Cover Story: 
Hand-Shadows

Tenure:
The Ultimate Job Security
Page 3. Where did it originate? And why?

Furnishing a Life with Books
**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.

**Sounds from Sibley**

In her fine article “The Sounds of Sibley Music Library,” (Winter-Spring 1990), Denise Bolger Kovnat managed to weave an incredible mass of detail deftly into a most sparkling article, avoiding absolutely every cliché so easily available to writers on libraries.

I want to let you know of two inaccuracies that crept into the sidebar, “Books Into Dust.” Richard Peek is head of preservation for River Campus libraries, not the Edward G. Miner or Sibley Music libraries. Ted Henea, whose correct title is conservator, not curator, performs that function at the Sibley Music Library.

Mary Wallace Davidson
Librarian
Sibley Music Library

The Review regrets the errors. Also in the interest of total accuracy, rare-books librarian Louise Goldberg points out that what she actually said about the Rochester Codex is that it is the oldest complete manuscript in the Western Hemisphere dealing with the theory of music—Editor.

I loved the little joke in which the author writes, “It wasn’t smooth sailing,” referring to La Mer. To appreciate this, one must know that La Mer means The Sea.

John S. Phillipson ’47
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

**Required Reading**


Benedict J. Duffy, Jr., M.D. ’44M
Hingham, Massachusetts

**Where Credit Is Due**

Denise Kovnat's article on special-interest housing (“Home Is Where Their Hearts Are,” Winter-Spring 1990) contains several errors: Susan Cole, not Arwen Warlock, directed the production of Donut Seeds. The statement, “House residents acted, designed, and built the set, and handled all the production details,” is incorrect. Donut Seeds was a COPA [Committee on the Performing Arts] production. Drama House residents did act and oversee parts of the production, but our half of the production staff for that show were not Drama House members.

Drama House is an energetic and worthwhile institution that promotes theater and the performing arts on campus, as well as providing a unique living atmosphere for interested students. The confusing of Drama House and COPA is not fair to either institution.

Nancy K. Klocke ’91
River Campus

**No Trade Secrets**

I enjoyed very much President O'Brien's thoughtful article, “The Gotham Fallacy” (Winter-Spring 1990). It was good to see him assert about United States colleges and universities: “We have no trade secrets; we cannot by philosophy do classified research for the government nor proprietary research for corporations.”

I wish that this “collegial” spirit had prevailed when secret government research was conducted on LSD and other mind-altering drugs in the early '50s and when, not so long ago, the initiative was taken to exclude from graduate studies a Japanese student, in order to protect Kodak's corporate interests (or was it “proprietary” secrets?). I hope that my alma mater will never again be guilty of such lapses!

John J. Hoffman ’48, ’59G
Snyder, New York

**The High Cost of Whose Education**

President O'Brien does some fancy intellectual footwork in his Fall 1980 article, “The High Cost of Automobiles,” when he seeks to push the high cost of education onto society in general.

Society benefits greatly from school teachers who earn a small fraction of the average income of Rochester alumni. Contributions to society at a “higher” level such as scientific research breaking the AIDS curse, or philosophical progress breaking the problem of evil, usually do, however, come from persons with a Rochester-type education instead of a teacher-college education, and those persons also have significantly higher incomes than those of teachers. Their higher college costs return higher incomes often enough to suggest that society's support may not be as justified as Dr. O'Brien's article suggests.

Within the University, the grand exception comes with the Eastman School of Music, where some of the highest educational costs are not necessarily reflected in lifetime earnings anywhere equivalent to those of graduates in engineering or business or medicine.

Karl E. Moyer ’80GE
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

**Another View from Valdez**

Your article, “The View from Valdez,” page 41, Fall 1989, totally misses an immensely important aspect of “the larger picture”: the people of the State of Alaska, already hurting badly for the last several years because of the declining market for their Prudhoe Bay petroleum.

Certainly, it is a welcome fact for the Sierra Club, Greenpeace, and the National Audubon Society to take up the adversarial position toward Exxon, et alia, in attempting to minimize the damage done and to expedite the cleanup efforts. And, certainly, the sea otters, bald eagles, and other forms of wildlife from Prince William Sound have been lamentable and direct “victims” of the tragedy.

But please don't overlook the negative effect this event has had on the citizens of our northernmost state. As noted above, their economy has been in a low mode for several years now, and then to suffer this blow to their fishing industry for at the very least one year leaves them as real “victims” also.

Russell M. Lang, M.D. ’55M
Sunderland, Massachusetts

(continued on page 45)
Tenure: The Ultimate Job Security
By Denise Bolger Kovnat
Academics are, by nature and training, an unruly lot. That's one reason their jobs are protected by the security of tenure.

Furnishing a Life with Books
By Thomas Fitzpatrick
Professor Abraham Karp—rabbi, scholar, teacher, American, and Jew: His collection of primary documents about the Jews in America forms a mother lode that future historians will be mining for years to come.

The Afternoon of the Egg
By Kirsten Van Ostrand
The egg has been called the perfect container. And, as is demonstrated during a wild and woolly afternoon in Wilson Commons, it's a pretty good teaching device also.

A Real Page-Turner
By Jeremy Schlosberg
David Willis McCullough '59 looks like a successful writer, which he is, and a dedicated reader, which he is also. What his demeanor belies is the enormous influence he wields over the reading habits of some one and a half million of his fellow Americans.

Hand-Shadows
By Jarold Ramsey
Six poems by the College of Arts and Science's award-winning scholar/poet.
Seepage and Self-Consciousness

During my first year in office, I was making a series of “pastoral visits” to various departments of the University. Following a meeting with one of the very best departments in the College of Arts and Science, I was approached by a faculty member who wanted to set me straight about the University of Rochester. Since the discussion had been about undergraduate education, he asserted straightforwardly that as a new president I should realize that “undergraduate education is what seeps down from the graduate school.”

As Molly McGee would say: “Heavenly Days!”

After cautioning the faculty member that “seepage” was not an attractive educational concept, I reflected upon the larger context of this exchange. It was the larger context that was truly revelatory.

One might have thought on the basis of his remark that the faculty member in question regarded undergraduate education as an undesirable byproduct, a nuisance to be treated with nonchalance and inattention. Not at all! The real revelation was that this faculty member taught the freshman introductory course, taught it with zeal, and was extraordinarily well regarded by undergraduates and his professional colleagues. “Seepage” has its own dignity.

Given the facts of the case, why the rubbishy metaphor? The University of Rochester has been teaching undergraduates for nearly 150 years. We started there in 1850 and we will sail into the 21st century with the same flag flying. Any graduate of the University will reel off a number of distinguished and dedicated teachers: Slater, May, Perkins, or Koller, Beck, and Riker. Surely all that effort and enthusiasm has been/is more than a byproduct.

The University of Rochester has moved by quantum jumps. Our history has been marked by notably successful leaps from one orbit to the next. When we were just and only and especially an undergraduate college, suddenly we quantum-leaped into medicine and music. We started to give Ph.D. degrees — and it only took us to the second recipient to produce a Nobel Prize winner. The post-World War era at Rochester saw more remarkable hops and skips: professional schools in nursing, education, business, and engineering. This year the University will grant its 5,000th Ph.D. degree. It may seem that undergraduate education — remember the good old days — has been left in the dust of history. Thus the dustbin metaphor.

The reality is, of course, not so. Day in and day out, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors receive attentive and inspired instruction. (Not every class is an Academy Award winner, no doubt. But if there is an evaluation-for-teaching committee out there, I will be glad to have the Rochester faculty compete.) However, what with all the excitement in changes, we have found it easier to speak excitedly about what has changed rather than what is permanent and core.

Since the language of “seepage” is so obviously inaccurate, I was enormously pleased that the Faculty Council of the College of Arts and Science voted unanimously to create a new structure at this old University: the College of the University of Rochester (see page 30). The college will be the undergraduate educational structure within the institution. Creation of the college does not mean that we are inventing undergraduate education at the University of Rochester. We don’t need to do that; we have been doing it well for a century and a half. What it does mean is that we call the undergraduate task back to front and center, back to its basic place in the whole fabric of the University. Creating the college may not change our task; it will change our talk — not so much for outside folks as among ourselves.

A basic belief of university life is that we do things better when we do them self-consciously. Education makes the invisible visible so that by taking thought we may understand and improve our lot. Yes, we have been doing undergraduate education and doing it well, but in the recent past it may have been too much “by-the-way.” Creation of the college focuses the community’s attention on this ongoing activity.

I see immediate changes in reality emerging from this new way of talking. While it is true enough that we do undergraduate education well, the effort is more retail than wholesale. Class by class, I believe students are well served; what is not clear is that the University has a clear grasp of four years of education as a whole. University education
The academic equivalent of a lifetime appointment to the Supreme Court and the source of the dread maxim Publish or Perish. To those outside of academe, tenure is an arcane custom. Where did it originate? And why?

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

Consider Rochester’s own Kendrick P. Shedd, member of the Class of 1889, professor of German from 1891 to 1912—and center of what University historian Arthur J. May has called “probably the noisiest affair in the University’s history.”

Shedd, a popular and successful teacher and a man of wholehearted enthusiasms, joined the Socialist Party in 1906 and proceeded with characteristic energy to broadcast its gospel of collective ownership and distribution of wealth. After he proclaimed in 1911—in a public high school, no less—that the red flag of socialism was greater than Old Glory or any other national flag, Rochester Mayor Hiram H. Edgerton took the unusual step of banning him from speaking publicly within the city. Three months later, ignoring the
Benson: “This is a community that has never stopped being students. We all sort of walk around feeling there’s an exam tomorrow and we have to do better. It’s a competitive urge that never goes away.”

A similar, even more celebrated incident took place at Stanford University in 1900, when economist Edward Ross was summarily dismissed after committing the offense of campaigning for public ownership of utilities and against the monopolistic practices of the Southern Pacific Railroad—which happened at one time to have been presided over by Leland Stanford, the university’s founder.

In hindsight, it seems that all that Shedd and Ross were guilty of was shaking the pillars of the community—but those were the days before tenure as we know it, when pillar-shaking could bring the whole edifice down on your head.

Outside of academe, tenure is probably most familiar as the source of the dread maxim “publish or perish,” regarded by many as a system that is cabalistic and clandestine, something like the rituals of the order of Freemasons. In essence, it amounts to a lifetime job, guaranteed by a college or university to faculty members who, after a probationary period (usually of seven years), have proved their strengths in scholarship, teaching, and service to the institution.

Why does tenure exist? Mainly to safeguard the hallowed right of academic freedom, so that scholars may pursue truth down any byway, socialist or otherwise, without fear of losing their jobs. In that sense, tenure is the academic equivalent of a lifetime appointment to the Supreme Court (for the charge of upholding freedom of religion, speech, the press, and assembly, substitute freedom of learning, innovation, and discovery).

Rochester Provost Brian Thompson recalls the showing of Jean Luc Godard’s controversial film Hail Mary on the River Campus a few years ago—outraging members of Citizens for a Decent Community, hundreds of whom descended on campus to protest (and inadvertently boost ticket sales) as a case in point.

“You remember it was an issue—yet that movie exists; it is in the public domain. Should we ignore it? Or should we have an open debate about the pros and cons?”

“If my job were to be threatened by showing that movie and by encouraging a discussion about it, then that certainly would limit the intellectual pursuit of such questions as Why was it made? How do you put it in the context of society today?”

Still, in the same way that freedom of speech stops short of your right to yell “Fire!” in a crowded theater, academic freedom has its responsibilities. “I think that you have to be careful, that there are boundaries,” says Thompson, who oversees the ad hoc faculty committees that review each tenure case after it has been passed on by the department and the dean.

“I certainly don’t think academic freedom protects your right to foment a riot. We can challenge the laws of the land in our debates, but we are also bound by them.”

To Richard Benson—who became a full professor of mechanical engineering in 1985 at the tender (in academic circles) age of 34—tenure represents...
Freeman: “It’s very easy to pit teaching versus scholarship. But I dislike the sense that it’s a zero-sum game. The two can certainly work very much hand in glove.”

“One battle over tenure was lost (or won, depending on your point of view) in January, when the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that universities accused of discriminating in tenure decisions must make relevant files available to federal investigators. Such files amount to “peer review” materials: confidential scholarly assessments of a candidate’s work that form the basis for tenure decisions (and have, in part, earned tenure its reputation for mystery and high drama).

The ruling, according to The New York Times, was a victory for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and for many civil rights groups which filed briefs arguing that the secrecy of the tenure process can be a shield for discrimination—a shield that has kept women and minorities out of the tenured ranks.

College and university officials, on the other hand, respond that the ruling could make it more difficult to evaluate tenure candidates, because professors who fear that their comments could be made public may not (understandably) be as frank about their colleagues.

“I don’t think there’s any question that letters of review will be less useful in the future than they’ve been in the past,” says Jack Kampmeier, dean of the College of Arts and Science. However, he continues, “if the University can’t do its business in a way that stands up to public scrutiny, then we’re probably not doing our business right.”

Of course, considering that even the Constitution of the United States stands at 26 amendments and holding, it’s likely that any system as longstanding and widespread as tenure will harbor some shortcomings, genuine or perceived.

Some critics contend that tenure not only fails to help, but actually threatens academic freedom—and a few stalwarts have even rejected tenure to underscore their beliefs. In 1981, David Helfand of Columbia University, an associate professor of physics and chair of the department of astronomy,

intellectual security.” “It means you have the right to pursue something that may be unpopular and that may take some time to come to fruition. I’ve seen it happen; I’ve seen a colleague move off in a new direction under some criticism. But he’s quite justified in what he’s doing, I think. And that is his right. That really is his right.”

Another justification for tenure is that “the job security it provides is conducive to dispassionate and sustained thought,” write Howard R. Bowen and Jack H. Schuster in American Professors: A National Resource Imperiled (Oxford University Press, 1986). They add that tenure promotes a sense of community and collegiality by providing stability in the professorial ranks, and that the job security it offers gives higher education an edge in competing with industry for employees.

While tenure has been around in some form or other since the Middle Ages—at the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris, for instance, there were guild privileges and immunities that allowed faculties to rule themselves—the existing system in this country dates back to 1915 with the founding of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP). In its “Declaration of Principles,” the founders proposed “reasonable security of tenure . . . to render the profession more attractive” and recommended the establishment of judicial bodies that would decide whether academic freedom came into play in cases of dismissal.

Even so, the right of tenure was—and is—considered absolute. If the ties become too binding, institutions may, and do, struggle free: According to the AAUP, tenured faculty may be dismissed for medical disability; for “cause” (meaning a serious offense, incompetence, or dereliction of duty); if a program or department is discontinued for educational considerations; and for “financial exigency.”

And what about the Kendrick Sheds and Edward Rosses of today? Could they be dismissed for trumpeting the virtues of Marxism—or, since Marxism seems to be going the way of the gold standard, for displaying the photos of Robert Mapplethorpe or testing the flammability of the American flag?

Not without a heckuva good fight, says Iris Molotsky, spokesperson for the AAUP.

“Unfortunately, we do have examples today of institutions attempting to fire people for the content of their thought rather than the quality. This is not to say that such a thing wouldn’t happen without protest, and I’m not sure that the institutions would prevail. I think tenure makes it more difficult.”

Has the health of academic freedom improved since the turn of the century?

“It’s very easy to pit teaching versus scholarship. But I dislike the sense that it’s a zero-sum game. The two can certainly work very much hand in glove.”
refused a tenured post in Columbia's department of physics. Explaining his
decision, he wrote in The Washington
Monthly that tenure “powerfully sup­
presses the academic freedom of those
who don't [have it]. Junior faculty
members worry less about offending
the spies from Accuracy in Academia
than about offending their department
chairmen, who make the recommenda­
tions to the tenure panel.”

The system can indeed be political
and “fraught with peril,” says Lynn
Gordon, a tenured associate professor
and associate dean at the Graduate
School of Education and Human
Development.

“Often younger scholars are forced
not just to conform in terms of their
field, but to conform to what the dean
or department chair feels is good work.
And that person may know nothing
about your field. So publishing and be­
ing a good teacher and being a good
colleague are not enough to get tenure:
You have to please your department
chair.”

She adds, “I worked all those years
to get a Ph.D.—and yet there was the
possibility that some institution, by not
giving me tenure, could take my job
away from me. They can't do that to
doctors or lawyers.”

Still, many scholars, Gordon includ­
ed, also see tenure as just another hur­
dle in a long career of tests and theses
and grant proposals and submitting
papers to publications.

Professor of chemistry James Farrar
recalls that, as a fledgling, untenured
professor, “I was concerned about the
process, but I was more concerned
about getting my work done. I felt that
if I did the things I was supposed to
do, the issue of tenure would take care
of itself. It’s an important step, but not
the most important step in the develop­
ment of a scholar.”

Laying aside concerns about life be­
fore tenure—what about life after ten­
er? Skeptics fear there isn't any, that
tenure is just another word for early
retirement. Helfand, for one, contends,
“Tenure can damage the creative drive
of even the good professors. After it
is granted, there can be the depressing
feeling that the rest of one's life is fore­
dordained.”

Provost Thompson says that tenure
is by no means the only or final carrot
that colleges and universities can hold
out to faculty. “We do annual reviews
of everybody; we make decisions about
salary, about the environment a person
works in, what kind of library facilities
they’ll have available to them, what
kind of computer facilities, what kind
of research lab.

“Now, that's a lot different from be­
ing able to call them in and give them
a pink slip on a Friday— but even in­
dustry doesn't fire people willy-nilly,
despite what anybody says, not once
they have served the company for a
while.”

Professor Benson finds the
lofty atmosphere of tenure
to be bracing rather than
stifling: “You feel an obli­
gation—an onus, almost—
of continuing to perform.

“You're looking at a community of
people who, to some extent, have never
stopped being students. We all sort of
walk around feeling that there's an
exam tomorrow and that we have to
study a little bit more, be a little bit
better—it's a competitive urge that
never goes away.”

