switzerland.

After earning his Ph.D. at Rochester, he began teaching at Illinois, went to MIT on a Guggenheim, joined Harvard and the Smithsonian Astrophysics Observatory, and finally signed on at Chicago as professor in astronomy and astrophysics.

"It's unusual that the basic nature of the most powerful cosmic phenomenon we know of has gone for a quarter of a century without modern science knowing a thing about it," he muses. And though noticeably proud of his group's accomplishment, he is already gearing up for his next cosmic coup: "We now know that neutron stars do in fact generate the gamma-ray bursts. But what it is they do to produce the bursts, that we don't know yet."

"After several hours in the University of Rochester's laser lab, spent bombarding the page with different beams, she saw the long-oobliterated letters come back to ghostly life: FM.

"'That's for Petite Mienne,' explains Rolf, 'his nickname for Emma Bardac.'"

Seems that Bardac was Debussy's mistress at the time, while Lily Debussy was his wife. Rolf guesses that a discreet Bardac erased the dedication.

Such are the treasures discovered by Marie Rolf '77GE—pianist, musicologist, and associate professor of theory at the Eastman School of Music—who has been submerged in La Mer for more than a decade. While Debussy's amourous escapades are of interest, her real aim has been to find misprints and determine the composer's final thoughts on the work.

Debussy pioneered "impressionism" in music with La Mer in 1905—but since then, musicians have been at sea as to his original intent. Published versions of the piece have been awash in errors, of which experts have found more than a thousand.

Rolf's sleuthing has produced what will probably be for years to come the definitive version of the score, to be published in France next year in a 34-volume series, The Complete Works of Claude Debussy.

Her interest in the work began when she was an Eastman doctoral student in search of a dissertation topic. After discovering a copy in Debussy's own hand at Eastman's Sibley Music Library, she devoted herself to learning, in her words, "everything you wanted to know about La Mer and more."

Rolf's dissertation came to the attention of the official committee for the massive Debussy publication, whose members were sufficiently impressed to ask her to join them and prepare the new edition of La Mer. Rolf was the only American on the edition's supervisory committee, which included New York Philharmonic conductor Pierre Boulez, Debussy biographer Roy Howat, and pianist Claude Helfer. (Also involved were conductor Claudio Abbado, Hungarian composer Gyorgy Ligeti, composer Olivier Messiaen, and Boston Symphony conductor Seiji Ozawa, all of whom served on the publication's honorary board.)

Comments Mark Elder, music director designate of the Rochester Philharmonic, "That an Eastman professor was invited to be in charge of France's own critical edition of its own leading composer is quite a tribute. The French musical publication Le Monde de la Musique called the entire 34-volume publication "un travail de Titans" (the work of Titans)."

Titanic it may be—but seaworthy as well. In March, Rolf delivered a lecture on La Mer at a "Colloque Debussy" at the University of Geneva in Switzerland. Shortly thereafter, the Rochester Philharmonic Or-...
Senate Energizer

Not too many people can claim to have walked into the secondary containment of an operating nuclear reactor. But Cheryl Moss '84, '85G certainly can, and it's part of her job.

Moss is a member of the professional staff of the U.S. Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources (better known as the Senate Energy Committee) which oversees a broad range of cover­story issues like solar energy, nuclear pow­er, the greenhouse effect, and Alaskan oil development. Moss serves on the Energy Research and Development Subcommittee—one of the five subcommittees—and she says her job is to explore ways of producing energy cleanly while making the most effi­cient use of the taxpayers' investments.

One of Moss's main focuses is uranium enrichment, a process by which uranium is "sifted" to make it more dense in its fission­able, radioactive component, and hence, appropriate for use in nuclear power plants. "We're trying to create an independent government corporation to sell uranium-enrichment services to utilities and the govern­ment," says Moss. "If this were a private business it would be making $1.3 billion annually, which would put it around No. 300 on the Fortune 500. Much of that business comes from foreign clients, which cer­tainly helps with our trade deficit."

Moss also works on the Department of Energy's "Clean Coal Technology Program." Clean coal technologies, or CCTs, allow coal to be burned more cleanly, thus reducing emissions that are believed to cause acid rain.

