

# ROCHESTER REVIEW

University of Rochester

Winter, 1974-75



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## Roll, Jordan, Roll

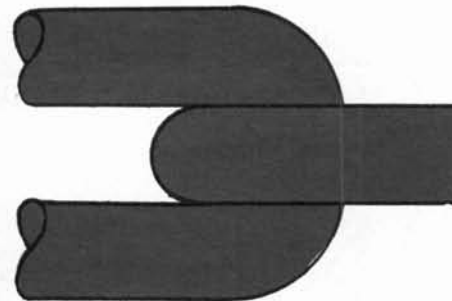
Eugene D. Genovese



*Eugene D. Genovese is a professor of history and chairman of the history department at the University. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He is a nationally recognized authority on pre-Civil War slavery and has written numerous books, articles, and papers on the subject, including the book from which these excerpts were taken.*

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## On Paternalism

**C**RUEL, unjust, exploitative, oppressive, slavery bound two peoples together in bitter antagonism while creating an organic relationship so complex and ambivalent that neither could express the simplest human feelings without reference to the other. Slavery rested on the principle of property in man—of one man's appropriation of another's person as well as of the fruits of his labor. By definition and in essence it was a system of class rule, in which some people lived off the labor of others. American slavery subordinated one race to another and thereby rendered its fundamental class relationships more complex and ambiguous; but they remained class relationships. The racism that developed from racial subordination influenced every aspect of American life and remains powerful. But slavery as a system of class rule predated racism and racial subordination in world history and once existed without them. Racial subordination, as postbellum American developments and the history of modern colonialism demonstrate, need not rest on slavery. Wherever racial subordination exists, racism exists; therefore, southern slave society and its racist ideology had much in common with other systems and societies. But southern slave society was not merely one more manifestation of some abstraction called

**Slavery rested on the principle of property in man . . .**

racist society. Its history was essentially determined by particular relationships of class power in racial form.

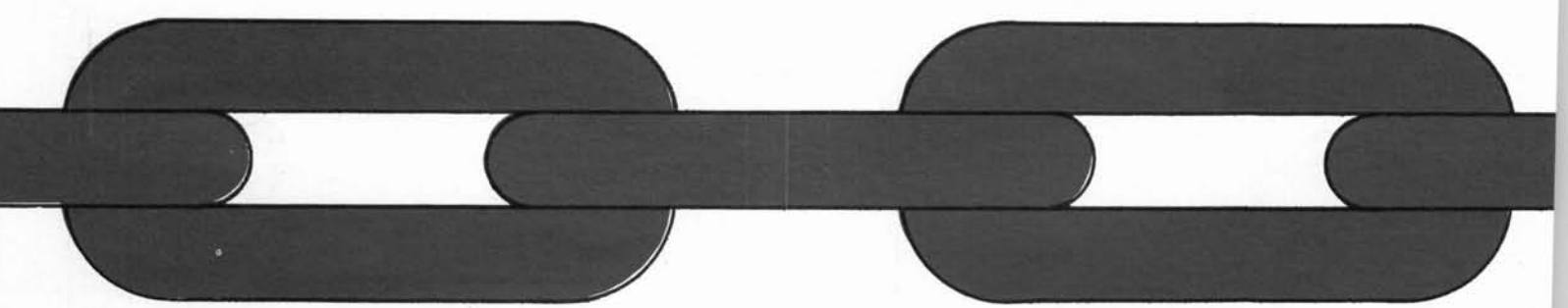
The Old South, black and white, created a historically unique kind of paternalist society. To insist upon the centrality of class relations as manifested in paternalism is not to slight the inherent racism or to deny the intolerable contradictions at the heart of paternalism itself. Imamu Amiri Baraka captures the tragic irony of paternalist social relations when he writes that slavery "was, most of all, a paternal institution" and yet refers to "the filthy paternalism and cruelty of slavery." Southern paternalism, like every other paternalism, had little to do with Ole Massa's ostensible benevolence, kindness, and good cheer. It grew out of the necessity to discipline and morally justify a system of exploitation. It did encourage kindness and affection, but it simultaneously encouraged cruelty and hatred. The racial distinction between master and slave heightened the tension inherent in an unjust social order.

Southern slave society grew out of the same general historical conditions that produced the other slave regimes of the modern world. The rise of a world market—the development of new tastes and of manufactures dependent upon non-European sources of raw materials—encouraged the rationalization of colonial agriculture under the ferocious domination of a few Europeans. African labor provided the human power to fuel the new system of production in all the New World slave societies, which, however, had roots in different European experiences and emerged in different geographical, economic, and cultural conditions. They had much in common, but each was unique.

**It (paternalism) undermines solidarity among the oppressed by linking them . . . to their oppressors.**

Theoretically, modern slavery rested, as had ancient slavery, on the idea of a slave as *instrumentum vocale*—a chattel, a possession, a thing, a mere extension of his master's will. But the vacuousness of such pretensions had been exposed long before the growth of New World slave societies. The closing of the ancient slave trade, the political crisis of ancient civilization, and the subtle moral pressure of an ascendant Christianity had converged in the early centuries of the new era to shape a seigneurial world in which lords and serfs (not slaves) faced each other with reciprocal demands and expectations. This land-oriented world of medieval Europe slowly forged the traditional paternalist ideology to which the southern slaveholders fell heir.

The slaveholders of the South, unlike those of the Caribbean, increasingly resided on their plantations and by the end of the eighteenth century had become an entrenched regional



## **It (Southern paternalism) encouraged cruelty and hatred.**

ruling class. The paternalism encouraged by the close living of masters and slaves was enormously reinforced by the closing of the African slave trade, which compelled masters to pay greater attention to the reproduction of their labor force. Of all the slave societies in the New World, that of the Old South alone maintained a slave force that reproduced itself. Less than 400,000 imported Africans had, by 1860, become an American black population of more than 4,000,000.

**A** PATERNALISM accepted by both masters and slaves—but with radically different interpretations—afforded a fragile bridge across the intolerable contradictions inherent in a society based on racism, slavery, and class exploitation that had to depend on the willing reproduction and productivity of its victims. For the slaveholders paternalism represented an attempt to overcome the fundamental contradiction in slavery: the impossibility of the slaves' ever becoming the things they were supposed to be. Paternalism defined the involuntary labor of the slaves as a legitimate return to their masters for protection and direction. But, the masters' need to see their

slaves as acquiescent human beings constituted a moral victory for the slaves themselves. Paternalism's insistence upon mutual obligations—duties, responsibilities, and ultimately even rights—implicitly recognized the slaves' humanity.

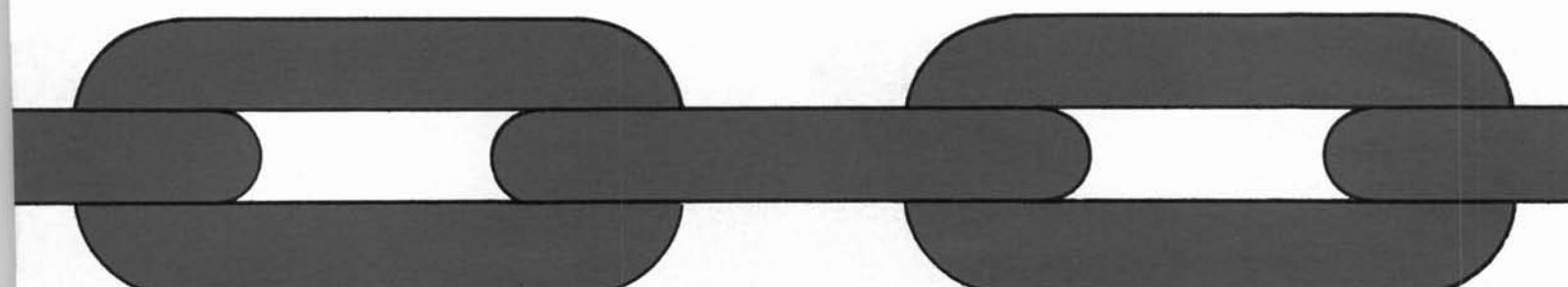
Wherever paternalism exists, it undermines solidarity among the oppressed by linking them as individuals to their oppressors. A lord (master, padrone, patron, patrón, patrão) functions as a direct provider and protector to each individual or family, as well as to the community as a whole. The slaves of the Old South displayed impressive solidarity and collective resistance to their masters, but in a web of paternalistic relationships their action tended to become defensive and to aim at protecting the individuals against aggression and abuse; it could not readily pass into an effective weapon for liberation. Black leaders, especially the preachers, won loyalty and respect and fought heroically to defend their people. But despite their will and considerable ability, they could not lead their people over to the attack against the paternalist ideology itself.

In the Old South the tendencies inherent in all paternalistic class systems intersected with and acquired enormous reinforcement from the tendencies inherent in an analytically distinct system of racial subordination. The two appeared to be a single system. Paternalism created a tendency for the slaves to identify with a particular community through identification with its master; it reduced the possibilities for their identification with each other as a class. Racism undermined the slaves' sense of worth as

black people and reinforced their dependence on white masters. But these were tendencies, not absolute laws, and the slaves forged weapons of defense, the most important of which was a religion that taught them to love and value each other, to take a critical view of their masters, and to reject the ideological rationales for their own enslavement.

## **The racism that developed from racial subordination influenced every aspect of American life and remains powerful.**

The slaveholders had to establish a stable regime with which their slaves could live. Slaves remained slaves. They could be bought and sold like any other property and were subject to despotic personal power. And blacks remained rigidly subordinated to whites. But masters and slaves, whites and blacks, lived as well as worked together. The existence of the community required that all find some measure of self-interest and self-respect. Southern paternalism developed as a way of mediating irreconcilable class and racial conflicts; it was an anomaly even at the moment of its greatest apparent strength. But, for about a century, it protected both masters and slaves from the worst tendencies inherent in their respective conditions. It mediated, however unfairly and even cruelly, between masters and slaves, and it disguised, however imperfectly, the appropriation of one man's labor power by another.





Paternalism in any historical setting defines relations of superordination and subordination. Its strength as a prevailing ethos increases as the members of the community accept—or feel compelled to accept—these relations as legitimate. Brutality lies inherent in this acceptance of patronage and dependence, no matter how organic the paternalistic order. But Southern paternalism necessarily recognized the slaves' humanity—not only their free will but the very talent and ability without which their acceptance of a doctrine of reciprocal obligations would have made no sense. Thus, the slaves found an opportunity to translate paternalism itself into a doctrine different from that understood by their masters and to forge it into a weapon of resistance to assertions that slavery was a natural condition for blacks, that blacks were racially inferior, and that black slaves had no rights or legitimate claims of their own.

Thus, the slaves, by accepting a paternalistic ethos and legitimizing class rule, developed their most powerful defense against the dehumanization implicit in slavery. Southern paternalism may have reinforced racism as well as class exploitation, but it also unwittingly invited its victims to fashion their own interpretation of the social order it was intended to justify. And the slaves, drawing on a religion that was supposed to assure their compliance and docility, rejected the essence of slavery by projecting their own rights and value as human beings.