Good old-fashioned peer pressure
does a lot for motivation, too, says
Farrar. “In our department, people
who are not productive are considered
second-class citizens. Unless you have
pretty thick skin, you look at tenure as
sort of the beginning of your profes­
sional development.”

Among the 90 percent of American
colleges and universities where tenure
exists, some 65 percent of full-time
faculty have earned it. In Rochester's
College of Arts and Science—which
has the largest number of tenured fac­
ulty among the University’s schools—
69.4 percent of full-time faculty are
tenured. (In the academic year 1988–
89, the college's tenured professors
totaled 218 out of 314 full-time,
“tenure-track”—that is, having the
potential for tenure—faculty.)

That figure may be “slightly high,”
says Thompson, given the need for a
constant influx of rising young faculty.
“Ideally, 60 percent is where you'd like
it to be, to give the right kind of balance
between senior people who are really
well known in their field and bright
young people who are coming up and
making their way. You've got to make
room for them.”

Questions of new growth and dead
wood aside, the thorniest of all criti­
cisms is one that’s advanced every year,
in probably every state of the union,
by a fresh crop of students who protest
that when decisions on tenure are being
made, research is all that matters—that
good teachers and bad teachers alike
must publish or ignominiously perish.
(This sentiment was expressed une­
quivocally in the letter to the Campus
Times that labeled research an “absurd
contingency ... entirely irrelevant to the teaching process."

While most of us would agree that someone who teaches driver education, for instance, needs to conduct at least some personal research on what it's like behind the wheel before giving instructions to anyone else—what about those who teach philosophy or economics or English literature? Is it essential for them to publish in order to teach well?

"Teaching is always a product of how you present your ideas times what you have to say; it's a composite of those two things. And what you have to say has to be influenced by research activities," says Dean Kampmeier.

"There's a public view that what you teach is somehow canned, but that's not true at all—not at an institution like Rochester."

And if good research is essential to good teaching, the opposite is also true, he says.

"The federal government in this country gives the primary research function to universities—because research is done better there than elsewhere.

"When you teach you have to stand up and explain things to other people; you have to defend your ideas and concepts. You have a bunch of smart young whippersnappers around, looking you in the eye and saying, 'Says who?' All of these things are powerfully stimulating to the quality of a research program."

"Bill Riker [Wilson Professor of Political Science] always says that without teaching, you don't know what to do research on. If you're not teaching students, you run the risk of working on trivial things—worrying about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin."

Provost Thompson underlines the importance of research and scholarship by drawing a distinction between observing and participating—that is, the chasm of experience between watching from the sidelines and chugging into second base on a line drive.

"If you're involved in the forefront of your own discipline," he says, "it just has to have a major effect on what you do in the classroom—because you're speaking to the class as a participant, not as an observer."

Yet, if conducting original research and reading about it secondhand are discrete activities, research and teaching need not be, according to Associate Provost Ruth Freeman. Like Chaucer's clerk of Oxenford, who "gladly wolde ... lerne and gladly teche," many outstanding scholars are highly successful at combining research and teaching, she says.

"It's very easy to pit teaching versus scholarship. But I dislike very much the sense that it's a zero-sum game; the two can certainly work very much hand in glove."

When students talk about teaching, she continues, they "tend to be talking about classroom performance. But what if the material is 10 years out of date? We're not just talking teaching—we're talking syllabus, reading, planning a course."

Ultimately, designing a syllabus, assigning reading, and planning a course—not to mention research and teaching—are acts of creativity. They call for open minds and a receptivity to new ideas, and they thrive in an atmosphere of freedom.

Which brings us full circle, to the virtues and vagaries of the tenure system, to considerations of unruly scholars like Shedd and Ross. Where would they be today, with tenure? Where would Galileo and Socrates be, for that matter?

In their book American Professors: A National Resource Imperiled, Bowen and Schuster argue eloquently for the tenure system. "The professors," they write, "upon whom we depend in our society for the unending search for truth and the teaching and publication of truth, are often engaged in a perilous undertaking and they need protection. Tenure is intended to provide that protection..."

"Indeed, a generation that has lived through McCarthyism, student revolts, racial and religious intolerance, intolerance toward alien ideologies, the rise of 'creationism,' the environmental movement, the controversies over nuclear power and nuclear weapons, and the increasingly public control of colleges and universities, can hardly deny that the need is great."

Under the tenure system, scholars are kept on the payroll—"aided and abetted," some would phrase it—as they go about the often mundane, occasionally extraordinary business of uncovering truth, questioning dogma, and challenging the status quo.

And given that the status quo isn't ideal, how else would we make any progress?

Denise Bolger Kovnat most recently examined the Sibley Music Library as a source for researchers in musicology, in the last issue of Rochester Review.
Furnishing a Life with BOOKS
Abraham Karp’s home and office are engulfed by books. Not surprising, perhaps, for a university professor. But his is a collection with a difference.

By Thomas Fitzpatrick

“The People of the Book.” The prophet Mohammed first called the Jews that more than 13 centuries ago, and the identification has proved an accurate and lasting one. The world knows Judaism as a Scripture- and “literature-oriented” (as H. G. Wells puts it) faith, but even that awareness doesn’t prepare a visitor for the home of Rabbi Abraham Karp.

Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves in his study hold scores of venerable volumes, and they envelope his living room as well. What wall space there is not covered by books is reserved for Karp’s collection of Jewish art, most of it on Biblical or ritual themes. Books that cannot find nooks in Karp’s home are stacked in his Rush Rhees office at the University, where since 1972 he has been professor of history and of religion in the College of Arts and Science.

Nothing surprising about all that so far: Universities do employ professors, and professors do tend to attract books the way a clothes closet lures wire hangers. But Karp’s is a collection with a difference. The leather spines of his books have a subdued brown glow about them, a patina that comes from age certainly—these volumes are centuries old—but the sheen is also the result of the regular laying on of hands. Neither must nor dust can accrue when books are constantly in use—in academic scholarship, in an ordained Conservative rabbi’s perpetual study, and in the classrooms of the River Campus.

In his student days at Yeshiva University Karp began collecting materials relating to early American Judaica, and during the next half-century amassed over 4,000 items—of which books are only a part. From early days Karp was convinced that the story of the great Jewish emigration to America and the foundation of the Jewish community on this continent was written largely in documents overlooked by historians who either lacked his interest or his linguistic facility (Karp commands fluency in Hebrew and Yiddish, as well as English).

The sources of the documents are many and varied:

A stem-winding 19th-century rabbi sermonizing to his congregation on the theme that “America is our Zion and Washington our Jerusalem.”

An obscure scribe of Rochester’s Beth Israel beginning in 1874 to keep minutes in Yiddish of that synagogue’s struggles to form and keep viable a Jewish community in Upstate New York.

The writers of arcane pamphlets broadsiding their fellow Jews with intense views on now long-forgotten theological or political disputes.

Immigrants writing letters home to Europe in which plaintive exclamations of fear of the unknown existed side-by-side with outbursts of joy and hope in the new land.

Ledgers with observations scribbled in the margins, prayer books written especially for children in America, excursions into verse by private citizens, along with sermons, pamphlets, and other written records from those in the turmoil of contemporary events.

Karp saw the importance of each of these, and resolved to construct a history around them.

His collection of primary documents about the Jews in America is generally considered the finest in private hands. Add to that another first-edition collection of around 1,500...
items of early Hebraica stretching back to the 16th century, and one is struck by the service Karp has performed for the field of Jewish studies. Instead of being scattered throughout Europe and the Near East, and all over America from Los Angeles to Baltimore, these books and artifacts have been brought together under the roofs of Karp to form a documentary mother lode that future historians will be mining for decades.

That Karp put together this valuable library so it could be used is beyond question. In him there is no hint of bibliomania, of a kind of backdoor vanity that one suspects leads some collectors to pile up first editions as a monument to their own fetishism. He has no desire for an archive with “The Abraham J. Karp Collection” in gilt above the portals. In fact, he is disarmingly casual about the eventual disposition of this collection of a lifetime.

One day all of these valuable things will go to the librarians of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City, “and they can make what use of them they will. Keep them together if they want, disperse them if that's best. I just want other scholars to be able to use them freely as I have done. It's been a scholar's dream for me to have everything in the way of sources virtually at hand, to turn my swivel chair and pick out the exact volume with the illustration I need.”

Karp has his own monument. Tucked off in one corner, well below attention-grabbing eye level, partially hidden behind a wing chair, is a shelf holding his own publications. It measures a full three feet in length.

Much of Karp's scholarship concerns the Jewish immigrant experience, a story he can convey to the reader with a graphic directness—because it is his own. Born in Poland in 1921, the young Karp experienced the sharp edge of immigration almost immediately.

It was true for the Karps as it was for so many immigrant families: “The father goes first.” Aaron Karp shipped to New York and, to borrow a phrase from one of his son's books, passed through the “Golden Door to America.” It took years of labor to scrape together the wherewithal to send for the rest of the family, but finally at the age of 9, Abraham Karp saw an end to his fatherless boyhood and the addition of a new identity.

He was not alone. Millions of Jews from Germany, Poland, and Russia finally found in America a country whose official ideology, at least, maintained that one need not convert, kowtow, or conform to achieve full citizenship. “A Jew I am, and a Jew I shall remain,” is the defiant cry of an exiled Spanish Jew that Karp quotes at the start of his The Jewish Way of Life.

The land behind the golden door proved to be a place where the young Karp could keep that expression of faith close to his heart, while adding Augie March’s declaration, “I am an American”—that last certainty born, in Karp’s case, of the New York Public School system. Read any Jewish memoirist or autobiographer, from Irving Howe to Norman Podhoretz, who came of age in the New York of the 1930s and 1940s, and you will almost certainly find these immigrants holding up their schooling at such places as P.S. 118 or De Witt Clinton High as watersheds of their lives.

While forced to flee from countless persecutions and pogroms, Jews found the only things of real value, as Karp says, “were those of absolute portability—skills and learning.” To those who held such values, the door of American public education was open. Immigrant Jews poured through in astounding numbers, and in so doing, changed both themselves and their adopted country.

It took grit as well as wit. Abraham Karp did not hear English spoken until he was almost 10 years old, and he remembers to this day the sense of isolation he felt when these odd sounds would sail past his ears and over his head in a classroom. Regardless, he persevered, became a star pupil, and took the path not uncommon for a young Jew remarkable for both piety and bookishness—the rabbinate. A magna cum laude degree from Yeshiva was followed by Master of Hebrew Letters and Doctor of Divinity degrees from the Jewish Theological Seminary. He was ordained in 1945.

A rabbi is a scholar and a teacher almost by definition anyway, but Karp remembers some advice from the chancellor of the seminary that resolved him to take his intellectual bent many steps further. Dr. Louis Finkelstein subscribed to the practical Jewish wisdom that even for spiritual leaders of congregations, or “pulpit rabbis,” as they are called, the best possessions were portable ones. Rabbis serve at the pleasure of their congregations and like anyone else are subject to shifting happenstance: “He told the young rabbi to establish a second career, one not dependent on time or space. After that, I began to pursue scholarship in earnest.”

So, while serving congregations in Massachusetts and Missouri, and for 16 years, Beth El in Rochester, he studied, published, and taught Jewish history at various institutions, including Dartmouth and, in Jerusalem, Hebrew University (the first American rabb to do so). In 1972, Rochester invited him to join the faculty as professor of history and of religion, and two years after that he was named also the first Philip S. Bernstein Professor of Jewish Studies (a professorship honoring the world-renowned Zionist leader who helped resettle European Jews after World War II and was for 50 years the spiritual leader of Temple B'rh Kodesh in Rochester).

Of all the academic projects that have consumed his time since then, none has been more Homeric than the current one of guest-curating an exhi-
bition for the Library of Congress due to open in March of 1991. It is called “From the Ends of the Earth ... Judaica Treasures at the Library of Congress,” and it has entailed not only collating a mammoth amount of material from the archives of that cavernous institution, but of writing the 500-page book of the exhibition. James Billington, the Librarian of Congress, thought that no one in the land was better qualified to take on the task because of Karp’s “dual expertise as a distinguished historian of the American community and as a scholar of the Hebrew book.”

Billington might also have suspected that his curator would produce no ordinary museum catalog. Karp was recently surprised by a long-distance telephone call from Washington, D.C. It was the book’s copy editor, whose professional and indispensable duty it is to concentrate on grammar, spelling, the structure of sentences and paragraphs, and the rest of the bricks and mortar of the writer’s craft. This seasoned pro was having trouble concentrating, because she kept getting swept up in Karp’s narrative, returning to some passages again and again to smile a smile or drop a tear.

No greater compliment can come a writer’s way, and here is a sample of the kind of material that distracted her:

In post-World War II Munich, Karp says, the general in command of the American Occupying Army granted an audience to two representatives of a Displaced Persons’ camp. In his governance of a battle-ruined city, the general was used to such sessions, and indeed D.P. delegates with long lists of requests in hand lined up all day long outside his office. Reasonably enough, they wanted increased allocations of food, shelter, and medicine for their people, along with some information on when, if ever, they might be transported back to their original homes. These delegates were different, as was the boon they had in mind. They were two rabbis who were at the head of a group of European Jews who had somehow outlived the Nazi conflagration. Their holy books, however, had not survived. And before food and drink, they told the general, their people needed paper, ink, a printing press—to turn out some copies of the Talmud. Although he was at first startled, the general quickly sent supply sergeants scrounging after the materials. “The result was,” says Karp with a smile of wonderment, “the only edition of the Talmud ever dedicated to an army—the United States Armed Forces.”
Joining Father in America
From Haven and Home by Abraham J. Karp

First the father came. He worked hard, scrimped, saved the precious dollars which would enable him to bring his dear ones. In the old country, the mother told idyllic tales of the Golden Land and drew idealized pictures of the departed husband. The children waited the day of joyful reunion with father in the New World.

Mary Antin in her From Plotzk to Boston recounts her experiences of reunion with father:

Before the ship had fully stopped, the climax of our joy was reached.

One of us espied the figure and face we had longed to see for three long years. In a moment five passengers on the “Polynesia” were crying, “Papa,” and gesticulating, and laughing, and hugging one another, and going wild altogether. All the rest were roused by our excitement, and came to see our father. He recognized us as soon as we him, and stood apart on the wharf, not knowing what to do, I thought.

Oh, dear! Why can’t we get off the hateful ship? Why can’t papa come to us? Why so many ceremonies at the landing? ... Still the ceremonies went on. Each person was asked a hundred or so stupid questions, and all their answers were written down by a very slow man. The baggage had to be examined, the tickets, and a hundred other things done before anyone was allowed to step ashore, all to keep us back as long as possible.

Now imagine yourself parting with all you love, believing it to be a parting for life; breaking up your home, selling the things that years have made dear to you; starting on a journey without the least experience in traveling, in the face of many inconveniences on account of the want of sufficient money; being met with disappointment where it was not to be expected; with rough treatment everywhere, till you are forced to go and make friends for yourself among strangers; being obliged to sell some of your most necessary things to pay bills you did not willingly incur; being mistrusted and searched, then half starved, and lodged in common with a multitude of strangers; suffering the miseries of seasickness, the disturbances and alarms of a stormy sea for 16 days; and then stand within a few yards of him for whom you did all this, unable to even speak to him easily. How do you feel?

Oh, it’s our turn at last! We are questioned, examined and dismissed! A rush over the planks on one side, over the ground on the other, six wild beings cling to each other, bound by a common bond of tender joy, and the long parting is at an END.

He is nearing the retirement age of 70 now, a fact which a new acquaintance must blink twice to accept. It is one of the minor vanities of authors that book-jacket photographs taken in their salad days tend to accompany them even when the leaf is sere. We get older; Graham Greene, thanks to Karsh of Ottawa, never does. Karp is the exception. Take a photograph 20 years old and compare it to the current model, and you would be hard put to tell the difference. The face is relatively unlined, the close-cropped grey hair is still crisp, the manner is energetic. Out of classroom tweeds, Karp favors a slightly rakish wardrobe: dark, long-sleeved mock-turtleneck pullover, grey twill pants, crepe soles—very much like the outfit Cary Grant wore to clamber over Monaco’s rooftops in To Catch a Thief. Karp is one of those few men who could wear a beret and get away with it.

What really keeps Karp youthful and quick, however, is his unabashed love of knowledge for its own sake and for the institution that makes learning possible. Ask him to comment on the role of the university, and Karp is likely to respond in stately terms. “As the great patrons of scholarship, research, and the arts, our universities make the greatest contributions to human civilization,” he says. “At the university, you have at your disposal the distilled wisdom of the past and are granted the opportunity to help determine the future.”

The jaded among us may think these sentiments somewhat old-fashioned, and shame on us if we do. Karp’s idea of the university is as classic as John Henry Cardinal Newman’s, and our collective mind needs such jogging in every generation.

In Karp’s words you can hear the voice of the immigrant Jew who understands only too well that open and free educational institutions are the exception rather than the rule in human history. Once American higher education was made to follow strictly the Jeffersonian values of pluralism and diversity (and the system of Jewish “quotas” was finally placed on the trash heap of history), it was possible, as Karp has written, “for the Jew to become an American without ceasing to be a Jew.” Jews could equip themselves with “both roots and wings”—the integrity of their cultural and religious identity could be preserved while they ventured to soar toward new vistas of opportunity in the American environment. The historical insight of how crucial education was to American Jews is worth a couple of stately encomiums.

The history of the Jews in America, from pre-colonial days to the 1980s, is the subject of Karp’s Haven and Home. Published in 1985, it is one of those increasingly rare historical works that qualify as both science and art. The documentation and thesis-proving are thorough and convincing enough to satisfy the most demanding academic critics (and there has been no shortage of praise from them), while the narrative flow and Karp’s flair for the dramatic make the book a flat-out page-turner for the general reader.

This is history writing in the grand manner of humane letters, the kind
that assumes along with Oliver Wendell Holmes (and Karp quotes him in the preface), that “life is painting a picture, not doing a sum.” It is a world view that finds it worth noting that the distinguished Rabbi Solomon Schechter, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, should shortly after the turn of the century remark to one of his pupils, “from now on, no one can be a rabbi in America who does not know how to play baseball as well as study the Talmud.”

