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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.

Friends in Need

Thank you for your excellent story on Compeer, “Friends in Need,” in the Fall 1990 issue of Rochester Review.

The comments of the featured volunteers and clients well expressed the true sentiments and strong commitment of all our Compeer volunteers and their friends. I appreciate your great sensitivity to the vulnerable population we serve, and hope that as a result of your article your readers will have a better understanding of mental illness and of our Compeer program.

Bernice W. Skirboll ’79G

Rochester

Skirboll is executive director of Compeer, a national nonprofit agency that matches trained volunteers with mentally and emotionally handicapped people who need their friendship—Editor.

A Monster by Any Other Name

Recently, World Features Syndicate informed its readers that the Monster’s name in Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein was “Adam.” In your report on my recently published book, The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory [Rochester Review, Summer 1990], you told your readers that the Monster’s name was “Frankenstein.” In this, you side with the current Ghostbuster model of the Monster available in toy stores. But whom shall we believe?

In fact, the Monster was given no name by Shelley. When Frankenstein was dramatized for the stage shortly after its publication, it was the custom to place a blank line next to the name of the actor who played the part of the Monster. Of this tradition, Shelley wrote, “This nameless mode of naming the unnameable is rather good.” I hope you’ll inform your readers that your naming of the unnameable was—what shall we say?—a monstrous mistake.

Carol J. Adams ’72

Richardson, Texas

What it was, was a monstrous oversight. We knew better than to fall into the trap of misnaming “the unnameable,” but we did it anyhow. Maybe Shelley should have named him “Adam”—Editor.

Written with a Smile

Ever since I graduated from the University in 1914, I have had a positive outlook on life that has stood me well over the years. This includes military service in both world wars and a 60-year marriage that produced three sons, four grandsons, and 12 great-grandchildren.

Over the years there have been many times that communication by letters has been important and I frequently find that I want to express the idea that a particular sentence was written with a feeling of a smile. For this reason, I have invented a punctuation mark that is like a “)” lying down to look like this “ )”.

I have tried many times to get general acceptance of this sign because it has been so useful to my family and friends, and I think the world would be a little happier if this symbol were included on typing keyboards.

Now in my 99th year, I am trying again in the hope that the Rochester Review might give this idea a boost.

Carleton K. Lewis ’14

Port Charlotte, Florida

We’d be happy to add one to our keyboard. We can think of more than one occasion when something that we intended to evoke a “)” got received on the other end with a huffy “)” —Editor.

Champion Connections

Your article “Basketball: The Best Division III Team in America,” Summer 1990, was accompanied by a photograph that had also appeared on the front page of the Democrat & Chronicle the morning after the team won the national championship. The enthusiastic young man featured in the photo was unidentified in the D & C, which was understandable as he was meant to epitomize the feeling of the team at that moment.

However, in the Rochester Review I felt the alumni would appreciate knowing that the basketball player so featured has a multitude of alumni connections. Matthew Parrinello ’93 is the son of John ’60 and Diane Davies Parrinello ’61; the brother of Gregory ’85, ’87G and Timothy ’91; the brother-in-law of Monica Stevenson Parrinello ’88; and the nephew of [Yellowjacket football coach] Richard ’72 and Kathleen Mulholland Parrinello ’75N.

Diane Davies Parrinello ’61

Rochester, New York

We’re happy to give appropriate credit to a member of such a well-connected alumni family. For a (properly identified) photo of another member of the clan currently in the news—Kathleen Parrinello—see page 44—Editor.

Nurses, Keep It Coming

The letter in the Fall issue (“Nurses, Where Are You?”) was right on target. It takes only a few minutes to share what we are doing. I’m proud to share the attached photo. Thanks for making it so easy.

Virginia Pochopin Hens ’59N

East Aurora, New York

Hens has received the 1990 Anita Dorr Award from the New York State Emergency Nurses Association “for outstanding contributions to Emergency Nursing.” Great! That’s what we like to hear. We’re publishing her letter as a way of reminding the rest of you to keep the news coming—Editor.
Who's the Girl in the Glass Slippers? 18
by Denise Bolger Kovnat
Like the pumpkin coach in the Disney cartoon, the Cinderella theme materializes unexpectedly in the most unlikely places, from the Bible to the funny papers to thoroughly modern movies.

Recommended by Mom and Dad 14
by the Moms and Dads of '94
Granted the aim of the exercise was to get the kid into college, not blackballed. Nonetheless the parents of freshman-class applicants had some telling things to say about their sons and daughters.

Who's the Girl in the Glass Slippers? 18
by Denise Bolger Kovnat
Like the pumpkin coach in the Disney cartoon, the Cinderella theme materializes unexpectedly in the most unlikely places, from the Bible to the funny papers to thoroughly modern movies.

Amy Schecter's Cast of Thousands 24
by Jeremy Schlosberg
At any given time on the island of Manhattan there may be more than a hundred officially listed theatrical productions in progress—on Broadway, off-Broadway, and off-off Broadway. Chances are casting director Amy Schecter '75 will have seen them all.
The Difference of Diversity

I had the privilege of being the chair of an accreditation team at Bryn Mawr College in the fall of 1988. The most vexing issue on the campus by all reports was “diversity.” Having read all the studies and spent several days on the campus, it struck me that the search for “diversity” was seriously misleading. For many years, Bryn Mawr has had an enviable record of admitting foreign students. I have seldom seen a more “diverse” student body. Students in significant numbers were there from every continent, race, and religion. Buddhists could argue with Sabras from Israel; Brazilians encountered mainland Chinese at the lunch counter. What were under-represented at Bryn Mawr—as at most selective colleges—were American citizens of African descent. I am not certain that Bryn Mawr needed more worldwide diversity; it did need (and want) more American citizens of color.

Anyone who has participated in “diversity” discussions on any university campus knows that the issue centers on African-Americans. An administrator who pointed to the large cadre of Pacific rim and Middle Eastern graduate students as a proof of institutional diversity would be accused of frivolity on a serious issue. If there is a campus concern on this issue it might be for less diversity—more genuine American Ph.D. candidates; fewer Asian teaching assistants who, supposedly, cannot be understood by American freshmen.

The only other major constituencies included in the current “diversity” debate are Hispanics—and at even further remove, Native Americans. If Hispanics are part of “the diverse,” one needs to recognize immediately the difference in Hispanic diversity. Hispanics have certainly shared much of the economic and social deprivation of the African-American population. Most Hispanic students come from Caribbean and Central American cultures which have been routinely ignored in the curriculum of most universities and colleges. Nevertheless, in a university culture “Hispanicism” seems to me to present a significantly different challenge.

Spanish is, after all, a major European language. In so far as the university is a distinctly European invention—and it is—Spain is a major participant. Hispanics can immediately retrieve a comprehensive and extant linguistic, political, and artistic heritage—either Peninsular or in the Western Hemisphere—which fits at many points with the broad lines of the European assumptions of the university. One of the more pressing claims in diversity debates is that the curriculum is fatally Euro-centric. This may be so, but for Spanish-speaking students making that criticism it is not entirely appropriate.

In comparison to Hispanics, African-Americans present a formidable diversity. African languages are from totally different linguistic roots. Many of the African languages lack a long written history, and oral cultures are notoriously more difficult to retrieve. African political, cultural, and artistic roots are radically different from the European experience. In sum, Hispanics could easily pick up threads of their background culture in American universities; African-Americans cannot. All the more reason, I would argue, for special attention to the African heritage because it really is diverse.

At the same time, however, while universities rightly may seek diversity in Africa, the African-American is likely to be more de facto American than African. Few African-Americans speak an African language. Having been divorced from African roots by centuries of oppression, for them retention of that heritage is often subtle and indirect. A directed and deliberate recovery of an African heritage is monumentally more difficult for African-Americans than for Hispanics. Spain is a moderately small country and in its period of empire much of the assumptions of Peninsular Spain were exported intact to a New World. Africa is a whole continent, full of its own remarkable diversity of art, culture, and society. Recovering African culture for African-Americans may share the foolish mistake of recovering “Indian” culture for Native Americans—assuming that Seminoles and Navajos are more or less the same.

For better or worse—and very much for the worse—the dominant experience for African-Americans has been American—specifically being the American outcast. Blacks have been defined in an American set of expectations from which they are to be excluded. The daily aspirations of African-Americans are not so much diverse as denied. The civil rights struggle centered on black people obtaining what whites had all along: the vote, education, the right to eat at any lunch counter, sleep in any hotel, and travel without segregation. One could argue that the current demands of blacks constitute a pure American wish list: jobs, decent housing, safety in the streets, justice in the...
The Infernal MACHINE and Other Musical Inventions of Christopher Rouse

His high-energy treatment of demonic myths has earned this Eastman School composer spirited praise for his “hot-blooded” and “hair-singeing” manner and “obsessively driven” vision. But is he now beginning, just a bit, to mellow out?

By Thomas Fitzpatrick

Whenever Christopher Rouse thinks that a piece of music has kicked around in his head long enough, he gets down to the serious business of composing. He walks past the Baldwin grand piano in his living room, digs out not some musical score sheets but a six-inch-long Honduran cigar, and ambles into the attached garage of his split-level in Fairport, New York. He unfolds an old webbed lawn chair, sets himself down, fires up the stogie, and stares at the bare rafters for a spell. "That ain't workin'!" complains a guy unloading refrigerators in "Money for Nothing," Mark Knopfler's rock tune of a few years back, when he catches sight of a Dire Straits-style band attitudinizing in an MTV video. Rouse understands and appreciates the rock vision of things, and has enough proletarian sympathies himself to admit there is some justice in the working stiff's protest. It doesn't look like work either, this composing of symphonies and other orchestral music, and it sure doesn't require much in the way of heavy lifting.

But since economists are constantly at the American worker to increase productivity, they ought to toss a few accolades in the direction of this composer of so-called "art music." Since his arrival at the Eastman School in 1981 to teach composition and carry on with his own music, Rouse has bounced enough creations off his garage rafters to merit acclaim as one of the most promising of young composers around.

His works have been commissioned for and performed by such soloists as Yo-Yo Ma, the late Jan DeGaetani, and William Albright; ensembles like the Society for New Music, the Blackearth Percussion Group, and Eastman's own Cleveland Quartet; and such as the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra.

When David Zinman headed the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra he became a Rouse enthusiast and the RPO debuted many of his compositions. The association continued when Zinman became director of the Baltimore Philharmonic. That orchestra premiered Rouse's Symphony No. 1 in 1988, and the attention and accolades that work attracted boosted him to a new reputational plateau.

In fact, you can scratch the "young and promising" tag. Rouse is now just a shade on the other side of 40, and "promise" is hardly the descriptive noun for a composer whose most recent composition has been acclaimed a "masterpiece," who won the coveted first place in the Kennedy Center Friedheim Awards for new American orchestral music, and who last spring joined the select group of American academics to win the Guggenheim Fellowship.

The case seems clear: Rouse is at the peak of his powers, and just perhaps—though there is no musical equivalent to Ring Magazine's ranking of heavyweights—very nearly at the top of his art and profession. There are other contenders, but few in his generation have roused such encomiums from critics as this praise of Symphony No. 1 from Musical America: "so rich, so allusive and masterly in its textures, and—ultimately—so moving, that it is hard to resist superlatives."

Audiences, however, find it easy to resist modern music ("modern" in the sense of having been written by some-
Rouse keeps most of a piece in his head, consciously manipulating notes and ideas, "allowing it to gestate for as long as two years—while I'm involved in writing down my current project."

And a contemporary composer needs both to get even minimal attention in American culture. What may seem like nice work to the casual observer in fact is the toughest of rackets. "Say there are about 35,000 American composers of art music trying to be heard in 1990," Rouse estimates, meditatively stroking his thick black beard. "Of that number, only about 50 are successful in getting their stuff produced and receiving some stipend or fee for their efforts. If you ask how many of those 50 are able to make a living through composing, without relying on teaching, grants, and the like to supplement their income, then you're talking about four or five—tops."

Rouse is not in that number—not yet, anyway—but odds against are nothing to this native Baltimorean who had to face down a phalanx of skepticism to write music at all.

In the mid-'50s, Baltimore was famous largely for H. L. Mencken,
“Once I have it down on paper I rarely change a thing. I might check out a chord or two on my little Casio keyboard, but that’s it.” Aside from “a little bit of percussion,” Rouse plays no instrument.

A crab cakes, and devotion to its beloved Colts. The city on the Chesapeake was then visited by two events that would have lasting impact on Rouse. The worst baseball team in the history of the Major Leagues, the St. Louis Browns, moved to Baltimore and allowed the city to resurrect the moniker “Orioles” from the turn-of-the-century days of John McGraw and Wee Willie Keeler. Then came rock-and-roll. As a Mason-Dixon border city, Baltimore was particularly situated to welcome this new fusion of black rhythm-and-blues and white country music, and touring pioneer rockers like Bill Haley and Fats Domino made it a regular stop.

When he wasn’t checking the box scores in the Sun, Rouse was listening to rock with great attention. His mother, assaulted by endless replays of Gene Vincent’s “Be Bop a Lula” and the complete works of Little Richard, wondered if this new enthusiasm in her son couldn’t be translated into higher spheres. She fed him Beethoven and Ravel, and the 6-year-old Rouse liked them too.

Of course, the middle-class household was happy to have a possible prodigy in its number, so music lessons were dutifully contracted for. Next stop, Carnegie Hall? No dice. The young Rouse did not like to practice, be it piano, violin, or accordion. Not for him putting in hours to master “Lady of Spain.” In fact he had no interest in playing any instrument at all. He wanted to write the stuff.

After six years of watching young Christopher devour recordings of the masters while showing no inclination to give over his ambition to be a composer, the parents thought they should at least cart him off to the Peabody to have him tested, analyzed, and generally frisked for musical potential. At the age of 13, Rouse was slapped down hard. A Miss Thorpe (“I’ve never forgotten her name, and I’ve never really forgiven her,” says Rouse) pointed the kid to a piano, and asked him just one question: “Can you play a C-minor scale?” Not even at gunpoint. So Miss Thorpe informed Rouse’s parents that he would be wasting his time pursuing music.

“When I walk now into a classroom at Eastman or other places, Miss Thorpe is always with me as an example of how not to evaluate young talent,” Rouse says. “You have to delve beneath the surface, ask more than the usual questions. People progress at different rates, and diamonds are always found in the rough.”

Unsqueezed, he says, “I just went back to listening. I still believed I could do it.” After high school he determined to go after a degree in music, and staked his dream on but one college application—to Oberlin. “The music department required two compositions, and since I had never really written anything except about 75 rock tunes in my spare time, I sat down and in a matter of days wrote Symphony No. 2. Of course there was never a No. 1, but I thought that sounded better.” The music he had been hearing in his head throughout his childhood came pouring forth, he quickly transcribed a second work, and he sent them off.

At the admissions interview, the head of Oberlin’s music department told Rouse’s parents that these pieces written at the age of 18 would make him acceptable to any music school in the country. “My mother’s jaw dropped; my father got the shakes. At this point they had been really indulging me more out of love than any conviction about my talent.”

Oberlin’s enthusiasm aside, Rouse had to make his way in the world of music by ignoring naysayers. While working on his master’s at Penn, he had to endure this inquisition from a member of the staff: “Tell me, Mr. Rouse, why do you write music?”

“Well ... to communicate something to an audience.”

“No. Absolutely not. You should have said: ‘to contribute to the storehouse of art.’ I suggest you take up house-painting.”

Nonetheless, Rouse managed to study privately with composer George Crumb, “who was then at the apex of his art. He was very kind to me.” (Rouse’s other teachers of composition have included Richard Hoffmann, Randolph Coleman, and Karel Husa.)

A doctorate in fine arts from Cornell followed, but when no job opportunity immediately opened up, he went back home to Baltimore to think things out, and of course, to listen some more. Just before his parents suffered another crisis of confidence, a temporary job became available at Michigan, and Rouse parlayed that into associations that inspired some academic publications and his first major success, Infernal Machine.
He then sent out again but one application — this one for employment — and joined the Eastman School in 1981.

Rouse's methods of working have really changed little since his teenage days. He keeps most of a piece in his head, consciously manipulating notes and ideas, "allowing it to gestate for as long as two years — while I'm involved in writing down a current project," before retiring to the garage for the final "draft."

In answer to the unbeliever who would feel more comfortable if composers would sweat just a little — Rouse is never really not at work. Whether he's watching Cal Ripken, Jr. dig out ground balls at Memorial Stadium, catching the latest Mel Gibson movie at the Cineplex 8 ("none of those art-house films for me"), or sitting down for the umpteenth rerun of the Star Trek "Trouble with Tribbles" episode, there is one corner of Rouse's brain where notes are being reshaped, musical passages are getting edited, and crescendos are ringing.