## The Bright and Morning Star

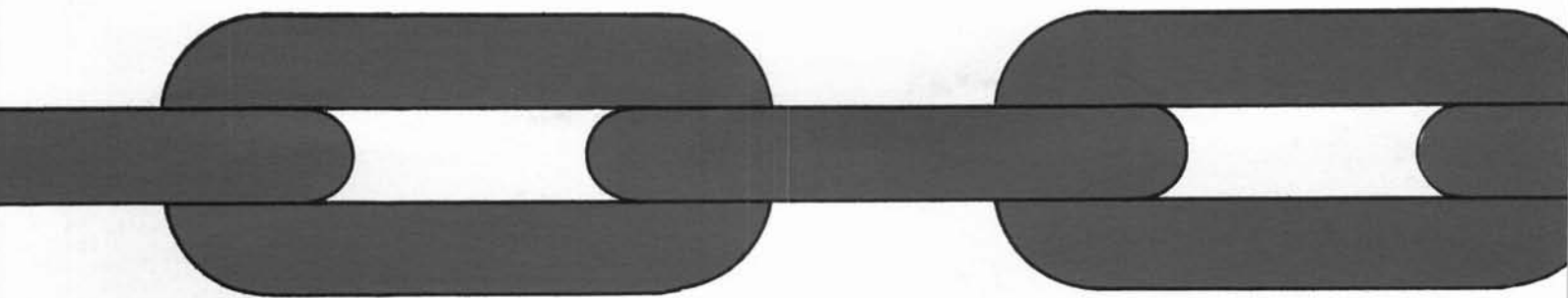
Accommodation and resistance developed as two forms of a single process by which the slaves accepted what could not be avoided and simultaneously fought individually and as a people for moral as well as physical survival. The hegemony of the slaveholders—their domination of society through command of the culture rather than solely through command of the gun—has no meaning except on the assumption of deep class antagonisms and on the further assumption that command of the culture could not readily have been established without command of the gun. The slaveholders' hegemony, as reflected in their relationship to non-slaveholding whites, for example, did not eliminate the chasm between the classes of white society. Antebellum political struggles often became sharp and reflected class antagonisms, which appear to have been sharpening during the 1850s. To speak of the slaveholders' hegemony is to speak of their ability to confine the attendant struggles to terrain acceptable to the ruling class—to prevent the emergence of an effective challenge to the basis of society in slave property.

The slaveholders established their hegemony over the slaves primarily through the development of an elaborate web of paternalistic relationships, but the slaves' place in that hegemonic system reflected deep contradictions, manifested in the dialectic of accommodation and resistance. The slaves' insistence on

defining paternalism in their own way represented a rejection of the moral pretensions of the slaveholders, for it refused that psychological surrender of will which constituted the ideological foundation of such pretensions. By developing a sense of moral worth and by asserting rights, the slaves transformed their acquiescence in paternalism into a rejection of slavery itself, although their masters assumed acquiescence in the one to demonstrate acquiescence in the other.

THE SLAVES' world-view emerged primarily in their actions. But at each point at which this implicit world-view conflicted with that of the masters and provoked a crisis within the web of paternalistic relations, the slaves moved, as peoples generally do at such moments, toward articulating their position. Some slaves always reflected on the theoretical im-

**The slaves, drawing on a religion that was supposed to assure their compliance and docility, rejected the essence of slavery . . .**



## Racism undermined the slaves' worth as black people.

plications of their position. But even the preachers, drivers, and mechanics could not decisively organize their people politically and, therefore, could not move them toward explicit class consciousness. They did, however, contribute toward the formulation of a protonational consciousness, expressed primarily through a religious sensibility, that enabled a mass of oppressed individuals to cohere as a people.

The rise of a religious community among the slaves, with that looseness of organization inevitable in a slaveholding society and with its specific theological tendencies, ordered the life of the collective. Ralph Ellison's comment on the problems of black people in the twentieth-century South applies with added force to the slave period:

The pre-individualistic black community discourages individuality out of self-defense. Having learned through experience that the whole group is punished for the actions of a single member, it has worked out efficient techniques of behavior control. For in many Southern communities everyone knows everyone else and is vulnerable to his opinions.

No people can respond in this way unless it has achieved considerable moral coherence. For the slaves such moral coherence was the more important since they could not provide the institutional coherence achieved by the postbellum black churches.

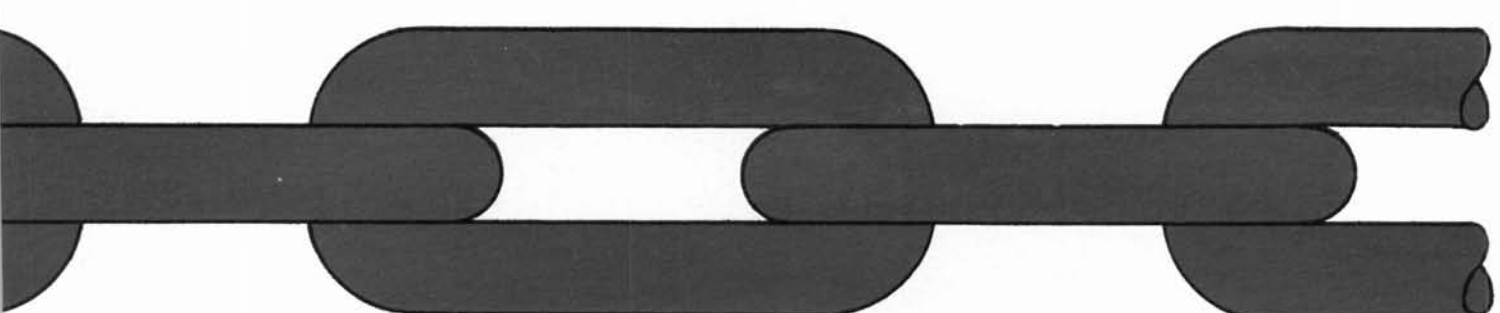
The slaves' religion developed into the organizing center of their resistance within accommodation; it reflected the hegemony of the master class but also set firm limits to that hegemony. Not often or generally did it challenge the regime frontally. It rendered unto Caesar that which was Caesar's, but it also narrowed down considerably that which in fact was Caesar's. Black religion, understood as a critical world-view in the process of becoming—as something unfinished, often inconsistent, and in some respects even incoherent—emerged as the slaves' most formidable weapon for resisting slavery's moral and psychological aggression. Without it or its moral equivalent, "day-to-day resistance to slavery" might have been condemned to the level of pathetic nihilism, incapable of bridging the gap between individual action against an oppressor and the needs of the collective for self-discipline, community elan, and a sense of worth as a people rather than merely as a collection of individuals. With it, the slaves were able to assert manhood and womanhood in their everyday lives and were able to struggle, by no means always successfully, for collective forms of resistance in place of individual outbursts.

HOWEVER much the slaves, as Christians, felt the weight of sin, they resisted those perversions of doctrine which would have made them feel unworthy as a people before God. Their Christianity strengthened their ties to their "white folks" but also strengthened their love for each other and their pride in being black people.

## The slaves' religion developed into the organizing center of their resistance. With it (their religion), the slaves were able to assert manhood and womanhood in their everyday lives. . . .

And it gave them a firm yardstick with which to measure the behavior of their masters, to judge them, and to find them wanting. The slaves transformed the promise of personal redemption, prefigured in the sign of Jonas, into a promise of deliverance as a people in this world as well as the next. Through tests of flood and fire they laid the moral and spiritual foundations for the struggle of subsequent generations of black Americans to fulfill that prophecy they have made their own:

But that which ye have already hold  
fast till I come.  
And he that overcometh, and keepeth  
my works unto the end, to him will I  
give power over the nations. . . .  
I am the root and the offspring of  
David, and the bright and morning star.  
—Revelation, 2:25-26; 22:16





# Wonder Woman

Juliet McGrath



*Juliet McGrath, an assistant professor of English at Rochester, joined the UR faculty in 1971. Her many awards and prizes include the 1966 John B. Fiske Poetry Prize. The poetry printed here was read by Juliet McGrath at the University of Rochester's Wilson Day last fall.*

## Doors

I tell my pupils my words are gateways  
they may enter or not; the dry H  
of my frame, gesturing in speech,  
is but one letter of many words—  
or a bar dropped across a jamb,  
dry, splintering, easily lifted.

If words are wind, for you  
I am also a gateway, a door to the wind  
bellying the world's bones: and  
always between us a sweet sword  
"cleaves to the marrow."

## Mother's Day

I clip winterkill from the rose canes—  
a simple task, to make more blossoms come.  
The plum tree blooms silently beside me  
littering the mulch with white petals.  
My surprise at seeing you, surrounded by children  
is quite unconcealed.  
Must you remind me  
my belly is milk, brimming at the lip?

## Tree-trimming

It's Christmas, and when an old lady slips on your ice,  
you have to walk her where she's back to herself,  
herself as was, before the mudstain marked her coat  
and her purse flew up;  
the whole group holds her up—  
a winter 'scene,'  
three in shirtsleeves,  
smelling of pine and a warm kitchen,  
concern eddying out like cloves;  
The old woman holds her glasses off and on,  
shakes a clump of snow from her blue coat,  
shakes all of you off, to walk.

## Domestic Politics

*Evil has come to mean merely  
lack of perfection, real or imagined.*

### 1. The Weekly Meeting

Ten of us—too many for a séance—  
sit around the heavy walnut table.  
Seven members, others *ex officio*,  
wreathed in the heavy incense of cigars,  
waiting—for a sign? to levitate?  
*This* table might not dance. No medium  
or muffled clairvoyant's legerdemain  
will clarify the signs for which we wait.  
Above, two spiral ventilators whirl  
the smoke from incompletely burned cigars  
into the dusk outside. We sit and steer  
the University, make entries in  
one column, and another. The ledger  
is full of scholars' business, never clear.

Nevertheless, the world of spirit descends  
on our material world, this room,  
these men: one hears, underneath his stetson,  
the solar wind. Another finds his youth  
by aging visibly, silver to bone.  
Another wonders how he can describe,  
in numbers, a billowing canvas sail,  
catching forever the *élan* of it.  
Another sits erect, with a cat's hand-  
sewn composure: lapel, cheekbone, and skull;  
impeccable, the self-sufficient man,  
aging in his ivory, gold and tweed,  
pure materials tailored to fit  
the beautiful and accidental line  
of a devoted and indifferent man.

Each man has built himself a kind of life  
which helps him solve the problems of his work.  
We meet to see if common problems yield.  
The meeting gains momentum. We discuss  
whether the recent demands for perfection  
are not excessive? How can we meet them?

"In fact, we're just a University,  
an economic thing, no land of dreams;  
we cannot make the vulnerable world  
safe for men with all their imperfection.

Unlike the egg, which represents 'good form,'  
and lays its arguments out on the table,  
the gentlemen whom we must bargain with  
are inexperienced. They are not bad,  
or good, which makes a lot of trouble—  
for us, that is. We've all known men who were  
evil despite their many imperfections,  
their darkness deeper than our charity,  
and men with ideas better than we knew,  
whose worth we did not see. How could we, when  
ideas are hardly measured by success?"