Determined that his book should have a broad audience, Karp turned from the usual scholarly model, which, for better or worse, is the doctoral dissertation, and instead opted for one from the world of art. From opera, to be exact. “I would provide the recitative”—in Haven and Home this is the narrative, or if you will, the epic story line of the Jews in America—“and then pause for the arias.”

At various strategic points in the unfolding of the how, why, where, and when, Karp, in his phrase, “arrests time, rolls it back” by inserting full-length contemporary testimony to the events described. These include letters to and from Presidents (Washington, Jefferson, and Theodore Roosevelt) and from Jewish community leaders, excerpts from the essays and sermons of the searingly intellectual rabbis of the 19th century, and journalistic accounts from both gentile and Jewish points of view.

Or, most vividly, the witness of ordinary people: the pushcart peddler telling a newspaper reporter about his hopes for his children’s education; a lullaby sung by a Russian mother about the cemetery and the progressive-minded who preferred that whatever money was available be spent on a synagogue building and a school. From this last homely tale one can dramatically grasp the reasons why the Jewish response to American pluralism was fated to become pluralistic itself—the reader’s understanding of the eventual branching of American Judaism into Reform, Conservative, and Orthodox movements begins with this anecdotal nugget.

The structure of opera was not the only inspiration for Karp’s method in Haven and Home. He had long since incorporated the “recitative” and the “aria” into his classroom teaching, and his success there prompted him to try the technique in print. And reading Karp’s book has all the immediacy of being creatively engaged in a lively and challenging class—which helps to explain why Karp’s courses have been among the most popular at the University for two decades. One can also see how advantageous it is to Karp’s students that he has surrounded himself with his collection of first editions and primary sources. Here is an example:

In Germany during the late 1920s a luxurious edition of the Bible was planned by the Jewish Bibliophilic Society. Special paper was ordered; a new Hebrew typeface was set—with the idea that only 850 copies were to be printed. However, the society had gotten only as far as the Pentateuch in 1933 when the Nazis came to power, and the Prussian government banned the society and all of its works.

Most of these bibliophiles did not survive the Holocaust, but some copies of their book did. Karp has one, and he can pluck it from a shelf to show a student how craftsmanship can become so consecrated by respect for the Word that it becomes a kind of holiness. The black, sharply etched Hebrew letters march with a stark dignity across the lustrous, cream-white pages, until the 33rd chapter of Deuteronomy, the last words of the blessing of Moses. Then the type abruptly changes to red, fairly leaping off the page toward the eyes of the reader, with these words: “Fortunate are you O Israel! Who is like you, saved by God, the shield of your strength, and the might of your glory! Your enemies shall be destroyed and you will walk about on their high places!” A cry of hope, an expression of faith, one last shout of defiance in the face of the oppressor before darkness descended upon Europe.

And therein lies the whole point of the books of Karp. He has gathered them not only to point a moral and adorn a tale, but because they are the very stuff of history itself. “I am just the temporary custodian of these things,” he says, flipping a hand in the direction of the shelves of leather-bound books. “I want to keep sharing them with the world.”

Books do furnish a room, as the saying goes. In the case of Abraham Karp—rabbi, scholar, teacher, American, and Jew—they have furnished a life as well.

Thomas Fitzpatrick admits to collecting a few books himself, but they don’t yet “envelope his living room.”
The Afternoon of the
The idea was that the egg would roar out like a heat-seeking missile speeding to ground-zero target. People ducked, expecting to be struck down. ... What's going on here? Oh, just another episode from the annual egg-toss competition for those who dream of defying nature.

By Kirsten Van Ostrand

It started out eggsactly like any other afternoon in Wilson Commons. The noon-hour crowd had ebbed away, leaving a few late lunchers to sop up leftovers and the sharp rays of late winter sun that were piercing the southerly glass wall.

But soon a small crew busy with ominous-looking equipment began to turn heads. In the Pit, opposite the entrance to the Common Ground Cafe, people were taping a huge sheet of clear, heavy-gauge plastic to the floor and up the wall. Then they painted over it a large, dartboard-style target. A few students drifted into the area, weird-looking contraptions in tow. Someone next to a table piled with several dozen eggs in bright yellow cartons began testing the microphone.

The late lunchers dawdled, their curiosity aroused. People passing through on their way to the library or a workout in the gym paused for a look. Before long, clumps of curious spectators were peering down from all the catwalks and spiral stairwells in the Commons.

The eggstravaganza was about to begin.

This was the twenty-somethingth egg-toss contest—memories about its genesis are a bit, uhh, scrambled. Some people insist that the competition really geared up in 1978, when eggs flew in the foyer of the Hopeman Engineering Building; others say it has occurred off and on for at least a couple of decades. Regardless, the annual contest is a magnet that draws those who dream of defying nature. They find the challenge of protecting the fragile egg against speed, gravity, and impact simply irresistible.

In past contests, the goal has been to keep the egg from breaking. But this year's version was a missile-launch tournament, the object being to make the missile go "splat" in the center of the bull's-eye.

The rules went something like this: You had to launch the egg with a mechanically triggered device, aiming it at the target 30 feet away. You had six minutes and three tries. If an egg crash-landed precisely in the center circle, you got 25 points. In the next larger circle, 10 points. In the outside circle, 5 points. Anywhere else in the target area, tough luck—only 1 point. Cash prizes to go to the first, second, and third top scorers.

Maybe it sounds easy enough. But as each contender stepped up to the launch area and let the missiles fly, gooey pools of egg white, yolk, and broken shell accumulated mostly outside the target area—sodden testimony to the sticky challenge involved. A couple of unwary spectators discovered that they had been targeted instead of the bull's-eye, barely escaping an egg shampoo.

Junior Rick Zimmerman was responsible for one of those close calls. In search of the perfect device for Egg Launch 1990, the mechanical-engineering major had gone rummaging through a friend's garage.

"He had this launcher for clay pigeons that was just sitting around collecting dust," he says. "With the help of a machinist, I modified the launcher with an aluminum tube that had a hinge and a door on one end. The egg shoots out the door heading toward the target. But it tends to shoot either toward the center or to the left, depending on some variable that un-
Practice pays: Optics grad student Chris Saxer showing off “Humpty’s Folly,” the 1990 winner. Saxer sharpened his aim by practicing with plastic Easter eggs stuffed with silly putty.

fortunately” — he laughs — “is unknown. Actually it works something like this: The whole thing has to do with changing angular acceleration. The egg hits the tangent to curve and then flies out on a straight line.” Perfectly eggsplained.

How long did it take to build the device? “It was a lot of hours,” admitted the bleary-eyed Zimmerman. “In fact, I can’t even remember the past two days. The machine broke once during my practice throws, and after I fixed the problem it sort of went haywire.”

Haywire indeed. The first launch zoomed off into the audience, crash-landing hard by somebody’s feet. Zimmerman’s remaining two launches also left him with egg on his face — they earned him just two points.

The Association of Student Mechanical Engineers is the sponsoring group behind the annual egg toss. But, as assistant professor of mechanical engineering Rob Frank made clear, the contest is open to anyone who’s game: “We’ve had Arts and Science students compete, and win, in past years.”

“The contest isn’t real serious,” says senior Tony Schunk, current president of the student engineering society, “but you can’t laugh too much at the inventions, no matter how funny they look. Some people spend an awful lot of time on them.”

Take mechanical engineering major Jeremy Kriegle ’92. He spent much of winter break creating the “K-X 2000,” an eccentric, jury-rigged contraption that in an earlier life was probably a light fixture. It won, handily, the judges’ acclaim for “weirdest looking.”

Interviewed shortly before he was to demonstrate the power of “K-X 2000” to onlookers, Kriegle had this to say: “In engineering class we studied the force of springs, so I decided to build my machine based on what I had learned. The ‘K’ by the way stands for ‘constant’ and the ‘X’ for ‘distance.’ It may look a little strange,” he conceded with charming understatement, “but I think it’ll work. At least it worked okay outdoors when I tested it.” Indoors was a different story. The “K-X 2000” flopped on all three tries.

Coming up with engineering solutions to problems, students learn in their classes, demands creative thinking; would-be engineers must pluck promising ideas where they find them, even from unlikely sources.

Also working over winter break, Harlan Budd ’92, for example, began thinking about building an egg launcher modeled after a pinball machine. He’d never entered the contest before, but he had a hunch his idea could do the trick.

“It was really pretty simple,” he says. “I took two pieces of wood and put a hinge in between. Then I at-
attached a paper cup to one of the pieces, and put the egg in the cup. I connected the other piece of wood to some tubing, which, when you pulled it back, created tension. Then the wood would slip forward and the egg would go flying. Just like a pinball.”

In his three tries with “EggBall Machine,” Budd racked up 11 points—enough to gain him a berth in the winners’ circle, in third place. Flushed with triumph, Budd was hooked: “I can’t wait to do this again next year.”

“Practice, practice, practice” is not only the way you get to Carnegie Hall. It is also the way engineers guarantee performance, student contestants learn. Alas, most of them learn this lesson through heartbreak. Grad student Eric Stromswold pinned his dreams of conquest on “Meggavitamin Machine,” concocted of surgical tubing and a vitamin bottle that he placed on a ramp at 45 degrees. “I calibrated the device ahead of time, and then used a string 30 feet long to aim for the target. My launcher, though, was dependent on the weight of the egg, and the eggs I’d been testing with were heavier than the ones used at the event. Since I calibrated my machine at home, it wasn’t set the way it should have been for those lighter eggs, so it overshot on the first run.”

Must have been the vitamins. Even so, Stromswold collected 36 points, enough to put him in second place. This year’s first-place winner was optics grad student Chris Saxer, whose creation “Humpty’s Folly” performed to near perfection. Saxer had tested the Folly dozens of times with a plastic Easter egg filled with Silly Putty, and the practice paid off. Saxer’s catapult hit two bull’s-eyes in two tries, and a third launch lobbed the egg just outside the inner circle. Such precision earned him a winning score of 60 points—and an extra $60 for his pocket.

How did victory feel? “Sixty dollars better than before,” he said. “I hope it can get me a job when I graduate, though maybe not in the dairy industry.”

But the egg launch isn’t only about precision engineering, it’s also about showmanship, says Saxer: “It’s about how much your device thrills the audience.” Three-time entrant and previous champ Art Reardon is likewise a believer in showmanship. He jokingly refers to himself as an “eggspert” launch designer. His invention, “The Egg Bazooka,” was constructed mostly from plastic tubing, the kind that gets used for plumbing work. Reardon won cheers from the rapt crowd when, after failing to successfully shoot the egg from the ground, he picked up the bazooka, Rambo-style, and shot it from his shoulder. His soldierly finesse thrilled the onlookers but failed to put him among the top three finishers.
Why Didn't That Egg Break?

Eggs seem so fragile—as the admonition about not putting all of yours into one basket suggests. But engineers will tell you that eggs are a lot tougher than you might think. It's the shape, says Richard Benson, professor of mechanical engineering. He explains the shell's durability as a function of compression. If you exert uniform pressure on an eggshell, he says, "it tends to put it in compression. And the egg is very strong when compressed."

He compares the egg's shape to the design of the arches that prevent a bridge from collapsing when a heavy truck rolls over it. "When the truck goes over an arch, in effect it is trying to make the arch compress itself into a smaller arch, by squeezing all its parts together."

"The egg is the optimal design," declares Wolfram Stadler, a professor of optimal structural design at San Francisco State University. Stadler has studied the egg form closely in his attempts to reproduce it analytically on the computer—not an easy task, he has discovered: "So far I can get the upper part of the egg but not the lower. But I keep working at it."

Stadler suggests that if you need to be convinced of the eggshell's natural strength, you might try this compression test. Place the egg in your hand so the two ends are between your thumb and fingers. Imagine an axis running between the ends; now squeeze your fingers together so that pressure is applied to the axis. "Generally," says Stadler, "you won't be able to break the egg." (Hey, kids, if you want to try this trick at home, remember that "generally" is the operative word here.)

"If the egg does break," says Carl Aude '91, a chicken-farm resident and past winner of the egg-toss contest, "it may be because there were small defects in the shell or membrane."

But there could be another reason. Dave Quesnel, another mechanical engineer on the Rochester faculty, relates this cautionary tale from his high-school days:

"This big, beefy biology teacher was doing a compression demonstration. He had the fingers of his two hands laced together, an egg placed between the palms—and then he squeezed. In fact he was squeezing so hard his arms were shaking. And the egg just wouldn't break.

"Then he was distracted by someone and he turned his head. One hand shifted up, the other hand shifted down. And the egg collapsed. Went up in his face, all over his shirt."

What happened?

"Eggs can withstand a strong uniformly applied pressure," says Quesnel. "As soon as you apply a slight shear, the egg will fail."

The problem here is tension, which is what happens when the pressure is uneven. The opposite of compression, tension strains the shell by tending to stretch it. And the egg (like a lot of adult humans) doesn't do well under tension. Luckily, because of its shape, an egg is not normally subjected to tension—but once is enough.

If all goes well in the course of its development, an egg will eventually face tension from within, when a chick struggles to new life. "The egg's weakness under tension is why the chick can get out," says Benson. "The chick is pushing outward, placing the shell particles in tension, so the egg breaks. The chick can get out, but other things can't get in. It's really pretty astonishing."

"The egg is a marvelous design. We should give some credit to the maker. As a structural engineer, I'd be glad to do so well."

Oh well," said Reardon, "at least the crowd loved it."

Another device based on the missile-launcher concept also dashed its creators’ hopes. Freshmen Bill Wray, Tony Testa, and Chris Anderson designed a contraption they called "The Purple Poacher." Why purple? "It was left over from a suite-mate's pledge paddle."

The threesome nested their egg in an empty root-beer can, then placed it in the Poacher. The idea was that the egg would come out like a heat-seeking missile speeding to ground-zero target. Tension mounted as the three stepped back to pull the string. People ducked, expecting the egg to strike them down. Fat chance, as it turned out. The Poacher's power failed to equal its commanding looks: Its missiles just sort of dribbled out, plopping a few feet away from the device. Not ones to be defeated by a little eggdrop soup, the threesome vowed the experience was worth it, and that they'd be back for next year's event.

The challenge of the annual contest has been so addictive that even professors have not been immune to it. Associate professor of mechanical engineering John Lambropoulos thought he could teach his students a trick or two when he entered the event a couple of years ago. The object of that year's competition was to drop your device from as high an altitude as you could manage without smashing the fragile cargo.

Lambropoulos stayed up until three o'clock the night before the contest, perfecting his invention. "I spent a lot of time working on that thing. It looked like a rhombus," he recalls, "eight-sided, like a skewed cube. The egg was suspended in a little soft-wire seat by four springs. To make sure it worked, I threw it out the window from the second floor of my house, and it seemed to do very well." (His neighbors must have thought he'd cracked his shell.) But on the day of the contest, Lambropoulos's device failed the proverbial egg. "I did really badly. I'm afraid my design wasn't really very good, because in the competition it smashed all my eggs."

To make matters worse, Lambropoulos was beaten by one of his own students—and a freshman at that. Carl Aude '91 had an advantage, though,
Triple crown: Michael Donahower (center) and Vut Sankanung won the competition three years in a row. The perfect launch here earned them the prize at their final outing in 1985.

that few, if any, of his competitors enjoyed. Aude lives on a chicken farm, where the materials—and test eggs—are abundant. To construct his winning device, Aude borrowed some sawdust from the hens and filled a used paint can with it. The sawdust cushioned the egg as it fell, keeping it intact.

"I tried string and wood chips, too," he says, "but they didn't work as well as the sawdust. Then I tested the device by dropping it from one of the grain elevators. And it worked!"

Yeah, but what about beating out his own professor? "Oh, I think he took it in stride," says Aude. "And my invention wasn't that complex. It was just the right idea."

"It did make me feel better to see my student win," Lambropoulos admits, "and although I did badly, it was a lot of fun. And yes, I'd do it again, but first I'd have to come up with a brilliant idea."

Behind all the fun and goo, real learning goes on, says Roger Gans, professor of mechanical engineering: "It puts into practice some of the principles of engineering that students learn in the classroom."

But why eggs and not, say, water balloons? To Gans, the answer is simple. "Eggs are nature's perfect package, and they're probably more uniform than balloons. And anyway," he says, "at the heart of the contest there has always been an egg. It would be like breaking tradition to not use it."

Not all precedents in this contest are sacred, however. One year, Gans reports, the object of the event was to race a mini car carrying an egg to the finish line—intact. The fastest car with the surviving egg was the winner. Entrants built little racers that were to be powered by fuels that didn't produce exhaust. One of the cars used water jet propulsion, which worked well except for one thing, says Gans. "It blew the water out into the audience. The spectators loved it, but it made a huge mess. After that, we had to outlaw water as a powering device."

Eggsactly.

Kirsten Van Ostrand '89 holds the position of Provost's Intern in the Office of University Public Relations. She apologizes for all the egg puns in her article; claims she was egged on by her editors.
The Book-of-the-Month Club’s 1.5 million subscribers have never met David Willis McCullough ’59. But it’s his taste and judgment that will shape their reading habits.
Above David Willis McCullough's desktop computer, on the wall of the cozy home office in Hastings-on-Hudson from which the writer/editor works, is a framed gravestone rubbing that says, all too clearly, "THINK ON DEATH." He doesn't seem to find it the least bit creepy. Says he's had it for years, thinks it's great, saw it in the Brooklyn Museum, couldn't resist. This was long before he decided to write a detective novel, but when he did, it came in handy as the title; Think On Death will be published by Viking early next year. An argument might be made that he thought of writing a murder mystery in the first place because the darned thing was hanging over his head every day, but who knows.

Outside of his delight in the rubbing, there is nothing terribly lugubrious about McCullough, who, with his informal beard, thickish glasses, and worn blue jeans, not only looks like a writer, which he is, but like a reader, which he also is. Not a reader as most of us are readers, but a professional reader, paid to read on the average of 10 books a month. This is serious reading, reading without the enticement of packaging, since the books McCullough reads are generally in manuscript form. This is reading for the Book-of-the-Month Club, McCullough's employer since 1964.