"It's been a lot of fun," says Moss, a former Presidential Management Intern, who earned a B.A. in economics and a master's degree in public policy at Rochester. "I work with a staff that has a broad and interesting background, and I get to travel a lot. Last fall, I went to France and Germany to look at their nuclear facilities, and I've gone underground in uranium and coal mines and into operating nuclear re­actors.

"There are frustrations too. For example we've been working for two years to pass a bill to establish the uranium-enrichment corporation. The Senate voted favorably twice last year, but the bill was never ap­proved in the House. Now, with a new ses­sion of Congress, anything left over from the last session just goes away, and we have to go through the entire legislative process all over again."

Moss concedes that her work has given her some moments in the sun, or at least on cable TV's C-SPAN. When the uranium-enrichment bill passed the first time in March of 1988, subcommittee chairman Senator Wendell H. Ford stood on the Senate floor, thanked his staff who had gathered there, and then, as the cam­eras rolled, addressed the president of the Senate: "Today we gave one of the staffers on the majority side on the Energy Commit­tee what I would refer to as the baptism by fire. This is Cheryl Moss's first bill. If anybody has any indication or any knowl­edge of what goes on as staff work to com­plete a bill, they also understand the extra work that goes into a very complicated piece of legislation such as this. So I com­pliment Cheryl for her excellent work and look forward to the next bill when she will not worry after the bill passed whether she should cry or clap. I am very pleased that she was part of this."

Says Moss of her television debut: "I was turning crimson the whole time."

(Incidentally, the Congress seems to be a popular employer with Rochester grads. One such alum, right in Moss's own baili­wick, is D. Michael Harvey '55, who happens to be chief counsel for the Senate Energy Committee.)

Rattle and Hum Alum

The song "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," by the Irish mega-group U2, may have some significance for young -alums still trying to figure out "what I want to do." But Chris Bell '86 seems to have discovered a most comfortable niche, thank you, and U2 has played a part in it.

It was about two years ago that U2's recording label approached Bell's father, a teacher, musician, and record producer, about doing a variation on U2's then-to­be-released "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For." The elder Bell gathered together students, friends, and family, christened them the New Voices of Free­dom, recorded a gospel version of the piece arranged by son Chris, and sent it off to U2.

U2 was delighted with the recording ("Listening to it made us feel as if we had never heard our own song before," said The Edge, U2's guitarist), and the group asked New Voices of Freedom to perform their version in Madison Square Garden during U2's concert tour.

It was rehearsal time.

"Working with U2 was just like working with anyone else I've ever been with. They were very down to earth; they didn't behave like superstars," says Bell. "They drove up in a Chevvy to the church in Harlem where we rehearsed. They played a tape of their version, we played a tape of ours, and then we just rehearsed together. They had film cameras there, but they were very respectful of what we were doing. It was terrific. We performed in the Garden the next day."

"We were the first encore, and what struck me about U2 is that I thought we'd be treated as their little 'guest artists,' but they just stopped playing and let us sing. The fans were really into it. I'm not much of a singer, and I usually don't sing with the choir, but I was up there with them. I wasn't going to miss this."

The filmed rehearsal eventually became a segment of U2's film Rattle and Hum (Bell appears "for about 10 seconds," he says), and the choir's Garden performance was included in the movie soundtrack. But the collaboration didn't end there. At the re­quest of Bono, U2's lead singer, Bell wrote a gospel-choir arrangement of U2's "The Sweetest Thing." Bell later co-produced the song with top music producer Jimmy Lovine, and the New Voices version was included on the soundtrack of the movie Scrooged. Bono, at Lovine's suggestion, is now experimenting with material specifically for the choir.

The New Voices have since earned a rec­ord contract and offers from other record companies and movie-production houses. Bell expects to become their full-time co­producer and arranger. He is also working in the same capacity with Adriane McDonald, a 19-year-old New Voices mem­ber who herself has just signed a multi­album deal with A&M Records.

"Through working with her, I've discovered that I like to write and arrange my own music, so she and I have become writing partners," says Bell. "Adriane is an exciting singer who can do R & B and pop, and she has the potential to do some interesting things with music and to score profession­ally." Bell is approaching U2's The Edge about performing on "After the Fire," a song Bell and McDonald wrote for her upcoming album.