"In short, teachers and scholars make mistakes.  
Our undergraduates soon become used  
to their professors saying 'I don't know.  
There are no explanations.' But the trouble  
with using *error* as an explanation  
is that it's really much too powerful,  
—a device for not explaining things—  
just as perfection is. We're stuck with that.  
So where can we come down with these problems?  
Anywhere that either side will stand?"

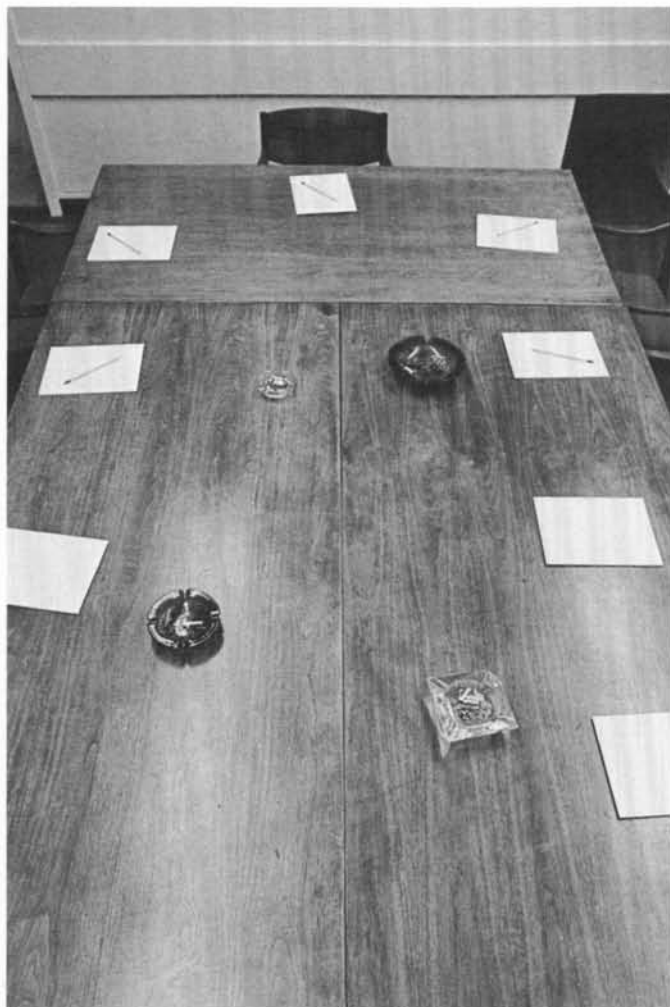
"The last time that they made demands like this,  
what we did was set up a committee.  
Well, they worked out matters to perfection,  
then came and told us how these things should be.  
Well, nobody wanted it that way.  
But maybe it was the best solution.  
Still, no one would buy it. Nobody.  
They came up with a lot of good ideas,  
but no good actually came of them."

"In a dialectical universe,  
every good idea incorporates  
the seeds of its own destruction.  
I can't call any scholar's work first-rate  
unless it's at least fifteen percent wrong.  
Perfection is not practical, or good."

We talk, and talk. Twilight deepens outside.  
This "kitchen cabinet" gives us a chance  
to mediate between ideas and men,  
with all their problems. Statistics tell us  
ninety percent of household arguments  
take place in the kitchen, but we're calm.  
Like industrious housewives, we scour for  
new solutions; in our housekeeping  
too often we find nothing comes out clear.  
Can the habit of perfection help us in  
the world of nature, not the world of wax?

As quickly as the hand which polishes,  
as silently, the world of spirit moves,  
transforms us all, and calls us into question,  
like veils of water falling over stone.





## 2. The Kitchen Debate

The roses droop like bells, heavy with rain  
 beside the kitchen door, wilting before  
 they're fully open. Voices rise inside,  
 flowers of rhetoric beyond the roses,  
 blooming where no flowers seem to grow.  
 Chance remarks make arguments at table,  
 the unexceptional kitchen debate  
 —like Nixon and Khrushchev, Maggie and Jiggs—  
 low on content, high on propaganda.  
 One thing leads to another. Neither one  
 will laugh at what the other has to say.  
 Indifference—the quality that keeps  
 a woman smooth—becomes impossible.  
 The golden rule becomes the rule of thumb,  
 of cauliflower fist meeting tin ear.  
 A flatiron splits the window; they square off,  
 speaking a language no one understands.  
 Ought we to hear it? Sounds of battle seem  
 more sure, and vulgar, even, than the sight  
 of the unhappy pair. The veil has dropped,  
 and innocence has gone the way of flesh  
 destitute and bare of all its virtue.  
 This is not "safe." There's no perfection here.  
 But is this evil? Or is it just punk?  
 How could a disagreement come to this?  
 The force of arms, then silence, finally  
 tears: a trembling drop or two of water,  
 transforming the sheer face where they fall  
 from stone to crumpled skin. One stands like stone;  
 The other weeps, and is gone—a distant rain.  
 A simple problem stays unsolved again.

## 3. The Annual Dinner

The committee meets again, this time at night.  
 The dining room is filled with tones of gold:  
 marigold, plain gold, brass, sienna, ochre.  
 Buttercup curtains billow above the air conditioner.  
 Outside these pure and sunny tones  
 a middlewestern thunderstorm  
 torments the copper beeches in the dusk.  
 A sharp rain hammers at the window-pane,  
 beyond the tingling glass and candle-light.  
 Our features all grow darker.  
 The candles burn down at a distance.  
 Epergnes hold flowers like moths around the flame.  
 As quickly as the sun goes in and out,  
 old problems—which we always solve—return.  
 Candlelight gleams upon gold glasses frames.  
 We feel like our students, who all spend  
 years learning to like the University,  
 dry despite the thunderstorm outside.  
 "This is nice as anything."—The signal to leave.

## Wonder Woman

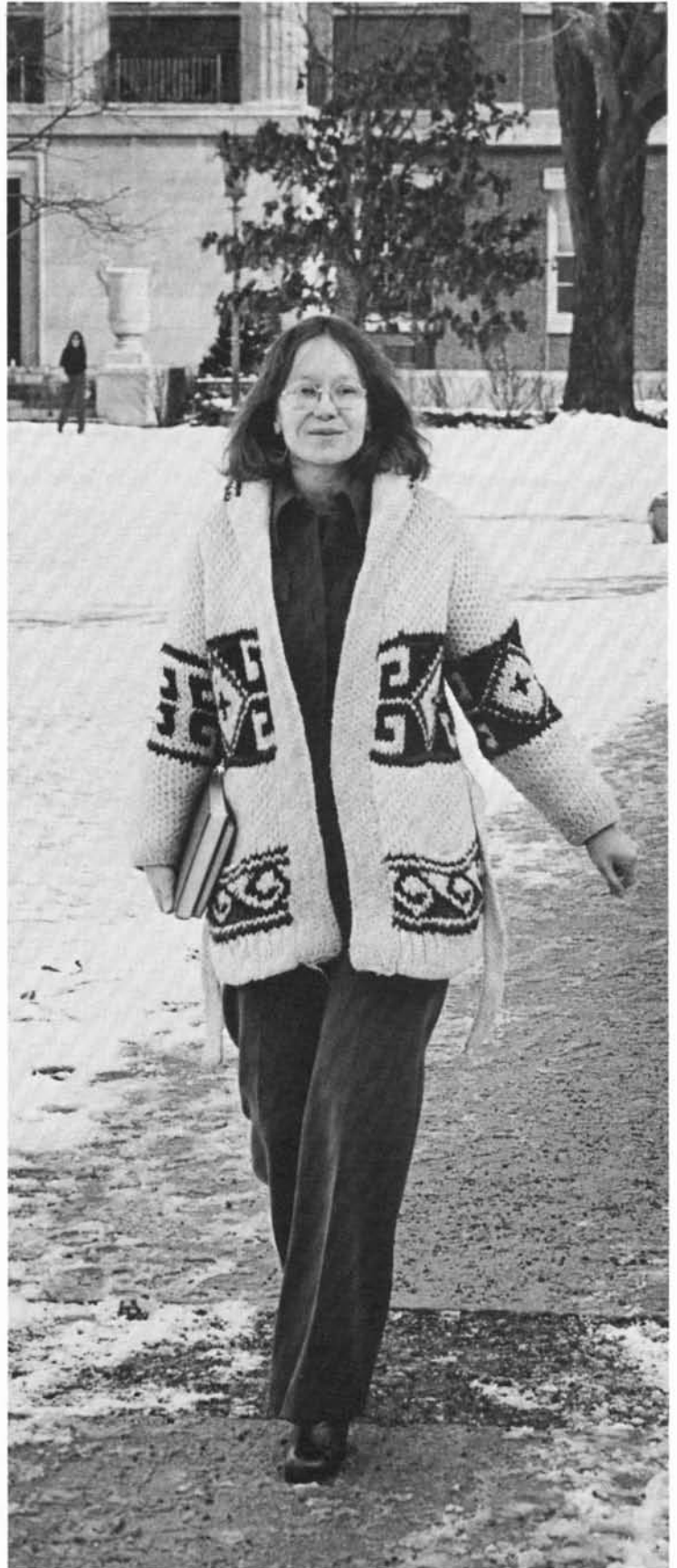
First,  
I'd say to Charles Atlas,  
"I've seen you in my dreams so many times,  
standing at the beach  
with your trousers rolled,  
looking out to sea  
like—like Garbo, in—was it *Queen Christina*?"  
And he will say,  
"At last—someone who loves me  
for my mind."

Then,  
I would fail to recognize  
the President.  
He would remove his mask.  
The Secret Service  
would doze in the shrubbery.  
He would remove his dark glasses.  
He would say,  
"Now, we shall see  
face to face."

After that,  
I'd say to Bogart,  
"For a small man,  
you're pretty tall,"  
and he'd say  
"I didn't mean to be,"  
And I would run out of small talk.  
And he'd say,  
"I always liked  
the silent type."

And after that,  
Sherlock Holmes wouldn't have to explain a thing.  
I'd say, "Did you have a nice time?"  
He'd think I was really a blonde,  
and he would have "more fun."

Then,  
In the Club, that young man  
reading in the wing chair:  
He is exactly twenty-six.  
He wears hornrimmed glasses.  
He does all his thinking  
with his head.  
Heavy curtains block the sounds of traffic  
like a double whiskey.  
Old men die behind their newspapers.  
Is he the sensational young essayist?  
He has a cruel stepmother.  
His slender foot arches into a black slip-on  
with a gold bit.  
I might trip over it,  
might say—in his ear—  
"Dear Sir:  
Would you help me mend  
this chandelier?"





## The Professor Has Not Written His Speech

In dusty knickers, kicking at cornstalks,  
 You walk that lonesome road: dust fills your shoes.  
 Your big speech—how to get it done? You ask  
 your faithful old dog 'Tige,' who barks at you.  
 Wing it? Throw down your dusty cap and run?  
 On two ramshackle brogues slide into third?  
 Dream up a speech for emperors and clowns  
 and Harvest Queens, with music: a parade  
 of rusty tubas snores past Odd Fellows Hall,  
 disbanding at Ike's Place to faint applause.  
 Above your head some damfool pilot rolls,  
 then loops the loop, and bows you on. Raw  
 striplings strain the backlot wall; great deer-  
 slayers, now old men, lend you their grizzled ears.