With the initially hesitant voice and non-elaborative sentences of someone who may not always have to talk to anyone in the course of a day's work (unless he decides to take his lunch at the local diner) McCullough's casual, somewhat withdrawn presence belies the influence he unavoidably wields.

Beginning as an in-house BOMC reader, he worked (or, it seems, read) his way up to a position on the club's vaunted, five-person editorial board by 1977—becoming one of the "judges" who decide which of the 5,000 publishers' submissions that reach the BOMC annually will become the club's main selection each month. The main selection is the one automatically sent out to every BOMC subscriber (there are 1.5 million in all) who does not specifically ask the club not to. So he's got a certain amount of clout in a cultural sense.

And then of course there's the question of money: Fees paid for main-selecion books—typically split fifty-fifty by publisher and author—may range from the mid- to upper-five figures (for a notable but not intensely commercial offering) to the six figure range (for a probable blockbuster). Word has it that recent Stephen King books have garnered sums in the $1-million neighborhood.

So there's a lot at stake here, a high potential, seemingly, for political tangles and quagmires. One conversation with McCullough, however, disarms you of such worries. He describes the monthly meeting of the judges—in a stately BOMC conference room, beginning over lunch and extending through teatime—as little more than a group of friendly, cultivated souls discussing current literature. Despite some agitation at BOMC in its 13-year incarnation as a Time, Inc. subsidiary, and despite the dramatic changes throughout the publishing world in the last decade or two, BOMC is still about the desire of a coterie of well-read book people to peruse and share noteworthy works with a mainstream American audience.

David McCullough illustrates this through word and deed, retaining the sensibility of the academic he once thought he'd become, ever on the lookout for books with surpassing individ-
I think a lot of people are afraid of bookstores for some reason. They seem to think that if you go into a bookstore you have to buy something.

them as main selections not because they are likely to be blockbusters but because they are simply terrific books. “If the book club is just trying to outguess the bestseller list,” says McCullough, “it’s not doing what it should be doing.”

Born in 1937 in the Pittsburgh suburb of Canonsburg (“home of Perry Como and Bobby Vinton”), McCullough was raised in suburban Albany. He arrived at Rochester in the fall of 1955 with an abiding interest in literature and writing that led to his graduation as an English major and an immediate progression to Stanford University for a master’s degree. He was assuming he’d probably become a professor somewhere, until he finally stopped and realized he didn’t much care for the idea of teaching. He left the program after a year.

His main extracurricular activity at Rochester having been working at the Campus Times (he was features editor, and had had a regular column), he decided to look into newspapers professionally. “I always thought in the back of my mind that whatever I was doing, I’d also be writing,” he says. He applied to the Bay Area papers, and landed a job as a copy boy at the Oakland Tribune.

Soon, he was covering the night police beat, and—because they provided “a good way to get a byline”—writing book reviews for the paper. He might have stayed with it except that he was about to get drafted, something in which he was not much interested. He discovered the loophole that he today labels “the Dan Quayle option”—he joined the National Guard, “a sort of crazed version of the Boy Scouts,” in which he served for six months, and remained on reserve for eight years.

He emerged from active duty thinking about two things: his girlfriend, Frances, whom he had met at Stanford, and publishing as a career option. Both were best pursued in New York City, since Fran had already taken a publishing job in Manhattan and was living in Brooklyn Heights.

McCullough arrived, suitcases in hand, the picture of the out-of-town newcomer, and found an apartment in Brooklyn for $125 a month. It was 1961. He and Fran would be married by 1965.

After a “strange job” as an in-house ghost writer for Chase Manhattan executives, he landed a post in the publicity department at Farrar Straus Giroux. He remembers working directly with Isaac Bashevis Singer, still relatively unknown in this country, and Susan Sontag, who was just publishing her first book. He wrote creatively on the side, working on a novel that never materialized, and some short stories.

Fortune smiled on the young McCullough in 1963, when Redbook accepted one of his stories. It paid him $1,000—“what seemed like an amazing amount of money,” he says. Head spinning, ready to conquer the world, McCullough quit his job to become a full-time writer.

Capitalizing on both his publishing and book-reviewing experience, he began writing freelance book reviews for The New York Times, Playboy, Saturday Review, and other publications. He also wrote the occasional press release. There were, however, no more fiction sales, only the uncertain reality of freelance life. “I realized this had been a bad idea,” he says.

He saw an ad in The New York Times looking for someone with an English degree, a newspaper background, and publishing experience. These were the very three things he had. He got the job—as one of BOMC’s three in-house readers. The in-house readers are the people who read the incoming manuscripts and write reports on each book; together, they comprise BOMC’s editorial department.

In addition to the in-house people, BOMC has long employed freelance readers—an assortment of writers, teachers, experts in specialized areas, and other knowledgeable folks—to help keep up with the incoming manuscripts. “Everything that is sent in is read and reported on,” notes McCullough. “It’s a phenomenal undertaking.”

The reports, en masse, are reviewed by the editorial department, which
The average length of time a member stays with BOMC, he reports, is only about two years at a stretch, but subscribers will typically join up several different times over the years. About half of them buy something with each mailing (there are actually 15 a year rather than just 12; BOMC “months,” as subscribers learn, are more like three-and-a-half weeks). Not all that many members choose the main selection in any given month — 30 percent would be considered a very high response. The rest select from among the current alternates or the ongoing list of past main selections and alternates.

An especially misunderstood fact about the BOMC subscription base, he believes, is its fundamental chemistry. “The myth about book clubs is that the people who belong to them are those who can’t get to book stores,” and, he says, that isn’t true. BOMC subscribers tend to be clustered around the country’s largest cities — New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago, each of which, obviously, has plenty of bookstores. McCullough prefers to think of BOMC subscribers, simply, as “people who like books.”

He does, however, have a theory explaining why people who like to read may not like to shop for books. “I think a lot of people are afraid of bookstores for some reason. They seem to think that if you go into a bookstore you have to buy something.”

McCullough’s flirtation with publishing his own work continued in 1984, when BOMC, responding to a pronounced taste for anthologies among its subscribers, asked him if he would like to edit a detective anthology. He had discovered the mystery genre “relatively late in life,” he admits, first reading detective tales in earnest only about 10 years ago. Presented with the opportunity to anthologize, he thought why not?

Great Detectives: A Century of the Best Mysteries from England and America was the end product — and a resounding success, first within BOMC, and then on its own. McCullough pondered other topics for anthologies, first concocting the idea of presenting in one volume autobiographical selections by a variety of American authors writing about their early years. This was published as American Childhoods: An Anthology. On its heels came another anthology, Brooklyn . . . And How It Got That Way, and, just last year, City Sleuths and Tough Guys, a collection of urban detective stories.

McCullough’s interest in mysteries and the still-unfulfilled goal of publishing his own fiction led him to start Think On Death, his detective novel. “I thought why not try it — see what it was like,” he says. He wrote the book in about a year. The setting is the Hudson Valley, on the fictional former site of a 19th-century utopian community. McCullough knows the area because he and his wife have a second home in Greene County; he knows about American utopian communities because the subject has long fascinated him. He has a lengthy shelf of volumes examining the topic, and had pondered writing one himself before deciding to use his knowledge to enliven a novel instead.
McCullough was most startled in the writing process to find that the book he set out to write was not the book that got written. “I wasn’t quite prepared for how it took on a life of its own,” he says. “The characters tended not to act as I thought they were going to.” The biggest surprise of all was the way the character whom he originally intended to be the detective ended up as one of the suspects, while a woman originally planned as a secondary character became the sleuth. “It wasn’t what I had in mind at all.”

He is currently at work on novel number two, working when he can, between the ever-flowing flood of pages requiring his scrutiny as a BOMC judge. They arrive in unpredictable waves. “You can’t bank on when you’re going to have time available for anything else,” he says. He tries to get most of his personal work done in the week immediately following the judges’ meeting, which is on the first Wednesday of every month.

The only BOMC judge whose basic background is a career at the Book-of-the-Month Club itself, McCullough is also one of the two judges (the other being the venerable Clifton Fadiman) to survive a controversial 1988 reorganization that involved the firing of three judges (Gloria Norris, Mordecai Richler, and Wilfrid Sheed)—controversial because, from the club’s establishment in 1926, BOMC judges had always been appointed for life. The positions were filled by J. Anthony Lukas, Gloria Naylor, and newly appointed BOMC editor-in-chief Brigitte Weeks—the first time the independent editorial board would have a BOMC editor as a member. Judges would henceforth serve three-year terms.

The move prompted enormous speculation about upgraded pressure from parent Time, Inc. to increase profits in an age when BOMC faces ever-increasing competition not just from The Literary Guild, its primary book-club rival (founded just months after BOMC), but from mammoth chains of discount booksellers.

Even so, McCullough disavows any such pressure, asserting that the judges’ meetings, after an initial adjustment to the new personalities, proceed as informally and collegially as before. Rarely if ever is an actual vote required to decide upon the final selection. And never is the editorial board characterized by entrenched thinking or predictability. “The thing that fascinates me,” says McCullough, “is that there are no clear parties. The same people don’t side with each other time after time—it changes from book to book.”

Then again, McCullough’s lifestyle is conducive to a certain genial abstraction from greater business forces that may or may not be at play. His children, now 22 and 20, are out of the house, and while his wife, herself an editor and writer, has also been working at home for the past four years, she’s up in the attic while he’s tucked into a cozy corner on the first floor, with few visitors outside of the family’s three cats.

Think of it—here is a guy who has to read probably 4,000 pages a month, who writes on the side too, and who still has the time for what he characterizes as “a little bit” of pleasure reading. His favorite classic authors include F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Nathanael West, and Herman Melville; among contemporary writers, he favors the work of Don DeLillo, Margaret Atwood, William Kennedy, and Alice Hoffman. Another favorite writer of his, somewhere between the two categories, is Graham Greene.

After all these pages, all these books, David McCullough’s enthusiasm for his work and for literature is unflagged. “The excitement is still there,” he asserts. “Sure, there’s occasional exasperation or annoyance”—prompted by either mediocre writing, too many things to read in too little time, or both. He likewise expresses some disappointment at trends in public taste towards “the more and more conventional.” But through it all, he continues his search for “that break from the expected” that to him constitutes a noteworthy work.

“What appeals to me are books that take some kind of chances,” he says. They’re the books that give him that invigorating “sense of surprise” that fuels his intellect, that keeps him turning the pages. After all, there are always, always more pages to turn.

In recent issues of Rochester Review, Jeremy Schlosberg has been tracking the careers of Rochester alumni.
If you carry the right stick far enough
it turns to gold in your hand
If you blaze a trail
better hack both sides of the tree
In the worst kind of thicket
there’s a blaze on every tree
Before you leave a good place
bury your right foot
As you leave a bad place
throw a stone back in
If you find an arrowhead, say
Indian your long hunt is over
When you enter a silence
float
When you break a silence
save the pieces
If you meet a mourner on a path
cite him no precedents
If you meet a pair of lovers on a path
tell them they will comb grey hairs together
If you look a little sideways at what you love
verily you can see your own shadow

Then there are the stories and after a while
I think something
Else must connect them besides just this me
—W. S. Merwin, “The Child”

“Mommy, take me home, I’m a changed boy!”
they say I promised
after Grandpa kept me for a week
drilling on my lisping l’s and r’s
until I had them safely tongued-in-cheek
and had ceased to be the insufferable,
the unspeakable “Jewwy Wamsey.”
Now, presumably, I was me? Wrong—
though storied, I was indecipherable.
In all this folklore of my growing, I miss
knowing the primitive little boy, the Urknabe.
Some days I feel like a tattered biplane, viz.
the Cal Rodgers Special, “Vin Fiz,”
first aeroplane from coast to coast in 1912,
which finished up its flight with only four
original parts, three wing-ribs and a strut.
Poor rickety bionic windhover—
a crash a day, tut tut, that’s me all over.
How can there be a plot worth scanning
when the hero metamorphosizes every inning?
Still, once more into the book of changes
I leap, for love’s ultimate ploy,
crying, “Darling, take me, I’m a changed boy!”
The Naming of Tools

When all else fails
there is always the naming of tools—
Coping Saw for instance,
one of the great family of saws, Crosscut,
Rip, Miter, Hack, Keyhole, Dovetail, Dado—
and the fierce blind brotherhood of hammers,
Big Clawhammer, Little Tackhammer, Ballpeen,
Mallet, Sledge—
and the sharp-tongued tribe of tools of dressing,
as, Spokeshave, Drawknife, Rabbetplane,
Rasp, Burr, Rattailed File,
the Chisels, Straight Gouge, Bent Gouge, Fishtail,
Pod Spade,
Macaroni, Fluteroni, Backeroni,
Each with its elegant shape
and singular blessing of purpose—
and best of all, the rabble
of indispensable gadgets, Countersink,
Centerprick, Prickpunch, Easy-out, Plumb-bob,
Studfinder, Hermaphrodite Calipers,
Breechmount Squeegee—
oh tools enough to spur the most sorethumbed
cross-eyed carpenter forth again
to cobble his screwloose world!

Hand-Shadows

for a daughter, eighteen

Dear child, first-born, what I could give outright
I've given—now there is only a father's wishing.
What can I hang around your neck for magic,
or smuggle in your pocket? I would draw
you a contour map of the territory ahead
but in truth it could only show you X—
you are here.
The rest would be your Terra Incognita.

Years ago, in the trees beside a mountain lake
after bedtime, your mother and I sat up
together, reading the fire. Each flame, leaping,
seemed a stroke of the future, a signal for us
for you asleep in your nest at the rim of firelight
where great jagged shadows danced like knives.
We faced our ignorance until the fire was ash.

Once, in the first transports of adolescence,
you wandered over the hills behind the Sky Ranch,
remember? Suddenly beyond your feet
the country plunged away to utter strangeness,
and you were lost. The south wind carried your cries
like birdsong. At last I found you quiet on a stone,
your eyes full of the world we do not own.

Now it is all before you—wonderful
beyond a father's bedtime reckoning,
beyond his fears. What is it love must say?

Go forth to the fullness of your being: may
a merry kindness look you in the face.
Where home was, may your travels bring
you to a fellowship of open hearts.

So love must change our parts, my child no longer
child. I stand rehearsing at the door,
and think how once at bedtime, a dozen years
ago, I taught you how to cross your wrists
in the bright lamp-light, and link your thumbs, so,
and there on the wall a great bird arose
and soared on shadow wings, to the wonderment
of all.
Finding Wild Strawberries

for my mother

I
In your terrible austerity of grief
after his funeral, you said a thing
so shocking I held my hands out, warding the blow—
"I know I'll never be happy again,
not in the old way, never."
The man's death upon them both,
what son's a consolation to the widow?
Fathoming your loss as though I'd never
been born, I stood corrected there,
a map of scars in either hand.

II
Five years—Mother, who am I
to testify that you are happy now, or never?
Yet, hiking with us over Bunchgrass Ridge,
rangy as your grandkids, you are first
to smell the wild strawberries underfoot
and bring us to our knees around you
in the morning grass, and find each one
his perfect berry, dropping them like rubies
in our eager hands.
Am I the only one to notice who is missing?
I search your smiling face for evidence
of loss repealed by joy.
The brief sweetness of a berry
burns my tongue.


Immersion

When the Hardshell Baptists led their cowering
sons and daughters to the river for immersion,
we dry-land Methodists came along to count
the drownings.
Whoever thought that risk attends redemption?
Pajama-clad and barefoot, looking shrunken,
my schoolfriends, culprits all, stepped off the bank
to martyrdom as the preacher standing hip-deep
in the current like a bridge pier
called out each not-yet-Christian name.
I gaped to see him take my best friend Harold
by the wrist and then the head, and palm
him under the way you'd drown a pony,
his other hand held up I guess to Heaven
while he shouted I baptize thee and so on,
each word a fatal lungful. When Harold
broke water he snorted like a walrus
and tottered blindly back to land amen.
Safe there in my dry skin, how I envied him!—
my friend, who had stepped once into a river
and bravely held his breath until God noticed
and now stood chilled
and chattering with salvation
on the altering shore.
Teacher, Scholar, Poet, Playwright—native Oregonian Jarold Ramsey has always shouldered this clutch of identities with the Westerner’s easy-going poise, and he has the Frederic Remington-cowpoke moustache to match it.

But clearly, there’s no mosey in the man.
called him to the lore of the Nez Perce, Paiute, Modoc, and other Indian tribes that had lent color and texture to his boyhood—spent, as he has written, "around Indians and hunting for the artifacts of their ancestors."

The student who was to perform in the production found a warm reception. It also marked Ramsey's debut as an actor. The student who was to perform in the part of "Eagle" came down sick, so the author was dragooned at the last minute to fill in. "It was unwisely assumed that the writer would have the lines memorized," but Ramsey braved the boards nonetheless. Just before slipping the Eagle mask over his face, he strayed into a low-slung piece of scenery during his exit and bonked his noggin so hard that he had to be led off stage by two other actors. The production's air of improvisation, however, led the audience to believe that this was just part of the play, so no harm, except to Ramsey's pate, was done. And he escaped pox-free.

Ramsey's cheerful participation in campus doings has marked his tenure at Rochester (in recognition of his good citizenship he received the Student Life Award in 1980—the first faculty member so honored), but his concern for students is mainly centered in their intellectual progress.

His course in American Indian literature—a fixture in the English curriculum ("I can't imagine being interested in research that can't be communicated in a classroom"), where these stories and legends are subjected to the same rigorous scrutiny as if they were plays by Shakespeare, novels by Faulkner, or poems by Ted Hughes. Ramsey's high-powered scholarship allows him to make creative, quicksilver connections between, say, the trickster figure Coyote in Chinook tales and Autolycus in The Winter's Tale, Faulkner's Flem Snopes, and Loki and Hermes of Norse and Greek myths.