And in his brain is where it stays until it is done. He never takes notes, never makes preliminary sketches, never writes anything down until he finally inscribes one clean copy. "I hardly ever revise either. Some composers are forever revising, but once I have it down on paper I rarely change a thing. I might check out a chord or two on my little Casio electronic keyboard, but that's it." To this day, if Rouse were asked to play one of his compositions on the piano, say, he could not oblige. Aside from "a little bit of percussion," he plays no instrument.

"Creating music involves the most profound aspects of human existence. Maybe it doesn't connect you to the divine but it certainly puts you in touch with 'the other.'"

"Some composers also find it necessary to write for a few hours every day, but I don't feel the need. Let me say I'm not discontented to go for long stretches without writing," Rouse says, and for a fact, when he was interviewed for this article he had not written anything (put black on white, that is) for a good 10 months. But he is fully capable of composing to a deadline. "When the Cleveland Quartet needed a piece in the fall of 1989 for Aspen, I was able to get it down without much trouble" — and, it should be added, in pretty much the same time it took him at 18 to get his audition for Oberlin together. That, however, is not the appealing side of composition for him. "The best part is working it out in one's head. Very few composers actually enjoy writing it down — me least of all, I guess."

But he took to the chore of transcription with great vigor in the '80s, creating such attention-grabbing works as Gorgon, Phaethon, and Iscariot, which were marked by intense pacing and clashing rhythms — and to put it bluntly, they were loud. Critics and audiences who were tuned into Rouse's high-energy treatment of mythology and daemonology praised him for his "hot-blooded," "hair-singeing" manner and "obsessively driven" vision; others objected to his ferocity and raucousness. In all, these reactions earned Rouse an image of being wild at heart, something of a David Lynch of the concert hall.

That notion was underscored by Rouse's controversial move to start up a course, which he gave at Eastman and the River Campus, in the development of rock-and-roll since 1964. He did not affect to believe that rock was great art or anything — he thinks that the best criticism of any rock tune comes from the kid on American Bandstand who says, "It's got a great beat, and you can dance to it" — but neither was it to be sneered at. "Rock can be exciting, moving, and powerful," Rouse says. "It is simple, though. But then many of the bulwarks of the classical repertoire are also very simple."

Students who were expecting a "gut" were surprised that Rouse made them listen intently to hundreds of recordings (just as a kid from Baltimore did 30 years previously), and take a jaw-breaker of a test (more than a few gas-piped it, "to their possible surprise," Rouse says) in which they were expected to demonstrate not only their knowledge of Jefferson Airplane and Led Zeppelin, but also to chart the connection of Frank Zappa to Edgard Varèse, and outward to such 20th-century luminaries as Messiaen and Bartók.

The social context of the music and the cultural history of the era also were included, which did not stop the music critic of The New York Times from sniffing that "in my college days, this was the kind of course that the football team took."
Rouse smiles off this kind of caviling, but is concerned about the other idea of him as hurling daemonic yelps from the dark side of the human spirit. “Most people think of artists as weird, effete nuts anyway,” he says, “but the truth is that most composers lead very conventional lives.”

There is nothing at all sulfurous about Rouse on first acquaintance, answering the door in a plaid-flannel shirt and faded Levi’s, cradling in his arms an infant—the third of his and wife Ann’s children. He lives in the suburbs, worries about grubs in the lawn, frets over the quality of the local school system, and has some ideas for Frank Robinson about who should hit clean-up in the Orioles’ batting order.

“Creating music involves the most profound aspects of human existence, and there is something irrational about the quality of inspiration,” he says. “Maybe it doesn’t connect you to the divine, although it certainly puts you in touch with ‘the other.’ But inspiration is useless without the work, the craft, that gives it shape, that makes it coherent. You can hardly put in the hours of craftsmanship required without a regular, ordered life.”

Rouse’s themes are essentially tragic, portraits of humanity soaring Phaethon-like for the realms of the gods, only to be betrayed by nature, character, or others of the human kind. When they fall in Rouse’s music, they hurtle to their crash accompanied by atonality and dissonance. A notion of human existence as one breakneck rush of noisy desperation, as some listeners have thought? Not to Rouse. Regardless of his subject matter and treatment of same, he has always felt that his music is about the “enlightening and healing of the human spirit.”

With Symphony No. 1, however, many suspect a sea change in Rouse. The pacing is slower, the music is more tonal than before, and much of the ferocity has been replaced by a more yearning quality. Critics who once objected to Rouse’s stridency and “screaming intensity” have almost completely won over. They now praise him for having “reined himself in” without sacrificing his sense of painful, tragic ambiguity. The joining of these erstwhile demurrers with his original and constant admirers, who have made Infernal Machine one of the most performed orchestral works written in the last 20 years, has meant a near-universal acclaim for the composer.

Has another angry young man mellowed out? Are we witnessing the emergence of a kinder, gentler Christopher Rouse?

Well, in Symphony No. 1 there are still high-pitched wailings of violins, enough to make an audience sit up and likewise the hairs on the backs of their necks. There are still furious explosions of sound around and about calmer oboe solos. The final movement is as achingly, heartbreakingly sad as any of Rouse’s earlier compositions—and just as disturbing to complacent peace of mind.

Rouse is on record as objecting to being typecast as a “fangs-bared fist-shaker,” and as feeling that it was “time to go in a different direction.” Says Rouse, “Some doubted I could write slow music.”

A hint of what he is up to may be in the air of his listening room in the basement of his Fairport home. He takes out of their sleeves two albums from an overlooked, but influential, British rock group of the ‘70s, Gentle Giant. The first selection Rouse plays is called “In the Glass House,” which begins with the sound of glass breaking, and laces these sound modules to various patterns of increasing complexity while an electric guitar riffs in the background. Interesting, even fascinating, but hardly the stuff of Top 40 radio. In fact, that record attracted only a cult following.

Rouse then replaces it on the turntable with the second album, and suddenly Gentle Giant bursts forth with hard-driving, classic rock—sounding more than a bit like the Mitch Ryder and Detroit Wheels medley of “Good Golly Miss Molly / Devil With A Blue Dress On.”

What’s the name of that cut?

“It’s called ‘Bet You Thought We Couldn’t Do It,’” Rouse says, and grins from ear to ear.

Thomas Fitzpatrick thinks the two greatest pieces of music ever written are Beethoven’s Fifth and Roy Orbison’s “Blue Bayou.”
That bizarre adventure you had in your dreams last night is a private matter—unless you choose to reveal it. To whom, and under what circumstances, is the subject of research by a Rochester anthropologist who has uncovered a tangle of taboos about when we can safely tell others what our minds have conjured up during sleep, and when we cannot.
few days before Mary Dombeck was to appear for the qualifying exam for her Ph.D. in anthropology, she had a dreadful dream:

"There I was, with all of my examiners in the War Memorial. They were calling out my name and giving me the questions I was supposed to answer. And they were making me give my answers over the loudspeaker!"

Though still gripped by mute anxiety about her upcoming orals, Dombeck did confide her dream to some of her fellow graduate students. "And they thought it was hilarious. We all had a good laugh."

Dombeck passed her oral exams, happily unamplified (and—recalls her adviser, Professor Alfred Harris, who retired this year from the anthropology department—with distinction).

As she wrestled next with what she'd write her dissertation about, it came to her—as if in a dream—that the conventions surrounding the telling of these nocturnal narratives could be a fertile topic for a nascent anthropologist.

"When we share our dreams with others we are creating a bond with them," says Mary Dombeck, an anthropologist at the School of Nursing.

"My fellow graduate students asked me about that War Memorial dream again and again, wanting more details about just who was in it, what the questions were, and so on and so on. They reminded me of children wanting to hear a favorite bedtime story over and over. All of us dreaded the exams, and the dream gave us comic relief and a sense of camaraderie."

Anthropologists usually study cultures other than their own. Dombeck, born and reared in the Middle East, chose to do her fieldwork among contemporary urban Americans—a group of "foreigners" who strike her as having some very strange customs, even though she has lived among them for more than three decades.

To gather information about American attitudes toward dreams, and about who told what to whom, she interviewed 58 employees of two Rochester-area mental health centers. Why mental health centers? It turns out that Dombeck is also a psychotherapist and nurse who teaches on the faculty of the School of Nursing—"the psychotherapists didn't say much when doing so. During gab sessions in the employees' lounge, she observed, "the psychotherapists didn't say much and looked uncomfortable when the paraprofessionals and staff members were talking about dreams. One nurse administrator told me she thought it was inappropriate either to tell a dream to your boss or to tell it to the employees under your supervision."

If lines of social hierarchy are crossed, Dombeck found, the taboo against a superior's telling a dream to an inferior is stronger than vice versa—which would explain, possibly, why one tends not to see people like bank presidents, ship commanders, or heads of government chatting about their dreams with underlings.

Even though some dreams are suitable for public consumption, too much talk about them at work will put you on the slow track fast, as colleagues conclude that you're either ditzy or whacko. One of Dombeck's subjects, a woman who plans social activities for Day Treatment Center clients and...
who enjoys sharing her dreams with her colleagues, told her, "I think they're surprised I talk about my dreams so much. I get the impression sometimes that they think I have a lot of conflicts."

Says Dombeck, "The rules about dream-telling are usually understood in a general way, but they are unspoken and not always clear. This woman is not certain if it's all right to share dreams as frequently as she does. But she senses that telling them too often or in the wrong context may signal either that she has poor judgment or is emotionally unstable."

The dreams that most folks decide are okay to relate to casual acquaintances or colleagues at work make up but a fraction of their nightly repertoire. Most people most of the time, says Dombeck, regard their dream content as private, just as private an activity, say, as getting undressed. The only two situations in which these private dreams are discussed are in an intimate relationship, with one's mate or a particularly close friend, and in the professional context of patient and therapist.

"Also, most of the people I talked with, both males and females, said they would be more likely to tell dreams to close friends and relatives who were women."

Perhaps the most obvious example of a private dream would be an R-rated one with explicit sexual material. Say a man tells a woman such a dream: She'll think he's making a pass. Say a wife tells her husband her dream fantasy that she and an old boyfriend crawled between the sheets: She'll hurt his feelings, or plant doubt about her fidelity.

Bizarre dreams like the one that Special Agent Cooper had about Laura Palmer's killer in the sinister TV series Twin Peaks and ghoulish nightmares from which one awakes with clammy relief are other examples of private dreams.

In many of the remarks her informants made about dreams, Dombeck found an association between night fantasies and mental illness. "Therapists spoke of dreams as if they were the red or yellow warning lights on a car's instrument panel. And their language tended to be mechanistic: Dreams, for instance, could signal 'faulty functioning.'"

(Ordinary people, who sometimes referred to their dreams as "crazy," made a similar analogy, regarding therapists as having an interest in dreams like that of a mechanic who wants to locate the botched wiring in the electrical system to fix it.)

The kind of dream most likely to upset the dreamer for days on end is what Dombeck calls the "psychic" dream—a dream which prefigures or strongly hints at something that later happens in waking life. A surprisingly high number of her informants—20 of the 58 people she interviewed—said either that they had experienced such dreams themselves or else knew someone like a sister or an aunt who did.

The idea that dreams could be warnings or could foretell the future reaches back to the ancients. Dreams were understood by many prehistoric peoples to be messages from the gods—an idea freely represented in classical literature, as well as in Talmudic and Biblical texts. Not all dreams were trustworthy guides to action, however. As there were false prophets, so were there false dreams, and religious texts caution believers against being misled. "These opposite attitudes reappear through church history up to the present day," says Dombeck. Though contemporary believers may no longer accept dreams as divine revelations, Dombeck has run across many recent popular books promoting attention to dreams as a way of gaining religious and psychological insight.

One might think it an enviable gift to see into the future through one's dreams. But Dombeck found that her subjects who had psychic dreams were plainly spooked by them.

One woman Dombeck encountered had dreamed of the death of her father-in-law a few days before he passed away. "She was reluctant to tell anyone about the dream for a long time, and related it to her husband only after the funeral. When she told me the story, she made a point several times of saying that she was not a superstitious person and would rather not have these experiences."

Two therapists she interviewed told her their dreams of patients' committing suicide. "In one case, the therapist dreamed about the suicide as it was happening; when he woke, it was too late to do anything. In the other, the therapist upon awakening decided that her dream could be a sign that she should check up on her patient. Fortunately, she intervened in time to prevent the suicide. Both therapists were disconcerted by these dreams. They told them only to a few close friends and referred to them as 'weird' experiences."

The uneasiness that psychic dreams cause is no doubt related to the inclination of most Western peoples to dismiss dream material as a jumble of thought fragments, having little connection with their "real" waking lives. But a dream that adumbrates what comes to pass cannot so easily be brushed aside. It undercuts the presumption that dreams are as evanescent as waves at the seashore, vanishing into the sand of consciousness leaving little trace.

The scorn in which serious Western thinkers hold dreams is not new. Sigmund Freud in The Interpretation of Dreams, first published in 1899, mused in a tone of regret that "there can be no doubt that the psychical achievements of dreams received reader and warmer recognition during the intellectual period which has now been left behind, when the human mind was
dominated by philosophy and not by the exact natural sciences. Pronouncements... which represent dreams as an elevation of mental life to a higher level seem to us now to be scarcely intelligible; today they are repeated only by mystics and pietists.

Freud's awareness that "medical writers especially tend to regard psychological activity in dreams as trivial and valueless" should probably have prepared him for the shabby reception his masterwork initially received: *The Interpretation of Dreams* found a paltry 351 buyers over six years' time.

Freud was unable to conceal his disappointment when he noted, in the preface to the second edition, that "my psychiatric colleagues seem to have taken no trouble to overcome the initial bewilderment created by my new
approach to dreams. The professional philosophers have become accustomed to polishing off the problems of dream-life which they treat as a mere appendix to conscious states in a few sentences. . . . The attitude adopted by reviewers in the scientific periodicals could only lead one to suppose that my work was doomed to be sunk into complete silence.”

Over time, of course, the book did attract wider attention and eventually became a classic. Writing some 30 years after the first edition, Freud characterized the work as “the most valuable of all the discoveries it has been my good fortune to make. Insight such as this falls to one’s lot but once in a lifetime.”

Not all Western peoples treat dreams as the trashy leftovers of mental life. Dombeck has found a few people in this country—mostly first-generation Italians, as it happens—who behave as if dreams really mattered: “Someone might say that he’s gotten a long-distance call from his uncle who had a dream and wanted to tell him about it. It’s not something I’ve made a point of studying, and I’m sure that it’s not only Italians who regard their dreams as being worth a long-distance call. But it shows you one of the differences between Americans and other peoples.”

In some cultures, anthropologists have found, certain members of the “tribe” are considered especially well qualified to interpret dreams. This is an instance in which Americans do not differ greatly from other tribes, Dombeck suggests.

“Virtually everyone I interviewed believed that therapists (psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and psychiatric nurses) were more skilled in analyzing dreams than ordinary people. People also believed that, in general, therapists were intensely interested in hearing about people’s dreams. One medical technician told me with great assurance that therapists want to hear your dreams and they ask a lot of questions about them. This was a woman who had never been in therapy herself, nor did she know anyone else whose dreams had been explored in therapy!”

Since non-therapists probably assume that learning to interpret dreams is part of a therapist’s training, it isn’t surprising that the public would surmise their special skill. But Dombeck also discovered that the therapists themselves believed that the higher one’s professional rank, the better one’s ability to interpret dreams. According to this scheme, psychiatrists were assumed to be most eager to hear dreams and to be best at interpreting them, psychologists were next best, and others who might speak with patients about dreams—psychiatric nurses and social workers—were further down the line. Yet through her interviews, Dombeck learned that psychiatrists actually functioned more as psychopharmacologists and had little time to listen to dreams. Psychiatric nurses, on the other hand, did talk to clients about dreams. Like Rodney Dangerfield, nurses got no respect, however. “Therapists thought these communications had limited therapeutic value,” Dombeck says.

When did Dombeck first become interested in dreams? She says she can’t remember a time when she wasn’t fascinated by them. She grew up in a family where the topic of dreams was as ordinary as neighborhood gossip or conversation about what would be on the table for dinner. A few of her relatives showed keen insight in thinking about the significance of dreams. To this day, Dombeck remembers many of her own dreams in vivid detail and enjoys thinking about the quirky links they may have with her waking life.

The path by which Dombeck took a professional interest in dreams is as winding as some dream plots. She left the Middle East as a young woman with some training as a nurse. She wished to advance her education in the United States, and completed degrees in both nursing and philosophy at American University. She later earned a master’s degree in pastoral counseling from Colgate Rochester Divinity School and completed a clinical specialty in psychiatric nursing. She has been a practicing psychotherapist for 10 years and is looking forward to the publication of her first book, Dream Telling and Professional Personhood, due out shortly from SUNY Press in Albany.

Yes, she does listen to the dreams of her patients, if they wish to talk about them, but it’s not something she particularly seeks out. “Talking about dreams is a way of communicating with someone, a way of exploring, but I don’t regard dreams as having some mystical significance that makes them more valuable than other forms of communication.”