## The Professor is Physically Fit

The twelve o'clock scholar  
 arrives at eight, unbathed,  
 for a game with 'the killer'  
 professor wielding his racket,  
 bloodying the court  
 with the bachelor's backhand,  
 leaving you hanging,  
 skin at your waist  
 the loose cover of a hardball.  
 Better to come awake at home in bed  
 to the alarums of a tearstained wife,  
 than brave his vertigo of 'quiet,'  
 a man alone in 'nature,'  
 fording the shallows of a liquid diet.

## The Professor Views His Class with a Jaundiced Eye

Those girls in the front row with pale knees  
 get C's, even if they come to me in tears;  
 That boy asleep in back dreams that he'll pass. . . .  
 "Now, class. The Parthenon. Please note the frieze."  
 . . . Girls with knees like opals, twirling spun-glass  
 hair around their pencils. . . . "Next slide, please.  
 That's me, at the mouth of Hell. You may well ask  
 —don't write this down—'Sir, does it burn or freeze?'  
 Well, nothing's simple. It does both. And class—  
 jobs, and the fatty Sixties' guarantees  
 of politics, are gone. Anguish remains.  
 Tomorrow you'll be doctors, then, M.D.s,  
 to heal the blood carousing in our veins?  
 Turn to page one, then, in my book of pain."

## The Professor Leaves For Class

You ask, "What's up?"  
 Meaning, 'out of this door'  
 or 'open it wider;'  
 Your eagerness bursts a second skin,  
 the green fig of your tongue  
 seed-stiff, invective  
 elastic at the rebound,  
 tough as your shoe.  
*You're* up. The big push—  
 snap the briefcase shut,  
 thin skin cracking with books:  
 a *doyenne*, rapping the table with her fan,  
 crocodile closing his jaws,  
 to tell those birds he knows, he knows.

## Lost Nights in the Dictionary

How do you say "I love you" in this language?  
I look in my *Berlitz For Travellers*  
under *Making Friends*; under *Hotel*;  
but love does not declare itself among  
these bony syllables, these skeletons  
designed to change the bookish traveller's  
desire into a simple case of nerves.

"Look up," you say, "the root of *generate*."  
I do, and find another, meaning *dear*.  
There's nothing casual or furtive here:  
*Lovemaking* and *surname* come hand in hand  
as proper nouns in this brief lexicon.  
But how to join the first and second person?  
Inflection seems so veiled. Frankness is all.  
"Well, why not come right out with it?" You ask.  
Berlitz is wrong! Circumlocutions fail.

Perhaps a single 'speaking look' would do?  
You want the word! You've *seen* my speaking look  
a hundred times. What can I do that's new?  
But this is my old tongue. I heard this speech  
throughout my childhood, spoken by adults,  
like forest water running over stone,  
heard but not seen; pure sound, not understood.  
And now that I have grown into an age  
where I can speak of love in simple words,  
I cannot speak the language of my race:

—the phrases learned by rote, at six, to please  
grandmothers and their confidantes;—to please  
the widows, *äiti* Tilda, *äiti* Sofi—  
Ladies in camphor-scented underdrawers,  
with wrinkled forearms, necks held up by beads;  
at whose tea parties one could simply *be*  
a child, taking in the florid dryness  
of older women, sharp in their desire  
to please my mother's child. I felt so close  
to these old *emigrées*, who spoke to me;  
I answered in the language of adults—  
a foreigner, an "American child,"  
speaking, with a child's strange importance,  
occasional sentences in the mother tongue.

I have forgotten all their phrases, all  
the greetings used when visitors arrived,  
—most of them old, well-travelled, and in furs—  
from a vanished life, a life we saw  
when late one night, a child's cry for milk  
was met with *ei ole*—"there is no more."

"WANTING. It is too brusque to say 'I want.'  
Kindly use the more polite 'I wish.' "  
—A change of mood. Those ladies have been dead  
for twenty years, and now I try to learn  
a language I will never speak to them  
so that you'll turn to me. You find me sad;  
you smile, then take me in your arms and ask  
what it is I want most in the world,  
—no matter if it's mine to have or not.  
I pause, and think. Who needs to speak of love  
in any tongue that is not yours and mine?  
"It's you." I say, and then I turn away  
to close my books, hoping you'll turn to me,  
intent as salmon in their northern leap.



# Nursing's Quiet Revolution

## A Photographic Essay

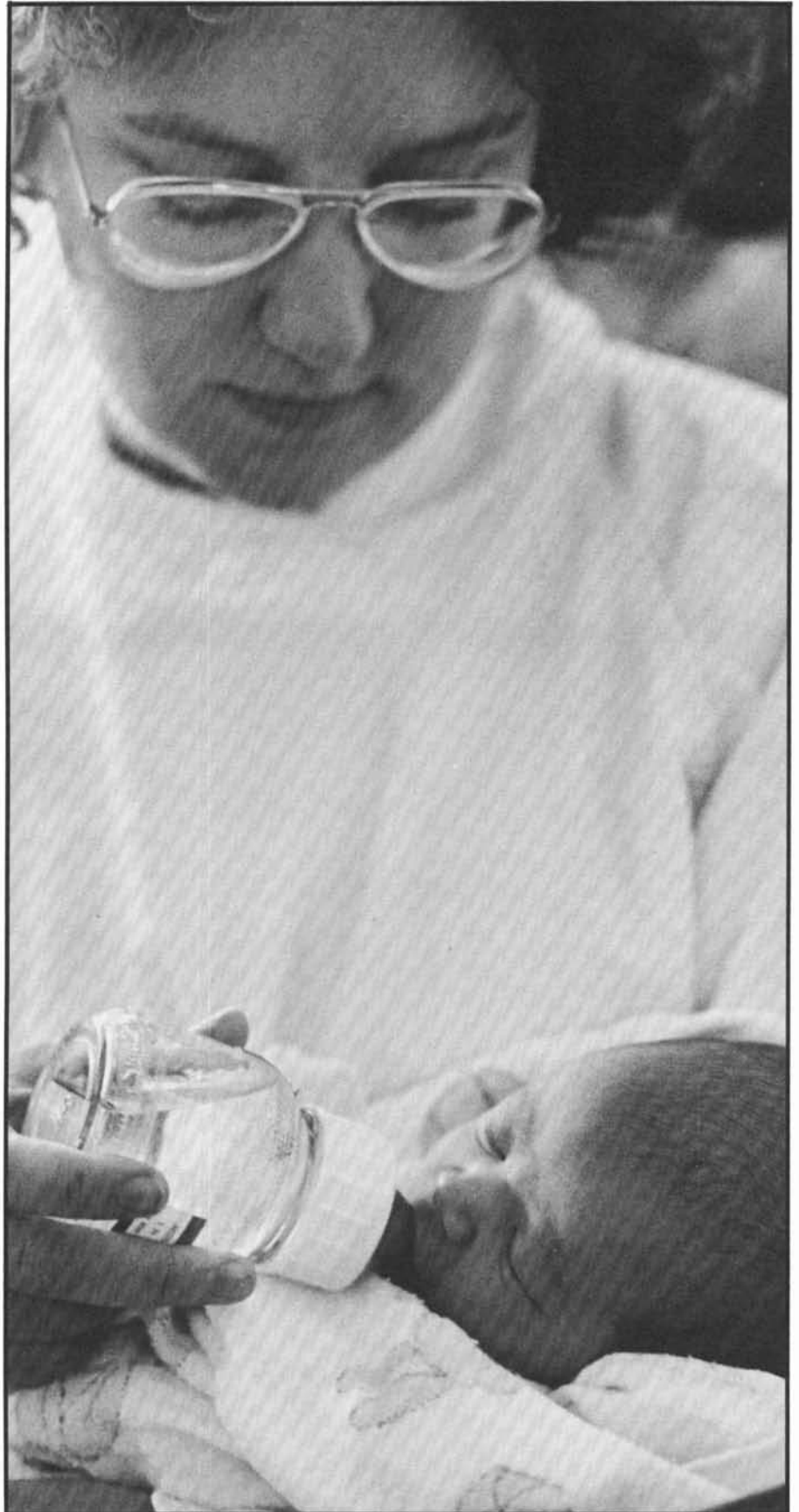
Chris Quillen

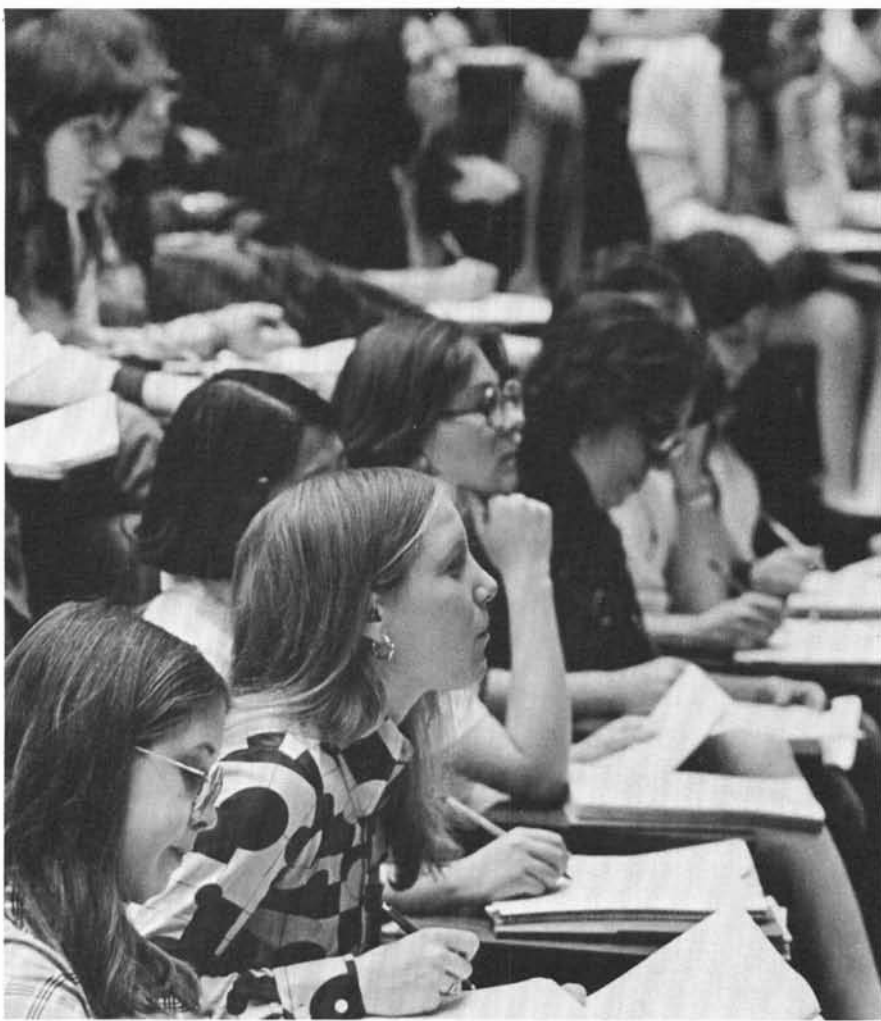
**Our broad perspectives on nursing will require reaching out to related natural, social, and biological sciences, drawing upon the resources of the whole University and sharing our insights and clinical expertise with colleagues in joint endeavors.**

Loretta C. Ford, R.N., Ed.D.  
Dean, School of Nursing

WHILE the rest of the world has been watching M.A.S.H. and Dr. Welby on television, a quiet revolution has been taking place in the education of nurses. Where once a student was trained to finish an undergraduate degree or certificate program and go to work in a hospital, today's university-based nursing programs stress a lifelong learning process for career professionals. At the forefront of this type of education is the University of Rochester's School of Nursing. Rochester students are, of course, trained in patient care, but the thrust of the program is toward the improvement of practice over a lifetime.