The lesson has not been lost on a number of Rochester undergraduates, and Ramsey has had considerable success in urging them on to what he calls "hands-on independent inquiry." In the six years since the National Endowment for the Humanities began its Younger Scholars fellowship program—the NEH awards $2,200 each to allow juniors to devote a summer to original research projects under faculty mentors—Rochester's undergraduates have won 15 grants, right up there along with Harvard, Columbia, and the rest of the Ivies. They are writing papers on such topics as the early 20th-century Rochester architect Claude Bragdon, the "literary sensibility" of abolitionist Frederick Douglass, and the female characters in Jazz Age fiction.

That all these efforts are bruised with learning is not surprising. It's one of the happy results of attending a research University like Rochester that academic heavy-hitters are there to point you toward the fences. That these research projects show some real touches of innovation and wit, both in the choice of subjects and in their presentation, reflects the creative example of Ramsey and the other faculty-mentors.

And rising theses seem to lift all boats. The NEH Younger Scholars' ventures prompted Ramsey's English department to start up an honors program featuring original research by its students, and in his new position he is looking to encourage it college-wide.

If all of this scholarly activity gets a student a leg up on graduate school, well and good. But that's not the primary reason for undergraduates doing inventive research. Business, government, and the rest of the world's professions are searching, "all too often in vain," Ramsey says, "for people who know how to look things up."

Poetry could use a few of these recruits, as well, but for now, anyway, it has Ramsey. Take a look at just one poem in Hand-Shadow. In "Ontogeny" Ramsey likens the noisy changes in a young man's life to the crazily noble 1912 flight of aviator Cal Rodgers' biplane Vin Fiz, which set a coast-to-coast record even while crash-landing every day, and "finished up its flight with only four/original parts, three wing-ribs and a strut."

An image like that does not come unbidden through the mists of dreamy musing. It comes from a poet who pays attention, who does his homework, who while scanning life knows how to look things up.

Thomas Fitzpatrick
Undergraduate College Proposed

At its meeting in February, the Board of Trustees gave its general endorsement to the proposed creation of an "undergraduate college" within the College of Arts and Science (CAS).

The trustees will receive additional details about the college and its proposed programs in May, and at that time are expected to vote formally on the establishment of the new college.

Forming an undergraduate college will underscore - both for faculty and students - the College of Arts and Science's commitment to undergraduate studies, said Dean Jack Kampmeier.

According to the proposal, undergraduates in Arts and Science will become students in the undergraduate college. CAS faculty will become, simultaneously, the faculty of the undergraduate college to "articulate the commitment of all our faculty to undergraduate education," in Kampmeier's words. Continuing the current practice, there will be no separation between undergraduate and graduate faculties.

The establishment of the undergraduate college only sets the stage for the real work ahead: Faculty commissions are now working on a series of recommendations for "strong, innovative programs" for undergraduate studies, Kampmeier said. The three commissions - on curriculum, academic support systems, and enrollment policies - are expected to make final recommendations by November.

Establishment of the new college was proposed earlier this year by the CAS Faculty Council.

While Arts and Science administrators and faculty hope that the changes under way will be appealing to prospective students, and that the college's undergraduate program can become the focus for a concerted fund-raising effort, "our main concern is neither student recruiting nor fund raising. It's the quality of undergraduate education," Kampmeier said. "That is first in our minds."

"I don't think there's any general principle that says a university works only if there's a separate college for undergraduates," said Richard Feldman, associate professor of philosophy and chair of the CAS Faculty Council steering committee. "It depends on the circumstances. But given the history of this University, and the way that the professional schools and the graduate programs essentially have spun off from the core of undergraduate programs, to have an undergraduate college at this point in time makes a lot of sense."

At a meeting of the Trustees' Council (the alumni governing body) in February, mathematics professor John Harper noted that the college concept initially evoked "a certain amount of skepticism" from faculty, but said that "as people discover the possibilities in it they become more and more interested."

William Green, professor of religion, said that the current discussions on campus had "put [the issue of] teaching on the front burner." Faculty are thinking about how to be "learner-oriented" as well as "content-oriented," he said.

One Trustees' Council member, Denis O'Leary '78, said that as a 1978 graduate he felt that the undergraduate program had "been driven by a graduate approach" and expressed enthusiasm about the concept.

Kampmeier said that the undergraduate program "doesn't need to be 'fixed,' as if it had been broken. But this is a way we can sharpen and articulate our focus on undergraduate education."

Kampmeier Discusses "The College"

Rochester Review asked Dean of the College of Arts and Science Jack Kampmeier to comment on the proposed undergraduate college. Here's what he had to say:

Why are these proposals being advanced?

"Our programs are very strong, but of course they could be stronger. We need to look carefully at the coherence and purpose of the curriculum. A good number of our students go on to graduate and professional schools, and their undergraduate study has a well-defined direction and a clear result - we do a superb job for those students because their undergraduate studies here can easily be integrated with our disciplinary expertise at the graduate level. That same coherence and purpose is perhaps missing in the present curriculum for those students who do not go on to graduate and professional schools."

Where did the idea of an undergraduate college get started?

"The concept emerged from a larger discussion at a College of Arts and Science dean's office retreat last year. The proposal for an undergraduate college was made a day or two later as an attempt to get at many of the issues discussed at the retreat."

Will these proposals distract the college's focus from its graduate-study and research missions?

"No. Some four-year colleges try to argue that research and graduate teaching distract university attention from undergraduate students, thereby diminishing the quality of their education. That's a false argument. When teaching and research interact, both the teaching and the research are improved and graduate and undergraduate students, as well as faculty, benefit

(continued on page 32)
One of ‘The We Generation’

For those who fret about “The Me Generation” and college students whose main professional goal is to earn $100,000 a year or more: Meet Kate Allen.

A senior majoring in political science, Allen is a member of the Student Senate, Kekdaens senior honorary society, the Senior Class Council, the de Kiewiet Scholarship Committee, SAVE (Students Active in Volunteer Enterprises, an organization she initiated), and Partners in Reading (which she also helped found)—to name a few. On the side, she holds a part-time job and conducts interviews for the admissions office.

How—and why—does she do all this?

“I just run around a lot,” says Allen. “I like to keep busy, and besides, I think it’s sheer luck where we’re born and what circumstances we’re born into. I feel I owe it to those less fortunate than myself to help out.”

Allen, who hails from Westboro, Massachusetts, is the first recipient of the Susan B. Anthony Prize recognizing a senior woman for her outstanding contributions to campus life. She received the award from the University’s Women’s Club at the club’s annual Susan B. Anthony Commemorative Dinner in February.

“Kate is always willing to help in any way she can,” says Joan Cavanna, a career counselor in the University’s Career Services and Placement Center and coordinator of community-service programs here. “No job is too big or too small for her, and she has never turned down a request.”

Allen learned the value of such activism in high school, she says, when she was an American Field Service summer exchange student in South Africa. “It was my first experience with the real world, and I saw a lot of disturbing things there. I didn’t want to make waves with my host family, so I kept quiet. I always felt really guilty about it, though.”

When she came to Rochester, she put those feelings to good use by joining the South African Awareness Committee and working to create the de Kiewiet Scholarship Committee. The latter group offers Rochester scholarships annually to two South African refugees who have fled persecution under apartheid.

“We meet every other week or so to make sure the scholarship is alive and well,” she says. “It’s so important, and I think it does more than give students an opportunity to study at the University. We all gain by knowing we are making a difference in their lives and in the future of their country.”

Making a difference seems to be Allen’s specialty: As the founder of one of the University’s four Partners in Reading programs, she spends an hour or so every week with an elementary-school student, reading to him and listening as he reads to her.

“It’s fun,” she says. “We really try to make the kids excited about reading. It’s a good feeling, too, to hear them finally pronounce a word right after a couple of weeks of trying.”

She doesn’t mind the time commitment, either. “What’s an hour? Just about anybody can spare that.”

And what does the future hold for Kate Allen—the kind of person who, you might say, has lit many a candle and wouldn’t even think to curse the darkness?

Perhaps a stint in the Peace Corps, she says, working in community development. Although she doesn’t yet know if she’ll be placed, she has been accepted for the position—which “just means I’m qualified.” After that, it’s on to graduate school to study international relations.

No matter where she goes, she’ll keep on volunteering, she is quick to add: “I don’t know what I’d do with myself if I weren’t busy.”
enormously. Our faculty do not believe in teaching vs. research but in a thorough integration of both."

How will these changes affect the college’s relationship with the College of Engineering and Applied Science?

"These proposals should not change our excellent relations with the College of Engineering and Applied Science. Undergraduate engineers spend their first two years in the College of Arts and Science, and they develop and maintain a class identity with that entering class. Their move to the engineering college at the beginning of the junior year is akin to an arts and science student moving into a major. The same is true for nursing students. Isn’t the creation of an undergraduate college simply a cosmetic change?

"I consider the creation of the college as a necessary, but by no means sufficient, condition for improvement in undergraduate education. If we just reshuffle the academic deck, those who support the institution will figure that out very quickly. As Associate Dean Ted Brown notes, it’s not just symbolism—it’s a communication of priorities, and a clear statement of the importance of undergraduate education."

Seeking an AIDS Vaccine

In February, the Medical Center became one of five newly designated “AIDS Vaccine Evaluation Units” nationwide to earn multimillion-dollar contracts for research on an AIDS vaccine.

The five-year, $8.55-million award from the National Institutes of Allergy and Infectious Diseases will provide Rochester scientists with additional funds for research that has been under way since October 1988 and has produced two experimental vaccines.

Referring to the work in progress as “a first step in the right direction,” Dr. Raphael Dolin, chief of the Infectious Diseases Unit and principal investigator for the project, offers a cautious prognosis: “We’re several years away from having a preparation that can go out in the field. But we’ve made more progress in the last year and a half than was anticipated early on.”

Smeal and Lee Have Their Say

“We think we’re so advanced in this country— but we’re not,” women’s rights activist Eleanor Smeal told a University audience celebrating the 170th anniversary of Susan B. Anthony’s birthday in February.

Smeal noted that since World War II, women have registered and voted in greater numbers than men, yet they comprise only 5 percent of our Congressional representatives. In European parliaments, however, the comparable average is 17 percent, and in Scandinavia closer to 40 percent.

Women, Smeal said, will not realize Anthony’s dream—a truly equal vote—until they begin to enjoy equal representation.

Meanwhile, another February visitor, filmmaker Spike Lee (Do The Right Thing; She’s Gotta Have It), received a standing ovation from an SRO crowd in the 3,500-seat Palestra when he came to talk about putting “the vast richness of black culture on film.”

Criticizing interpretations by white directors (notably, Steven Spielberg in The Color Purple), Lee said that “blacks know a lot about the white world, because we’re a minority living in it. But whites don’t know anything about black culture. What blacks does Spielberg know? Quincy Jones? Michael Jackson? Maybe Prince? They aren’t regular black people.”

“Blacks,” he said, “should make their own films. The problem is they can’t get the money. It’s an expensive medium.”

Protective Polymer Developed

Smaller but faster computers, protective goggles for pilots and scientists, and equipment to keep satellite sensors working are just a few of the devices that could one day be made from a new polymer material prepared by Samson
A. Jenekhe, a Rochester chemical engineer.

To visualize how the material works, picture a house with ordinary glass windows. The windows remain transparent when hit by all types of light, including laser light so intense that it would harm the inhabitants.

In a house with windows made of Jenekhe's polymer, a polythiophene derivative, the windows would remain transparent under ordinary sunlight. But when hit by very intense light, such as that from a laser, the material would turn completely opaque, blocking out the harmful rays and protecting anyone inside the house. The windows would again become transparent when the laser was turned off.

Jenekhe's polymer has a relatively low light-intensity threshold to trigger the switching; in technical terms, the polymer displays the largest optical nonlinearity of any polymer yet found. In less than one-trillionth of a second, light changes the material's refractive index, in turn changing the speed at which light travels through the material. This allows scientists to control the light beam's direction and intensity.

Because of its ability to change properties as the intensity of light hitting it changes, the new polymer may have many applications in emerging technologies.

Rochester Conference Put on Hold

The annual Rochester Conference—which for the last four years has examined such global topics as “Creation,” “Time,” “Power,” and “Pleasure”—is being suspended for the time being.

“It was not addressing the intellectual preferences of enough students to justify our continuing the program in its present form,” said Ruth Freeman, University dean and associate provost, who has headed the committee planning the conferences.

Although the annual conference drew an average of 3,000 participants from the University and the surrounding community, only about one in five students attended.

“We know from the careful evaluations we did after each conference that it was a real success for the students who participated. They found it an enriching, memorable week. But many others didn’t take advantage of this opportunity, perhaps because it didn’t connect with the overall curriculum. We have to rethink what we hoped the conference would offer, and consider what we can do to achieve these goals for greater numbers of students.”

The school calendar—which provided for the conference to take place the week before the opening of the spring semester—will not be changed, thus keeping open the possibility that the conference might be restored or another program substituted, perhaps as an enterprise of the proposed new undergraduate college.

“The conference served a good purpose for an entire generation of students,” Freeman said. “But academic programs come and go, and it now seems that we should consider how to put our energy behind something that can serve more of our students.”

Just the Facts, Ma’am

Did you know that of all post-World War I U.S. presidents, Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan were the least accessible to reporters at press conferences, each of them averaging only one session every two months?

That during his presidency Jimmy Carter not only received a lower public approval rating than any Reagan received, but he also at one time gained a higher rating than Reagan ever enjoyed?

That television campaign ads, for all their noise and furor, seem to have exerted only a small impact on voters in the last presidential election?


The volume contains more than 200 tables, graphs, and figures on the mass media, political parties, elections and campaigns, public opinion, interest groups, the presidency, foreign and military policy, economic policy, and other topics.

But Officer, It Was All a Blur

Fleeing felons, beware: Better cover those faces with kerchiefs and remove those license plates if you want to escape, thanks to technology developed by scientists in the Department of Electrical Engineering.

Assistant professor A. Murat Tekalp and graduate student Gordana Pavlovic have been clearing up the blur in fuzzy photos—of license plates, purloined documents, whatever—using sophisticated computer algorithms. Results of their work are obvious in the photographs above. While other restoration techniques would have created an even worse blur, Tekalp’s and Pavlovic’s method yields legible text where there was only an indistinct fuzz before.

“The information is in the film, but it is not readable because it is scrambled,” says Tekalp. “We put the information back in the right place by unscrambling that information.”

If you’re looking to clear up the fog around Aunt Sue in that photo you took last Christmas, however, take note: The method requires sophisticated computer equipment and a scanner that costs tens of thousands of dollars.
**A Visit from Mahler’s Man**

*Musician: Conducting Philharmonia*

Watch out Superman. Move over Clark Kent. Rochester has experienced Gilbert Kaplan—the businessman by day—maestro by night—and his abilities are arguably reaching heroic proportions. That was the word around the University last February when Kaplan, the highly respected publisher of *Institutional Investor* and an internationally renowned conductor of Mahler’s Symphony No. 2, came to share his double-edged expertise with the University community.

Much of Kaplan’s stay was devoted to rehearsing with the Eastman School’s Eastman Philharmonia, Eastman Rochester Chorus, and Eastman Chorale, which he led in a moving Friday night performance of the 90-minute “Resurrection” Symphony.

But more than once during the course of his week at Rochester, Maestro Kaplan exchanged his shirt-sleeved rehearsal garb for buttoned-down business attire: He was now Publisher Kaplan, the financial wizard invited to share his insights with present and future leaders in the business world.

Tuesday morning it was a session with Simon School faculty and students. At one point the self-made multimillionaire (who founded *Institutional Investor* in 1967 at the age of 25) fielded a question on achieving success in life. “The ones who like what they do, do the best,” Kaplan advised. “Do something that gets you out of bed in the morning!”

One abiding lure that gets Kaplan out of bed in the morning is his obsession with the “Resurrection,” the symphony of which he has, for many Mahler-lovers, become the preeminent conductor—and is the only music he conducts. “From the first time I heard the symphony [in 1965], it has had an emotional claim on me,” he has said. “I walked out of the hall a different person. It was the beginning of a long love affair.”

After 15 years of studying the piece, and collecting every recording of it he could lay his hands on (and also acquiring the original autograph score), Kaplan decided he wanted to create his own interpretation as a conductor. Up to that time his musical training had consisted only of three reluctant years of piano lessons back in the distant past.

He spent a year learning the rudiments of conducting. In 1982 he made his first public appearance as a conductor—at Avery Fisher Hall with the American Symphony Orchestra, in a performance so well received that he was asked to conduct at Carnegie Hall the following spring. Since then he has conducted the Mahler Second with orchestras throughout the world, and his 1988 recording with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus was hailed by *The New York Times* as one of its “records of the year.” By the end of 1989 the recording had sold more than 100,000 copies. Not bad for an amateur. And Kaplan is, by definition, just that.

“Kaplan conducts Mahler’s Second because he loves to. He is, in the truest sense of the word, an *amateur*,” says Eastman School director Robert Freeman.

“I’ve had some wonderful invitations, but none as flattering as yours,” Kaplan began as he greeted the stage full of student musicians at his first rehearsal. Then he led them through a slalom course of woodwinds, brass, strings, and bells, mouthing the words of the chorus, exaggerating each sound with his lips. He was as confident working through the details of Mahler’s score as he had been discussing junk bonds, pension funds, and financial raiders a few hours earlier.

“Not too loud,” he cautioned the orchestra at one point. “Mahler never could get the orchestra quiet enough here.” And no one doubted that this world authority on the history and performance practices of Mahler’s Second knew exactly what he was talking about.

On Friday night, the Eastman Theatre was filled to capacity for the public performance. The chorus rose to its feet to the orchestra’s heart-thumping, spine-chilling music. Music critic Robert Palmer describes what happened next: “Had the earth swallowed up the Eastman Theatre last night—it’s 3,300 inhabitants floating heavenward as the clouds parted to receive them—the effect would not have been much grander.