Nonetheless, to Dombeck, the typical American indifference to dream life is a cultural impoverishment as striking to her as our “who cares?” attitude toward soccer would seem to an Italian, or our penchant for fast food would seem to a Parisian. “It’s regrettably,” she sighs.

Where else, after all, but in our dreams will most of us ever best Bill Buckley in a debate, win the Iditarod, or find our name at the top of Forbes magazine’s list of the world’s richest coupon-clippers?

Public information coordinator by day for the Office of University Public Relations, Jan Fitzpatrick confesses that by night she dreams of being kissed by Kevin Costner.
Recommended By

MOM & DAD

Parents of applicants to the Class of 1994 got an unusual invitation last winter: “Tell us, if you’d like, the kind of person your offspring is.” With love, pride, and wry candor they rose to the challenge.

Who has known your 17-year-old offspring longer and more intimately than you, the parents who raised this marvelous, mysterious half-child/half-adult?

Right. Nobody.

That’s exactly what President O’Brien was thinking last winter when he wrote a letter of invitation to the parents of the 7,250 applicants for admission to the River Campus class of 1994.

Himself a recent veteran of the college-admissions process via the candidacy of a college-age daughter, he noted that none of the schools to which she applied had asked for any helpful “insider information” that he and her mother might be able to supply.

Maybe admissions officers were missing something.

Would the moms and dads of prospective Rochester students, O’Brien asked them, care to write a personal recommendation in support of their child’s candidacy? Nothing obligatory—just as a way of providing helpful insights not revealed elsewhere among their offspring’s credentials?

Would they indeed? Responses poured in.

“At last!” wrote one father. “For the first time in the college-admissions process I have been promoted from ace driver and chief checkwriter. I’ve actually been asked to participate, and I’m delighted to do so.

“Thank you for the opportunity to write on one of my favorite subjects.” Favorite subject or no—how do you sum up a complex, contradictory, constantly evolving personality in a couple of hundred objective words? Not easily, as many parents admitted.

“What exquisite torture,” wrote one parent. “Would my son have been better served if I had kept silent? I hope I have painted for you a portrait of a magical and marvelous being—not only our child, but a person whose company we greatly enjoy.”

A magical being, a person whose company we enjoy. That is perhaps the defining motif of these parental testimonials. Naturally, all of the children are above average—what else would you expect of potential Rochester students? And granted, the object of the exercise was to get the offspring into college, not blackballed. But what most clearly emerges from a reading of these letters is a sense that here is a wonderfully diverse, bubbling mix of great kids much cherished and respected by their parents.

On the following pages is a selection of excerpts culled from the responses. Names have been changed in the interest both of confidentiality and family amity (more than one proud parent wrote, in essence, “My son/daughter would kill me if he/she knew I was writing this”).

Here then, are glimpses of some of our favorite people who asked to join the Class of 1994, as presented with love and pride by Mom and Dad.

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James

I like my son. Not just in the sense that parents are expected to like their children, not just with the uncritical acceptance that is the due of every child, but in a way that is independent of the fact that he is my own son. He is honest. Not smarmy about it, just honest. He is intensely interested in things. He probably is not aware yet of what a gift that is, but he has it. Incidentally, he plays a heck of a trombone. Unfortunately, I can’t get him to practice. He seems to play for me very often. He has the decency to still be a little bashful about some things, and I like that, too.
Marcia

You already know about her National Honor Society, her music, her All-County field hockey, her jobs, and all of that stuff. But those are just the external accomplishments. I should tell you what Marcia is like on the inside.

When I was little I had a wind-up toy tank. When I let it go, the treads started turning and it would lurch forward. It would go over the obstacles placed in front of it, no matter how high and how rough the terrain. The thing that always amazed me was the thing about it, though, was that even if it tipped over, those treads just kept turning and turning until it regained its footing, righted itself, and kept going forward.

That's Marcia on the inside!

No matter what goal she set for herself, she just kept pushing, moving forward. Sometimes she has faced obstacles and disappointments that I know would have made me give up. But Marcia has consistently gritted her teeth and sat back down at the piano, or picked up her tennis racket, or gone back to her desk, and stayed with the challenge until it was done, and done right.

Richard

He's no angel. As mother and son, we've been up and down the roller coaster labeled "Trials and tribulations of family life." What Richard has is a spunk, determination, energy, and a sense of independence: traits that can turn my hair gray, but that will give him a sense of meaning and focus.

Richard's first sentences were "Open this. Open that." On reflection, I realize that these words should have been strong clues as to what lay ahead. At 4 years of age, he awakened at five a.m. one day, approached my bed, and informed me: "I need some nails."

Richard has always shown an eagerness to explore. I admire his self-confidence and his gutsy, adventurous approach to life.

Jane

I was shocked, pleasantly. I might add, when my daughter's ability as a painter was brought to my attention by her mother and her school. As usual, her mother and her school. As usual, her mother and her school. As usual, her mother and her school.

My admiration for her talent was complete when she took an old black-and-white snapshot of her father in his World War II sailor suit, and for Christmas presented him with an oil painting copied from that old photo. I never looked better.

Like most college material, Jane is idealistic, believes in the rights of man, fair play, the downtrodden, the ecology, whales, dolphins, sardines, anchovies, etc.

She and I differ on many things, but then again I'm old, caustic, crabby, and mostly disillusioned. These are just a few of my attributes, but then this letter shouldn't be about me.

As soon as I figure out a way to get her to clean up her room and decide how to get that phone unglued from her ear short of surgery, I'll be happy to send her along to your establishment providing she meets your criteria.

Behind all this rhetoric what I am really trying to say is that I love her very much, but most of all I'm very proud of her.
Craig

From the time he was a small child, he was curious about everything around him, always investigating things he thought were unusual—a neighborhood pest who would lift up slate steps to study insect life and to observe lizards and snakes.

For about two years we were regular visitors to the Eye Institute as Craig got bleach and lime in his eye during what we call his “chemistry period” and pieces of chipped rock during his “geology period.”

During the “Egyptian period” he made a thorough study of mummies, myths, etc. He read everything he could find about ancient Egypt, and we all had to visit the Egyptian section of the museum on a regular basis.

Craig is a collector—coins and insects are his favorites. During his intense coin-collecting period, we couldn’t use any without showing them to him first because he was certain that one day we’d unknowingly give away a penny worth thousands. So great was his enthusiasm that he had us convinced that instant wealth was just around the corner.

Joel

Joel’s interests are caring for children, practicing martial arts, collecting comics, flying a single-engine plane, and traveling. During the summer of 1988 Joel visited Japan with a Japanese friend. He adapted so well that upon returning to New Jersey, his shoes were left at the door for almost two weeks. We had to buy a rice steamer.

Katherine

One summer years ago, we rented an old barn without electricity on Block Island. This became a yearly family tradition, a time for us to get back to basics—to read under kerosene lamps and to be together. For Katherine this was also a time to pick blackberries, take in the waves, build sand castles, and to draw. Whether she was sitting on a rocky beach or on the bluffs overlooking the sea, her sketch pad and pencil would accompany her, capturing the scene with a keen eye, and always with a sense of wonder.

Now, sitting alone in Katherine’s room, I am surrounded by her childhood—mementos from animal art projects, her first stuffed animal (what was it?), a frog collection, scrapbooks, ‘60s music (my music is now her music), and, everywhere, photographs of friends and family. On her desk, crammed with letters and cards, is a note from a friend on her 17th birthday. It reads:

“I’ve never admired anyone so much for their individuality, creativity, and morality. You’ve been an incredible friend, someone I know I can talk to and, most of all, laugh with. I’ve watched all of my friends through high school making changes to impress everyone else—but not you, you’re always yourself.”

And as I reminisce, I realize my daughter has grown into a confident, caring person, eager to share her ideas, her talents, and her dreams with a new family.
Sara

She listens to Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Sarah Vaughan, Charlie Parker, The Grateful Dead, Richard Wright, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Plato, Stephen King, Dickens, Mark Twain.


She likes to kick her shoes off and rock-and-roll. She deals with her asthma by biking to Delaware. She dreams of starting an alternative education school for the socially and economically disadvantaged.

Yes, she has a down side. She is moody, self-righteous, and excessively hard on herself, usually for being moody and self-righteous.

Sixteen years ago I held her under my coat and took her outside in the middle of a violent storm. She was secure enfolded in my arms and she gazed serenely at the panorama. These then were the first things I taught her: to not be afraid, to watch and listen, and to wonder. I believe she has learned admirably.

Laura

Her favorite extracurricular activity is most definitely music. She began by learning to play the flute in elementary school (not a pretty sound, by the way), and being there, worked hard, and became her school's principal player in her junior year.

However, the boys in the Jazz Band were gorgeous and she had to find a way to be with them. Enter the saxophone. We simply moved out of the house for a while until she learned this instrument, and she has done well enough to play some solos during performances.

The way in which Laura approached the saxophone is really the way she approaches life. She may not have as much inherent talent as someone else, but if she wants it, WATCH OUT!

Kevin

When Kevin was about 9 or 10 he was playing Little League outfield. Somebody hit a fly ball in his direction. He ran and ran on his little legs, positioned himself right under the ball, held up his hands — and missed the catch.

Of course we wanted to die for him.

But not Kevin. He came running over to us all excited and yelled, "Did you guys see that? I almost caught that ball!!!"

That's Kevin: enthusiastic, optimistic, full of personality. Since he was a little boy, we've always been known in our town as "Kevin's mom and dad."

Jennifer

I see in our kitchen banners and placards touting causes such as 'save the elephants,' invitations to march for women's rights, and I have heard over and over again hot topics like abortion being discussed at length among Jennifer and her friends.

I have been amazed at her political concern for the preservation of human rights in Argentina, the country where I was born. It still puzzles me how she managed to get interviews with the president of the country, the minister of the economy, and the secretary of education, and how she persisted in her efforts to learn the truth about the fate of the so-called "disappeared" and the victims of oppression by the military junta.

Would I recommend this young girl? Without being biased because of our blood/love relationship as father and daughter, I sure do, with pride and love.
Who's the Girl in the GLASS SLIPPERS?

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

Once upon a time, around the ninth century or the Baroque era or 1949, in a faraway land, like Egypt or Italy or Disney Studios, there lived a girl named Cinderella, also known as Vassilisa, Cendrillon, Sheh Hsien, Rashin Coatie, Aschenputtel, Finette Cendron, Pepelluga, Cenendrola, Ashypet, Chornushka . . .

Since the time of China's T'ang Dynasty (if not earlier), the Cinderella story has been told and retold in countries around the globe—as if the basic elements of the "narrative," as scholars say, were a rumor stirring through the ages, throughout humankind. Storytellers have spun at least 700 Cinderella yarns (a score of them in China alone), with about as many different heroines.

Like the pumpkin coach in the Disney cartoon, the Cinderella theme materializes unexpectedly in the most unlikely places, from the Bible (the story of Joseph) to the funny papers (the 1930s "Ella Cinders") to Hollywood (in thoroughly modern movies like Pretty in Pink, Working Girl, Pretty Woman, and Jerry Lewis's Cinderella). Features of the story are to be found in hundreds of diverse narratives, from Dickens's Great Expectations to Malory's Morte d'Arthur to Faulkner's Dry September.

Cinderella has inspired composers (Rossini for one, in the opera La Cenerentola) and writers (Shakespeare among them, with Cinderella playing the outcast Cordelia in King Lear). More recently, she has provoked feminists and reinforced traditionalists (the Disney version in particular), won the approval of child psychologists (Bettelheim, most notably), and undergone analysis (by C. G. Jung and a host of others, in papers bearing solemn titles like "Cinderella: Family Pathology, Identity-Sculpting, and Mate Selection").

To make a long, rather complex, oft-told story short: In the realm of folklore, Cinderella amounts to a media event as big as the Academy Awards, or the Super Bowl, or even "thirty-something."

But does that explain why anybody moseying around the River Campus last semester would have found hundreds of students as deep in "Cinderella" as in the paperback misadventures of Calvin and Hobbes, the latest Scott Turow, or Robert Fulghum's All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten? Or why the ugly step-sisters, or for that matter, the fairy godmother and her pumpkin coach, should have been subjected to as earnest classroom discussion as Hamlet's interpoling uncle or Henry Ford and his Model A?

For the answer to those questions, you need look no further than to medievalist Russell Peck, professor of English in the College of Arts and Science and director of the freshman courses in his department. Regularly and frequently honored for his creative teaching (most recently as one of the national Council for Advancement and Support of Education's top five "Professors of the Year"), it was Peck who hit upon the idea of introducing the Cinderella story as the central, unifying theme of 24 sections of English 103, "Writing and Thinking," a required course for most first-year undergraduates.

Since the various sections of English 103 are taught separately by individual instructors, it could be useful for the students as a whole, Peck reasoned, to explore comparable issues. "It gives them a sense of common progress and purpose"—something, in other words, you could discuss after hours with your hallmates or lunch buddies.
The Cinderella story has been called the "diamond dust of myth." But does that explain why Rochester students are reading this ages-old fairy tale with the same attention they give to elementary quantum physics or European political systems?

But why a fairy tale—and why this one in particular? What does the elegantly shod princess have that other princesses, for instance, don't?

Peck answers by talking about universality. "Most of the basic elements of the Cinderella story can be found in nearly everyone's life. It's a tale about adolescence, about coming into one's own—the story of someone who's been downtrodden but whose merits are finally seen."

Sitting in his office on the first floor of Morey Hall—a haven, as well-tended as his garden at home, in which every wall blooms with photographs, postcards, framed prints, medieval iconography, and other keepsakes—Peck leans back in his chair and muses further.

"This is a story that involves the complexities of family relationships and the need for a sense of magic, particularly about oneself. Ultimately, I think, it has to do with individual worth, with the realization that no matter who you are, you have something to give. That to me is the strength of the narrative."

Not at all immune to the charms of Cinderella himself, Peck has also developed and taught two other courses on the subject, English 571, "Pedagogy," offered as preparation for the graduate students teaching freshman English, which includes an intensive dissection of the tale, and English 187, "Cinderella: Folk Narratives, Adaptations, and the Interpretation of Culture," a two-credit "residential course" (i.e., taught in your living room rather than the classroom) that he has been conducting at Medieval House, home of the "Cinderella" story.
In the Russian story “Vassilisa the Fair,” the Cinderella character is dispatched by her stepsisters on a perilous mission to fetch a torch light from the witch Baba Yaga. The tale’s happy ending comes when the Czar, no foot-fetishist he, falls in love with Vassilisa for her magical ability to weave him fine white shirts.

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to a couple of dozen undergraduates with a particular interest in cultural studies.

Should you think “Cinderella” sounds like a cop-out course for sissies—just take a look at this sampling of the reading for English 187: Italian, French, German, and Javanese versions of the tale, among others; a paper, “The Art of Deciphering Symbols,” by Claude Lévi-Strauss; a chapter from Bruno Bettelheim’s *The Uses of Enchantment*; the libretto of Rossini’s *La Cenerentola*; and two papers by feminist Kay Stone, “The Misuses of Enchantment” and “Things Walt Disney Never Told Us.” Also recommended: poems by Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton, “The Tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney that was called Bewmaynes” in Malory’s *Morte d’Arthur*, Stephen Sondheim’s *Into the Woods*, Freud’s *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious*, and “The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairy Tales” by C. G. Jung. There is also a viewing assignment: the Disney film (to be viewed “at least twice,” advises the syllabus).

What’s the purpose of this multi-layered analysis of a fairy story that after all can be pretty well summed up in a couple of brief paragraphs?

“I’d like students to be able to dissect the aspects of the Cinderella story that reflect the basic elements of mythology, to see how pervasive certain ideas can be within a culture,” says Peck.

“I’d also like them to understand the variations within these stories and within the human values behind them—so that, for example, when a movie like *Working Girl* or *Pretty Woman* comes out, they can appreciate it all the more.”

Eve Salisbury, one of the graduate students who teach the freshman English course, says that her students were at first “aghast” at all the versions. “They experienced something like culture shock when they read all those different stories.”

Senior Ben Anastas took English 187 last year (and also its companion course, English 188, on Beauty and the Beast). “I was impressed by the scope of what we studied,” he admits, “Here’s a professor who’s renowned as a Chaucer scholar—and yet in the very first class we were reading moderns like T. S. Eliot and Bruno Bettelheim.

“I learned a lot about being an English major. We had a Freudian psychologist come in to talk to us, then a Jungian analyst; their ideas were completely outside of my sphere. They offered different perspectives that were fascinating.”

Catherine Johnson, the Jungian analyst who spoke to the Cinderella students, discussed “archetypes” (a central concept in the psychoanalytic theories of C. G. Jung) in “Allerleiraugh,” one of two versions of the Cinderella story by the Brothers Grimm. From Johnson’s perspective, the tale is rife with the symbolism of a young woman’s psychic quest for an existence that is more complete and balanced than the one she knows.
"A fairy tale is to collective consciousness what a dream is to an individual," Johnson told the students. "It offers what Jung would call 'compensatory material' to bring about a new point of view."