Recent Rochester grads may remember Bell at the controls of his blue electric viol­in, performing with the student group Every Good Boy Does Fusion and with the
A Ray of Sonnenschein

You'd think finding time to be with students would be a piece of cake for a college dean. Not so, says Hugo Sonnenschein ’61, an internationally regarded professor of economics at Princeton University, who began last fall as dean of the School of Arts and Sciences at the University of Pennsylvania.

“It’s been very exciting and quite wonderful,” he says of his first year. “But being a dean is a very substantial change from being a full-time academic economist. I used to spend a lot of time thinking about economic research problems, watching over doctoral students, doing my research, and spending perhaps half a day a week in meetings. Now it’s just the opposite: I have to spend a lot of time in meetings and relatively less time with students.”

Those endless meetings have been convened around issues that Sonnenschein believes are vital to the continued growth of Penn and its School of Arts and Sciences. “Penn, like Rochester, is a university with a large number of professional schools,” he says. “The challenge now is to develop a place for SAS that is strong and central and to create a comprehensive institution that draws from and balances the strengths of our professional schools.”

Sonnenschein is also overseeing a major renovation of curriculum basics: upgrading the language and distribution requirements, instituting a writing requirement, and developing opportunities for all seniors—not just honors students—to write theses or participate in senior seminars.

Penn is also about to undertake a major five-year capital campaign in hopes of raising between $860 and $900 million, a substantial fraction of which will go to SAS. “There isn’t a day in a week when I’m not doing development work,” Sonnenschein says.

So, yes, he’s a busy guy. But he still manages to get together with students by holding office hours twice a week, by taking meals with them once a week, and— are you ready for this?—by living in a dormitory.

“As a dean, seeing faculty is easy, but you really have to make a purposeful decision to spend time with students, or you’re not keeping up with the idea of the job,” he says. “In SAS, we’re concerned with the little things, the finest expressions of humanity—why a poem makes you shiver, or how watching a ballet dancer gives you a feeling of connection and privilege. My job is to facilitate the creation and transfer of that knowledge to young minds, and how can I do that if I don’t know my students?”

“The contact I have with my students is extraordinary, informative and invaluable. I ask them questions like ‘How did you decide to come to Penn?’ ‘Why did you choose Penn and not another school?’ ‘How did you choose your major?’ ‘Were the last five books you wanted from the library available?’ ‘What films do you enjoy?’ From their answers, I learn a lot that’s not in the catalogs.”

Denise Bolger Kovnat
and Shinji Morokuma
Alumni
MILESTONES

RIVER CAMPUS
Career Moves

Donald Hodgman ’42, appointed professor emeritus of economics, University of Illinois-Urbana-Champaign.

Edwin Savich ’46, ’48M, named professor of surgery, University of Nevada–Reno, and chief of surgery, V.A. Medical Center.


Shelley Stone ’56G, appointed associate dean, Purdue University School of Education.

Morton Bittker ’57, formed corporate law practice of Bittker and Johnstone, P.C., Rochester.

David Wishart ’60, promoted to west region sales manager, Western Lithotech Co., a Mitsubishi-Kasei company.

Charles Miner ’64, assigned overall responsibility for Figgie International Inc. divisions: Kersey/American LaFrance; “Automatic” Sprinkler Corporation of America; Badger-Powhatan; Huber Essick; Safeway Steel Products; Snorkel-Economy; and Properties and Acceptance.

Rochelle Goldberg Ruthchild ’64G, ’76G, appointed director, Russian School, Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

Robert Witherspoon, Jr. ’64, named a principal, GA/Partners of Arthur Andersen & Co. Real Estate Services Group.

Michael Bercutt ’65, founded Opus Homes, Inc., Portland, Ore.


Richard English ’65, named chief executive officer, Alameda Instruments, Pleasanton, Calif.

Charles Carney ’66, promoted to section leader, manufacturing and testing, research and development division, Boehringer Ingelheim Pharmaceuticals Inc.

Margaret Kelman ’66, expanded law practice by arbitrating for local, state, and federal courts, The New York Stock Exchange, and the National Association of Securities Dealers.

J. Harold Heiderman ’67, named director, Vanderbilt University Transplant Institute, where he is also a professor of medicine.

Roland Stevens III ’67, promoted to associate, DeWolff Partnership Architects, Rochester.