“Mahler’s Resurrection Symphony is a bona fide thriller. And Gilbert Kaplan made the music arise... He’s learned to look this hulkling Medusa in the eye—and make it sing.” The standing ovation and bravos at the end were almost an anticlimax.

What to do for an encore to the performance? Kaplan has already figured that one out. As this issue of *Rochester Review* was being written, he was planning to take the Philharmonia to New York City for a second go at the Mahler symphony—at Carnegie Hall. And after that, who knows?
**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:

**Billboard**

Just months before her death from leukemia last September, Jan DeGaetani made the last recording of her long career: a compact disc on the Bridge label featuring Berlioz's "Les Nuits d'été" and 10 songs by Gustav Mahler. The chamber-orchestra arrangements of the songs made by DeGaetani's husband, Philip West, were performed by the Eastman Chamber Ensemble, David Effron conductor.

*Billboard* predicts that few, if any, of the many fans of the distinguished mezzo (who was professor of voice at the Eastman School) will resist the appeal of this disc. The *Boston Globe* concurs, praising DeGaetani's "scrupulous musicianship, the beauty and absolute steadiness of tone, the unrivaled purity of intonation, the directness, the interpretive impulse."

**Wall Street Journal**

In November, some 50 leading economists gathered in Pittsburgh for the Carnegie-Rochester Conference on Public Policy, an event which honored the 60th birthday of Walter Oi, Elmer B. Milliman Professor of Economics in the College of Arts and Science.

The *Journal* describes Oi's work in labor economics as path-breaking, adding that his accomplishments seem all the more remarkable when you learn that he is blind.

Oi finds his disability to be a source of amusement at times, the *Journal* notes: In the 1960s, after meeting with then Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara on the feasibility of a volunteer army, Oi is said to have quipped, "You should have seen McNamara's face when he realized one of the economists was a blind Japanese."

**The New York Times**

"I'm at an age now where most of my friends are gaining more and more independence," says Jimmy O'Neill, a 15-year-old with cystic fibrosis who requires twice-daily back-thumping sessions to help clear his lungs of accumulating mucus. "I have to realize that no matter what, I'll never be totally independent."

Adolescence is a particularly difficult time for chronically ill children like O'Neill, says Dr. David M. Siegel, a pediatrician at the School of Medicine and Dentistry. Such children may have visible disabilities or experience delays in maturation or growth that can exacerbate normal teenage doubts about the adequacy of their bodies.

Typical teenage feelings of invulnerability can also become troublesome, even life-threatening, the *Times* quotes Siegel as saying. It is not uncommon for teenagers who must depend on medication or special diets to suddenly stray from the prescribed regimen or for those who must limit their activities to attempt potentially dangerous actions.

"Health-care providers and family members must both educate chronically ill teens as to risks of experimentation, as well as anticipate and be somewhat tolerant of less-than-ideal behaviors," says Siegel.

**America**

"Peace education, national training in nonviolent defense, transformation of economies dependent on armaments, new respect for the inviolability of human life—such is Robert L. Holmes's moral and practical prescription for building peace in the nuclear age," begins a review of Holmes's most recent book, *On War and Morality."

Yet the book by this professor of philosophy in the College of Arts and Science is no mere exhortation on pacifism, writes the reviewer: Holmes spends most of his study "guiding researchers along the sinuous path of modern thought on war and morality."

The reviewer's conclusion: "Besides grappling with Holmes's formidable claims, readers will find his analyses of St. Augustine, international law, political aggression, and nuclear deterrence as enlightening as they are unorthodox."

**Newsday**

"At a time when the number of big-time college athletic abuses is a disgrace, when the NCAA is meeting to try to fumigate the locker rooms," as sports writer Stan Isaacs puts it, there is an alternative.

Take a gander at that UAA group, he urges. You won't see it in the weekly newspaper listings or in the TV focus on the Top 20, but this athletic league represents "the creme de la creme of American academics."

Isaacs is singing the praises of the University Athletic Association—better known as the UAA—spawned by Rochester's President O'Brien and his peers at NYU and Washington University in St. Louis. Brandeis, Carnegie Mellon, Case Western Reserve, Emory, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Chicago are also members.

"Before the UAA," says NYU Chancellor Jay Oliva, "we had a what-the-hell attitude about whom we played. Now we're in a league of outstanding universities in big cities with airports. We travel a lot, and it's costly. But we regard this as a student activity. We pay for other student activities, why not this?"
Basketball: The Best Division III Team in America

No, it wasn't enough to close the season with the best record in 89 years of Yellowjacket basketball—21-5 in early March with six games to go.

Coach Mike Neer's hoopskeepers kept right on winning, all the way through this year's NCAA Division III championships. (After all, our motto is "Meliora," isn't it?)

The unranked Jackets won the title on March 17 in Springfield, Ohio, edging DePauw University 43-42. Both teams were tenacious in defense and patient on offense, according to Neer. The net result: the lowest scoring championship game in NCAA Division III tournament history.

"I was a little worried about the score," Neer told The New York Times. "It sounded like Gene Hackman in Hoosiers. I was afraid people would think we played in black hightop sneakers and used an old canvas ball."

The outcome was in question until the last two seconds of the game, when guard Adam Petrosky '92 slapped the ball away from a DePauw player. The Tigers' bench wanted a foul called—but officials ruled that Petrosky had hit the ball and nothing else, and the buzzer sounded.

With 13 points and 10 rebounds in the final game, center Chris Fite '93—Sports Illustrated's small-college Player of the Week for March 11-17—was voted the tournament's most outstanding player.

'A Pretty Cohesive Group'

It was toward the end of the basketball season. And the men's varsity was doing very well indeed—on its way to winning the NCAA Division III championships.

For many weeks captain Erik Rausch '90 had been juggling his demanding coursework with games scheduled relentlessly every other day and with practices on the days in between.

"It's a hard schedule," he admitted cheerfully, "but I wouldn't give any of it up for a second."

When students commit themselves to a sport, they know they have to sacrifice personal time to practices and competitions. Basketball is no exception. From October until early March, players divide their time between tough competition and tough class schedules. Do they **really** have time to study too?

You bet, declares Chris Johnson '90. He says that as freshmen, players start learning right away how to organize themselves. It takes some getting used to: Pre-season practices can start as early as 6 a.m., and the team gets few days off.

"You certainly learn how to prioritize yourself," Rausch says.

Before the season starts, head coach Mike Neer and his players try to work out a practice regimen that accommodates everyone's schedule. "It can be tough," Neer says, "but to have a successful program you have to acknowledge outside interests and obligations. It's a real juggling act, but that's part of the fun."

Sometimes the juggling is more than Neer bargains for—as when Johnson decided to spend the spring semester
last year studying in London instead of playing basketball. “It was tough for me as a coach to accept,” Neer admits, “but I knew the opportunity was too good for him to pass up.” Neer juggled his squad, and the Jackets went on to a successful 17-10 1989 season.

The necessity of time-juggling has been turned up a notch or two since Rochester started playing in the UAA. The league takes Yellowjacket teams to far-flung places like Atlanta, New York City, Chicago, and St. Louis. Some players, however, say that some of the best opportunities for a prolonged stretch of studying are on the road—or in the air. And they all will agree that the lure of visits to the bright lights and big cities is one of the attractive perks of squad membership.

Neer thinks the advent of the UAA has done much more than just offer an added attraction to would-be Yellowjackets. “It's true,” he says, “that UAA membership has made a lot of prospective students give us a serious look. But it's also given our players a chance to see more of the world. Education takes many forms, and travel is one of them. And some of our people take advantage of the road trips to look at potential graduate schools or arrange for job interviews.”

Johnson got double duty out of one recent road trip when he stopped by Emory University's law school, where he has now submitted an application. “If we didn't have a game there, I don't know when I would've gotten the chance to visit the school and talk to people about its program,” he says.

Whether it's in practice or on the road, the team spends a lot of time together.

“We're a pretty cohesive group,” says Johnson. “This year especially. There's no selfishness as far as the game is concerned. We know that to win we have to help each other out. We sometimes get criticized for passing the ball too much.”

This cohesive spirit works off the court, too. Johnson says upperclassmen tend to look out for freshmen: “The guys take the newcomers under their wings,” he says. “I know that for me it made all the difference in the transition from high school to college—just knowing someone was willing to help me out when I needed it. It's nice, too, to know you can just call a few people up for a pick-up game anytime.”

“These guys work well together,” Neer confirms. “And a lot of our success has come from that balance. They really like one another, and it shows on the court. They know they can't be bigger than the game—that their total as a team is greater than the sum of their individual parts. Our season has been particularly successful because of their team efforts.”

Winter Sports Wrap-Up

At season's end, along with our championship cagers, three other teams went to the NCAA championships: women's swimming, men's swimming, and women's indoor track and field.

For the year, Rochester won four NCAA championships: In the fall, the Jackets won titles in field hockey, men's soccer, and women's soccer, and in the winter, they claimed the indoor championships in men's track and field.

**Women's basketball**

Forward/guard Michele Wilson '90 was named first-team all-UAA at season's end.

**Men's swimming and diving**

Rob Sczupak '91 qualified for the NCAA Division III men's swimming-and-diving championships. The team finished fourth in the UAA championship meet.

**Women's swimming and diving**

The team finished third in the UAA championships. Seven swimmers went to Williams College in Massachusetts for the NCAA Division III women's swimming-and-diving championships: Monica Farren '92 qualified for eight events, including five relays; Amy Arden '92, Cindy Lather '92, and Sue Mount '90 qualified for five events; Pam Langley '90 and Christina Gilday '92 qualified for two events; Dana Quattrocchi '91 qualified for one event. Farran and Lather also received All-American honorable mentions.

**Men's indoor track and field**

The team finished second in the UAA championships. Dexter Hodge '92 won the 55-meter hurdles in 7.94 seconds.

Five athletes set records for the team this year. Hodge tied the record in the 55-meter hurdles with a 7.82 clocking. Matt Montross '92 cleared 6' 6" in the high jump. Jon Schwab '91 and Dave Flagg '91 tied Flagg's school record of 14' 6" in the pole vault. Graduate student Jim Schwiegering threw the shot put 49' 11 1/2", and Greg Matusic '92 threw the 35-pound weight 46'.

**Women's indoor track and field**

In early March, first-year head coach Barb Hartwig guided the Yellowjackets to a first-place finish at the NCAA indoor championships at the University of Chicago. This was the team's third consecutive UAA championship. Jessica Lyon '92 was named the UAA's outstanding performer at the meet (as she was last year), winning three different events, setting a UAA record in each and breaking two Rochester records. Also, Lyon and Anita Ace '92 competed in the NCAA Division III indoor track-and-field championships at Smith College in Massachusetts in early March.

**Winter Scoreboard**

**Men's basketball**: 27-5 (NCAA Division III champions)

**Women's basketball**: 5-20

**Men's indoor track**: 3-4

**Women's indoor track**: 1-2 (UAA champions)

**Squash**: 9-8

**Men's swimming**: 3-5

**Women's swimming**: 3-1
Dudley Taylor Cornish ’38 is getting a lot of mileage out of the current movie Glory. Back in the ’50s Cornish, now an emeritus professor of history at Pittsburg (Kansas) State University, wrote a book, The Sable Arm, about the black regiments in the Civil War and about the Union’s policies toward them. (The phrase “the sable arm,” he explains, was used by abolitionist Frederick Douglass to describe the black troops who fought in the war.)

A decade later the book was reprinted in paperback, “just in time,” Cornish remembers, “to catch the flood tide of interest in the civil-rights movement.” But in recent years Cornish figured the volume, although described as “a classic,” had gone the way of the dodo.

Then came the release of the film Glory, which focuses on the most famous black regiment in the Civil War, the 54th Massachusetts, and a subsequent phone call from James Fisher, Kansas City Times columnist and “MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour” essayist. “He called me asking if I’d heard about the movie,” Cornish recounts with relish. (You can tell he’s enjoying this.) “He said he wanted to talk with me, and the way he put it was, ‘Since you started the whole thing with your book.’ ” Fisher’s ensuing column in the Times exhorted readers, “You don’t need to see the movie: Read Cornish’s book.”

Then Fisher phoned again and asked if the historian would like to be interviewed for a “MacNeil/Lehrer” essay. “I chuckled over that one for a good half hour. Does a fish like water?” Since the broadcast, which Cornish admits to having enjoyed no end, his publisher has been deluged with orders for copies of The Sable Arm.

Another happy byproduct of his network television debut, says Cornish, has been hearing from Rochester classmates in the celebrated “Blue Ribbon Class of 1938” (all the male members of the class, it is claimed, were either valedictorians or salutatorians of their high-school classes). Cornish was actually an English major at Rochester, but he took several history courses. After stints doing newspaper work, teaching English and history at a community college, and serving in the Army during World War II, he returned to Rochester to begin graduate work in history, which he then finished at the University of Colorado. He taught at Pittsburg State for 35 years.
After devoting so much time to research on the Civil War and the African-American involvement in it, Cornish has some strong reactions to *Glory*.

“I recommend it, but not for its historical accuracy,” he says. “The thing that upsets me most is that it makes exaggerations about that most famous regiment, the 54th Massachusetts. The 54th was absolutely tremendous. It lived in a silver-and-gold aura from the day it was born. You don’t need to exaggerate about it.”

Cornish points out that the 54th, contrary to what *Glory* leads viewers to believe, was not the first black regiment to fight in bloody action.

“The first Union black regiment raised in a Northern state was raised in Kansas: the 1st Kansas Colored Volunteer Infantry,” he says. Before the 54th Massachusetts was even organized, troops in the 1st battalion of that infantry “amazed everybody by standing their ground and turning back a sizable force of Confederates. By the end of the war, the 1st Kansas achieved the dubious record of having lost more combat casualties than any other Kansas regiment.”

Cornish says the film paints an exceptionally harsh portrait of James Montgomery, who commanded the 2nd South Carolina Colored Volunteer Infantry. “The picture of Montgomery is more than a tad overdrawn,” he cautions.

He highly recommends the film nonetheless. “I was sobbing,” he admits. “I liked the great care the special effects people took to make the battle scenes as horribly realistic as possible. Every buttonhole, even, is correct. *Glory* delivers the strong message that black men helped preserve the Union and were willing to give their lives to help free their brothers and sisters in bondage. They accepted the challenge; they seemed hungry for the challenge.

“Now, that is factual.”

David Bell "9GE is one composer who doesn’t have to worry about finding an audience. He estimates, matter-of-factly, that every week as many as 50 million people may be listening to his latest compositions. Of course, he points out, they don’t know it’s his music they’re listening to, and, for that matter, a lot of them don’t realize they’re listening to any music at all.

Bell has found his patron in television, as the man behind the mood on such popular shows as “Murder, She Wrote,” “In the Heat of the Night,” “Simon & Simon,” and “Black’s Magic.” He’s the one whose arresting chords make you flinch when a menacing figure pops up out of the dark, or take notice when Jessica Fletcher picks up on a clue.

A demanding production schedule (Bell also does occasional miniseries) precludes his spending much time perfecting each bar—he usually has less than a week to compose and orchestrate the music for any one show.

“I do most of the writing at home,” he says. “I get a rough cut of the video, and from watching it I try to make the music fit the scene. Then I go to the studio, where we work out the kinks and do the actual recording.”

We asked Bell how a typical studio recording session went, and he obligingly sent us a taped segment from Charles Kuralt’s “Sunday Morning” program of a couple of years ago, showing him at work.

There he is in the studio, wearing his headphones, with an orchestra of about 30 musicians facing him. Bell isn’t looking at them; he is watching the screen above their heads. “It’s like being in a movie theater,” he explains. “The orchestra is watching me, and I’m watching the movie. I try to pay attention to subtle moves that, say, Jessica Fletcher makes. When she raises her eyebrows or makes a significant discovery, the notes have to coincide with that moment, and they have to have the right intensity.”

Seated in an enclosed recording booth behind Bell are the show’s producers. Occasionally they stop him in the middle of a segment to rework the music. He then writes the notes while the orchestra takes a short break. Not until everyone is happy—the producers and Bell—does the actual recording begin.

He estimates that it takes about three hours to record a show that contains from 8 to 10 minutes of music. That averages to a recording time of about three and a half minutes an hour. The whole process from start to finish can take several 16-hour days for just one show.

Usually, Bell says, he alternates between “Murder, She Wrote” and “In the Heat of the Night.” “But I have a hairy week coming up. I have both shows to do.”

It’s usually hectic like this from late August until late May, but he’s not complaining. “It’s a hard business to break into,” he says. “I had a tough couple of years getting started. I was painting houses for a living. Now he and his wife, Cynthia, are enjoying his current success—and remodeling their own home.

Bell doesn’t mind that his name isn’t a household word, either. After all, as Kuralt predicted in that “Sunday Morning” segment: “TV has made his music better known than David Bell—but that’s just for now.”

Pool Shark

River City had trouble, trouble, trouble—remember? With a capital T and that rhymes with P and that stands for Pool?

But then came *The Honeymooners*, and then *The Sting* and *The Color of Money*—and, before you could sink an eight ball in a corner pocket, pool got respectable.

In 1990, it’s billiards, if you please, and it’s booming among Yuppies from Stamford, Connecticut, to upper Manhattan.

Just ask Howard Raphan ’85. Nine to five, he’s an investment adviser for Jonathan Alan & Co. in White Plains, New York. But after hours, he picks up his pool cue and heads for downtown Stamford, to the 9 Ball Billiards Club & Cafe, which he owns and operates with several members of his family.

“The game is very popular in Manhattan right now, and it’s very up and coming in the suburbs where I am. We opened up in September with 25 tables; since then another five clubs have opened up within about a 40-minute drive from here. All of them are large, upscale places that don’t serve alcohol.

“It’s not the old River City.”

So, given that you can’t quaff a beer as you contemplate a shot, what’s the mystique?

“It’s an indoor sport that anybody can play, at any level—young, old, male, female. People can bring their dates or their spouses or their children. It’s like bowling—you don’t have to be an expert to enjoy the game.”