The tale, Johnson reminded her audience, "emerged from the chivalrous world of the Middle Ages," a time when women's energies were stifled by the cult of the Virgin Mary, "the division of the feminine into the Madonna and the whore." In this culture, "women—at least in the upper classes—were expected to behave like genteel ladies: artificial, mechanical, seeming to be, rather than truly being, themselves." The joyful ending compensates for this oppression: In the end, Cinderella (representing the unconscious) marries her king (a symbol of conscious reasoning) and thus is free "to grasp the instinctual wisdom of the unconscious and to express her creativity in the world."

How do Jungians account for the hundreds of other Cinderella tales that have emerged over the centuries? According to Johnson, Jung would argue that these stories arose independently of each other from the "collective unconscious"—that is, a layer of the unconscious common to all humans, deeper than the personal unconscious, and containing "archetypes," the psychological equivalents of biological instincts.

Johnson was one of a number of outside experts invited to talk to the Cinderella students, their campus visits made possible by a grant from Ruth Harmon Fairbank '31 and the late Matthew Fairbank '30, '35M.

Among other speakers was Jane Yolen, author of more than a hundred children's books, among them The Moon Ribbon, an adaptation of the Cinderella story with—in contrast to many versions—a strong, assertive heroine. At another session, opera-lover and associate professor of English Russ McDonald gave a talk on Rossini's La Cenerentola.

The main text for the Cinderella courses is Cinderella: A Casebook, edited by Alan Dundes, which begins with three of the best-known versions of the tale: an Italian story, "The Cat Cinderella," floridly recorded in Neapolitan dialect by Giambattista Basile around 1634; a French tale, "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper," a polished, polite (i.e., no bloodshed) interpretation penned by Charles Perrault in 1697 for the amusement of the Court of Versailles; and a German variation, "Ash Girl (Aschenputtel)," published in 1812 by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.

The Italian narrative tells of Zezolla, who kills her stepmother at the urging of her governess only to be replaced in the household (and in her father's doting regard) by the governess's six daughters. Zezolla receives a little date tree as a present from her father, which she nurtures until it produces a fairy who dresses her in finery for a party at the king's palace.

Basile's plot carries on in the familiar prince-meets-Cinderella, prince-loses-Cinderella, Cinderella-loses-slipper motif—until the surprise ending, when the lost slipper magically flies toward Zezolla. "The moment it came near Zezolla's foot," writes Basile, "it darted forward of itself to shoe that painted Lover's egg, as the iron flies to the magnet."

Of course, scholars have a field day (in fact, entire dissertations could be written) analyzing images like this. Bettelheim, for example, writes that the king (or the prince, depending on which version of the story you're reading) "symbolically offers [Cinderella] femininity in the form of the golden-slipper vagina: male acceptance of the vagina and love for the woman is the ultimate male validation of the desirability of her femininity."

(An aside on Bettelheim: In The Uses of Enchantment, he tells us that the "shoe-test," in which a remarkably small slipper fits the dainty foot of a maiden, is central to an Egyptian Cinderella tale as well as a later Chinese tale, first recorded in the ninth century. In the Egyptian rendering, an eagle flies off with a golden sandal belonging to the beautiful courtesan Rhodope and drops it on the pharaoh. The king is so taken with this footwear from heaven that he searches all of Egypt for the owner so that she may become his wife.

Regarding the Chinese story, Bettelheim theorizes, "The unrivaled tiny foot size as a mark of extraordinary virtue, distinction, and beauty, and the slipper made of precious material are facets which point to an Eastern, if not necessarily Chinese, origin. The modern hearer does not connect sexual attractiveness and beauty in general with extreme smallness of the foot, as the ancient Chinese did, in accordance with their practice of binding women's feet.

As for the French version by Perrault: Cinderella—that is, the deceptively simple yarn that we in late-20th-century America have come to know—began as a humble folk tale, told for generations, and finally written down in a collection of fairy tales published by Charles Perrault, a member of the French Academy.
Ironically, it was the scholarly Perrault who gave Cinderella her phantasmagorical trappings: fairy godmother, pumpkin coach, rat coachman, lizard lackeys, and all. (The glass slippers, on the other hand, may have been a simple spelling error: An old French word for fur, *vair*, is pronounced similarly to *verre*, the word for glass, a considerably less likely shoemaker’s material.) Perrault can also be credited with his heroine’s improbably saintly disposition. When her stepsisters, for example, learned that Cinderella had been the beautiful girl at the ball, Perrault writes, “They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill-treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and, as she embraced them, cried that she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her.”

No such cloying sentimentality in Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm’s version, published in Germany in 1812. Their Ash Girl (*Aschenputtel*) abandons her stepsisters altogether (as most flesh-and-blood people probably would) once she arrives at the palace. Instead of a fairy godmother, Ash Girl has only a hazel twig, given to her by her widowed father, which she plants on her mother’s grave and waters with her tears until a little white bird haunts the tree and grants her wishes.

The Grimm tale is at times truly grim: After the ball, Cinderella hides from the prince in a dovecote, which the father destroys with an axe (the real meaning: she’s running from sexual abuse, according to Peck). Toward the story’s end, as one stepsister tries on the lost slipper, she cuts off her heel to make it fit; the other cuts off her toe, and both are discovered by “blood oozing out.” More gore: As Ash Girl parades to church with her prince, pigeons systematically peck out the eyes of her stepsisters, first on one side, then on the other.

Bettelheim faults Perrault for “robbing the story of some of its deepest meaning” by replacing the twig with a fairy godmother. The Grimms’ version, on the other hand, he writes, “conveys ever so subtly to the child that, miserable as he may feel at the moment—because of sibling rivalry or any other reason—by sublimating his misery and sorrow, as Cinderella does by planting and cultivating the tree with her emotions, the child on his very own can arrange things so that his life in the world will also become a good one.”

Last fall, during a session of English 187, Professor Peck and Philip Berk, professor of French and one of several scholars to address the class, discussed some early versions of Cinderella with a group of 18 students gathered at Medieval House. The atmosphere was, as with most residential courses, relaxed: Most of the students present were comfortably shoeless, having slipped off their penny loafers or running shoes or, in one case, big, fluffy slippers.

The topic: Perrault’s tale, at the moment when the fairy godmother waves her magic wand.

“I know it so well I can’t remember it,” Peck jokes. “The pumpkin becomes a coach and the mice become coachmen and the lizards become horses.”
“You can feel a critical and editorial operation in the tale, as if Perrault wanted to guarantee that it wouldn’t offend sensibilities. It’s almost Disneyesque—if one forgets that Disney was actually a very scary person.”

Several readings for the course explore the dark side of Disney. In “Disney and Freud: Walt Meets the Id,” child psychiatrist David Berland writes that Disney’s own childhood was very difficult, characterized by frequent beatings. (“Perhaps Disney invested his emotional energies in himself and his ego ideal, which finally became concrete in the form of Mickey Mouse years later,” Berland suggests.)

Kay Stone, in “Things Walt Disney Never Told Us,” attacks “the popularized heroines of the Grimms and Disney.” “[They are] not only passive and pretty, but also unusually patient, obedient, industrious, and quiet. A woman who failed to be any of these could not become a heroine. Even Cinderella has to do no more than put on dirty rags to conceal herself completely. She is a heroine only when properly cleaned and dressed.”

The “shoe test” is central to a tale from Egypt in which an eagle flies off with the golden sandal of a beautiful courtesan. He drops it on the pharaoh, who is so taken with this footwear from heaven that he searches all of Egypt for the owner.

Nor do the prince and princess always live happily ever after. What would be their fairy-tale ending today, in an era of dual-career couples and commuter marriages? Would Cinderella win a rich man’s handsome son, as Molly Ringwald does in Pretty in Pink? Or would she end up with her boss’s ex-boyfriend, as Tess does in Working Girl?

Perhaps those who love the story in spite of its shortcomings can, as C. G. Jung wrote, “dream the myth onwards and give it a modern dress.” Psychologist Kris Jeter suggests one scenario: “After conforming to the restricted size and fit of the shoe, [Cinderella] is deemed proper by the Prince to be his wife. She probably assumes his birth name and lives ‘happily ever after’ supporting his goals. She marries to survive and then survives the marriage.”

Still, while Cinderella and her prince may very well not live happily ever after, the story itself ends with a “happy moment,” says Peck. Perhaps that happy moment could be the beginning of a new life—part bitter, part sweet—for a Cinderella more faithful to human needs and dreams on the eve of the 21st century.

Mona Van Duyn offers one such possibility in “Cinderella’s Story,” a poem, Peck tells us, that is about Cinderella’s uncertainty as to whether she still has something to give.
AMY SCHECTER'S

Cast of

Amy Schecter ’75, casting director: Her first Broadway show may have been the biggest bomb ever to hit the Great White Way. She has come a long, long way since then.

By Jeremy Schlosberg

Halfway down a grubby, dusty, lower-midtown New York City block occupied mostly, and for no apparent reason, by small wholesale operations, you nearly walk by the grubby, dusty doorway you're looking for, it's so narrow and nondescript. You go in, squeeze onto the uncomfortably small and shaky elevator, go up 10 floors, walk down the nondescript hallway, open a nondescript door, and find an unexpectedly bright and bustling reception room, peopled with guys in pressed blazers and perfectly tied ties and neat hair and plastic perfect smiles.

It's an odd effect, given the neighborhood; you feel for a moment as if you wandered into a David Lynch movie but, no, it's just another day at Stuart Howard & Associates, a Manhattan casting agency. Stuart Howard's bread and butter is casting for television commercials—thus the gaggle of well-groomed gentlemen.

But a lot of its heart is in casting for the theater; a lot of its heart, therefore, is beating within the five-foot frame of the agency's resident theater maven, Amy Schecter '75.

At any given time on the island of Manhattan, there may be more than a hundred officially listed theatrical productions in progress, adding together lists from Broadway, off-Broadway, and off-off-Broadway but not including less formal events (sometimes called, unofficially, off-off-off-Broadway) like showcases for new talent, readings, and other, avant-garde things. The peppy, fast-talking Schecter will at any
Schecter has seen as many as 500 actors for one role. Here she is with actor Travis Wright, whom she auditioned for La Cage aux Folles.

given time have seen the vast majority of these productions, will be familiar with the performances of countless hundreds of actors and actresses. She cannot, in fact, begin to guess how many—"It boggles my mind, too," she says.

This casual familiarity is where the casting process starts. Actually, "process" is too rigid a word for what seems sometimes to be a series of serendipitous or intuitive decisions.

Take the way a casting agency is hired in the first place, a decision that typically stems from who has worked with whom in some past production. Theatrical hierarchies are subtle and fluid; casting directors may be chosen by a show’s producer, general manager, director, or writer. "But somebody in that group has to want us," says Schecter. Relationships are everything. Because, for instance, Stuart Howard & Associates worked successfully with playwright Arthur Laurents on La Cage aux Folles (his credits also include the books to Gypsy and West Side Story), the agency was hired, early and without qualm, to work on Nick and Nora, a new Laurents musical in the making for the past five years, due to open in January.

Once the agency is hired to cast a show, the first step is simple brainstorming. First alone, and then, often, together with her partner Howard, Schecter will think carefully about the actors she believes would be a good choice for each part in the show, extrapolating from the director's initial parameters. This is where all the actor-information she stores up, both written and mental, is sorted through for that perfect face or voice or style. While you might expect a casting director to sit in front of stacks and stacks of filing cabinets filled with 8 x 10 glossies, Schecter downplays the organizational aspect. She doesn't even use pictures. The implication is you need to have what you need to know in your head. Not that she doesn't take notes at auditions and save those notes in files for future references; neither, however, does she cast a show by riffling through manila folders.

And so the preliminary lists are made and compared, and discussed with the show's producers. For roles of substance, the names on the list are likely to be relatively in-demand actors, sometimes actors more known for movies—for instance, crusty Charles Durning for the Big Daddy role in Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. The agency cast the recent production of the Tennessee Williams classic (all roles but Maggie; Kathleen Turner came in with the producers as part of the original package). Charles Durning was Schecter's idea, at the top of her list. (Interestingly, Brian Dennehy, another movie actor whom some physically mistake for Durning, was also high on the list.)

In this case, everything worked out: Durning was interested, he agreed to audition, he got the part. And icing on the cake—he won a Tony Award.

Not all casting goes that smoothly, by any means, starting with the very first step. Actors who may be perfect for a role may nevertheless need some convincing to try out for a stage part. At a lower level of exposure, this may be because the production is out of town (Stuart Howard works with a few regional theaters, including GeVa in Rochester) and the actor doesn't want to go there. The money's not great and the exposure is limited and few actors go to New York to be cast in Orlando, Florida, but still, says Schecter, there is value in regional theaters that few struggling actors these days understand. "People don't seem to want to pay their dues," she says. "They don't want to work."

Even at the Broadway-show level, however, some convincing may be necessary, especially when you seek name actors. Often, it's the actor's agent who
needs the convincing. “A lot of Los Angeles agents aren’t that interested in theater, since the money’s nowhere near movie money,” says Schecter. Some agents routinely screen out requests for theater auditions without even telling their clients.

Agent resistance can be frustrating; Schecter suggests that she does, on rare occasions, attempt to circumvent that barrier. She remembers in particular when they were casting La Cage. With George Hearn already placed as one of the leading men, they were interested in having John Cullum read for the other. Cullum’s agent insisted his client wasn’t interested, but Schecter was suspicious. “We had a feeling he’d never been asked,” she says. So they took a risk and sent Cullum a telegram, directly. Turns out the actor was indeed interested: He auditioned — although, the vagaries of casting being what they are, Gene Barry ultimately got the part.

Another potential obstacle is getting well-established actors to audition in the first place; stars don’t like to have to audition — they want the casting decision to be their choice. With Cat, Stuart Howard sidestepped this problem since the director, Howard Davies, is British. That, Schecter says, proved to be a pretty good excuse to recite to audition-shy actors. “I told them, ‘Howard Davies doesn’t know who you are.’”

And then there’s the final obstacle, even after a part is cast — negotiating the contract so everyone’s happy; if not, the casting folks go back to their lists and try candidate number two.

On the one hand casting directors are cajoling and manipulating and arranging so that the actors they want to see will show up at the right place and time for an audition; on the other hand, however, they’re inundated for each part by many, many actors they have no interest in at all. But by decree of the Actors Equity Association, all parts that are to be cast must have open auditions for all Equity members. This is fair-sounding enough, but one wonders if this mandated open audition isn’t a technicality that casting directors would usually just as soon do without.

Not that a casting director can’t be surprised in an audition either by an unknown actor or by an unexpected aspect seen in a familiar face. Still, it’s her job, as Schecter explains it, to know this in advance — not to know who’s going to get a part, or who specifically is going to be most suited to a part, but definitely to narrow the pool.
As she says, “If I have to bring in the entire world for auditions, then I’m not doing my job.”

So what happens is there’s the open audition required by Equity, and then there’s the casting director’s audition, which may or may not involve anyone seen at the open audition, and then there may still be another, final audition with the show’s director there, too.

The casting director’s audition may, therefore, still be on the large side (Schecter has seen as many as 500 people for one role). Some actors are “a little miffed,” she says, when they’re brought in to audition for the casting director first—they want to know why they can’t just audition for the director. “But that’s why the director hires us,” she notes. Schecter likes it when she can get to do two rounds of auditions, and therefore bring a very narrowed field before the director. This tends to happen only when she is familiar with the director’s working style and knows in advance the sort of people he or she likes to see.

That’s the case with Stuart Howard & Associates and Arthur Laurents, who worked together most recently, before Nick and Nora, on last year’s Tony Award-winning revival of Gypsy. “We know his tastes,” says Schecter, of Laurents, “and he knows what we’re going to bring him. That’s when it’s really fun.”

The rest of the time, if Schecter’s demeanor is any indication, the job is, merely, fun. Even during harried weeks—which may involve long days of auditions framed in the morning and evening by visits to the office—Schecter sounds not far from a smile. And why not? Here is a woman living out a dream she hadn’t dared, as a college student, to think possible: She’s making a respectable living in the theater.

Bitten badly by the theater bug since she was in grade school in Teaneck, New Jersey (“Anytime there was a show anywhere, I was in it”), Schecter, maturing, figured she could never do anything but starve if she tried to work in the theater professionally. Therefore, she reasoned, if she went to a college that didn’t even have a theater department, she wouldn’t tempt herself. This was, she insists, partly behind her transfer to Rochester after her freshman year at the University of Wisconsin. “It sort of made sense at the time,” she says.

She should have known herself, and the University, better. Lacking a theater department didn’t keep Rochester from having an active student theater group, COPA, the Committee on Performing Arts. Not long after her arrival, she saw an audition notice for a production of The Wizard of Oz. Schecter, new kid on campus, knew as well as anyone that getting involved in a show was a great way to meet people. She also had stature—all 60 inches of it—in her favor. “I became a munchkin,” she says. (“But,” she adds, “I was one of the bigger ones.”)