Kathleen Phillips ’68, appointed v.p., general counsel, and secretary, Harris Graphics Corp., Dover, N.H.

Alan Thomas ’68G, named acting assistant administrator, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

Peter Braun ’70, named partner, trial dept., Phillips, Lytle, Hitchcock, Blaine & Huber law firm, Buffalo office.

Kathryn Kapusta ’72, named partner, Morgan, Lewis & Bockius law firm, Philadelphia.

Donald Stevens ’72, appointed assistant professor of anesthesiology, University of Massachusetts Medical Center, and director, Acute Pain Management Service, Worcester City Hospital.

Amy Friedman Phillips ’73, named president, MicroConnections, an agency for software developers seeking publishers.

Madeline Renkens ’73, opened law office, Snobomish, Wash.

Barry Spector ’73, named partner, Gerst, Heffner, Folds & Podgorsky law firm, Washington, D.C.

Duncan Clark ’74, named assistant professor of psychiatry, University of Pittsburgh.

Harvey Spencer ’74, promoted to senior staff engineer, Hughes Aircraft Co., El Segundo, Calif.

James Kennedy ’75, appointed press secretary to U.S. Senator Joe Lieberman (D–Conn.).

Frederick Ognibene ’75, named attending physician and senior investigator, critical-care medicine dept., National Institutes of Health, Bethesda. He is also a commander in the U.S. Public Health Service.

Stephen Bonadies ’76, promoted to senior conservator, Cincinnati Art Museum.

George Jenkins ’77, appointed product manager, Compact Disk Information Services Group, Lotus Development Corp.

Mark Sturnick ’77, named high-school science teacher, Blackhawk School District, South Wayne, Wisc.


James Raschko ’78, joined Division of Medical Oncology and Therapeutics Research staff, City of Hope National Medical Center, Duarte, Calif.

Paul Baerman ’79, appointed executive director, National Collegiate Software Clearinghouse, Duke University Press.

Robert Loveland ’79, incorporated a marketing company, U.S. Products, Inc., Boston.

Sharon Porcello ’79, named partner, Damon & Morey law firm, Buffalo.

Thomas Bulger ’81G, ’85G, named dean, arts division, Siena College, Loudonville, N.Y. He is presently on sabbatical and teaching at Goldsmith’s College of the University of London.

Gary Freeberg ’82, will begin (in July 1989) pulmonary medicine fellowship, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, New York City.

Bruce Friedman ’82, named a trial attorney, Office of Special Counsel for Immigration Related Unfair Employment Practices, Dept. of Justice, Washington, D.C.

Linda Milewski ’82, appointed accounting manager, Michiana Community Hospital, South Bend, Ind.

Joel Segel ’82, ’83G, appointed planner, Dept. of City Planning, Division of Community Development, Pittsburgh.

Debra Thomas Walsh ’82, promoted to account supervisor, Creamer Dickson Basford public-relations firm, Providence office.


Yolanta Chlapowski ’86, joined Golden Grain, Quaker Oats Company.

Gary Morrow ’87G, appointed chief, Behavioral Medicine Unit, University of Rochester Cancer Center.

Julie Gross ’88, appointed custody accountant, mutual funds, The Boston Company.

Bobby Yue ’88, appointed to optical-engineering position, Hong Kong, where he is working on the Kodak compact camera.
Advanced Degrees

Karla Kindermann Dayton '66, M.A., information and communication studies, California State University-Chico. She has been appointed an assistant to the directors of community relations and marketing, Mercy Medical Center, Redding, Calif. Samuel Cohen '75, Ed. M., psychology, Harvard University. He is currently a screen writer living in L.A.

David Hirschler, '83, M.A., J. L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management, Northwestern University. He has been appointed assistant product manager, General Foods Worldwide.

Rev. Darryl Powell '84, M. Div., Colgate Rochester Divinity School. He was ordained a minister of the American Baptist Churches and now serves at the First Baptist Church, Manchester, N.Y.

Nancy Ulbrandt '84, Ph.D., biochemistry, Virginia Commonwealth University.

Sumeer Sathi '85, M.D., Harvard University. He has begun residency in the Harvard Program in neurosurgery at Brigham & Women's Hospital and the Children's Hospital.

Rachel Roberts '87, M.S., counseling. She has begun work at the Child Guidance Center of Greater Cleveland.