Raphan says he’s no Willie Hoppe himself. He learned to play during his student days, at a River-City-type place next to a bowling alley near Sai’s Birdland. And he spent a lot of time in the rec room at Wilson Commons.

Today, he concedes, he’s become a “halfway decent” player—but in River City, they’d say he played just “swell.”
Meat, Sex, and Power

“Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
to set before the king?
The king was in his counting house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey....”

So goes “Sing a Song of Sixpence,” the nursery rhyme from Mother Goose. Over the years parents by the millions have recited “Sixpence” to their children, perhaps to counter boredom on a rainy day or maybe to soothe them to sleep.

Carol Adams ’72, too, knows the verse—but she doesn’t tell it to her children. Instead, Adams, a feminist, a vegetarian, and a writer, cites the rhyme as part of her research for a recently published book, The Sexual Politics of Meat (Continuum 1990)—a book that explores the connection between vegetarianism and feminism and is very likely, declares one reviewer, “to both inspire and enrage readers across the political spectrum.”

That traditional verse, says Adams, is just one example of the way our culture equates meat-eating with masculinity and virility, and “bread and honey eating”—or vegetarianism—with femininity and weakness.

“People with power have always eaten meat,” she writes. “The aristocracy of Europe consumed large courses filled with every kind of meat. ... Women, second-class citizens, are more likely to eat what are considered to be second-class foods in a patriarchal culture: vegetables, fruits, and grains instead of meat.”

Although Adams became a feminist when she was a sophomore at Rochester (“I lobbied for the first women’s studies courses”), she didn’t change her diet until 1974, when some hunters killed her horse, and she made the connection between it and the hamburger she was eating. “At that point, I quit eating meat and began to see the link between feminism and vegetarianism—I saw things people never see when they’re meat-eaters.”

She also began to research her topic—and found that she was in respected company: Writers such as Anne Tyler, Margaret Atwood, and Mary Shelley have also used woman/meat images in their work. (Shelley’s Creature, Frankenstein, Adams points out, was a vegetarian, confirming “its inherent, original benevolence.”)

It was Adams’s work for a battered-women’s hotline in Dunkirk, New York, that was the final impetus for her book. The words and voices of the women on the hotline brought a flesh-and-blood reality to what she had already learned, she says. “Once we create a society that accepts intolerance or rewards killing animals, we’re creating a level of violence that transfers to humanity as well.”

Although Adams says she didn’t write her book for the express purpose of persuading people not to eat meat, she does say that becoming a vegetarian is one way feminists can reject male control.

“The fact that people eat animals is something they work hard at denying,” she says. “The purpose of this book is to bring some of these issues to light and examine them.”

Helping the Blind ‘See’

If you were blind and your child had the flu, how would you check her temperature? Suppose you were a clerk in a store, how would you know whether your customers were paying you properly if you couldn’t tell a five from a twenty?

It’s obstacles like these that the blind and visually impaired confront every day. At the American Foundation for the Blind (AFB), engineers are engaged in something about these barriers, creating devices that help people tackle the challenges of life without sight: an audible carpenter’s level, for instance (it beeps when the bubble moves to the left or right of the “level” zone); a blood-glucose analyzer that tells of its findings via a synthesized voice; and a currency-identification system that can recognize a bill’s denomination by shining a light through it and reading the density of the ink. And for the mother with the sick baby, AFB engineers have come up with a talking thermometer.

All of these devices have come out of the National Technology Center, a branch of the AFB that in large measure owes its existence to John Crowley ’44. Crowley, who is managing director of Saugatuck Capital, a private risk-capital partnership, in Stamford, Connecticut, has been a member of AFB’s board of trustees since 1963—as president for 13 years and as chairman for the last six. It was under his leadership that the AFB founded the 14-member National Technology Center in 1986.

Crowley is happy to talk about the work of the NTC. “They do more than just create things there. Among other things, they also evaluate existing products to help buyers make wise choices.” Modeled after Consumer Reports, the ratings are available in print, braille, and on tape.

Last fall the AFB gave Crowley its highest honor, the 1989 Migel Medal, recognizing his achievements in improving the lives of the blind and visually impaired.

“I am deeply gratified to have received the award, of course,” he admits. “But the truth is I’ve benefited most from my involvement with AFB through having gotten to know blind people who are incredibly capable, just like you and me.”

Combating Child Abuse

Some years ago, the city of Denver was searching nationwide for a pediatric consultant for its Department of Social Services. Only one candidate applied—and then turned it down because the job was “too depressing.”

The assignment: conducting physicals on suspected victims of childhood neglect and sexual abuse, making medical recommendations, and then testifying in court, as often as 20 times a month.

A tough job, as the saying goes—but, in the words of Hendrika Bestebrurftj Cantwell ’49M, who eventually took it on, “The parents of these children don’t seem to function as well as other parents, and somebody’s got to be in there trying to figure out what to do about them. I think these children deserve the best we can give them.”

During the 14 years she spent on the job (she retired, sort of, last summer to work part time), Cantwell became an international expert on her subject, publishing 13 papers on child neglect and on methods of examining suspected victims of abuse. In 1979, her pamphlet Standards of Child Neglect was cited by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare as one of the most important papers published in the child-protection field, and in 1983, she received the first Brandt F. Steele Award, a national honor given for outstanding contributions in the area of child abuse and neglect.

After achieving all of this—and raising three children of her own—Cantwell has valuable insights to offer parents and anyone else interested in helping the members of the next generation grow up to be strong,
Hendrika Cantwell '49M: “These children deserve the best we can give them.”

humane adults. She delivers her advice in a warm, grandmotherly manner, in a voice still bearing the accent of her native Switzerland.

On spanking: “As a parent, when you’re tired, it’s easier to give a kid a whack on the bottom than to say, ‘Please, can you go up to bed,’ for the 10th time. But let’s be clear about who benefits from this. It doesn’t benefit the child; it benefits the parent. We all probably regress into giving the kids a whack because we lose our tempers. But we should feel slightly ashamed of ourselves, evaluate the situation, and try to do better next time.”

On parents who mistreat their children: “It’s not that these people don’t love their children. It’s that they don’t do the 24-hour-a-day job very well. It’s such a demanding job to be a parent. That’s what these people have trouble with, the organizational competence to make it all work.”

On ways that government can help: “In Ireland, a home visitor paid by the state is assigned to each child as it is born. They keep in touch with that family until the last child goes to school. It helps the parents get over the rough spots. . . . It would save so much money. The kids that end up with the most problems, I think, are those who’ve been severely neglected. They become expensive progressively as they get older.”

Then again, she says, thinking out loud, she has a better idea. “I think that it would be nice if everybody could have an assigned ‘ear’—she pauses for a smile at the thought—‘someone who has had children, someone whom you could call anytime you wanted, who would listen to you and say, ‘Oh, I never ran into that, that sounds pretty serious, you might want to check with the doctor.’

“Everybody needs someone like that. It would be nice, don’t you think?”

The Spirit of the Law

Even if you’re not a lawyer, you’ll probably get some chuckles—and if you are one, some hearty guffaws—out of Ronald Brown’s new book. Or maybe it’s the other way around. 

Juris-Jocular: An Anthology of Modern American Legal Humor is a collection of, as he describes it, “the best satires on the legal profession written over the past 40 to 50 years, from William Prosser to Art Buchwald.”

A member of the Class of ’66 and an attorney himself (a graduate of Harvard Law School and now law librarian at NYU), Brown has three previous (perfectly sober) books to his credit, two of them on matrimonial law and another on the papers of Benjamin F. Butler. The new volume, published by Fred B. Rothman and Company, Littleton, Colorado, is his first venture into the lighter side of the profession.

Among the collected satires between its covers are the “New (Legal) Devil’s Dictionary,” an analysis of “Tax Shelters for the Poor,” and the very helpful “Der Gegenverkehr des Wasserniedersinkens.”

For scholars, there’s “The Infernal Footnote,” written by Charles Maher, which begins, “*Countless law students and legal researchers have been afflicted with Ping-Pong Ocular Syndrome, * and several with Brightoncliffe’s Phenomenon, * because of the apparently incurable addiction of legal writers to the footnote.”

In the area of civil law, Art Buchwald offers a few uncivil comments in his Commencement Day address at Catholic University’s Columbus School of Law: “It is an honorable calling that you have chosen. Some of you will soon be defending poor, helpless insurance companies who are constantly being sued by greedy widows and orphans trying to collect on their policies. Others will work tirelessly to protect frightened, beleaguered oil companies who are being attacked by wicked and depraved antitrust officials.”

For all those defenders of poor, helpless insurance companies—and for any other lawyerly types—this book is, as they say, a party of the first part.

Contributed by Nancy Barre, Kathleen Ferguson Chapman, Denise Bolger Kovnat, Wendy Levin Rudman, and Kirsten Van Ostrand
RIVER CAMPUS

Career Moves

Lester Nichols ’56, named head, interdisciplinary technology office, NASA’s Lewis Research Center, Cleveland, responsible for directing interdisciplinary technology projects.

Donald Dudziak ’57G, appointed head, Department of Nuclear Engineering, North Carolina State University.

Bill Olney ’57, appointed general counsel, Peter J. Schmitt Co.

Russell West ’57, named senior v.p., trust department, Bank One, Youngstown, Ohio.

Arnold Schliangar ’64, named v.p. and managing director of marketing, The Brookhill Group, a New York City-based nationwide real-estate investment and management firm.


George Goodridge ’67, former senior operations counsel with Emhart Corp., joined Hartford law firm of Reid & Riege, leading its environmental practice group.

Lee Williams ’67, appointed executive v.p., Country Curtains, Stockbridge, Mass., responsible for long-range planning of the company’s mail order and retail business.

David Mack ’69, appointed president and publisher, Democrat and Chronicle and Times-Union, Rochester.

Stephen Sackmary ’69, promoted to plant manager, Sundstrand Electronic Systems Operations, Phoenix.

Maureen Vigilanti Katinas ’70, appointed director, business systems analysis, CBS, Inc.

Marigrace Bellert ’71G, appointed liberal-arts program director, Warren Wilson College.

Bail Hartzberg Watson ’71, appointed administrative law judge for the State of New York.

Spencer A. McWilliams ’72G, appointed v.p. for academic affairs and dean of the college, Warren Wilson College, Swannanoa, N.C.

Michael Durham ’73, elected senior v.p. of finance and chief financial officer, American Airlines.

Frank Martin ’73G, named partner, The Procorp Group, management consulting business with offices in California, Indiana, and Texas.


Peter Durant ’75G, named partner in the law practice of Nixon, Hargrave, Devans, & Doyle, Rochester.

Lyman Bakamjian ’76, appointed executive director, World Federation of Health Agencies for the Advancement of Voluntary Surgical Contraception.

Sister Clarisse Correia ’76G, appointed acting president of Laflourke College, Boston.

Robert Evangelisti ’76, promoted to manager of health, safety, and environmental quality, Texicon Oil & Gas Company, Houston.


Gary Connors ’77G, named director of corporate business development, Bausch & Lomb, Rochester.

Jeffrey Taylor ’78, appointed assistant district attorney, Ontario County, N.Y.


Cesar Silva ’79G, ‘84G, promoted to associate professor of mathematics, with tenure, Williams College.

Stuart Fuller ’79, ‘81G, appointed brand manager, Benson & Hedges, Philip Morris Company U.S.A.

Harvey Winner ’79, named medical director, vascular laboratory, Holmes Regional Medical Center, Melbourne, Fla.

J. Robert Witmer ’85, joined the law practice of Hecker, Brown, Sherry, & Johnson, Philadelphia.

Catherine Wilson ’52, appointed executive director, Bureau of Programs, U.S. Information Agency, received $10,000 Presidential Rank Award by President Bush, recognizing outstanding leadership in planning and implementing imaginative, comprehensive, public diplomacy strategies to support U.S. policy initiatives.

Michael Schneider ’59, deputy associate director, Bureau of Programs, U.S. Information Agency, awarded $10,000 Presidential Rank Award by President Bush, recognizing outstanding leadership in planning and implementing imaginative, comprehensive, public diplomacy strategies to support U.S. policy initiatives.

Irene Duckworth Hecht ’61G, president, Wells College, elected to board of directors, Association of Colleges and Universities of the State of New York.


Mukul Saxena ’86G, joined GE Research and Development Center, Schenectady, N.Y., as mechanical engineer.

Edmund Luzine ’89G, joined Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Amsterdam, N.Y.

Bill Schatten ’89, appointed account coordinator, Keyes Martin Public Relations, Springfield, N.J.

Honors/Elections

Catherine Wilson Joynson ’52, technical specialist, GE Research and Development Center, awarded fifth prize in electron micrography category of Polaroid’s 1989 International Instant Photomicrography Competition.

Robert Kirkwood ’56G, awarded honorary Doctor of Humane Letters by the State University of New York and by Richard Stockton State College of New Jersey; also awarded honorary Doctor of Laws, St. Johns University, Jamaica.

George Hoerner, Jr. ’58G, named fellow of American Institute of Chemical Engineers, for his educational accomplishments in design, process dynamics, and unit operations.

Mukul Saxena ’86G, joined GE Research and Development Center, Schenectady, N.Y., as mechanical engineer.

Edmund Luzine ’89G, joined Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Amsterdam, N.Y.

Bill Schatten ’89, appointed account coordinator, Keyes Martin Public Relations, Springfield, N.J.

Honors/Elections

Catherine Wilson Joynson ’52, technical specialist, GE Research and Development Center, awarded fifth prize in electron micrography category of Polaroid’s 1989 International Instant Photomicrography Competition.

Robert Kirkwood ’56G, awarded honorary Doctor of Humane Letters by the State University of New York and by Richard Stockton State College of New Jersey; also awarded honorary Doctor of Laws, St. Johns University, Jamaica.

George Hoerner, Jr. ’58G, named fellow of American Institute of Chemical Engineers, for his educational accomplishments in design, process dynamics, and unit operations.

Michael Schneider ’59, deputy associate director, Bureau of Programs, U.S. Information Agency, awarded $10,000 Presidential Rank Award by President Bush, recognizing outstanding leadership in planning and implementing imaginative, comprehensive, public diplomacy strategies to support U.S. policy initiatives.

Irene Duckworth Hecht ’61G, president, Wells College, elected to board of directors, Association of Colleges and Universities of the State of New York.


Dennis Beer ’69, associate professor of medicine, Boston University School of Medicine, awarded $35,000 Career Investigator
Award by American Lung Association. He will use the award to study mechanisms by which lymphocytes are accumulated in the lung.

**Ronald Beanblossom** '70G, '71G, chairman, Department of Philosophy and Religion, Ohio Northern University, named to the Sara A. Ridenour Chair of Humanities for 1989-90 academic year.

**Glenn Friar** '73, chief of advanced technology, Watervliet Arsenal's Benet Laboratories, awarded President’s Disabled Federal Employee of the Year Award, presented by First Lady Barbara Bush.

**Jack Hershman** '77, named fellow of the American College of Physicians. He is an assistant attending physician in the department of surgery, division of urology, at Phelps Memorial Hospital Center in North Tarrytown, N.Y., and a physician in private practice.

**Shawn Call** '84, awarded Navy Commendation Medal for meritorious service as staff commander of the amphibious Squadron Two. He is attending naval postgraduate school in Monterey, Calif.

**Nancy Kaczynski** '88, received predoctoral fellowship from the National Institute of Mental Health, psychiatric epidemiology program, University of Pittsburgh.


**Stuart Schneider** '69, author, *Protecting Constitutional Freedoms: A Role for Federal Courts*, Greenwood Press, 1989. He is a prosecutor and associate dean at Syracuse University College of Law.


**Zachary Auslander** '86, co-author, *Quick Reference for WordPerfect 5.0*, Dictation Disc Company.

**EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

**Career Moves**

**Victor Klimash** '66E, '68GE, appointed artistic director and conductor, Music Society of Midland (Mich.) Center for the Arts.

**Nuewwl Brown** '67GE, named chairman, composition division, University of North Texas.

**Performances/Recordings**

**Gardner Read** '36E, '37GE, composer, compact disc *Gardner Read: Works for Organ*, recorded and released on Northeastern Records label.

**Frank York** '48GE, artistic director, Park Ridge Fine Arts Society and Symphony, conducted at the annual symphony ball in November. He will conduct his 27th summer concert series with the symphony this summer.

**Barbara Ferrell Hill** '50RC, '53GE, associate professor of music at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, performed works by J. S. Bach, on synthesizer, at the school in January.


**Richard Willis** '51GE, '65GE, composer, *Five Dialogues for Violin and Piano* performed at Baylor in November 1989. His *Colloquy*, for woodwind quintet with percussion, was performed by the Bakersfield (Calif.) Symphony in November. His *Concert-piece* for viola and piano was performed at Baylor in January. His newest work, *Irregular Resolution*, for wind sextet with percussion, was premiered at Baylor in April.

**James Willey** '61GE, '63GE, '72GE, composer, *Hymnal* (1988), performed by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra under David Zinman. His *Sad Songs and Chilling Harmonies* (1989) was performed at the

**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
Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, D.C. He received a commission for his sixth string quartet from the South Mountain Association to premier in a performance by the Audubon Quartet this summer.

Thom George '64GE, '68GE, music director and conductor of the Idaho State Civic Symphony, was guest conductor of the Idaho Falls Symphony in February.

Jeffrey Showell '74, '76G, principal violinist of the Tucson Symphony, presented a recital at the University of Idaho, Lionel Hampton School of Music, in January.

Neil Rutman '77GE, pianist, performed Rameau's Les Cyclopes, L'Enharmonique, Les Trois Mains, and Sarabande at the Soirées Musicales of the Dayton (Ohio) Art Institute, in January.

Akmal Parwez '81GE, bass-baritone soloist and keyboardist, recorded Ghazals (Urdu and Persian Romantic Verse) Vol. 1, Kafigan (Mystic Poems) and Punjabi (Folk and Devotional Songs), and Shabad Guru Vol. 1 (Sikh Devotional Songs), Tamarind Tones Music Productions, 1989. His Song of the Reed for solo flute was performed in November at the University of Wisconsin-Platteville's New Music Festival.