After that, forget it. She acted, she stage-managed, she directed, she lived and breathed theater. A work/study program she undertook in her senior year with a soon-to-be defunct group called the Rochester Shakespeare Theater led to an opportunity in Manhattan after her graduation in the summer of 1975. Of course, that depends on how you define “opportunity”—in this case, it was the chance to stage-manage, for no money, a showcase of a show called Best Foot Forward that was to be performed in a theater in a fleabag hotel on 43rd Street that she charitably remembers as “a real hole.”

To Amy Schecter in 1975, it was an incredible foot in the door of the Manhattan theater community. She could live at home and had a car, and didn’t mind the occasional rat in the theater. After this showcase, she circulated her resume, which serendipitously crossed the desk of the Manhattan Theater Club’s stage manager just as the assistant stage manager there had suddenly decided to leave. Schecter got the job.

Those were simpler times, as she remembers them today. Off-Broadway operated more like off-off-Broadway. You could do things then like get a decent theater job by sending a resume around. In any case, Schecter progressed fluidly through a series of production stage manager jobs in the later ’70s, including her first show at the Circle Repertory Theater in 1977. This one has grown memorable in retrospect: She was production stage manager for a play called My Life, starring William Hurt, Christopher Reeve, and Jeff Daniels. The former two were then obscure actors; Daniels was an intern from Michigan with a bit part. “You look back and you think, ‘Oh, my lord . . .’” she says.
This same sort of thing happened on what was to be her last stage manager's job, for a play called The Singular Life of Alfred Nobbs, in 1982, which starred an unfamiliar actress with the unusual name of Glenn Close.

By then, Schecter was beginning to feel she was ready for a change. She liked the idea of directing, felt she was good at it instinctively, but was "insecure" about her lack of formal training in the area. Besides, she had never worked days or had an office job, and was beginning to wonder what that might be like.

And then she thought of casting as a potential direction for her career. This wasn't an obvious decision, if only because the whole business of casting as a separate profession was relatively new. In the old days, casting directors didn't exist—the producers more or less knew the talent pool, without outside assistance.

Casting was therefore a good field to get into because you didn't have to compete against anyone with a lot of experience—there were no people with a lot of experience. So, once again, Schecter sent her resume around to a couple of dozen places. Howard responded, told her to visit him. His year-old agency, which had been doing commercials only, had just been hired to cast its first Broadway show—Merlin, starring magician Doug Henning.

Howard was looking for someone with theater experience to help get his "legit" business (as the non-advertising work is called) off the ground.

They talked for a while; she volunteered her services free for a day—a smart move she had learned from her earlier days on the job path. She went to the chorus callbacks for Merlin. She and Howard hit it off, worked well together. She was hired.

At the end of her first official day at work, Howard handed her a script. "Read this overnight," he said to her. "It's our next show."

Schechter read it. "And I thought it was horrible. Really awful." The next day, Howard walked in to greet her. "Well?" he asked. "What did you think?" Schechter hemmed and hawed and managed to express the opinion that she didn't like it too terribly much.

"But don't you think maybe it could be a funny farce?" he pushed her.

"Wellll . . . maybe," she said, not at all convinced. "But when you're casting a show, you just have to do it," she says now. Especially when an agency is still so new.

The play was Moose Murders. "The rest," says Schechter, with a grin, "is history." For the uninitiated, Moose Murders opened and closed in one terrible night in February 1983, and quickly became part of theater lore as perhaps the biggest bomb ever to hit the Great White Way.

It's a long way from Moose Murders to Nick and Nora, which has become one of Broadway's most eagerly awaited shows. Based on the characters created by Dashiell Hammett in The Thin Man, Nick and Nora features music by Annie composer Charles Strouse '47E and lyrics by Richard Maltby, along with the Laurents book.

Laurents is the director as well. Because of Stuart Howard's relationship with the playwright, the agency has been working on the show for two years already—not a great deal financially, since Stuart Howard's flat fee is paid out only partially when the contract is first signed, the rest when the show is set to go. (An agency also receives a weekly retainer when a show is running, to cover services required for any replacements that become necessary.)

Nick and Nora had to be cast before there was even a finished script—a not unusual circumstance given the economics at work to launch a big Broadway show: In order to raise the money, you have to have already cast some recognizable stars; in order to cast stars, you have to get them to audition (which they don't like to do anyway) for a show that doesn't even have a script yet because it hasn't raised any money. In the case of Nick and Nora, actress Joanna Gleason (wonderful a few years back in Stephen Sondheim's Into the Woods) was in on the ground floor, as Nora, brought in by old friend Arthur Laurents. The agency brought in a couple of dozen men for Nick, settling on Barry Bostwick. (Stuart Howard wasn't involved, however, in the final, much-publicized search for an animal to play Asta. "We don't do dogs," Schechter says.) It all took a year and a half, but, finally, "Everyone's pleased," she says.

Genial but modest, Schechter doesn't name-drop or even give herself that much credit. She doesn't, for instance, agree with the casting profession's trade association that there should be Tony Awards for casting. "It's a very hard thing to give an award for," she says, noting how elusive the decision-making process is, not to mention how dynamic—the director makes the final cut, but accepts input and reaction along the way from the producers and writers and, of course, casting directors.

And unlike some of her more despotic peers, she remains thoroughly respectful of the performers with whom she works.

"Some casting directors actually don't like actors," she says. "What they like is the power part." Which is especially odd to Schechter, given the true nature of the casting director's status as she sees it. "I think actors may like to attribute to us a lot of power," she says. "But I don't think it's really there. We have the power to give them an audition. That's all."

But for Schechter, that seems to be enough. She's right where she wants to be. She's a professional making a living—in the theater.
Sixty Years Old This Fall: The Once and Future River Campus

This illustration, reprinted from the October-November 1930 issue of our predecessor publication, the Rochester Alumni Review, celebrated the opening of the River Campus 60 years ago this fall. Those stark buildings are now luxuriantly clad in ivy, and the oaks that replaced the original elms have themselves grown to mightiness—but otherwise this view of the Eastman Quadrangle has remained little altered over its first six decades.

Just below those steps, however, in the forecourt of the quad, the prospect is not at the moment anywhere near as serene. Since late last spring phalanxes of construction equipment have been noisily engaged in fulfilling the quadrangle's original plan, which envisioned a seventh building, opposite Strong Auditorium, to complete its symmetry. Now rising on that site is the Simon School's new classroom and administrative center, Schlegel Hall. At its scheduled completion a year from this fall, the new structure will be thoroughly modern on the inside while in its facade faithfully mirroring its 60-year-old counterpart across the way.

Concurrently, the long-held dream of making the River Campus truly a river campus is proceeding toward reality. Along the riverbank, now cleared of its obscuring tangle of brush as the first stage in the development of the Bausch & Lomb Riverside Park, work has begun on the pedestrian bridge connecting the campus to the west side of the Genesee. Completion is projected for the fall of '91.

The next step: reconstruction of Intercampus Drive—the roadway behind the campus—in preparation for the removal of the central portion of Wilson Boulevard (from the Zornow Center to Todd Union) to provide a clean sweep of parkway from campus to river bank. That project is scheduled to get under way at the close of the academic year next spring.

Meanwhile, downtown at the Eastman School of Music, the new Student Living Center, a mere 60-second sprint down Gibbs Street from the school, is being readied for occupancy shortly after the first of the year. A 16-story tower surrounded by a four-story quadrangle and courtyard, the building will provide housing for 370 Eastman students.
In high school, when Duncan Callaway started thinking about where he'd go to college, his mother recommended Rochester as a likely option.

The suggestion wasn't all that surprising, considering Callaway's family history: Callaway's mother, Henrietta Stewart Callaway, is the daughter of Henrietta Rhees Stewart, who (as you might already be guessing from that distinctive maiden name) is the daughter of Rush Rhees, the University's third (and some say greatest) president.

Ultimately, Callaway chose Rochester not much so for family ties as for the University's engineering program (he's interested in becoming a mechanical engineer) as well as, he says, its size, its facilities, and the presence of the Eastman School of Music (he's interested in music, too).

"It's neat to walk by the library and know that it's named after my great-grandfather," he admits. "I've heard that he did so much in just a little more than 30 years, that he was instrumental in turning into a full-fledged university what had been a just a small local college with about 200 male undergraduates — total."

Times having changed, thanks in large part to Callaway's great-grandfather, the freshman class he joined this fall numbers approximately 1,060 men and women, give or take a few, entering the College of Arts and Science and the School of Nursing (with another 125 at Eastman).

The River Campus Class of 1994 was chosen from a pool of 7,250 applicants, setting a record for the fifth year in a row. The geographical distribution of Rochester students is growing as well: Freshmen come from 40 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and 25 foreign countries.

About 48 percent of the first-year students are women, up a percentage point from last year. Minority groups comprise almost 19 percent of the class (black representation is 6 percent, Hispanic 4 percent). More than half of the entering students — 56 percent — plan to pursue a degree from the College of Arts and Science, 19 percent are aiming for an engineering degree (up from 16 percent last year), and another 1 percent are headed for the School of Nursing. The rest are, for the moment, keeping their options open.

As for "family" representation: The Class of 1994 includes 11 sons and daughters of faculty and staff, 42 sons and daughters of alumni — and, of course, Duncan Callaway, the great-grandson of the great Rhees himself.

Dr. Rhees's Legacy to the Class of 1994

(Great-grand)father and son: College students

Rush Rhees, Amherst Class of 1883, and

Duncan Callaway, Rochester Class of 1994

Catholic Professorship

In September, the University began a national search for candidates to assume the John Henry Newman Professorship in Catholic Studies — a newly endowed chair and one of a handful of such posts among private secular universities nationwide.

The new chair is the second endowed position in the College of Arts and Science's Department of Religion and Classics. The first, the Philip S. Bernstein Professorship in Jewish Studies, was established in 1974. Rochester launched its religious studies program in 1968, with faculty from both the University and the Colgate Rochester Divinity School/Bexley Hall/Crozer Theological Seminary, which is affiliated with the University.

"The historic role of the Catholic Church and its teaching in shaping culture and politics persists in the contemporary world," says William Green, professor of religion and chair of the Department of Religion and Classics.

"The dramatic developments in Eastern Europe and Latin America — to pick two obvious examples — reveal the pertinence of Roman Catholic studies to an undergraduate education designed to help students comprehend the world they will inherit."

The new professorship is made possible by a gift from an alumni couple who wish to remain anonymous. Funding also came from the University's Newman Community. John Henry Cardinal Newman (1801-1890) — for whom the Newman Community and the new professorship are named — has been the inspiration for Catholic ministries at secular institutions across the country.

Douglass Institute Publishes Student Papers

White feminists have discriminated against black women, while black women have poured their energies into fighting racism instead of sexism. Slavery wasn't just an institution benefiting Southern agrarians; it also made possible the industrialization of the whole country. The religious cult Rastafarianism may become a powerful opposition force against the government of Jamaica.
These are among the recently published conclusions of Rochester undergraduates doing research at the Frederick Douglass Institute of African and African-American Studies. To encourage its undergraduates to prepare in-depth term papers, and to inspire the most talented among them to pursue African and African-American studies as a vocation, the institute has undertaken to publish some of the best of the student papers—with the new volume, Undergraduate Perspectives on African and African-American Studies, as the result.

Professors teaching various courses in this interdisciplinary field, ranging from history and religion to chemical engineering, nominated the best research papers by their students and forwarded them for consideration by a selection committee. The committee chose papers that represented the best research in several different courses.

Some papers in the volume focus on historical and contemporary topics in economic development; the impact on African economic development of the international slave trade and European colonial domination; and the “power-Douglass as a Rochester newspaperman
ful yet often negative role played by multinational corporations in the economic and political life of Third World countries.” Others examine various social movements, including the “black power movement” and its role in the 1968 Olympics; the African National Congress and its evolution in South Africa; and feminism and the “disproportionately low participation of African-American women in the women’s movement.”

Now in its fifth year at Rochester, the Douglass Institute sponsors programs of teaching and research for undergraduates and graduate students.

Honoring William Riker

“I found out in college that I loved studying,” says political scientist William H. Riker, “that is, learning what other people have said about a subject, figuring out what’s wrong with it, figuring out one’s own position, analyzing things that don’t add up, and seeing an explanation to the puzzle.”

Over the course of a distinguished 40-year career, this gifted scholar-teacher’s explanations to puzzles have earned him many honors. Most recent is this fall’s “Riker Conference” sponsored by the Department of Political Science in celebration of his 70th birthday. For two days in October, former students and colleagues gathered in Rochester to recognize, as he prepares to retire from full-time teaching next spring, Riker’s contributions to the department he helped to establish and the discipline he helped to shape.

Now the College of Arts and Science’s Wilson Professor of Political Science, Riker came to Rochester in 1962 as founding chair of his department, which has come to be ranked among the top 10 poli sci faculties in the country. He has three times been honored for his ability as a teacher, including the University’s two major teaching awards, the Curtis prizes for graduate teaching (1987) and undergraduate teaching (1988).

Outside the University, he is renowned for his work in integrating the ideas of game theory and social-choice theory with mainstream political science. In the 1950s and ’60s he pioneered in the application of formal mathematical reasoning to political problems, thus constructing a theoretical base for political analysis.

Past president of the American Political Science Association, author of nine books and more than 50 professional papers, and one of the select number of political scientists ever elected to membership in the National Academy of Sciences, Riker is also co-founder of the Public Choice Society, a group of political scientists, economists, and other social scientists who established a forum for the branch of political science he created.

Acting Dean for Simon School

Charles I. Plosser has been appointed acting dean of the William E. Simon Graduate School of Business Administration for the current academic year, filling in for Dean Paul W. MacAvoy, who is on leave for a one-year teaching assignment at Yale.

Plosser holds a joint appointment at the University as Fred H. Gowen Professor of Economics and Finance at the Simon School and professor of economics and finance in the College of Arts and Science. He is also a research associate of the National Bureau of Economic Research in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a senior research associate at the Rochester Center for Economics Research based at the College of Arts and Science, and editor of the Journal of Monetary Economics.
A Revolution in Evolution?

Hall

Conventional scientific belief holds that mutations—changes in an organism’s genetic code—occur at a measured and continuous pace, and that they occur without regard to changes in the organism’s environment.

In a paper published in the September issue of the science journal Genetics, a Rochester biologist suggests that this basic tenet of evolution may need modifying.

Barry G. Hall, an experimental evolutionist who uses bacteria as a model to study how organisms adapt by changing their enzymes, reports that he has found strong evidence that mutations in bacteria occur more often when the mutations are beneficial than when they are not. That finding strikes at the widely held belief that mutations arise randomly without respect to their utility, a belief that is critical to our understanding of how life evolves.

"Some mutations happen more often when they are useful than when they are neutral," says Hall. "I can demonstrate this every day in my laboratory, and there is every reason to believe that it occurs outside the laboratory in nature as well."

Generations of scientists since Charles Darwin have thought that the mutations that make an organism more productive or successful are "selected" and are subsequently passed on to succeeding generations more often than unhelpful mutations. Scientists have also believed that the process of generating the mutations is completely separate from the process of selection.

Hall’s findings suggest a much more intimate relationship between the two processes, a relationship in which selective conditions may dramatically affect mutation itself.

"If this turns out to be widespread, we will have to revise most of what we think about the way evolution works," says Hall, whose work opens up the possibility that adaptive evolution may be a considerably more speedy process than biologists have thought up to now. The assumption that mutations are purely random forms a key part of all mathematical and theoretical studies of evolutionary processes. "The problem we face is that theory is simply not equipped to deal with these findings," says Hall.

An accurate understanding of the relationship between mutations and adaptation may be important in trying to predict how rapidly organisms are able to adapt to polluted environments, for example, or in estimating how likely it is that evolution can be directed toward specific ends.

Two years ago Harvard biologist John Cairns proposed that mutations may occur at different rates depending on the stresses an organism faces in its environment. Cairns’s work has been hotly debated.

Key differences exist between Hall’s and Cairns’s theories. Hall refers to these mutations not as "directed mutations" (as does Cairns) but rather as "Cairnsian mutations." "Cairnsian mutation is a neutral term," says Hall. "This is the phenomenon, and Cairns discovered it. We don’t yet know the mechanism by which it occurs; I am not saying that bacteria are directing their own evolution."

In his paper Hall proposes an explanation for Cairnsian mutations that involves an underlying random mechanism that may make some genes more prone to mutations during times of stress.

In 1988 Hall showed that a mutation that allowed the bacterium E. coli to use the sugar salicin was the result of spontaneous excision of a mobile genetic element, or "jumping gene," from within the gene for salicin use. That mutation was undetectable when E. coli was growing normally—it occurred in fewer than 2 in a trillion cells. However, the mutation occurred in about 1 in 100 cells when E. coli colonies were stressed by prolonged incubation in a medium containing salicin.

The surprising observation was that the mutation occurred only when it was useful—when salicin was present—but did not occur under identical conditions when salicin was absent from the medium.