Honors/Elections

Francis Tenny '42, received the Association for Asian Studies Distinguished Service Award.

Donald Miller '44, private high-tech and human-resources management consultant, named Saratoga (N.Y.) Chamber of Commerce 1988 Citizen of the Year.

Brien Rogers '55, owner of WSFW radio station, Seneca Falls, N.Y., elected to board of trustees, Geneva General and Taylor-Brown Memorial Hospitals.


Jerome Goldstein '57, a visiting professor at Johns Hopkins University, named to a second five-year term as executive v.p., American Academy of Otolaryngology, head and neck surgery, Washington, D.C.

Arthur Schultz '71G, head, organic division, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, appointed William Weightman Walker Professor of Chemistry.

Lt. Shawn Cali '84, awarded the Navy Achievement Medal for work as supporting arms coordinator, Amphibious Squadron Two. He is deployed in the Mediterranean aboard the USS Guadalcanal.

Books Published

Jack Forman '64, author, Presenting Paul Zindel, Young Adult Authors Books.


Eastern School of Music Career Moves

Ralph Lewis '58GE, appointed director, Division of Theory, Musicology, and Composition, School of Music, University of Michigan.

James McCvoy, Jr., '70GE, elected chair, Dept. of Music Theory and Composition, West Chester University.

Sandy Dackow '73E, '77GE, '87GE, appointed director, Brandeis University Symphony Orchestra. She continues to conduct the Ridgewood (N.J.) Symphony Orchestra and has had more than 25 arrangements for student orchestras published by Ludwig Music Publishing Co.

Waddy Thompson '75E, named administrator, American Music Center. He was previously executive director of the American Recorder Society.

Marla Fredrickson Kasdorf '79GE, named coordinator of music, Rogue Community College, where she teaches history and theory. She is also a member of the board of directors of the Arts Council of southern Oregon and owns a custom-design furniture company with her husband.

Dan Locklair '81GE, named 1989 composer-in-residence, Brevard (N.C.) Music Center. His "In the Autumn Days" (a chamber symphony) was performed in January by the Nebraska Chamber Orchestra and his "Creation's Seeing Order" (a prelude for orchestra) was performed in February by the Charleston Symphony Orchestra.

Evan Rothstein '82E, appointed conductor, Indiana University-Bloomington Youth String Orchestra, and director, All-Campus String Orchestra. He is a doctoral candidate and an associate instructor in music theory.

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
GN — Graduate degree, Nursing
FN — Fellowship, School of Nursing
U — University College
GU — Graduate degree, University College
Elizabeth Burkhardt '86E, appointed associate principal bassoon, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra.

J. Timothy Simpson '86GE, signed two-year contract to sing lead lyric tenor, Bremerhaven (West Germany) Opera House. He completed a one-year apprenticeship with the International Opera Center of the Zurich Opera House.

Sabina Thatcher '86E, appointed principal violist, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Advanced Degree

Mark M. Parker '76GE, Ph.D., music theory, University of North Texas; music faculty member, Bob Jones University, Greenville, S.C., where he teaches piano and theory and is coordinator of piano classes. (Note: The Winter 1988-89 issue of Rochester Review carried incorrect information about Parker; this is his latest news.)

Honors / Grants

Nicholas Argentina '64E, nominated and accepted for membership, Republican Senatorial Inner Circle.

Harry Faulk '68E, '71GE, named dean, West Virginia Governor's Honors Academy for 1989-90.

Steve Witser '81E, trombone, awarded silver medal, 44th International Competition for Musical Performers, Geneva, Switzerland.

Joseph Holt '82E, received the American Cultural Specialist grant from Arts America and will initiate the piano program for the National Music Conservatory in Amman, Jordan.

Performances / Recordings

Barry Snyder '66E, '68GE, a professor of piano at Eastman, performed music of Mozart, Brahms, and Ravel as a member of the Meadowmount Trio at the Skaneateles (N.Y.) Festival tenth anniversary benefit concert.

Sandra Seefeld '68E, associate professor of flute, Miami University, released first album as a member of the Miami Wind Quintet.

Dave Mancini '74E, artist/clinician, Yamaha Music Corporation, released duo album “One on One” on Mark Records. He also published the method book Drum Set Fundamentals.