Books Published


Patricia Well King '56E, author, Concoctions, a book of piano music, Neil A. Kjos Music Company. She is faculty chair of the Dorothy Taubman School of Piano and has an independent piano studio with a computer lab.


Honors

Sister Theophane Hytrek '57GE, organist and composer on the Alverno College faculty, awarded the 1990 Berakah Award, North American Academy of Liturgy, its first award for outstanding work in liturgical music.

Craig Harris '83GE, '86GE, awarded a $10,000 creative residency from the Banff Centre for the Arts' media arts program.

Gary Press '88E, received $1,000 award at the Pasadena (Calif.) Instrumental Competition for his performance on tuba.

Eileen Strempel '88E, selected regional winner of the 1990 MacCallister International Vocal Competition. She is in her second consecutive season with Opera Theatre of St. Louis.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY

Career Moves

W. V. (Buzz) Williamson '56RC, '64R, appointed visiting professor of orthodontics, Kanagawa Dental College, Yokosuka, Japan. He is in private practice in Newport Beach, Calif.

James Bartlett '57R, professor of psychiatry at the University Medical Center, named dean of the Faculty of Health Sciences and acting rector, the Aga Khan University, Karachi, Pakistan.

Ken Schlesinger '77RC, '84M, anesthesiologist, joined the staffs of Roper Hospital and Bon-Secours-St. Francis Xavier Hospital in Charleston, S.C.

Cheryl Walters '81M, assistant professor of medicine, Cornell University Medical College, appointed associate editor, Journal of the American Geriatrics Society.

Richard Kinder '83R, joined the medical staff of Leesburg Regional Medical Center as an emergency department physician.

David Hicks '84M, named assistant professor, Department of Pathology and Laboratory Medicine, surgical pathology division, Strong Memorial Hospital, as of July 1.

Books_published

Richard Isay '61M, author, Being Homosexual: Gay Men and Their Development, Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 1989. He is a clinical professor of psychiatry at Cornell Medical College.

Honors/Elections

Robert Demuth '59M, elected president, American Association for Hand Surgery. He is an associate professor at the University of Oregon at Portland.

Charlotte Hawkins '80M, elected v.p., medical staff, Cortland (NY) Memorial Hospital.

SCHOOL OF NURSING

Career Moves

Rosemary Brinkman Nachtwy '49N, named director, quality assurance/utilization, Clarion (Pa.) Psychiatric Center.

Robin Higley '87GN, appointed director of quality support services, Community Hospital of Schenectady County (N.Y.), Inc.

Christine Coburn '80N, promoted to ECMO coordinator, Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, in charge of planning, implementing, and managing an extracorporeal life support department.

Honors

Francine Donaruma McCarthy '59N, named salesperson of the year for service sales, Rochester Professional Association, Greater Rochester Chamber of Commerce. She is a real estate broker with Caldwell Banker First American Real Estate.
LETTERS
(continued from inside front cover)

Trivializing?

I read with dismay your article about Mary Sojourner '750 (“Sojourner’s Truth,” Winter-Spring 1990). Luckily, you were able to report, she has returned to us from her former position of mental illness. What am I to make of your emphasis on all things falling apart? And yet this dynamo managed to raise all those kids, get an education, a career, and then developed a new career as a writer.

There is small mention of the fact that Ms. Sojourner “taught radical new college courses on sex roles.” For your information, those courses (Behavioral Analysis of Women’s Roles, Women and Therapy, Death and Dying, Men in Transition) were taught at Rochester for a number of years. They contained important innovations in teaching, and were highly regarded. Ms. Sojourner also facilitated workshops on the same topics for University College designed to help older women students re-enter college by emphasizing the development of problem-solving and speaking skills. Your article trivializes Sojourner’s hard, real work. For shame!

Barbara Fox
Rochester

The intent of the article was to show Sojourner’s hard, real, work in embarking on—and succeeding in—a new career. We are pleased to publish the additional information on her earlier accomplishments—Editor.

Tripling Up

Rochester Review is a fine magazine. No doubt much of it is worth reading three times, but we can read the same copy three times.

W. Allen Wallis
Washington, D.C.

The Review is always happy to hear from the University’s distinguished former chancellor and professor emeritus of economics and statistics, even when he is pointing out that our computerized mailing lists have overreached him with three subscriptions to the publication. We print his letter as a way of reminding others in a similar state of redundancy that we’ll be happy to rectify the situation. Just, please, send along copies of each of the mailing labels so we can track ‘em down—Editor.

Volunteer a little money.

It will go a lot further than you think.

In recent months, we have been bringing you what we think is a livelier, more readable, better University of Rochester magazine. We want to continue that improvement (we have lots of ideas we haven’t even used yet), but we need your help to do so. Even a modest gift—say $10 or $15 from each of you, our loyal readers—will go a long way toward reaching that goal.

Support your favorite university magazine. Send money. And accept our heartfelt thanks.

Voluntary Subscription to Rochester Review

Enclosed is my tax-deductible voluntary subscription.
Name __________________________
Address _________________________

☐ Alumnus/a ☐ Class _______ ☐ Parent ☐ Friend
Amount enclosed $ ___________

A voluntary subscription is just that—purely voluntary. A subscription to the Review is a service given to Rochester alumni, parents of current students, and friends of the University.

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

PRESIDENT
(continued from page 2)

should not be an additive phenomenon: 32 courses and pass Go. Undergraduate education needs to have a dramatic line from freshman introduction to senior capstone. (Graduate education clearly has such a dramatic line from prelims to comps to thesis.)

The administrative structure of the college will preserve the strengths of the College of Arts and Science: one faculty, one dean. It would be against the historical grain and good sense to create separate faculties for undergraduates and graduates; Dean Jack Kampmeier will serve both as dean for Arts and Science and as dean of the College of the University. The faculty have already set up three commissions to establish the curricular, support service, and enrollment objectives that should be established for the college. The

the fall of 1990. Even at this early stage the suggestions for change in the college are striking: a broader use of the Ventures program in the freshman year (an integrated set of courses on a great theme or topic); a senior “capstone,” a major senior project.

Confucius said that the most important thing for a new ruler to accomplish is to “rectify the names.” I think that the establishment of the college is a proper rectification. The University of Rochester is what it is: a nationally significant research and professional university. Rectifying the names is not an exercise in nostalgia to bring back the pleasant days of David Jayne Hill (Rochester president 1889–1896), it is the re-creation of the college within the multiple strengths and possibilities which only a great graduate university can offer. I believe that the college is the right thing at the right time for the right reasons. As the fax machines say: “More to follow. . . .”

Dennis O’Brien
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 matterers (as they become available) on any of the trips announced, contact Agnes M. Borcek, Fairbank Alumni House, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627, (716) 275-0997.

Russia: Pathways of Peter the Great—June 12–25
Moscow and Leningrad, with 7 nights aboard MS Surkov for cruise of Neva and Svir rivers, Lakes Onega and Ladoga, including visits to Kizhi Island, Petrozavodsk, and Valaam Island, plus 2 nights in Berlin. This “white nights” cruise includes a visit to Karelia in northwestern Russia, newly opened to Westerners. Educational and cultural lectures on route by Rochester history professor Brenda Meehan-Waters, director of the Russian Studies Program. $3,995–$3,550 from NYC. Group fares from Rochester.

Alaska, Cruise and Land—July 12–23
Fairbanks (2 nights), Denali (1), Anchorage (2), Pacific Princess—the “Love Boat” (7). Land includes reserved dome cars on Midnight Sun Express. Cruise from Whittier to Vancouver includes Glacier Bay, College Fjord and Glacier, Skagway, Juneau, and Ketchikan. Wilderness, wildlife, ice, and the Inside Passage through the Tongas Forest. $2,795–$3,995 Fairbanks to Vancouver. Low air add-ons, e.g., $395 from Rochester or NYC.

Jewels of the Alps—August 16–28
Four-country journey through Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, and West Germany with 3 nights in Lugano, 2 in Lucerne, 3 in Innsbruck, and 3 in Munich. Includes Alpine journey in domed car on the William Tell Express, paddle wheel steamer across Lake Lucerne, and optional excursion to Oberammergau for the once-in-a-decade Passion Play. $3,495 from NYC; other gateways available.

London, Seine, and Paris—September 2–14

South Pacific—October 17–November 3
Two-week holiday to New Zealand and Australia includes Auckland (2 nights), Queenstown (3), Mount Cook (1), Christchurch (1), Sydney (3), and Cairns (Great Barrier Reef) (5), with optional extension to Hawaii. $4,225 from Rochester. Similar prices from other cities.

Upper Amazon—October 24–November 4
Lima (2 nights), Iquitos to Manaus aboard MS World Discoverer (8), Manaus (1). Landings for jungle hikes, visits to Indian villages, and exploration of small tributaries and streams. Experience the flora and fauna of the world’s most immense rain forest, and learn first hand of the potential for devastation by humankind. An expedition with expert naturalists and tour direction, and the finest in shipboard amenities. From $3,990, plus air.

Rochester Review/Summer 1990

---

Classified Information

Rentals:

Copper Mountain, Colorado. Enjoy a Rocky Mt. summer. Fully equipped 1-bedroom condo. Activities include golf, rafting, fishing, hiking. Hot tub. Hoffer ’67M, (303) 399-8190.

Martha’s Vineyard. New 3-bedroom, 2-bath, beautifully furnished, all amenities, W. Tisbury Beach access, ferry tickets. Koep 78, (201) 835-4916.


---

Moving? Making News?

Name ________________________
Address ______________________

☐ Alumnus/a ☐ Parent ☐ Friend
☐ New address, effective date

(please enclose present address label)

My comment and/or news
(for Alumni Milestones/Alumnotes):

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

A Seiko Quartz timepiece featuring a richly detailed three-dimensional re-creation of the University Seal, finished in 14 kt. gold.
Electronic quartz movement guaranteed accurate to within fifteen seconds per month.

The men’s and ladies’ leather strap wrist watches are $200 each; and the pocket watch with matching chain is $230. Shipping and handling is $5.75 per watch. On shipments to Pennsylvania, add 6% state sales tax.

A convenient interest-free payment plan is available through the distributor, Wayneco Enterprises, with five equal monthly payments per watch (shipping and handling and full Pennsylvania sales tax, if applicable, is added to the first payment).

To order by American Express, MasterCard or Visa, please call toll free 1-800-523-0124. (Pennsylvania residents only call 1-800-367-5248). All callers should ask for operator 6321. Calls are accepted Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Eastern Time. To order by mail, write to: University of Rochester Alumni Association, c/o P.O. Box 511, Wayne, PA 19087 and include check or money order, made payable to “Official Rochester Watch”. Credit card orders can also be sent by mail — please include full account number and expiration date. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

CAKE NOW
FROSTING LATER

CAKE = Tax Deduction Now
FROSTING = Lifetime Income (one life or two) at age you choose for retirement

EXAMPLE: Tom and Nancy, both age 55, are in their peak earning years. Their goals are current income tax deduction, a major gift to the University of Rochester, and retirement income beginning at age 65.
They accomplish their goals by funding a deferred charitable gift annuity with $25,000 cash. They might also fund the gift with appreciated stock.

Unlike other retirement options affected by the Tax Act of 1986, there is no limit on the amount that can be invested.
Tom and Nancy plan to make a similar contribution each year until retirement.

HOW? A DEFERRED Charitable Gift Annuity

RESULTS: 
* Immediate charitable deduction of $16,680
* A guaranteed annual payment of $2,625, beginning at age 65, to Tom, and then to Nancy, should she survive him
*$331 of annuity payment is tax free
* A charitable objective is accomplished

To discuss a plan to fit your objectives, call Jack Kreckel or John Braund in the Office of Planned Giving, 1-800-635-4672 toll free, or 716-275-5171.
**CAROLINE DAVIS**

**STOESSINGER ’60GE**

**1990: The Divine Impresario**

An old friend of Caroline Stoessinger’s was in New York City recently and dropped by for a chat. The visitor found her, phone in ear, deftly handling a flurry of calls.

“Who was that?” the friend asked during a brief respite.

“Oh, that was Paul Newman.”

Newman, it seems, had just agreed to participate in a program Stoessinger was arranging at New York’s Cathedral of St. John the Divine—an evening that was to pay tribute (in person) to Czechoslovakia’s new president, Vaclav Havel. In the next few minutes, Stoessinger chatted with a bunch of other luminaries involved in the program, among them Placido Domingo, who wanted to let her know that he would sing religious rather than secular music because of the cathedral setting.

Such conversations are all in a day’s work for Stoessinger, founder and artistic director of the nationally celebrated Cathedral Free Concert Society. Through this series of more than 60 free concerts annually, and in her other work as a lecturer and performer (she is also a highly respected pianist), she strives to make classical music accessible to all kinds of people.

“It’s always been my dream to bring great music to the masses,” she says. “I always marvel that rock promoters can bring out thousands and thousands of kids to hear a performer no one has ever heard of. Why can’t we do that with Beethoven?”

About 10 years ago, this Eastman graduate decided to try just that. The dean of the New York cathedral proposed that the neo-Gothic landmark would be just the spot for a free public concert, and he proposed to Stoessinger that she put it together. Many other people assured her the idea would never fly.

But Stoessinger’s impulse has always been to act on the belief that few things are really impossible. Accordingly, with no budget and “no help with publicity, no sound system, just nothing,” she nevertheless charmed Viennese pianist Paul Badura-Skoda into presenting his first U.S. concert in many moons—gratis. Some 3,000 enthralled listeners showed up. “How they heard about it, I’ll never know,” she says. “But it shows there was something right about the idea.”

The free concert series that grew out of that first impromptu event attracts not only New Yorkers but people from around the world, thousands of them at a time, and a “phenomenal mix,” says Stoessinger. In recent years, the series has presented more than 50 New York premieres and seven world premieres. Artists as celebrated as Leonard Bernstein and Fredericka von Stade have performed, as well as younger emerging musicians.

To entice both the sophisticated and the uninitiated to the concerts, Stoessinger offers programs unlike anything you’ll hear at Carnegie Hall or Lincoln Center. She frequently talks informally with her audiences about the featured works and their composers. Other programs focus on contemporary social and political issues, with guest speakers sharing the podium with the musicians—all of them offering interpretations of the theme of the evening, which could be anything from disarmament, homelessness, or the environment to the genocide in Armenia or apartheid in South Africa.

As impresario, Stoessinger also organizes benefit concerts for the United Nations, Amnesty International, the International Rescue Committee, and numerous others.

But she emphasizes that the role she loves most is as a musician. “I have worn many hats in my life, but my first and foremost identity is as a pianist,” she says firmly. She plays frequently at the cathedral and has appeared with orchestras, chamber music groups, and in recitals throughout the world. You may have heard her yourself, if you saw Woody Allen’s *Hannah and Her Sisters:* Stoessinger played the background music. And she appears as performer and lecturer at events sponsored by major corporations and a variety of other organizations.

“Fifteen or 20 years ago, I would have been criticized for what I do,” she says. “The word ‘popularizer’ was a nasty term then. Now it’s not so true. Now you can afford to be unconventional.”

**1960: ‘Why Not the Best?’**

If you mention to Caroline Stoessinger that you can’t find her in the 1960 volume of *Score,* the Eastman School’s yearbook, she expresses no surprise. “I was pretty unconventional back then, too,” she explains.

An emigrant from the Ozark Mountains in Missouri via four undergraduate years at Barnard (“to suddenly be with students who lived sophisticated lives was like landing in upper Szechwan and not speaking Chinese”), Stoessinger remembers a tremendous need to prove herself in her student years. She also recalls that she had no sense of limitations: “Sometimes it’s better when you don’t know what can’t be done.”

Emily Van Voorhis Harris, a friend from when Stoessinger was earning her master’s at Eastman, remembers that Caroline started early arranging musical events—including Harris’s wedding:

“The organ in the church was an electronic disaster,” recalls Harris. “I asked her, ‘What shall we do with this terrible sound?’ Caroline decided it would be good to have an oboist since a lot of good music had been written for the oboe and it would help the organ sound a little better. When I asked her whom we should ask, she said, ‘Well, why not the best?’”

So Stoessinger, who has since made a career of asking the world’s top artists to perform for her, invited the Rochester Philharmonic’s principal oboist, Eastman faculty member Robert Sprengle, to play for the wedding.

She was right—backed by Sprengle’s artistry, the “electronic disaster” sounded just fine.

Kathleen Ferguson Chapman
SWEATSHIRTS - 50% acrylic-50% cotton. Rib-knit crewneck, cuffs, and waistband. Long raglan sleeves. Hooded sweatshirt also has pouch pocket and double-thick hood with drawstring. Gray with navy seal or navy with gold seal. S-M-L-XL (sizes run small).

- Crewneck 18.98
- Hooded 24.98

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER SCARF - 100% silk, square scarf with navy border and inner “Rochester” navy border. Navy Meliora shield design in opposite corners.

- 33.98

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER PHOTO BOOK - 9 1/2 x 12”, first edition, 112 pages. Color photographs by Ira Block as well as selections from the photographic archives.

- 42.75

THE ROCHESTER CHAIR - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocker 220.00

THE ROCHESTER TIE - 100% silk navy tie with multicolor University of Rochester imprint in fine detail.

- 29.98

THE ROCHSTER SCARF - A traditional favorite made of select northern hardwoods. Chair (black with cherry arms shown) 220.00
- Pine chair 220.00
- Rocker (black with cherry arms) 220.00
- Pine rocked 220.00
Cut and dried: If you’re in the market for a publicity photo, you want to make sure it’s one that grabs attention. Okay, now you know that our photographer didn’t exactly just happen on this little lineup in the Welles-Brown Room. They’re this year’s Poster Children for the River Campus music department, identified left to right as Justin Ho Wim ’89, Todd Tanis ’92, and grad students Dan Ford, Brian Patrick, and Scott Rigby. Together they form an ensemble that goes by the name of The Patented Blend A Cappella Quintet, self-described as “a group of five previously unacquainted students who got together one day and decided, Let’s sing!”