In his more recent experiments Hall has examined a kind of mutation that is often thought to be more important in evolutionary processes—a mutation in which one of the bases of the DNA is changed to another base. Using strains of E. coli that normally do not produce the amino acid tryptophan but require it for growth, Hall deprived the bacterial colony of tryptophan for long periods of time. The result was that the deprived colonies began producing mutant strains capable of synthesizing their own tryptophan at a rate far in excess of the normal rate. His key observation was that the only mutations that occurred at the accelerated pace were those related to synthesizing tryptophan—there was no increase in the production of mutations in other genes.

"It is the specificity of the process that is so surprising," says Hall. "Mutations seem to occur only at a place in the DNA where they are beneficial."
Challenged

At Convocation, opening event of the academic year, the Class of 1994 became the first to be inducted into the newly formed Undergraduate College. Initiating the new college’s first tradition, the incoming students accepted a “charge” from Dean Brenda Meehan-Waters, who challenged them to take full advantage of the coming four years, “to engage with us and enjoy with us intellectual, personal, and social exploration.” The Undergraduate College was established earlier this year within the College of Arts and Science as the “home college” for its undergraduate students. Its creation, said CAS Dean Jack Kampmeier, serves as a way of underscoring—for both faculty and students—the University’s commitment to undergraduate education. Meehan-Waters, CAS associate dean for undergraduate studies and professor of history, heads the new unit.

More People Are Reaching Out, Psychologist Says

Americans are hungry for intimacy. Watch television any evening, and the commercials tell the story of our desire for emotional closeness. People reach out and touch someone over long-distance phone lines. They give each other hugs after a letdown and offer comfort with homey hot bowls of soup.

The study of intimacy has now become one of the hottest areas of research for social psychologists, who are exploring why people seek to be close to others, how they go about forming strong attachments, and what connection there is between achieving intimacy and fulfilling oneself in other ways.

Psychologist Harry Reis of the College of Arts and Science has been studying loneliness and its converse, emotional closeness to others, for more than 15 years and has grown increasingly convinced that sharing an intimate emotional bond with someone else is key to health and happiness.

“There’s little doubt that close emotional relationships are important to an individual’s well being from childhood through adult life. It’s also clear that undisturbed people value the kind of friendship that allows for emotional closeness above all other kinds,” Reis says.

In a study published last winter in the Journal of Social and Clinical Psychology, Reis and his associates asked male and female college students to rank the relative importance of characteristics they look for in their friends. Most students, Reis reports, thought that being with “someone who understands you” was more important than having friends in great numbers, having friends who were popular with others, or having friends they could play sports with. They even ranked having a few “special friends who care about you” above having a steady sexual partner.

“Intimacy appears to be a pervasive human goal,” Reis suggests. People seek close relationships partly because they are intrinsically rewarding. For most people, the feeling of understanding someone else’s inner being and caring about him or her is one of life’s greatest pleasures.

But evidence is mounting that intimate bonds also play a key role in both mental and physical health.

“Findings culled from many studies suggest that those who are emotionally close to at least one other person are more content with their lives in general, and better able to cope with stress and to bounce back from tough times,” says Reis. In short, people seem to gain both resilience and a more positive outlook from these social ties.

Intimacy offers physical benefits as well. Studies have found that people involved in close relationships display more resistance to infections and illnesses than loners do and are also less likely to abuse drugs or alcohol, Reis says.

In another recent study, Reis has attempted to define the process people go through in getting close to each other.

“Intimacy is more than otherness, though certainly people have to spend time together to forge a close relationship,” he says. “On the simplest terms, you build intimacy by telling another individual something about yourself that is personally revealing, something you wouldn’t or ordinarily want others to know about because it exposes a side of yourself you don’t like the world to see. Perhaps you’re jealous of a colleague at work who seems to get all the breaks. You hide these feelings from most people, because you don’t want to appear petty or insecure, but you confide in your best friend or spouse.

If that person listens to you, understands you, cares for you, reassures you that you’re really lovable, and maybe offers some advice on dealing with the situation that seems on target because he or she knows you well—that’s the kind of interaction that leads to intimacy. Then maybe you do the same kind of thing for your partner later.”
**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:

**Time**

What role, if any, do emotions play in preventing or curing illness? The question is older than Western medicine, writes *Time*, but modern science has given it new urgency by discovering ways to measure the mind’s impact on the body’s health.

“There is little question that we can alter the course of disease by manipulating psychological factors,” says Robert Ader, professor of psychiatry at the School of Medicine and Dentistry and a pioneer in mind-body research, according to *Time*. “But to make this knowledge useful to physicians, we need to understand the mechanisms.”

Concurrently, in a special feature in U.S. *News and World Report* summing up “The Best of America,” panelists listed the field of ‘psychoneuroimmunology’—a term coined by Ader to describe the study of how the mind and body ally to combat disease—as one of the ideas that have fundamentally changed our view of ourselves. Together with Nicholas Cohen, also of the School of Medicine and Dentistry, Ader was among the first scientists to provide evidence that our beliefs, emotions, and relationships can influence our susceptibility to illness.

**San Francisco Examiner**

Cancer, psychologists say, is still the disease most dreaded by the general population.

“The first thing that pops into mind when cancer is mentioned is death, and often not a very pleasant death,” says Gary Morrow, a behavioral psychologist at the University’s Cancer Center. The scope of the disease is even more frightening, he says, since it leaves few families unscathed: “It touches one in four Americans. It’s hard to find something that is more pervasive than that.”

Crystals, macrobiotics, laetrile, and multivitamin drinks are just a few of the fads that have capitalized on the cancer scare, reports Morrow in the *Examiner* article. “These things are multibillion-dollar industries that make a small fortune on people’s fears.”

**Boston Herald**

When toddlers squabble, they aren’t settling disputes as much as they are developing morals, says developmental psychologist Judith Smetana of the Graduate School of Education and Human Development, who is featured in a *Herald* news story on her research.

“Children use the information in these quarrels to develop notions such as ‘this is wrong because it makes my playmate angry.’ These ideas about right and wrong are simple in young children but appear to be the foundation on which they will build more sophisticated ideas later on.”

Adults often react to such clashes by ordering children to stop, spanking them or yanking them away, or explaining why the behavior is wrong, appealing to ideas of fairness and not hurting others.

**Associated Press**

“What’s the best way to handle your first day at a new job? Get right down to business? Or watch your boss and colleagues for a while to pick up cues to the office culture? For answers to those questions, the AP called on Jim Case, director of Rochester’s Career Services and Placement Center.

“There’s nothing wrong with showing eagerness to assume new responsibilities,” said Case. “But beginning a new job is a bit like moving to a foreign country. There’s a lot of hidden culture that you’ve got to know.”

Before you apply for a job, cautioned Case, find out what is expected in that position. Five questions to ask someone who currently holds the job: 1) How do you spend your time during a typical week? 2) What skills or talents are most essential to being effective in your job? 3) What are the toughest problems you face? 4) What is most rewarding about your work, apart from salary or fringe benefits? 5) If you were ever to leave your job, what would drive you away?

**CD Review**

“If you’re a Gilbert and Sullivan fan, get this CD. If you’re not, you’ve screwed up and need to do something about it. Soon,” writes the reviewer in *CD Review*.

“I’ve never heard better and I’ve been to lots of G&S performances in the 56 years since I first saw the Savoyards in New York.”

The subject? A new compact disc, *H.M.S. Gilbert & Sullivan*, by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and the Eastman School of Music’s Eastman Chorale directed by Donald Neuen. The CD, which received top ratings (a “10”), includes highlights from the three most popular operettas, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*. 
Newsweek

Along with food, water, air, sex, and just about everything else that is dangerous to your health, you can add one more environmental risk: death itself, in the form of silver fillings in the teeth of bodies that are cremated.

As corpses burn, mercury in the fillings vaporizes into a highly toxic gas which can cause neurological and kidney damage. Although Thomas Clarkson, a mercury toxicologist at Rochester cited in the Newsweek piece, finds it "difficult to believe there's any hazard," he notes that mercury vapor stays in the atmosphere for months. If the air is calm, crematoria emissions might indeed reach unhealthy concentrations.

The greater danger, he says, may lie in the fillings of the living: Vigorous chewing liberates mercury from amalgam (although the levels are considered nontoxic); as a result, people with fillings have higher levels of mercury in their brain tissue than those who are cavity-free.

Associated Press

Good news for parents: A safer, more effective whooping-cough vaccine may get federal licensing this year, says Michael Pichichero of the School of Medicine and Dentistry. His year-long study of a Japanese vaccine found fewer than 5 percent of the children inoculated had reactions of fever, fussiness, or swelling—compared with 80 percent given shots of the U.S.-manufactured vaccine, the AP reported.

The New York Times

Public school classes on topics like sexuality and AIDS, religion, drug abuse, racial tolerance, and the Vietnam War, among others, have transformed many school districts into ideological combat zones, reports the Times.

"We are such a diverse society that it's extremely difficult for schools to come up with a curriculum that doesn't ring somebody's bell," says Tyll van Geel of the Graduate School of Education and Human Development, one of the experts quoted in the article. "School boards haven't necessarily dropped whole courses because of the pressures, but they've backed off or fine-tuned a course to take the edge off."

SPORTS

Splash

By the end of her sophomore year Monica Farren '92 had managed to make a bigger splash than most collegiate swimmers make in all four years of varsity swimming.

As a freshman Farren dunked the competition at the NCAA Division III Swimming and Diving Championships, capturing six All-American honors and along the way setting five University records.

Following up as a sophomore last year, she won three more All-American honors and set four more school records. She also finished third among individual scorers at last year's UAA Championships. With a swimmer from Johns Hopkins less than one-tenth of a second behind her, she took first place in the 100-yard freestyle (54:85) and qualified for the NCAA Division III Championships. At the NCAAs Farren made another strong showing, placing ninth in the 50-yard freestyle (24:76), tenth in the 100-yard butterfly (59:87), and eleventh in the 100-yard freestyle (53:76). She also broke the school record for the 200-yard freestyle (1:58:47) and the 50-yard fly (27:38).

"Monica's got a heart for swimming," says head coach Marrie Neumer. "She's our best sprinter. It's a joy to have her on the team."

And Farren is happy to be there. As a high-school senior the five-year letter winner turned down a scholarship from a division I school, Villanova University, to come to Rochester. "I liked Rochester's swimming program better," she says. "I could tell that people here were serious about swimming, but not too serious; I knew there'd be time for academics, too." As a nursing student with a legacy to uphold, Farren is devoted to her studies. (Her mother, Mary Connor Farren '84GN, and her older sister, Kathleen, a graduate student in the School of Nursing, inspired the younger Farren's career choice.)

In addition to academics, though, she also values the lessons she's learning in the pool as an important part of her career preparation. "When you're practicing you learn how to take constructive criticism, and when you're in competition you learn how to handle pressure," she says. "Part of being a good nurse is being strong emotionally. That's definitely something I've learned from being a competitive swimmer.

Farren has also learned a lot about teamwork. Aside from her dazzling performance in individual competitions, she's been a strong swimmer on several record-setting relays. As a freshman she swam on the record-breaking relay teams (200-, 400-, and 800-yard freestyle) at the NCAA Division III Championships.

Last year she anchored the 400-yard freestyle relay, breaking the UAA record and setting a new school record (3:41.51). Farren is quick to disclaim personal credit for that victory: "When we win it's all four of us who win; when we lose, it's all four of us who lose," she says.

That unassuming manner is a part of Farren's style. "Monica wins a lot, but she's modest about it," says Neumer. "She keeps competition in perspective."
Will to win: Crew coach Will Scoggins was down by the riverside a lot during the early fall prepping his rowers for the second annual Bausch & Lomb Invitational Regatta, scheduled on the Genesee for October 14—just too late to report on in this issue, beyond this one newsflash: Rochester captured the women's open fours division. You can look for a full account next time around.

Dunlop

important part of Rochester’s running program. “Though many people view running as an individual activity, it really is a team sport. For one thing, team scores are compiled at the end of every meet. But also, for the athletes, it’s knowing that they’re part of a larger effort that helps each individual be more successful than he would be on his own.”

Dunlop concurs. “Though I was disappointed with my personal time, I was excited when we cracked the top 10 last year,” he says, referring to the team’s performance at the NCAA Division III Championships, where Rochester ranked seventh in the country.

That was one of several high points during the year. The Yellowjackets also placed second at both the UAA Championships and at the New York State NCAA Division III Regional Championships. Also, for the third consecutive year, they placed first at the New York State Collegiate Track & Field Association Championships, bringing the total of Jacket wins at this meet to five and tying the record for the all-time number of wins by a single team.

Running is more than just a sport for Dunlop: “It’s a kind of therapy—a great emotional release.” But, adds this economics major who plans to go on to medical school, “I continue to run at Rochester because I’ve found success both as a runner and as a student. If I found that my school work was compromised, I’d lay off running for a while. It’s such a big part of my life, though, that I’ll never let things get to that point.”
University of Rochester Alumni Association Tours are designed to provide worry-free basics—transportation, transfers, accommodations, some meals, baggage handling, and professional guides—and still allow you time to pursue your individual interests.

Escorts drawn from University faculty and staff accompany each tour to provide special services and educational enrichment.

Alumni Association Tours are open to all members of the University community and their spouses, parents, and dependent children. Other relatives and friends are also welcome as space permits (these unaffiliated travelers are requested to make a $100 tax-free donation to the University).

Prices listed are current best estimates, subject to final tariffs and significant fluctuations in international exchange rates.

1991 TOUR PROGRAM

Virgin Islands Cruise
January 19–26

This 7-night cruise aboard the intimate Nantucket Clipper will visit St. Thomas, Francis Bay, Tortola, Norman Island, Virgin Gorda, and St. John. We will explore secluded bays, picturesque coves, and tiny out-of-the-way marinas devoid of regimentation. You can swim from the side of the ship, snorkel, beachcomb, or enjoy the optional shore excursions. From $1,500 with special Clipper air program from 50 major U.S. cities. (Clipper Cruise)

Pacific Hawaiian Odyssey
February 6–16

Eight-day cruise from Ensenada to Honolulu aboard the superb new Crown Odyssey will visit Maui, Kauai, and Oahu with a 2-day stay in Waikiki. Special Host Program for single travelers and American Heart Association cuisine options. $2,159–$5,348 from San Diego with $370 air from Rochester. Option to extend cruise to February 22 with 30 percent early-booking discount off 16-day cruise. (Royal Cruise Lines)

Japan
March 27–April 7

Explore Tokyo, Japan’s bustling capital, and witness the architectural marvels of the Imperial Palace, Meiji Shrine, and Ginza. Then, on a 7-night cruise through Japan’s stunning Inland Sea aboard the deluxe cruiser Oceanic Grace, visit Toba, famous for its pearl diving; Kobe, a major port since the 18th century; and fascinating Kyoto, Japan’s ancient capital and a city of awe-inspiring temples and shrines. Continue cruising to Nagasaki, an old-time port city and site of the 1945 Peace Park. 12 days. $4,295 from San Francisco or Los Angeles. (Alumni Holidays)

Romantic Treasures
May 1–14

Twelve-day cruise sailing the waters of the Mediterranean Sea aboard the luxurious Royal Princess. Ports of call in 9 cities: Barcelona, Cannes, Livorno, Rome, Messina, Athens, Mykonos, Dubrovnik, and Venice. Option to extend your holiday pre/post cruise in Barcelona. From $3,590, including free round-trip jet transportation from Rochester and most major cities to the ship. (Vantage Travel)

Mozart’s Europe
May 18–June 4

This tour basically follows Mozart on his journey from Vienna to visit King Friedrich Wilhelm II in Potsdam in the spring of 1789, intersecting with the lives of Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Bach. Escorts by Eastman School professor John Maloy, the music/opera program includes 10 international-calibre concerts in Budapest, Vienna, Salzburg, Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig, with performances at the Vienna State Opera, the Leipzig Gewandhaus, and the Dresden Semper Opera. Unique experiences such as private concerts, authentic-instrument demonstrations, discussions with musicologists, meals in places where Mozart dined, and exciting excursions are part of the program. The music of Mozart and other classicists fills the deluxe motorcoach as it carries the group from city to city, sometimes along the very highways traversed by Mozart’s carriage. Accommodations are deluxe and superior first class, centrally located. All breakfasts in sumptuous buffet style. 18 days from $3,600. (Voyager Tours—operated by Norman Eagle ‘46)

Classic Kenyan Safari
July 12–27

Travel throughout Kenya while enjoying excellent service and accommodations often reminiscent of the romantic luxury experienced by Africa’s “Great White Hunters.” Expert guides provide the understanding that makes a safari so memorable. This program visits three of Kenya’s greatest parks: Tsavo West (2 nights), Taita Hills (2 nights), and the Maasai Mara (3 nights). It also includes 3 nights on the incomparable Kenyan coast, strategically placed in the middle of the tour providing time to relax or enjoy a host of optional activities. Time in Nairobi is planned to shop and enjoy this friendly African capital. Extras and special features are too numerous to list! $4,495 from JFK on KLM includes practically everything. Group arrangements from Rochester. (Explorers World Travel)

Adventures in Scandinavia
June 26–July 9

Seine & Saone
June 30–July 12

Scotland—Highlands, Islands, and Castles (and the Edinburgh Military Tattoo)
July 31–August 10

Russia—Pioneer Cruise from Leningrad to Moscow
August 1–14

Danube—Seven Countries in One Historic Trip
October

Brochures with full details on each of these tours are available on request to the Office of Alumni Affairs, Fairbank Alumni House, 685 Mt. Hope Ave., Rochester, NY 14620, (800) 333-0175 or (716) 275-3684.
Castle in the air: Levitating for a scene from a New York City Opera production of Prokofief's *The Love for Three Oranges*.