Nancy Cooper '80GE, '83GE, music faculty member, Salisbury (Md.) State University, performed a recital in the Alumni Series of Centenary College, Shreveport, La., and was featured soloist in a performance of J. S. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto #5 with the Salisbury Symphony Orchestra.

Books Published

Rita Resch '60GE, co-author, Art-Song in the United States: An Annotated Bibliography, published by National Association of Teachers of Singing. She was soprano soloist with the Jefferson City (Mo.) Symphony Orchestra and Symphony Chorus in Mahler's Symphony No. 4 and Poulenc's “Gloria.”

Geary Larrick '70GE, author, Musical References and Song Texts in the Bible, Edwin Mellen Press, Lewiston, N.Y.

Lee Rothfarb '71E, author, Ernst Kurth as Theorist and Analyst, University of Pennsylvania Press. He has contracted to write Ernst Kurth: Selected Readings for the Cambridge University Press.

MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY

Career Moves

Richard Katai '72R, appointed medical director, Community Mental Health Clinic, Middlex Memorial Hospital, Middletown, Conn.

Anita Lopker '82M, established private practice, psychiatry. She received another nomination to Who's Who in American Women for her discovery of Lyme Psychiatric Syndrome.

Honors / Elections

Irvin Emanuel '60M, received a senior international fellowship from the Fogarty International Center, National Institutes of Health. Last year he was a visiting professor of clinical epidemiology, London Hospital Medical College.

George Reading '60R, University of Rochester associate professor of surgery, elected president, American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons.

John Stone '64R, associate dean and director of admissions, Emory University School of Medicine, awarded honorary Doctor of Humane Letters, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.


SCHOOL OF NURSING

Career Moves

Janet Davies '77GN, '84GN, named director of nursing, St. John's Home, Rochester. She (with Ellen Janosik '76GN) is co-author of Psychiatric Mental Health Nursing, selected as one of the books of the year by the American Journal of Nursing.

Merry Anne Pierson '79N, '84GN, named director, surgical services, East Tennessee Baptist Hospital.

Dale Reynolds '83N, appointed program coordinator, Rochester Mental Health Center, V.O.A. Adult Home.

Dale Reynolds '87GN, named manager, home-care planning and coordination, Visiting Nurse Service, Rochester and Monroe County Inc.

Nancy McGinn '88GN, appointed director, nursing/ambulatory services, Rochester General Hospital.

Advanced Degrees

Aileen Beneroff '80N, M.P.H., health administration, Columbia University.

Debra Mashberg '80N, Ph.D., health psychology, Ferkauf Graduate School of Psychology, Yeshiva University.
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10-Year Deferral Period 15-Year Deferral Period

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Mail to: Rochester Review, 108 Administration Building, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627
and Development of Lowbush Blueberry Tissue Culture Plantlets.” Despite what the other Maine farmer said, it is possible to get here from there. The route runs as follows:

Just before my sophomore year began, the Rochester Times-Union proved willing to pay me 10 cents a column inch plus bonus for covering the campus, whereas the Campus offered only the honor of serving alma mater. Thereupon I took to mangier words so avidly that I was able to support myself and my parents with the help of the bonus. (We lived modestly.)

One hot summer day while scouring the campus for a story, I intruded upon Professor [of physics] Lee A. DuBridge entertaining a visitor to whom he introduced me, one Ernest Orlando Lawrence. (The Lawrence Livermore Laboratory today honors his name.) That evening in the Times-Union city room as I typed what Professor Lawrence had told me about an invention of his for “smashing atoms”—a cyclotron he called it—the only other person in the room asked what I was working on. When I told him, he suggested I start over with carbon paper to send a copy to Time. I did. Time did not use my story but invited me to become its Rochester correspondent.

For the next ten and a half years I served as such for both Time and Life. I was too busy helping to cover the 1936 convention in Rochester of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to waste time at my commencement exercises in the Eastman Theatre but picked up my diploma in optics before reporting for work Monday morning of the following week at Bausch & Lomb. In 1940 I switched to the Kodak Research Laboratories as an optical physicist.

Both employers tolerated my moonlighting as a journalist dealing with matters ranging from publisher Frank E. Gannett’s presidential ambitions, to disunity over Nazism among the United Zither Players of America, to the principles involved in adding and subtracting colors.