A School of Nursing student can now take advantage of unique opportunities—interdisciplinary research programs allow a nurse to function as, for example, both nurse and sociologist. Increasingly, nurses now serve as nurse-practitioners, and faculty members both practice and teach their skills. Today's nurses, through the development of a research data bank, can test their procedures for efficiency against past methods. More than ever before, opportunities are available for UR nurses to take courses

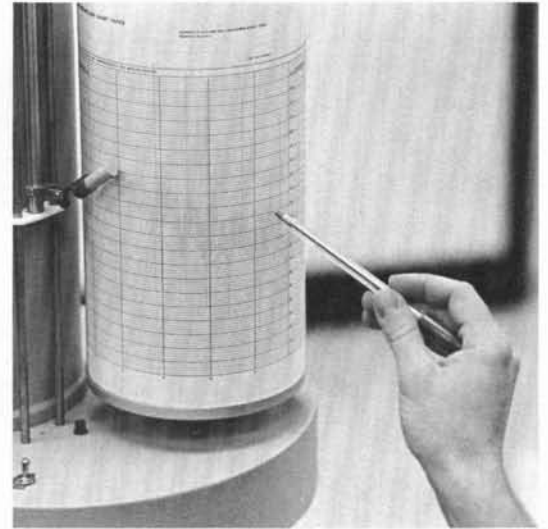




throughout the University and to use its libraries and equipment.

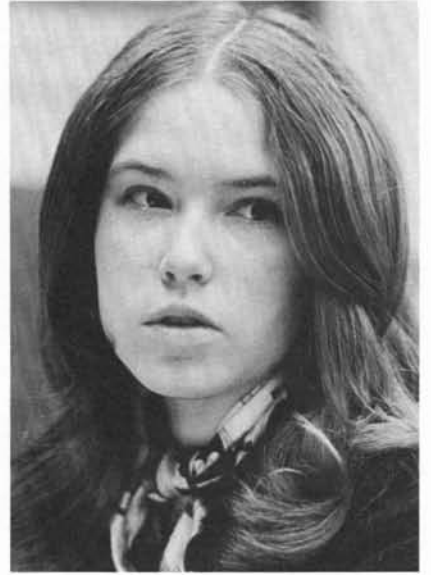
A nurse can expand her horizons beyond the classroom by attending the School's "brown bag seminars," a series of weekly luncheon discussions on nursing research in patient care. Informal and innovative, these talks feature speakers from health care agencies and academic divisions, including the School of Nursing itself, the School of Medicine and Dentistry, and the Jordan Health Center, a neighborhood health center providing medical, dental, and mental health care, as well as pharmacy service, to the Rochester community.

The common thread running throughout the program, whether in theory or practice, in formal or informal learning situations, is the improvement of patient care.



Nurses receive training in respiratory physiology class.





**“A nurse can  
expand her horizons  
beyond the  
classroom...”**



# The Corporation and the University

C. Peter McColough



*C. Peter McColough is chairman and chief executive of Xerox Corporation and a member of the University's board of trustees. His talk was given recently at a University meeting for corporate executives held at UR's Memorial Art Gallery.*

FORTY years ago, Robert Hutchins easily maintained his status as chief professional gadfly for American education. He suggested that every American baby be granted a B.A. at birth. In this way, he argued, the child's education could then proceed, unhampered by the pursuit of a degree.

I think we all, at times, must feel that he was right—that a humane education has about as much to do with a sheepskin credential as a sound, productive business enterprise has to do with the hourly fluctuations of the stock market. (And I must say that there are reasons when one feels these things very strongly!)

Yet Robert Hutchins devoted his life, as have many of you, to the university. For although the red tape of degrees and unit credits can be as exasperating and irrelevant as the ticker tape of Dow-Jones, the university remains an essential—an inevitability.

The university is our society's best institution for realizing potential in the marketplace of ideas. I suggest that in this way, it parallels the functions that the modern corporation performs in the marketplace of business enterprise.

I would briefly like to touch on some of these parallels—along with the implications they have for our own roles and responsibilities as educators and as executives.

The university was once described by someone as a series of separate schools and departments . . . held together by a central heating system.

Someone else has described the modern urban university as a series of schools and departments . . . held together by a common grievance over parking facilities.

More seriously, I would describe the university as being held together by its dual responsibilities: those of creating and preserving intellectual capital, and of participating in the investment of that capital toward improving the human condition. In other words, if you will: pure research and the application of knowledge.

The relative importance assigned to each of those responsibilities has shifted back and forth over time. The last decade in particular saw a sharp conflict between those who saw the dangers of fossilization and those who saw the dangers of excessive politicalization.

I do not think the sixties, or any decade, will ever settle that debate. Both knowledge and action are part of the university and it cannot escape either. Granted: the university is not (as some would have it be) the sharp sword of social revolution. But then neither is it the comfortable repository of pure data safe from the world beyond.

I agree with the Italian historian Benedetto Croce, who wrote: "All knowledge is tied to life, to action. Knowledge for the sake of knowledge, far from having anything aristocratic or sublime about it, would be an idiotic pastime for idiots. Those intellectuals who think the artist or the thinker should withdraw from the world around him participate, without knowing it, in the death of the intellect."

We businessmen have our own double role, as well. Like educators, we have a primary goal of preserving and creating a form of capital. And like educators, what we do with it affects lives around the world and for generations after us.

Balancing these two responsibilities can be difficult. Recent events in Washington have underlined the dangers presented by corporations too eager to spend their capital for outside influence.

**"The university is our society's best institution for realizing potential in the marketplace of ideas."**



**“Many people do not understand that a university, however well endowed, can be in dire and constant need of financial assistance.”**

These dangers of political meddling must be faced and sensibly avoided. But we cannot return to the old notion of business with no human responsibility for the surrounding society.

To paraphrase Croce, I would say that “making money, merely for the sake of money, is a pastime for idiots.”

In a sense, both the university and the corporation have their private and their public responsibilities. For it is a fact that the private corporation and the private university are both unavoidably public, as well.

And this, from my viewpoint, is a blessing. I am a great believer in the rewards flowing from a mixed economy. In the mixed economy of business, government and industry can act as competitive partners. The result is a citizenry far better off economically than if it had to depend on the monopolistic activities of either alone.

**A**LSO, the public and private schools of America each have their own advantages that encourage and demand a breadth and an openness in the other. The existence of public universities helps to guarantee a true democracy of the intellect, avoiding any narrowness of class, race, or religion.

Conversely, the private university is far less beholden to leaden bureaucracy—to the demands of state power. This gives the private institution—whether a university or a corporation—a mobility and creativity that opens the way to innovative thinking and doing. And one of the most vital functions of any university is to “examine all ideas, no matter how repugnant they may be to some.”

That is why we, as members of private institutions, help protect the private concerns of the public—the people’s independence, their individuality, their right to say “no” to tyrannical authority. Just so, the public institutions of our land can keep us from retreating into narrow parochialism.

In talking of these matters, here in Rochester, I can’t help thinking of the words and actions of one man—the former chairman of Xerox, a long-time friend of the University, and my personal friend and mentor. Joe Wilson once said that bringing “modern technology to bear on social problems is perhaps one of the biggest opportunities of the present century.” Joe believed that Rochester could and should make a real contribution to the solution of social problems. And his many very substantial generousities to the university—made by the company he led, as well as by himself personally—were largely based on this belief.

A university and a corporation, Joe believed, are part of the world around them. It was largely as a result of Joe’s influence that a consciousness of social responsibility permeated the ranks of both the University and the Xerox organization.

He believed that the day was over when a corporation—or a university—could consider itself apart from the community.

**“All knowledge is tied to life, to action . . .”**

**“What happens to the university will ultimately happen to America.”**

One very practical reason why Joe supported the University so enthusiastically was his belief that the small company he then headed was destined to develop into a major multinational institution. As far back as the middle-fifties, he wanted to attract to this community the highly skilled people his company would require. And he felt an obligation to the people who moved here . . . to provide them with a good solid educational opportunity. To this end, he committed his company to support the University—as well as other schools in this area. He wanted to provide a broad range of higher educational opportunity . . . close to home . . . for the Rochester community and Xerox employees.

But for Joe Wilson, the practical was usually interwoven with broad humanistic concerns. I believe that basically Joe viewed his investments in the University as a piece of venture capital for social change. And subsequent events have proved his instincts correct.

As a member of the Board of Trustees, I am proud of those events—proof of the outstanding progress the University has made in so many diverse areas. Each year, for example, the University now provides millions of dollars in health and related services. Its programs include a community mental health center, a sickle cell anemia program, Lifeline (an emergency telephone counselling service), and Threshold (a drug clinic and counselling center that has won awards for its work in Rochester).

**“ . . . it is a fact that the private corporation and the private university are both unavoidably public, as well.”**

The University enriches the cultural life of the community through the Memorial Art Gallery, the Eastman School of Music, and River Campus film, dance, music, and drama groups.

It provides a broad spectrum of services for business, government, and professional groups through the Executive Development Program . . . the University College of Liberal and Applied Studies . . . the Center for Research in Government Policy and Business . . . the Graduate School of Management . . . and through faculty members who serve as consultants to business and industry.

But this is nothing new. More than a century ago (in 1851 to be exact), the Reverend Henry P. Tappan, one of the American founders of the concept of the university, stated that the University of Rochester—founded but one year earlier—was “attempting to meet the demand of the age.” I believe the University has made consistent progress toward that goal—especially in our age, which is so much more demanding than Reverend Tappan’s.

It is impossible, of course, to measure in statistical fashion the relative quality of any one institution. I do not know if Stanford is better than Princeton; or if Rochester is better than Columbia. My friends from Harvard even have trouble defining how much better it is than Yale! But knowledgeable people across the country would

agree, I think, when it comes to a matter of balance, the University of Rochester has achieved enviable results. The University now must certainly be considered high on the list of the finest broad-based universities in the nation.

It goes without further elaboration that we need such institutions. And support for them is more necessary now than ever before.

Many people do not understand that a university, however well endowed, can be in dire and constant need of financial assistance. The University of Rochester, for example, has been in recent years among the top five of the best endowed universities in the country. Yet its needs are critical. So are those of Yale and Stanford and the many others.

During the sixties, while university enrollments doubled, expenses tripled. And any private college attempting to meet those expenses with a matching rise in tuition will immediately price itself out of the market. Nor in the present economy will salvation come from foundations or the federal government.