**Met Mezzo**

Last June, opera lovers—as well as opera illiterati—glutted themselves on a PBS broadcast of all four massive works in Wagner’s *Ring* cycle (amounting to nearly 800 pages of text and 3,750 pages of music), taped over a two-year period at the Metropolitan Opera. The event made television history, with 17 hours of prime-time operatic programming before an audience that may ultimately reach 100,000,000 in at least 10 countries around the world.

Among the *Ring*’s 34 singers was mezzo soprano Joyce Castle ’66GE in the role of Waltraute (one of the Valkyries in the opera of the same name) as well as the second Norn (one of the Norse fates) in *Götterdämmerung*. Now in her fifth season as a principal singer with the Met, Castle debuted there as Waltraute in 1986.

While the *Ring* cycle may be the most newsworthy production Castle has appeared in to date, the roles she played in it were far from her biggest. The red-haired, green-eyed singer received high praise from critics for her portrayal of the murderous Mrs. Lovett in the New York City Opera revival of *Sweeney Todd*. (“Never eat pies anymore. Not even tiny ones,” she told *The Wall Street Journal.*) Her performance in Leonard Bernstein’s *Candide* (“as the old lady with one big buttock,” according to *The Journal*) won her a Grammy award for the recording on the New World label. Yet another “virtuoso performance,” in the words of *The New York Times*, was her portrayal of the mad Madame d’Urfé in the première of *Casanova* by the Pulitzer Prize-winning Dominick Argento ’58GE.

“I like roles that show character, vulnerability, many tensions,” she says in throaty, mellifluous tones over the phone from New York. “I try to search out roles that are interesting to me and also interesting to the audience—roles of great drama and also great comedy.”

A few years back, she was doing about 75 performances a year; she’s now trimmed it down to 50.

“Singers have to be easy on themselves,” she says. “It takes patience, because the voice is part of the body and it matures on its own. It’s like a ballet dancer trying to get the leg a little bit higher. If you just yank it up there one day, you’re going to have sore muscles for a while.

“The journey is really important to me—the journey of life. We singers are really lucky to be a part of this world of music and drama and performances. We can do so much: We can take people out of themselves, we can make them happy, we can stir all sorts of emotions—we can do all this if we’re cooking and doing honest work.”
Drugs on Overdrive

For most entrepreneurial executives, having three flourishing companies under your belt would probably be enough. But not for Alejandro Zaffaroni 49GM, whose good ideas are plentiful enough to spur a number of thriving enterprises.

In his latest venture, Zaffaroni has assembled some of the world’s top scientists, including four Nobel laureates, in an effort to propel into overdrive the tedious, trial-and-error process of discovering new drugs.

Zaffaroni projects that when his new company, Affymax (a contraction of Affinity Matrix), is up and running, it will be able speedily and systematically to screen huge numbers of compounds (up to a million a month) in order to determine which among them are worthy of pursuit as potentially useful drugs. This in an industry where a typical large pharmaceutical company tests only several thousand compounds a year.

“We’ll be able to test more compounds in a month than most companies test in a lifetime,” predicts Zaffaroni, who will move Affymax into a new building in Stanford Industrial Park in Palo Alto, California, early next year.

Affymax plans to put millions of tiny microorganisms to work making minute amounts of natural compounds. Technology from fields as diverse as astronomy, robotics, and biochemistry will help scientists check which compounds stick to which cell receptors (a necessary step for a drug to send a signal to a cell). Automated, laser-based detection devices will record the reactions.

Compounds that bind to receptors will be further tested and may wind up as useful drugs someday. In addition, the information about each compound will be fed into a huge database that will help scientists design, molecule by molecule on a computer screen, new compounds that will target specific diseases.

If past success is any indication of things to come, it won’t take long for Zaffaroni’s newest venture to thrive. He built up Syntex Laboratories into a pharmaceutical giant before departing in 1968 to found ALZA Corporation. Motivated by the conviction that improved drug delivery could significantly improve the therapeutic value of drugs, Zaffaroni focused ALZA’s attention on controlled-release systems that steadily release small amounts of a drug into the body (the patches worn by many angina patients are just one example of ALZA’s products). In 1981 he established yet another company, DNAX Limited, which was later sold to Schering-Plough.

Zaffaroni’s determination in following his convictions springs in part from a powerful and creative sense of independence fostered— inadvertently, he says—by his Jesuit teachers while he was growing up in Uruguay.

“The Jesuits’ strongly authoritarian, disciplinarian approach motivated me to work out stratagems for evading such a burdensome régime,” he says. “The experience taught me that authoritarian environments are the antithesis of what is needed to promote creativity. So I let my own people work in a very free environment.”

This desire for independence was evident in 1945, when, catching a ride on a cargo ship, Zaffaroni left Uruguay to study biochemistry in the States. He says he chose Rochester over an offer from Harvard because the University gave him the freedom to choose his own research topic. Zaffaroni jumped at the chance.

Ironically, two years later a new department chief, Elmer Stotz, was hired—from Harvard, of all places. The new chair hoped to attract faculty and graduate students to his own field (which wasn’t Zaffaroni’s), leading the young researcher to wonder whether his investigative independence was about to end. “But the professor felt my work was very good,” Zaffaroni remembers, “and he said, ‘Alex, go on with what you are doing.’ And my dream of doing my own research has continued to this day.”

Advocating a Liberal Education

In this country, hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent to keep a few severely brain-damaged people alive on high-tech life-support systems, while thousands of uninsured children go without basic vaccinations. To Paula Pimlott Brownlee ’64F, new president of the Washington-based Association of American Colleges (AAC), that represents a problem.

“Technology has brought us forward, but it’s also brought with it an increasing number of moral and ethical dilemmas. Health-care costs are just one example,” she says. “In a democracy, we can’t relax and leave decisions to the other person. We need to reason together, and people can’t do that without a liberal education.”

Brownlee, who moved to AAC after nine years as president of Hollins College, is now in the perfect spot to promote that kind of liberal-arts education—the association’s main mission is to do just that.

Among the projects she wants to undertake is a study of how curricular changes are made. “We need to understand why faculty may be irrationally fearful of or hostile to curricular changes. For example, there are many political reasons for maintaining the status quo,” says Brownlee.

“It’s not enough for a national association to come out with a blue-ribbon paper on what a curriculum should be.”

Brownlee is also interested in the place of women in higher education. Nineteen years ago AAC started the Project on the Status and Education of Women; it’s currently reexamining the scope of that work to see whether curricular issues have been given enough attention. “There’s no question that women have made wonderful advances in the last 20 years, but they still have a long way to go,” she says. “For example, very few women have yet attained senior faculty and administrative positions. One wonders why.”

Brownlee is obviously one woman who has made it to the top. A native of Great Britain, she earned bachelor’s, master’s, and doctoral degrees in chemistry from Oxford. Her role model there was Dorothy Hodgkin, a chemistry professor and Nobel laureate (she discovered insulin). “What an inspiration! She had a husband and three children and still managed to win a Nobel prize,” says Brownlee.

In some ways, Brownlee followed in her mentor’s footsteps. She came to Rochester as a postdoctoral fellow, met and married Thomas Brownlee ’46F (a fellow chemistry postdoc who now teaches organic chemistry at American University), and had three babies in three years. She then dropped out of the work force to care for her children.

When she was ready to go back seven years later, she says, she discovered that her child-rearing experience had “indirectly trained” her in the time-management skills needed in an effective administrator. Since then she has steadily moved up the administrative ladder from acting dean (Douglas College at Rutgers) to dean of the faculty (Union) to president (Hollins and now AAC).

Speaking of her new job, she says: “I can’t be a president who just sits in her office. I’m very much a believer in having contact where the action is.” A principle derived from her “indirect training” perhaps?
"I began thinking about what else I could do."

The woman he was dating at the time had decided to go to medical school in Italy—so he joined her.

"I went over there, learned Italian, and got into med school," he says, making it sound as easy as picking out "Chopsticks" on the piano. Two years later, he was back in the States, finishing his training at SUNY Downstate Medical Center—and soloing on a CD on Nilva Records, Maya's Dance, by bassist Ray Drummond.

Last summer, he completed an internship at Beth Israel Medical Center in New York City. The boxing stopped a while ago ("I just jog a little bit," he says), but the music—never.

"There are some doctors who are first-class jazz musicians," Richmond insists. "There's something about the yin and yang of the two fields. Medicine is creative—at least it used to be before all the malpractice suits began. It's an art and a science together, a meld of technology and technique. "Music is a technique applied to an art. It's mathematical, too—Bach is a perfect example."

In any event, he says, "Deep inside me I am a musician, by religion and philosophy. "I'm ripping off Charlie Parker when I say this, but jazz is still my religion."

John Richmond is a fluid tenor and soprano saxophonist who here makes his LP debut at the helm of a blue-chip quartet," begins Cash Box's review of "Round Once," a 1985 recording by the John Richmond Quartet.

What the writer neglected to say (in all fairness, couldn't have known) was that jazzman John Richmond '73 was soon to trade in his saxophone for a stethoscope, at least during waking hours. Today, he's a board-certified M.D. doing a residency in diagnostic radiology at SUNY Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn.

He doesn't miss his music, he says, because he hasn't stopped playing: "I'm working toward a copacetic mixture of the two. I have a practice room in the East Village, on East 7th Street. I've got a little piano there and I try to keep my chops up."

As far as being a latecomer to medicine is concerned, he says, "I try to suck it up and be cool. On the other hand, it's kind of tough to take orders from a 28-year-old who's my boss and who's done nothing but study all the time"—unlike Richmond, who earned a B.A. in psychology from Rochester (he calls his course of study "loosely pre-med") and then went home to New York to become a respiratory therapist and, off-hours, a jazz musician. He enrolled in the Manhattan School of Music and, by 1978, had earned a bachelor of music degree.

And he got into boxing on the side. "I was a gym boxer," he says, "but I got to work out with ranked boxers like Renaldo Snipes, the guy who fought Larry Holmes for the heavyweight title, and Doug Dewitt, the middleweight champion."

By the early '80s, he had worked his way into jazz clubs like the Blue Note in New York, performing with talents like Kenny Kirkland, Jeff Watts, Buster Williams, and Mike Longo. He did a lot of recording sessions—"the little boops and beeps you hear on advertisements," he says—but he was struggling nevertheless.

"In New York, the number of top-notch musicians is just incredible; they come from all over the world. New York is the mecca, even though these guys might wind up playing for $50 a night."

The way Alicia Betsy Edwards '64 talks on the job much of the time is criminal. That is, she is speaking like a criminal. "I know it all," she says; "jail slang, drug slang, street slang. I have to—it's my work."

Edwards, who freelances as a translator and interpreter, is frequently hired to interpret for indigent defendants on trial in federal courts. Among the cases she's worked on in her 11 years in the courtroom was one of the first criminal cases in which DNA "fingerprints" were used as evidence, in the trial of two Spanish-speaking Virginia men accused of rape.

"For that trial, I had to become familiar with the latest DNA technology—in both Spanish and English," she says. "It's amazing what you have to know to be a court interpreter. And the language is only the beginning. You not only have to understand the words, you have to understand the concept behind the words. I study everything from textbooks on forensics to cop books, lawyer books, and crime books." She reads the latter, she says, to get a sense of the legal and criminal mind.

Another thing she finds useful is having a bent for the dramatic. "Anyone who wants to be an interpreter should take a course in acting and body movement," she says. "When defendants are timid, frightened, aggressive, whatever, you have to convey their attitudes as well as their words."

But, she cautions, interpreters cannot afford to identify with the people they are speaking for. "You have to remember to keep out of the case. If you do take sides, your body language can show it and possibly affect the outcome. The defendant is the one who writes the script; you just say the lines."

Edwards does both simultaneous and consecutive oral interpretation as well as written translation of documents. Simultaneous interpretation—while the other person is still speaking—is the hardest, so difficult that "you have to switch off every half hour," she says. "Normal people listen selectively. But we can't tune anything out. We have to listen for every little word."

Lately she has been lightening her courtroom schedule so she can spend more time on a textbook on court interpretation she is writing. She'd like to see colleges and universities begin offering specific training in this field, she says.

She got her own first taste of translating informally as an undergraduate at Rochester (she majored in history, incidentally, not foreign languages). She thought a poem by St. John of the Cross that she had to read for class was poorly rendered in English, tackled her own translation, and handed it in as part of the assignment. Then, when she was a graduate student in Washington (working at American University on her Ph.D. in Latin American history), she got a summer job as a Spanish-language translator for a magazine. The tight academic job market in the mid-'70s combined with her growing interest in interpreting persuaded her to move into the field professionally.

Even though her education didn't specifically prepare Edwards for her life's work, she says it has served her well. "I received a superb education at Rochester; it was there where I learned what an intellectual life can be. I would encourage any current Rochester students who are interested in language and the humanities to consider a career as a court interpreter."

"You'll never be bored," she claims. For one thing, she adds, "there are all kinds of surprises and drama in the courtroom—a lot better than any soap opera."

Take Five—and Call Me in the Morning

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Live with Regis and Stanley

Over the past decade or so, concert pianist Stanley Yerlow '80GE has played Carnegie Recital Hall, Merkin Concert Hall at Lincoln Center, the Museum of the City of New York — and the syndicated morning talk show, "Live with Regis and Kathie Lee."

What's a serious concert pianist doing on a morning talk show?

Seems that Regis (Philbin is the name) is one of Yerlow's piano students, as are Phil Donahue (of, what else, "Donahue" fame) and film actor Tony Roberts (Annie Hall, Serpico), among others.

"Regis does it for fun, because he enjoys the lessons. He's very sincere about it," says Yerlow, who has appeared on the show several times over the past year, working with Philbin on solo pieces and duets.

"He even plays the piano in a nightclub act. It's a simple first-grade piece he does, but he's probably made more money playing that little tune than most concert artists make."

Tony Roberts has been a Yerlow student for nearly a decade. "He was referred by another student of mine, a television producer. This person also knew Marlo Thomas well; Marlo gave Donahue, her husband, lessons with me as an anniversary present," says Yerlow. "And I've been wedding presents to people, too," he adds.

Philbin, Donahue, Roberts, and the recipients of the wedding presents are all part of a national trend, according to The New York Times. Last June a front-page story in the "Living" section — featuring a photo of Yerlow coaching Philbin at the piano — reported that "more and more adults are taking piano lessons, sometimes vying with their own children for time spent on practicing." Alison Barr, a piano teacher and national chair of the Independent Music Teachers Forum, told the Times, "It has been an explosion. It's as if every other call we take is from an adult."

In tune with that trend, Yerlow's average student is between 35 and 45. He prefers teaching adults "because they teach me the most," he says.

"I teach architects, lawyers, advertising executives — and they all bring in ideas to me that I can use with other students. For instance, in music, one of the most common phrases is a 'short, short, long.'" (Think of the opening bars of Beethoven's "Fur Elise," a piece familiar to nearly every one-time piano student: E, D-sharp/E, D-sharp/E, D-sharp/E, D-sharp/E, B, D, C, A.)

"I call it 'get ready, get set, go,'" says Yerlow. "I was talking about this with one of my students, a movie producer, and he said, 'Sure. It's the same phrasing for jokes: the first slap, then the second slap, then the third — that's the one that's funny.'"

"My students and I talk about how to make music exciting, how to keep people's attention. Sometimes it's a lot easier for them to do this in music, because it's in the abstract and they're new at it — they're not supposed to be good. Then when they come up with an idea, they're able to link it to what they've been doing all along in their careers."

"My students question me, make me think about things I hadn't thought of before. If I couldn't learn anything from them, I wouldn't teach."

As for performing: "I've been performing since I was a kid," Yerlow says. His next big date is at Carnegie Hall on December 3, when he will perform a duet with one of his students as well as solo works by Beethoven, Schumann, and contemporary composer Edwin Gerschefski, whose preludes were the subject of his doctoral dissertation at Eastman.

His plans for the future? "I don't want anything to be a whisper of yesterday. I want to keep everything fresh, whether that involves new students, new thoughts on my part, coming up with new ideas, whatever."