When at last I grew weary of my regular job calculating lens designs (having developed enough speed to take only three weeks for calculations that today might take three milliseconds), I was put to work writing Kodak advertising. To make unnecessary the usual suspension of disbelief expected of the reader of most advertising, I devised a special style of burnishing Kodak’s image in the scientific community with ads not written by an ad agency, which was and is rather unusual. They started in 1947 and petered out about 1982, when I quit writing Kodak ad copy and became a professional mycologist, a biologist specializing in the fungal kingdom.

I have the late Gerald B. Zornow ’37 to thank for that. Later Kodak’s board chairman, in 1967 he was only my boss’s boss. He was no intimate of mine but I managed nevertheless to persuade him that since I was months ahead in writing my ads, it would be wise to pay me my salary for spending the entire summer as a special student at the University of Michigan Biological Station. There, 31 years after graduation from Rochester, where I had taken no biology courses at all, I was immersed in higher fungi seven days a week from 7 a.m. to midnight for seven weeks.

This whetted my appetite for the subject and eventually connected me back to my earlier career in journalism by way of my article “The Most Poisonous Mushrooms” that was the cover story in the March 1975 issue of Scientific American. The article got me taken seriously as a mycologist in Maine. I had repaired here to grow blueberries and watch the tide come in and out. In addition I now hold appointments both at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor and in the Department of Plant and Soil Sciences at the University of Maine.

In November 1988 I found myself at Harvard University addressing an audience at a symposium I had organized on the relevance of mycological herbaria in biological science today. I enjoyed that, and I might not have gotten there if I had taken biology in my freshman year instead of hanging out at the office of the Campus.

Walter Litten ’36
Lamoine, Maine

Management Style

Re: the phrase “doing what all good managing editors have done since Gutenberg—making life miserable for reporters who are pushing deadline” (Rochester Review, Winter 1988–89, page 10).

Don’t know about that guy Gutenberg, but this is the ’80s. Managing editors go to meetings—they don’t have time to nag reporters.

Jim Memmott
Rochester

Memmott is in a good position to know. Until very recently managing editor of the Rochester Times-Union, he is now managing editor of the Democrat & Chronicle—Editor.
More of Our Men at the Met


My criticism, though mild and brief, concerns the exclusion of the first Eastman graduates to become members of the Met's orchestra, Alfo Micci '40E, '41GE, violin, and, later, Fred (Dan) Hinger '42E, tympani, who went to the Met after retiring from the Philadelphia Orchestra. And what about several of the current members who are Eastman alumni? Seems to me a mention, at least, might have been made, especially when this article is the only one to have been written about Eastman people and the Met orchestra.

How about an enlargement later on the same theme?

Howard Meek '41E
Newark, Ohio

Meek has a point there. Stories about our Met people past and present are always entertaining editorial fodder. For instance, we happen to know that Micci, now retired as first violin for the New York Philharmonic, is also a crossword puzzle maven whose byline frequently appears on Sunday morning's most devilish challenges — Editor.

Big Apple Surgical Plot
Knives into New England

While certainly not of the same size and scope as the takeover of the Big Apple medical system [Letters, Rochester Review, Winter 1988-89], at least one Rochester alum has been doing his part to operate in New England and so hold high the scalpel of the University of Rochester. While Drs. Newman, Skinner, and Rowe have been keeping New York City's hospital beds in stitches, I have, in my own small way, begun sewing up Connecticut as president and C.E.O. of the Meriden-Wallingford Hospital (270 beds), also a not-for-profit acute care hospital.

Even though I am a River Campus grad, it is clear that my career has been in the same vein as the illustrious doctors.

Theodore Horowitz '63
Middletown, Connecticut

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AFTER Words

LESLEI DINNENN '78

1989: Conductor Con Brio

"You're nervous," said the star of the Dance Theater of Harlem to orchestra conductor Leslie Dunner '78. It was dress rehearsal for the group's Copenhagen premiere, and they were about to face an audience of some 2,000 critical listeners.

"No, I'm not," replied Dunner, convinced he was as cool as January in Jutland. "Yes, you are," the dancer shot back. "I had to count!"