**“The private university is far less beholden to leaden bureaucracy.”**

We need, more than ever, a “mixed economy of the intellect.” For that, the private university must continue to fulfill its roles in scholarship and in society. And to do so, it must depend upon the generosity of those who understand and appreciate its task.

We as businessmen have many reasons for being generous. Some of us believe it is good public relations. Some believe it is enlightened self-interest. But to my mind, the best reason is this: the fate of my business is tied to the fate of my nation. And what happens to the university will ultimately happen to America. ■

# Writers on Writing:

## Distortion . . . and Perception . . . in American Literature

L. J. Davis  
Judith Rascoe  
John Gardner  
George P. Elliott



L. J. Davis is a novelist whose works include *Cowboys Don't Cry* and *Walking Small*.

This article is part of a televised discussion that took place during the 1973 University of Rochester Writers Workshop.

Davis: It strikes me that American and Russian novelists are uniquely interested in the grotesque, in grotesque characters, especially American southern and American urban novelists. Why do you suppose this is?

Gardner: It's because the Americans steal from the Russians, of course. You look at all the other kinds of novels in the world that you could steal from and the Russians are the easiest to steal from and are most like us, and so we do. This business about the Russian thing is that, in America, as we grew up, our two influences were the movies we saw and the first novels we read, which were Dickens and the Russians . . .

Davis: And Dickens, of course, falls into this (use of the grotesque).

Gardner: Well, that's where the Russians stole it from. The Russians are very conscious of Dostoevsky. They are proud of how well he could imitate Dickens. And that's a good thing to be.

Davis: But this obsessive writing and obsessive involvement with the grotesque?

Elliott: Well, I haven't been in the South very much, but I've known a good many Southerners, and they tell me that what looks grotesque to the outside world is not that grotesque when you are actually there. Flannery O'Connor's world is a fairly faithful and slightly exaggerated version of what is actually there. It depends on where you are standing as to what is grotesque. Also, Gilbert Chesterton made a point about Dickens—that the reason his characters look so grotesque to literary people was that they didn't know the actual, ordinary people of London. They're not that grotesque at all, if you actually knew Londoners. . . . I spent a little time in England and I ran into a few of Dickens' characters—they belong right in Dickens' novels, and they are still right there. But they are not found in this country—they are peculiar to London.

Davis: Well, how about your own work?

Elliott: I don't think I use the grotesque much. It doesn't seem grotesque to me. What it looks like to a Londoner, I don't know.

Davis: Indeed, I remember when a novel of mine, *Cowboys Don't Cry*, was reviewed in London, the one thing that the *Times* commented on was this—that was the very word they used—"grotesque" characters . . . and I thought they were like the people who lived next door to me, grotesque and then not grotesque to us, I suppose. Some of your characters—I don't want to use the word "grotesque" to describe female characters; it doesn't seem nice somehow—but in "Small Sounds and Tilting Shadows," your O. Henry Prize-winning story, your character is certainly "bananas," is she not?

**" . . . what looks  
grotesque to the  
outside world is not  
that grotesque when  
you are actually there."**



Rascoe: Well, I agree with George to an extent; I don't think one often feels, while writing about . . . main characters, no matter what they are doing, that they are really grotesque. Obsessive, maybe, but I think that's a tendency of all fiction. You cannot present a whole character, so you tend to get fascinated with people's obsessions, or with their quirks of character.

Davis: Remember what Virginia Woolf, as long ago as the 1920's, was saying—that we were going to move away from the Dickens novel and from, as she called it, the materialist Wells and Galsworthy, and that the hero of the British and American novel would be a stockbroker who lives in Welwyn Garden Village, catches the 8:04 to London every morning, has one wife and 2.5 children, and whose life is superficially featureless. . . . I find in my own work that I am not terribly interested in that character. I wonder, if you trot him out on the stage, what are you going to do with him?



*George P. Elliott, novelist, short story writer, and poet, is professor of English and creative writing at Syracuse University.*

**“I want a novel like an animated movie that Walt Disney never had the guts to do . . .”**

Gardner: As Judith said, she doesn't consciously work for grotesquerie . . . I do. I want a novel like an animated movie that Walt Disney never had the guts to do, or rather that the Censor Board wouldn't let him do. I want characters that flap all over the stage, and all the backgrounds move, and crazy stuff, because you can get interest out of a human story in feeling, and the grotesque has as much feeling as anything else. But I like texture . . . I like scratchy things and funny houses. I put on a circus show. For a long time people seriously thought that novels and short stories are a way of thinking . . . a different kind of mental approach from scientific research. Jean Stafford, for instance, opens up the story with a relatively felicitous style, but basically you're supposed to read that story because it's good for you, it tells you important things. I believe that a story should hold the way Bugs Bunny holds, the way the Phantom of the Opera holds. If it thrills the reader and he's having a good time, then it's nice if he thinks out some things, too. The story can think, but, fundamentally, that's not what it does. Those who decide to put on a circus show—I go to a grotesque extreme on that and I don't especially do that any more—still, we are doing the same things as Jean Stafford, but no longer with the assumption that it's good for you. That's one reason for the enormous interest in the grotesque.



*John Gardner, a professor of English at Southern Illinois University, is the author of Grendel, The Sunlight Dialogues, and Jason and Medea.*

Davis: Another characteristic of the American novel that has been talked to the point of almost becoming a “home truth,” a tiresome cliché, is that there aren't any grownups in American novels. I think this probably refers more to the 20's and 30's—Hemingway, Faulkner, and so on. Faulkner has a devil of a time with adults. There are a lot of kids in American novels. Who was it—D. H. Lawrence?—who said that great American novels are those novels that we put on children's shelves in the nursery? In your own work, do you have difficulty coming to grips with the adult experience, with the beyond-marriage experience? Remember Frank O'Connor's famous line: “The American and British novels end with the wedding, and the French novel begins with it.”

**Elliott:** This is not the way I operate. I think marriage is about the most complicated thing in the whole world and for that reason interesting, and a great many of my main characters are married for this reason. Children are very hard for me to do. They are foreign creatures.

**Davis:** Even the matter of rendering their dialogue is difficult.

**Elliott:** . . . and trying to avoid patronizing or pitying the victim. . . . I avoid children for the most part.

**Gardner:** There's been a change, though, clearly. John Cheever's wonderful new book, *The World of Apples*, is obviously an adult book about adult problems. We think of Henry James as an adult novelist, but clearly that's not true. Henry James is an immature, brilliant man trying to work out his own problems by putting them on Daisy Miller and other people of this kind. So we feel innocence, placed in a European setting, which we can understand, but cannot really empathize with. Lately, I think, American novelists have stopped being that traditional. The age of Emerson's philosopher-child is over . . .

**Davis:** Judith, in your stories I don't believe there is a single family.

**“There are a lot of laughs but so little joy in American writing.”**

**Rascoe:** Oh, yes, there is. In one story there is a very unhappy family, as Tolstoy would say. In fact, most of the families are unhappy. I think that's an interesting issue to me, why I can't or won't write about a happy family.

**Davis:** It comes back to the grotesque, almost, or the unusual. Maybe happiness isn't interesting.

**Rascoe:** Basically, are happiness and goodness interesting?

**Davis:** Or, are happiness and goodness possible?

**Gardner:** Sure they are. I am sure that's what we all should be writing about, but we don't know how yet.

**Elliott:** Well, Dostoevsky was going to write a great novel about the saint—the good man—but he never got around to it. It's much easier to write about sinners.

**Davis:** There are a lot of laughs but so little joy in American writing. Some of the stuff that all of you have written is outrageously funny, yet outrageously funny with that catch in the throat, where one pauses and thinks, why



*Judith Rascoe has written screenplays, novellas, and short stories.*

the devil am I laughing at this? What do you use humor for? Do you find it easy?

**Elliott:** I never set out to be funny, but if you are dealing with certain kinds of pain, one of the best ways to handle them is with complex and comic irony. A great deal of the material I use is painful. It comes through looking at something in an odd way, not in order to be funny, in my case, but in order to be able to look at it clearly at all.

**Gardner:** I think there is another thing involved in this. . . . It's a natural tendency. When a writer is writing well, he is looking exactly and honestly at a situation, and sometimes the inherent irony in the situation can't help but be seen by the critical eye. Of course it helps a writer to have a character who looks coldly and honestly, and as soon as a character who looks honestly sees almost all of the situations we are in most of the time, he starts to laugh, like, my God! So it's impossible not to be funny.

**Gardner:** I don't know if it's bitter—some of it is. I think a lot of it is just plain open belly laugh, and I think that's nice.

**Davis:** There are two sides of the coin. Take the archetypal Charlie Chaplin scene. The lovable tramp is being chased through the slums by the Keystone Cops; he comes upon a comical Italian fruit peddler's stand and up-ends it. Of course, the Italian is outraged and comically jumps up and down on his funny hat, and then the cops come along and smash his wagon to splinters and trample his fruit into mush. I cannot for the life of me think why people laugh at this. Is it funny to any of you?

**Elliott:** It's funny to me.

**Davis:** Why? I am curious.

**“Roy Rogers just squints and gets the bad guy and talks to Gabby Hayes.”**

**Elliott:** Well, if you look at something from a certain kind of distance and contrast what is decent and reasonable with what is going on—as long as actual death and dismemberment aren't involved, as long as it doesn't go to that point . . .

**Davis:** All the way to the limits of sadism . . .

**Gardner:** It really has to do with the thing that American films have done so well, what I call infantilism. The kings of it are Laurel and Hardy, who are always in a situation as helpless little children. In other words, they made a metaphor of the child situation. In the kind of comics that I like a lot, Buster Keaton and Laurel and Hardy, they are absolutely honest about this infantilism. In the kind I don't like as much, such as Charlie Chaplin, you always have the soft focus, and the woman too good for the man, and all this kind of stuff, so that it's not realistic. I begin to worry about the clash of this sort of soft-focus optimism in Charlie Chaplin and the terrible destruction that comes out

of this infantilism. In other words, I like infantilism that has a metaphysical ring. This really is the situation, like in Laurel and Hardy and Buster Keaton, but when it gets to be a little bit soft, I don't quite think it's as funny.

**Elliott:** I simply think that since part of our nature is cruel, this is one way to handle it and enjoy it. I think we are just innately cruel. It's not a good idea to act on it, but it's a fine idea to release it every so often.

**Davis:** We are washed in sin, are we?

**Elliott:** No, cruel. You know, cruel the way cats are cruel, just because that's the way they are.

**Davis:** Then you find humor a vehicle for expressing this cruelty.

**Elliott:** Certain kinds of humor, sure; the Laurel and Hardy stuff, for example. Also, I agree that most of the time Chaplin makes me very uneasy. Some of the time he is marvelous, but most of the time, for this same reason, there is a gauze-veil of sentimentality . . .

**Davis:** The other side of the coin is the real story that is going on. The fruit vendor who is awakened at four in the morning to schlepp his 900-pound cart over cobblestone five miles to the Washington Market, which is on the other side of the island, picks up 500 pounds of vegetables, hauls it all the way back. I can see the tenement flat—children sleeping on the floor, the odor of boiled food and stale urine in the halls . . . and this knucklehead, this absolute knucklehead, comes along and destroys it.