"I would quit if everything that I taught over the past six months were to ever be a repeat of everything I had taught over the previous six months."

Olympic Fine-Tuner

"Train smarter not harder," Herman Falsetti '57, '60M tells his patients. A cardiologist and the president of Health Corp., an Irvine, California-based practice specializing in sports medicine and fitness, Falsetti helps world-champion cyclists, triathletes, swimmers, and runners fine-tune their bodies for optimal performance in competition.

"Years ago the prevailing belief was that more is better when it comes to training. Today we're finding out that's just not true. Intensity is important, not just mileage."

The doctor has been effecting the positive outcomes of athletes since the early '70s, when as a professor of cardiology at the University of Iowa, and an avid bicyclist himself, he became physician to members of the local cycling team. Since that time he has been a team physician at national and international events, including the Paris-Brest-Paris Bicycle Race in France, the 1986 World Cycling Championship in Colorado Springs, and the 1984 Olympics.

As physician to members of the U.S. 1984 Olympic cycling team, Falsetti pioneered the technique of using feedback from a wristwatch-sized heart monitor — strapped to the body during training — to pinpoint an athlete's target heart-rate zone. Believing that optimal physical conditioning depends upon the time an athlete trains within that zone, Falsetti designed individual exercise programs for each of his patients.

The results were convincing. Falsetti's team won nine medals at the 1984 Olympics, the first U.S. cycling medals since 1912. "It was an incredibly exciting thing," admits Falsetti, who was there in Los Angeles to watch it happen. "After 72 years of competition, it was wonderful to see our team win," he says.

Falsetti has been a competitive athlete more or less all his life. He played on Rochester's football team from 1953 to 1957. "I was sort of sandwiched in between two undefeated teams, the ones in '52 and '58," he recalls ruefully. Over the succeeding years he has run in more than a hundred road races, including 12 marathons, and cycled in another 50. In 1975 he became the first American to finish the Paris-Brest-Paris race.

Does the doctor practice what he preaches? Yes, he still exercises every day, he says, but these days "it's just for fun."

Contributed by Nancy Barre, Denise Bolger Kovnat, Wendy Levin, and Tom Rickey
RIVER CAMPUS
Career Moves

William Sharp '53, chairman, department of surgery, Akron City Hospital, named also chairman, department of surgery, Northeastern Ohio Universities.

Doris Jordan Guidi '56, provost, C. W. Post Campus, appointed university officer, Long Island University; also named vice chair, Commission on the Human Immunodeficiency Virus Epidemic, Nassau County Health Department.


David Seligman '63, named v.p., Western Maryland College. He is dean of academic affairs at the school.

Brian Ratchford '66G, '72G, appointed alumni professor of marketing, University at Buffalo.

Robert Zalosh '66G, appointed professor of fire protection engineering and Reiss Distinguished Lecturer, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.


Richard DeLisle '68, appointed director of manufacturing, Scott Aviation.

James Terzian '71, appointed director of laboratory services, Lourdes Hospital, Binghamton, N.Y.

Lawrence Belle '72G, named acting dean, College of Continuing Education, Rochester Institute of Technology.

Neil Dominas '72, appointed assistant professor of communications, Elizabethtown College, Lancaster County, Pa.


Jane Guyer '72G, granted tenure as an associate professor of anthropology, College of Liberal Arts, Boston University.


Gary Clinton '73, appointed assistant dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Hope Schreiber '73, appointed director of neuropsychology, Charles River Hospital, Boston.

Alain Rudolph '74, named recycling coordinator, Western Finger Lakes Solid Waste Management Authority.

Kurt Doughtson '74G, '79G, granted tenure as an associate professor of electrical engineering and mathematics, University of Vermont.

Heidi DeWynngaert '77, appointed v.p., commercial real estate lending, Union Trust Co., Stamford, Conn.

Patricia Donoghue '77, appointed director of development and community affairs, Strong Children's Medical Center, University Medical Center.


Roy Maizel '79, '81G, promoted to director of resource analysis, Space Station Program Office, NASA.

Paul Evoskevich '80G, appointed chair, music division, College of Saint Rose, Albany.

Michael Taylor '80, '81G, promoted to financial analyst, Mobil Chemical Company, Jacksonville, Ill.

Bonnie Haifgott Fisher '81, appointed in-house general counsel, Pitt County Memorial Hospital, Greenville, N.C.

Glenn Stutz '81, promoted to v.p. of engineering, Lincoln Laser Co., Phoenix.

David Aschauer '83G, '84G, appointed to endowed chair in economics, Bates College.


David Bilablo '83G, appointed assistant professor of psychology, Mohawk Valley Community College.


Robert Amico '84G, '87G, promoted to associate professor of philosophy and granted tenure, St. Bonaventure University.


Diane Austin '85G, promoted to senior manager, consumer products division, Rich Products Corp., Buffalo.

Richard Milham '85, named associate attorney, Harter, Secrest & Emery, Rochester.

Neil Bader '86, appointed v.p. and sales director, Skyscraper Consultants, Inc.

Jeannine Donato '89, appointed administrative assistant to deputy director of sales and marketing, Associated Press Broadcast Services, Washington, D.C.

Honors/Elections

J. Shelton Reed '37, awarded honorary alumni status, East Tennessee State University.

Elliot Wineburg '48, awarded New Frontiers Award, The American Friends of Ezrath Nashim Hospital.

Kathleen Diem Warren '52, awarded Excellence in Teaching Award, College of Eastern Utah.

Grace Marie Ange '55, elected to executive committee, New York State Bar Association.

Konnath Guenther '57, featured as the most powerful lobbyist within the financial services industry, United States Banker magazine, February 1990.

Harold Shaub '57, awarded Thomas A. Edison Patent Award by the Research and Development Council of New Jersey.

Gale Stillman Duque '58, writing tutor and cross-cultural programs coordinator, Bucknell University, awarded Bucknell-Burma Award for outstanding contributions to intercultural and international understanding.

Janet Hagadorn '61, mathematics chair of Notre Dame School of Manhattan, named one of America's 100 Outstanding Mathematics/Science/Computer Science Teachers, Tandy Technology Scholars Program.
Richard Leone '62, elected chair, Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

W. Beall Fowler '63G, professor of physics and chair of the department at Lehigh University, awarded R. R. and E. C. Hillman Award by the university, for advancing the interests of the school.

Edward Hayes '63, professor of chemistry, associate provost, and v.p. for information, Rice University, elected fellow, American Association for the Advancement of Science.

John Russell '63, '65G, awarded $1,000 Excellence in Education Award by the Education Endowment Foundation of the Natrona County School District #1, Casper, Wyo.

Carol Yavorsky Workman '67, named Professional of the Year, Huntsville (Ala.) Association of Technical Societies.

Alan Agresti '68, named fellow, American Statistical Association, for his outstanding professional contribution and leadership in the field of statistical science.

Judith Hasenauer '69, awarded Dedicated Service Award, Norwalk (Conn.) Community College.


Charlotte Mendoza '71G, honored as one of the nation's 70 leading teachers at the 70th anniversary national meeting of the Association of Teacher Educators.

Dawn Hazelhurst '76, appointed by Governor Mario Cuomo to Board of Visitors, Manhattan Development Center.

Robert Youngquist '80, one of 50 Kennedy Space Center employees honored for exemplary work at the nation's spaceport.

Robert Paquette '82G, associate professor of history, Hamilton College, awarded fellowship, American Council for Learned Societies, to spend the 1990-91 school year studying the Louisiana Slave Revolt of 1811.

Mark Thompson '83G, awarded 1990 Becker Award, Indiana State University, highest honor given in the school's psychology program.

Lt. Stephen Kass '86, awarded Navy Achievement Medal while stationed aboard the U.S.S. Stump.

Christopher Kilian '87, granted Equal Justice Fellowship for environmental studies, National Wildlife Federation, Portland, Oreg.

Advanced Degrees

Terry Card '64, M.S., public administration, SUNY Brockport.

Sam Gianfarano '76G, Ed.D., educational administration, Northern Arizona University.

Susan Kaufman Samuels '76, Ph.D., educational psychology, University of Connecticut.

Paul Hrycay '79, Ph.D., philosophy, Syracuse University.

John Doyle '81, M.B.A., J. L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management.

Andrew Kent '82, J.D., New York Law School.

Stefan Chevalier '84, D.O., Kirksville College of Osteopathic Medicine.

Michael Torres '84, M.D., Hahnemann University.

James Galluzzo '85, M.S., geology, Louisiana State University. He is a petroleum geologist with Texaco, Inc. in New Orleans.

Shay Daley '86, M.S., clinical psychology, Purdue University.

Elaine Chryssochoos '85, J.D., Fordham Law School.

Gregory Sambuchi '86, M.D., SUNY Buffalo School of Medicine.

Andrew Klapper '87, J.D., New York Law School.

Gregory Hecht '88, M.A., molecular biology, Princeton University.

Books Published


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


** EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC **

**Career Moves**


Dean Cummings '63GE, '75GE, promoted to full professor, Marietta College, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Dan Wellcher '69E, appointed composer-in-residence, 1990-92, Honolulu Symphony Orchestra. He is a full professor of composition at the University of Texas, Austin, from which he is taking a two-year leave.

Michael Pratt '71E, appointed music director, Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra.

David MacFarland '74E, '82GE, appointed head of preservation, San Francisco Public Library.

Anne Greunke Brittain '83E, appointed instructor of voice, Mars Hill (N.C.) College.

**Honors/Elections**

Nell Humfeld '58GE, '62GE, music professor at East Texas State University, honored by a scholarship endowment established in his name.

Leora Kline '68GE, awarded 1990 C. David Horine Memorial Scholarship by the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra.

Clement Reid '77E, awarded foundation grant from the King County (Seattle) Arts Commission, in support of the Washington Composer's Forum 1989-90 concert season. His works Seascape No. 2 and Theatre Piece No. 2 were performed in Seattle and Vancouver as a part of the U.S.-Canada New Music Exchange.

David Thomas '83GE, awarded $5,000 Academy-Institute Award in Music by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

**Performances/Recordings**


**Advanced Degrees**

Mary Fendrich Bittner '77E, M.B.A., Virginia Commonwealth University.

**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.

Thomas Bonfiglio '69M, '72R, appointed chair of the Department of Pathology and Laboratory Medicine, University Medical Center.

Immanuel Ho '84RC, '88M, appointed fellow of gastroenterology, Mount Sinai Medical Center, New York City, beginning 1991.

**Books Published**

George Schuster '70GM, editor, Oral Microbiology & Infectious Disease, Third Edition, B. C. Decker Publisher; and co-editor, Steadman's Medical Dictionary, Williams and Wilkins Publishers.

**SCHOOL OF NURSING**

**Career Moves**

Anne Peduto Ryan '73N, appointed assistant director of nursing, Lake Erie Institute of Rehabilitation.

Kathleen Mulholland Parrinello '75N, '83GN, appointed chief of surgical nursing, Strong Memorial Hospital.

**Honors**

Virginia Hens '59N, awarded Anita Dorr Award by the New York State Council of the Emergency Nurses Association, in recognition of her outstanding contributions in the field of emergency nursing.

**Advanced Degrees**

Kathlyn Tyau Moore '73N, M.S., nursing, University of Hawaii, Manoa.

Sheryl Pincus '80GN, J.D., Widener University School of Law. She is working in the law firm of Swartz, Campbell, & Detweller in Philadelphia.
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PRESIDENT
(continued from page 2)

courts. Nothing very diverse there.
If one accepts the analysis above, African-Americans may seem to the universities and feel to themselves peculiarly alienated. More alienated than women, Hispanics, Catholics, or Jews. The university is a place of diversity of ideas, cultures, and styles. It should not have great problems adjusting to distant religions and strange customs. The alienation of African-Americans at dominantly white institutions is something else: The university is an American institution attempting to include those historically defined as “the-Americans-excluded.” Hispanics can seek refuge in Europe; Vietnamese are really different; blacks are very much the same (Americans) but with a heritage of exclusion. No wonder there are racial tensions on majority campuses.
My main objection to “diversity” as a slogan is that it masks the depth of the plight of African-Americans in America. There is more here than accepting those who are different—it is accepting those defined-as-different-in-order-to-be-excluded. In this regard, the charge of “racism” often raised in discussions of diversity has validity. Universities are really pretty good at incorporating different “ideological” products: philosophies, religions, styles of art. Race is not an ideological product; it is a biological descriptor. It is blacks as a race who are excluded in American experience. To the extent, then, that American educational institutions are unable to create a sense of “home” for blacks, this failure will be interpreted as racist.
If a bad diagnostic on “diversity” prevails it will also lead to misplaced therapies. There is a straightforward, unimpeachable argument for universities and colleges to treat seriously the radically different experience of the African continent—and the radically defeated (and therefore different) expectations of the African American. Both intellectual breadth and political commitment justify African and African-American studies.

Dennis O’Brien
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least of them the co-discovery in 1977 of the Vela pulsar, the faintest star ever measured. An Oxford grad (B.A. in physics from Wadham College), he holds a doctorate in physics and astronomy from Rochester (he was attracted across the Pond, he says, by the “broadening” experience of an American education and by the prospect of working with the up-and-coming astronomy group at the University). Attached to the Royal Greenwich Observatory since 1979, he is now its second in command.

The new Canary Islands facility, known formally as the European Northern Observatory, is located in “one of the half-dozen best places for astronomy in the world,” he says. A federation of 10 European nations runs it; Britain and the Netherlands have the largest set of telescopes there—including one that, at 4.2 meters, ranks easily among the most powerful in the world.

Murdin, the stargazer, also enjoys more earthbound pursuits. He has published seven books to date, all for lay readers—these in addition to his 150-plus published papers in scientific journals. The first of his popular books, The Astronomer’s Telescope, he wrote when he was 18, in collaboration with Patrick Moore (a “popularizer of astronomy,” he says, with whom he used to appear on a television show for children). Then followed, in rapid succession, Radio Waves from Space (written in 1969 with his wife, Lesley Murdin, who “provided the historical perspective”), The New Astronomy (1974), Catalogue of the Universe (1980, written with David Allen and David Malin), Colours of the Stars (1985), and End in Fire (1989). Murdin’s most recent book, published this year, looks at the supernova in the Large Magellanic Cloud, and he’s currently at work on a study of references to astronomy in works of art.

His ambitiously titled Catalogue of the Universe amounts to a practical guide to the heavens, engagingly shedding light on such celestial phenomena as Shakhbazyan 1, the Coma Cluster, Bok Globules, and the Eskimo Nebula.

At times, the book summons up the sense of wonder that astronomers must feel on occasion as they explore the skies: “Even a jaded professional astronomer in the prime focus cage of a big telescope, with his back to the stars,” the authors write, “feels a thrill from knowing that real photons from distant galaxies are exposing the photograph he is taking.”

A thought that might give pause to the queen herself.

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1971: Learning a New Language

“From time to time, I smell a lilac tree and in my imagination I am briefly transported back,” recalls Paul Murdin about his graduate-student days at Rochester, when, as he also recalls, he at one time shared an office with another grad student’s baby.

“The desk next to mine,” he remembers, “was Siegfried Kutter’s [’65G, ’69G]. He kept his newborn infant in a crib in the desk drawer until he and his wife, Betty [’68G], got their babysitters sorted out.”

It was in that office (presumably during the baby’s absence) that Murdin wrote his dissertation, on “The Crab Nebula and Its Pulsar.” In the acknowledgements he alludes to poet John Donne: “No man is an island,” Murdin wrote, “or, if he is, he belongs to an archipelago.”

Such evidence of a wide-ranging intellect doesn’t surprise those who knew him back then. Larry Helfer, professor of physics and astronomy, says, “My impression was that he was a guy who was bound to succeed in anything he attempted. He was really bright, just extraordinarily bright.”

Professor Emeritus Stewart Sharpless, who supervised Murdin’s dissertation, recalls that he and Murdin arrived at the River Campus together, “he as a student and me as a prof,” and remembers clearly “one rather funny incident” during their first couple of days here.

“It was very hot and he was in the process of registering for classes. He came into my office and complained about the heat and his difficulties with registering—not to mention, he said, ‘all the problems of learning a new language.’”

Sharpless laughs at the memory and adds, “We had very high regard for him right from the start. I’m not surprised that he’s been so successful.

“Someday, I think, he might even be Britain’s ‘astronomer royal’—the poet laureate of astronomy.”

Denise Bolger Kovnat
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More than a pretty picture: "For 30 years we have had to learn the language of the computer to use it effectively. Now we are turning the tables and making the computer speak the language of the designers," says Robert Bowman, associate professor of electrical engineering, who has come up with an "electronic workbench" to make the circuit designer feel at home with computer-aided design. With programs written by Bowman and his students, all a designer needs to do is click a few times with a computer "mouse" to build and test sample designs—such as different configurations for a transistor (above). The programs offer much more than pretty pictures; they will ultimately enable engineers to design and test analog circuits hundreds of times faster than is currently possible.