He couldn't argue with that. The dancer, Charmaine Hunter, says that she can always tell when Dunner, the group's associate conductor, is nervous: If he is, she has to count to keep in step with the music. She says she loves to work with him because, usually, the rhythm just feels right. (Rest assured that Dunner did relax for the Copenhagen performance, which went well indeed.)

In the excitement of telling this story, Dunner begins to "conduct" with his hands, nearly knocking over a vase of flowers in the process. The enthusiasm is characteristic of this talented young conductor, who clearly loves his work.

"For me, it is the equivalent of the consummate experience of making chamber music. I feel as if I am one of the musicians, because I become involved with that feeling, not just physically, but spiritually and emotionally," he says.

"And I feel that if through me there is some sort of communal aura - atmosphere, mood, whatever - that is being transferred among the musicians - not to the musicians, but among the musicians - then there is a great work of art in progress."

Dunner stresses that he's not a competitive person, that he doesn't think that a conductor is the catalyst for music-making as much as "the conduit through which the music flows."

Which is pretty self-effacing for the man who, on March 1, 1987, had all of New York City at his feet during "Dr. Leslie Byron Dunner Day." The same man who, the year before, became the first American ever to win a prize in the Arturo Toscanini International Conducting Competition (which brought him the Dunner Day celebration, along with numerous other honors).

And the man who now, at 33 years of age, is third in the conducting hierarchy of what is considered by many to be one of the half-dozen or so top orchestras in the country - the Detroit Symphony. (He continues to conduct for the Dance Theater of Harlem as well.)

It was a long, hard road to get there, says Dunner.

"My parents strongly urged me to pursue a 'vocation' - something serious, so I could support myself," he says.

He came to Rochester on a scholarship, planning to be an optics major, but he graduated with a B.A. in music, having spent as much time as humanly possible at the Eastman School of Music. From there, he went on to earn an M.A. in music theory and musicology at Queens College and a doctorate in orchestral conducting from the Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati.

Still, he remembers, "My parents had a rough time for six or seven years. But by now, they say, they have come around. As well they should, since their son has found gainful employment in traveling from major symphony hall to major symphony hall - not to mention composing, recording, and performing on his own (his instrument is the clarinet).

Last season, for example, was grueling. "The Dance Theater had a six-week Soviet tour, and then we flew back for two weeks of performances in New York. Then I flew up to Michigan for a week of touring with the Detroit Symphony, flew to London for four weeks, flew to Scotland for one week, flew to Minnesota to do a recording, and then began the season in Detroit."

"It's exhausting, but I love traveling. I love jet-setting around. I love working with groups."

The only drawback to his work, he says, is when politics comes into play. It's not that he minds serving as a role model for young blacks, he says. "I used to feel that it was an obligation, but now I consider it a responsibility. There's a difference."

For him, the difficulties arise when the Detroit Symphony is labeled a "racist" organization, as it has been in recent months by state legislators, citing a dearth of minority musicians in its ranks. "It puts me in a very uncomfortable position," he admits.

Political pressures to one side, however, he says that conducting is all he wants to do.

"If I can be conducting 20 years from now, as my profession, then I'll have made it.

"It's not right for everyone, but I know it's right for me. I just know it."

1978: "A Musician Through and Through"

Russell Frost '78 tells a story about Leslie Dunner when the two were junior-year roommates on the music-interest floor of Wilder Hall on the River Campus.

"People would stick their heads out into the hallway and say, 'Does anyone want to play duets?' One day, a woman named Judy [Rosenberg '79] had this duet for violas. She played the viola and Leslie sight-read the other part, transposing it for clarinet as he went along.

"It sounded really good, and people just started gathering around and listening. When they realized he was sight-reading and transposing it at the same time, they were amazed."

Now chief financial officer of College Concepts, Inc., a clothing manufacturer in New York City, Frost is still a music lover and avid clarinet player who keeps in touch with Dunner.

"Leslie really made clear to me the difference between a musician and a non-musician. It goes very deep; he hears and feels music differently and thinks about music differently from a non-musician," he says.

"He's definitely a musician, through and through."

Denise Bolger Kovnat
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Rosy outlook: This springtime pocket of pink is to be found in the cul de sac below the Eastman Quadrangle, between the Bausch & Lomb and Dewey buildings. Photo by National Geographic photographer Ira Block.