**Gardner:** It's a different story, though, not the one that's told.

**Davis:** About archetypes and childhood, when we are most influenced by the American cinema, or by any kind of cinema, what is the input from this? I know I find myself fighting off John Wayne, who was my boyhood hero, endlessly—in fact parodying the whole Wayne-Hemingway myth of almost the noble savage, the white man as the noble savage, and now the black exploitation movie that reflects the black man as noble savage—do you find these archetypes in your own work?

**All:** No.

**Gardner:** Of course, the other thing you are watching when you are a child is little old ladies, and you are seeing them with a great deal more honesty and concern because you are a real human being and so is that person. But Roy Rogers is not; Roy Rogers just squints and gets the bad guy and talks to Gabby Hayes.

**Davis:** While we're on childhood, remember Yeats' remark to someone who had said that man is formed by the time he is nine years old. Yeats said, "Oh, much earlier, much earlier." Do you find yourself writing out of a child's eye?

**Gardner:** No, absolutely not. I find myself having the same experience when I tell a lie that I had in childhood—sheer delight, the reason nobody could ever break me of it—but absolutely not. The people who fascinate me now are grownups.

**Davis:** Do you see the grownups with a child's eye? Where is your eye located?

**Gardner:** I think I am a grownup. I might not look like a grownup, but I feel responsible. The things that are most interesting to me are the problems of a fully adult person. When I

**“ . . . there aren't any grownups in American novels.”**





was younger I would write stories which I now see as sociological. The interest of the story really came from the fact that people lived in a particular place and had Jewish parents or Welsh parents or something like that. I am no longer interested in that, because I found that all people can come to the same grown-up problems which encompass all religions and races, and those problems are the tough and fascinating ones and the sad ones, too. I like to make them cry besides making them laugh, so I think my concern is with grownups. That doesn't always appear to be true because I wrote about Grendel, and Grendel is a clear case of the child archetype. I got it out of a book and I said, "Aha! Boy, can I make a story of that," so he is an arrested child. But I'm not very interested in those problems any more.

**Davis:** In your story, "Mother of Good Fortune," Judith, the narrator has an adult voice, but it seems to me that you located the eye in the child, and you used childish perceptions to illuminate the situation. The voice that narrates the story doesn't see beyond this cage of the child's perceptions.

**Rascoe:** No, but I think that's the interesting thing. I think when most of us look back at childhood, we are adults remembering things, but our memories are restricted painfully often by the fact that we only have a child's perception to look through at the past. ■

# Before Sunrise

Mikhail Zoshchenko  
Tr. Gary Kern

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The fall of 1974 marked the first complete publication in translation of Mikhail Zoshchenko's *Before Sunrise*. The publication of Part I of this book in Russia in 1943 resulted in the expulsion of its author from the Union of Writers. Part II was published two years ago in a Soviet journal under a spurious title and with no mention of the fact that it was the last part of Zoshchenko's suppressed work.

In *Before Sunrise* the author attempts to retrace his life. The examination starts with Zoshchenko's youth and his horrifying experiences in World War I and continues backward to the prenatal state—"Before Sunrise." The following vignettes are taken from the sections on Zoshchenko's youth, boyhood, and infancy. The common theme is apparent.

*Before Sunrise* was translated by Gary Kern, an assistant professor in the University's English department. Professor Kern is an authority on Russian writers of the 1920's and a highly regarded translator.

Woodcuts by Edvard Munch

## Uncle Sasha's Dying

I'm sitting in the high chair. Drinking milk.

There's scum in it. I spit. Bawl. Smear the scum over the table.

Behind the door someone lets out a terrible scream.

Mama comes up. She's crying. Kissing me, she says:

"Uncle Sasha's dying."

After smearing the scum over the table, I again drink the milk.

And again behind the door, a terrible scream.



*Visit of Condolence, 1904.*

## A Rupture of the Heart

Softly I open the door and go into Papa's room.

Usually Father lounges on the bed. But today he stands motionless by the window.

Tall, somber, he stands by the window thinking about something.

He looks like Peter the Great. Only with a beard.

Softly I say:

"Papa, I'm taking your little knife to sharpen my pencil."

Without turning around, Father says:

"Take it."

I go over to the desk and begin to sharpen my pencil.

In the corner by the window there is a little round table. On it, a carafe of water.

Father pours a glass of water. Drinks. And suddenly falls.

He falls on the floor. And the chair he knocked against falls.

I scream in horror. My sisters and mother come running.

Seeing Father on the floor, Mother throws herself at him with a scream. Shakes him by the shoulders, kisses his face.

I run out of the room and lie down on my bed.

Something horrible has happened. But maybe everything will end all right. Maybe Papa only fainted.

I go to Father's room again.

Father's lying on the bed. Mother's in the doorway. Beside her is the doctor.

Mother screams:

"You're mistaken, Doctor!"

The doctor says:

"In this matter we don't dare to be mistaken, ma'am. He's dead."

"But why was it so sudden? It can't be!"

"A rupture of the heart," says the physician. And he leaves the room.

Lying on my bed, I cry.

## Nerves

Two soldiers are cutting up a pig. The pig squeals so badly you can't stand it. I go closer.

One soldier is sitting on the pig. The hand of the other, armed with a knife, skillfully slits open the belly. White lard of immeasurable thickness spreads out on both sides.

The squeal is so bad it's time to stop up your ears.

"Hey, fellows," I say, "you could have stunned it, shut it up with something. What's the point of slicing it up that way?"

"Can't be helped, your honor," says the soldier sitting on the pig. "You won't get the same taste."

Catching sight of my silver sabre and the emblem on my epaulets, the soldier leaps up. The pig shoots out.

"Sit, sit," I say. "Finish it up already."

"Quick isn't good either," says the soldier with the knife. "Too much quickness spoils the fat."

Looking at me with sympathy, the first soldier says: "It's war, your honor! People are moaning. And you feel sorry for a pig."

Making the final gesture with the knife, the second soldier says:

"His honor has a case of nerves."

The conversation is taking on a familiar tone. This isn't proper. I want to leave, but I don't leave.

The first soldier says:

"In the Augustowo forest the bone was shattered on this hand here. Went right to the table. A half-glass of spirits. They start cutting. And I have a bite of sausage."

"And it didn't hurt?"

"How could it not hurt? It hurt most excessively . . . I ate the sausage. Give me, I say, some cheese. I had just eaten up the cheese when the surgeon says: Finished, let's sew it up. My pleasure, I say . . . Now you, your honor, you wouldn't have been able to stand it."

"His honor has weak nerves," the second soldier says again.

I leave.



*Allegory, 1898.*

## In a Hotel

Tuapse. A small hotel room. For some reason I am lying on the floor. My arms are thrown out. And my fingers are in water.

It's rainwater. A thunderstorm just passed. I didn't feel like getting up to shut the window. The torrents of rain fell into the room.

I close my eyes again and lie in some sort of stupor until evening.

Probably I should move to the bed. It's more comfortable there. A pillow. But I don't feel like getting up from the floor.

Without getting up, I reach over a suitcase and fetch an apple. I have not eaten anything again today.

I take a bite of the apple. I chew it like straw. Spit it out. It's awful. I lie until morning.

In the morning someone knocks on the door. The door is locked with a key. I don't open it. It's the cleaning

woman. She wants to clean the room. At least once every three days. I say:

"I don't need anything. Go away."

At noon I get up with difficulty. Sit down on a chair.

Alarm takes hold of me. I realize that I can't go on like this any more. I'll die in this miserable room if I don't leave here immediately.

Opening my suitcase, I feverishly collect my things. Then I call the maid.

"I've gotten sick," I tell her. "Someone will have to take me to the station, get me a ticket . . . Quickly . . ."

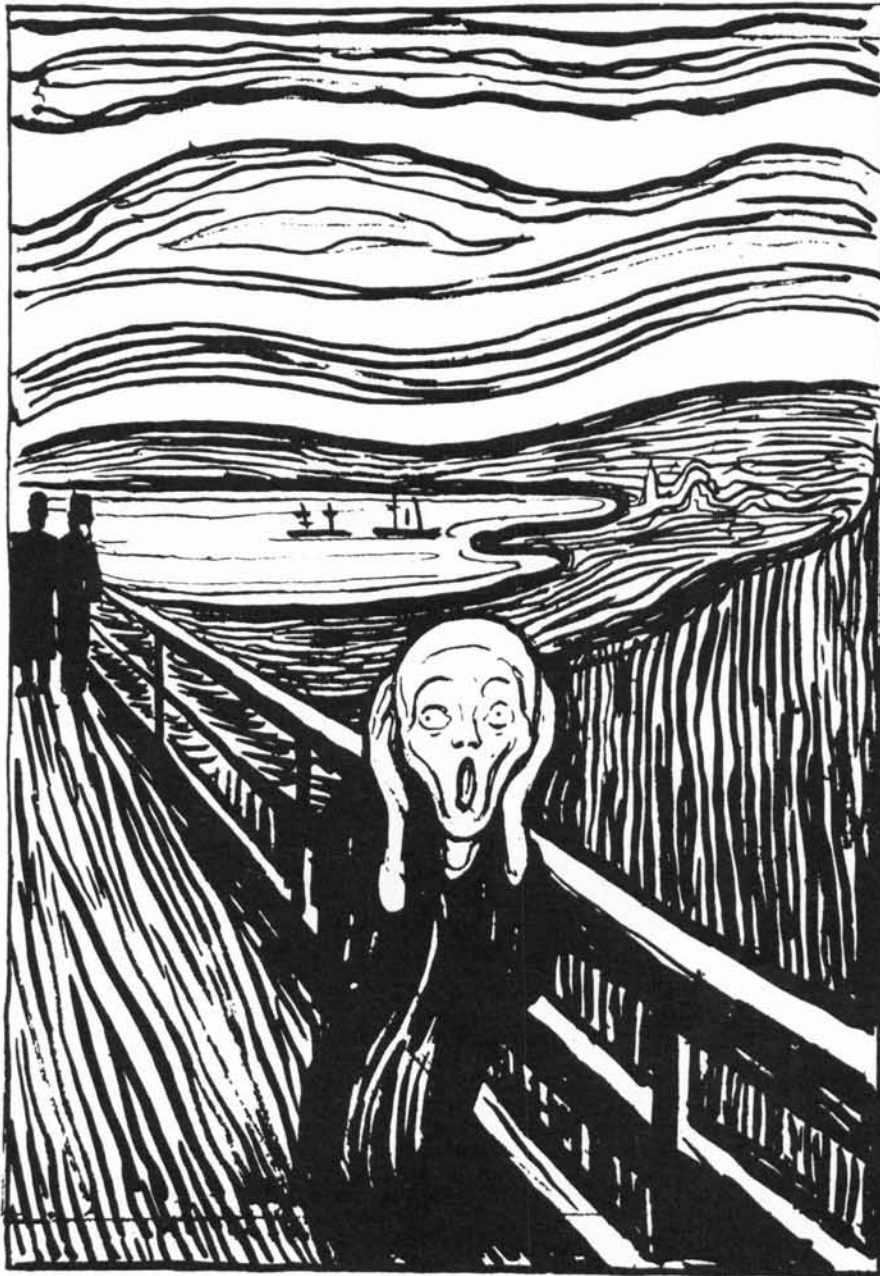
The maid brings the management and a physician. Rubbing my hand, the physician says:

"Nerves . . . Only nerves . . . I'll write you a prescription for brom . . ."

"I must leave immediately," I mumble.

"You'll leave today," says the hotel director.





*The Scream, 1895.*

## At Night

Night. Dark. I wake up. Scream.

Mother takes me in her arms.

I scream even louder. Look at the wall. The wall is cinnamon. And on the wall hangs a towel.

Mother calms me down. Says:

"Are you afraid of the towel? I'll take it away."

Mother takes the towel away, hides it. Tucks me into bed. I scream again.

And then my little bed is placed alongside my mother's bed.

Weeping, I fall asleep.

## I'm Afraid

Mother holds me in her arms. We look at the animals, which are in cages.

Here's a huge elephant. It takes a French roll with its trunk. Gulps it down.

I'm afraid of elephants. We go away from the cage.

Here's a huge tiger. It cuts up the meat with tooth and claw. It eats.

I'm afraid of tigers. I cry.

We leave the zoo.

We're home again. Mama says to Father:

"He's afraid of animals."

# The University

## New Chief Executive to be Inaugurated February 1

The inauguration of President Robert L. Sproull as chief executive officer of the University will take place February 1, 1975. Sproull will be the seventh head of the University in its 124-year history. He will succeed W. Allen Wallis, who has served in that capacity since 1962.

The all-day program of inaugural events will include an informal luncheon for Rochester alumni; an afternoon seminar for the board of trustees; and the formal inaugural ceremonies, to be held in the Eastman Theatre that evening.

Sproull is a fellow of the American Physical Society and a member of Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa, and Phi Kappa Phi. He is the author or coauthor of 19 technical articles and sections of books and has written a textbook on quantum physics that has been translated into four languages. He was editor of the *Journal of Applied Physics* from 1954 to 1957.

A native of Lacon, Ill., he attended Deep Springs College (Calif.) and holds A.B. and Ph.D. degrees in physics from Cornell. He is a trustee of both institutions.

An internationally known scientist, Sproull was appointed provost and University vice president in June 1968, and president in 1970. Previously he had been academic vice president and professor of physics at Cornell University.



Robert L. Sproull

## Wallis Heads National Council on Social Security

Chancellor W. Allen Wallis has been serving as chairman of the Advisory Council on Social Security of the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The Social Security Act requires the periodic appointment of such an advisory council for the purpose of reviewing the status of the four Social Security trust funds, the scope of coverage, the adequacy of benefits, and other aspects of the Social Security program, including its impact on public assistance programs.

Chancellor Wallis has served in numerous governmental capacities. He was a special assistant to President Eisenhower from 1959 to 1961 and worked with the Vice President as executive vice chairman of the Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth. He has been chairman of the President's Commission on Federal Statistics and the President's Commission on Presidential Scholars, and was a member of the President's Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Force.

He currently serves on the National Council on Educational Research.

## New Psychology Building Dedicated

The new Psychology Building on the River Campus was formally opened last fall with two days of public events, including talks by noted psychologists, tours of the building, and a special dedication program.

The \$8.2 million structure, which houses the University's Department of Psychology and Center for Visual Science, is one of the major academic facilities included in the University's \$38 million campaign undertaken in 1965. The building brings together, for the first time, parts of the psychology department that have been scattered over at least nine locations.

## Eugene List Records Shostakovich's Concertos

Last summer Eugene List, internationally distinguished concert pianist and professor of piano at the University's Eastman School of Music, performed before U.S. and Soviet heads of state at the Moscow summit meeting. This winter Professor List returned to Russia for a concert tour, his first tour there in ten years. On this trip, however, he met with a different kind of world leader: Dmitri Shostakovich, one of the greatest living composers.

List, of course, is well acquainted with Shostakovich and his work. Over forty years ago when he made his debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra, List performed the American premiere of Shostakovich's "Piano Concerto No. 1." Since that time he has performed the piece 249 times, most recently at the University's 1974 Wilson Day.

The high point of his Russian trip was a recording session in which he recorded two of Shostakovich's concertos. The conductor for the session was Shostakovich's son, Maxim.

In his career, List has played for six U.S. presidents and for President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill, and Generalissimo Stalin at the Potsdam Conference in 1945.



*Charles F. Hutchison (left) and UR Chancellor W. Allen Wallis look over blueprints of the University's chemistry-biology building, which looms in the background. The building, completed in 1972 and named in Mr. Hutchison's honor, is the largest academic building on the River Campus.*

## Charles Force Hutchison, University Benefactor, Dies at 99

Charles Force Hutchison, who began his 80 years of association with the University as a chemistry student in the late 1890s, died on Nov. 24, 1974 at Genesee Hospital in Rochester. He was 99 years old.

At memorial services in the Interfaith Chapel on Nov. 26, Chancellor Wallis revealed that Mr. Hutchison was the anonymous donor of the monument to George Eastman, known as the meridian marker, that stands in the center of the Eastman Quadrangle on the River Campus. A close associate of Eastman for many years, Mr. Hutchison donated the monument in 1954, the 100th anniversary of Eastman's birth.

Mr. Hutchison was controller of film and plate emulsion for the United States and Canada when he retired in 1952 after some 52 years of association with Kodak. An authority on the design of emulsion coating equipment, he was credited with much of the development of the Kodak Park facilities for emulsion making.

Named to the University's board of trustees in 1932, Mr. Hutchison was secretary of the board from 1947 to 1961 and a member of its executive committee from 1932 to 1938. After he became an honorary trustee in 1959, he continued to participate in board affairs. He served on the board of managers of the University's Eastman School of Music from 1932 on.

In 1971 the University named its chemistry-biology building, then under construction, Charles Force Hutchison Hall in his honor. It is the largest academic building on the University's River Campus, and it is the second University of Rochester building to bear Mr. Hutchison's name. Hutchison House, his former East Ave. home, has been owned by the University for many years, and is used by the Eastman School for professional and social programs and as the official residence of the School's director.

## UR's Antiquarian Book Fair Leaves Mark on Book World

The second annual Antiquarian Book Fair and Sale held last fall by the Friends of the University of Rochester Libraries made more than money for the UR libraries and the participating dealers. It made quite an impression on the specialist book world as well.

The Fair was featured as the lead story and the cover picture of the Nov. 4 issue of "AB Bookman's Weekly," an international publication. Described as exemplifying a "new departure in book fair promotions," the UR's second annual Antiquarian Fair and Sale was cited for being "planned and carried out on a far more professional level than the ordinary used book sale," and for its success in "attracting large numbers of dealers as participants rather than as mere casual buyers."

Some 1,300 people attended the event held in the Reserve Reading Room of Rush Rhees Library. Twenty-nine antiquarian book dealers came from all over the northeastern United States to participate. By day's end, they'd earned a total of about \$25,000.

"Most of our participants filed immediate requests for exhibition space next year," says Robert L. Volz, head of the University's Department of Rare Books, Manuscripts and Archives, "and many suggested that next year's fair be extended for two days."

## Threshold—A Model Youth Crisis Center

Threshold, the youth crisis center operated by the University's Department of Psychiatry, has been selected as a model program of the walk-in, informal, client-oriented type of youth service.

In full operation since July 1973, Threshold is one of 14 agencies from across the country to be chosen as models of various "alternative" treatment programs for young people. Threshold was rated as one of the top ten of these agencies.

The selection was made by the Joint Information Service of the American Psychiatric Association and the National Institute of Mental Health.

## Honors

□ William H. Riker, Wilson Professor and chairman of the Department of Political Science, was among 95 scientists and engineers newly elected to the prestigious National Academy of Sciences. Riker, who has been on the Rochester faculty since 1962, was elected in recognition of his pioneering work in mathematical political science.

Other Academy members at the University are George H. Whipple, dean emeritus of the School of Medicine and Dentistry and oldest living member of the Academy; W. A. Noyes, Jr., Distinguished Professor of Chemistry emeritus; J. F. K. Holtfreter, Tracy H. Harris Professor emeritus of zoology; Jacob Bigeleisen, Tracy H. Harris Professor and chairman of the Department of Chemistry; Robert W. Fogel, professor of economics and of history; Marshall D. Gates, Houghton Professor of Chemistry; and Elliott W. Montroll, Einstein Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

□ Rabbi Joseph H. Levine, Jewish Chaplain and Hillel director at the University, has been named an Underwood Fellow of the Danforth Foundation, a major ecumenical body interested in campus ministry.

□ Soprano Candace Baranowski, a 1972 graduate of the University's Eastman School of Music, won third place in the women's vocal division of the prestigious International Music Competition held recently in Munich. In addition to receiving a cash prize, she performed with the Munich Radio Orchestra in a concert broadcast throughout Germany on radio and television.

Miss Baranowski holds a bachelor's degree in music education, a master's degree in performance and literature (1974), and a performer's certificate in voice and opera from Eastman.

□ Four faculty members are among the scholars, scientists, and artists awarded 1974 Guggenheim Fellowships. They are: Jacob Bigeleisen, Tracy H. Harris Professor of Natural Philosophy; Donald R. Kelley, professor of history; Christopher Lasch, professor of history; Roger Mertin, instructor in fine arts, specializing in photography.

Rochester ranked fourteenth in the number of Guggenheim Fellowships awarded to faculty members of United States and Canadian institutions.

□ James M. Forsyth, assistant professor in the University's Institute of Optics, recently received the Adolph Lomb Medal. The medal is awarded jointly every two years by the Optical Society of America and the American Physical Society and goes to a person under the age of 30 who has made a noteworthy contribution to optics.

□ Richard F. Fenno, Jr., Don Alonzo Watson Professor of Political Science, has been named a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the nation's second oldest learned society. Fenno was one of only 117 scholars, scientists, public figures, artists, and writers elected to the Academy this year. He joins 16 other members of the University community who are Academy fellows.

□ Keith Rayner, assistant professor of education and of psychology, is one of three winners of the Creative Talent Awards Program sponsored by the American Institutes for Research. The Program provides annual awards to doctoral candidates for dissertations "showing outstanding promise for creative contributions to the science of psychology."

□ Profs. Robert W. Fogel and Eugene Genovese of UR's history department have been selected to hold the Pitt Chair of American History and Institutions at Cambridge University. Genovese will be at Cambridge in 1975-76; Fogel in 1976-77.

Within the past year, Fogel and Genovese have written books on American slavery which have made a great impact on the academic community—and beyond. *Time on the Cross*, co-authored by Fogel and fellow UR professor Stanley Engerman, set off widespread discussion and debate among scholars of history and economics. The book was the subject of a three-day conference that brought more than 50 scholars from six nations to the University last fall.

Genovese's latest book, *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, has received outstanding reviews, and excerpts from the book appear in this issue.

The first holder of the Pitt Chair, in 1945-46, was Dexter Perkins, distinguished UR professor emeritus of history.



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## New Strong to Open

The University's new Strong Memorial Hospital, an eleven-story, 696-bed structure due to open this winter, will offer patients and the Rochester community one of the most modern medical care systems.

By almost every standard of measurement, the hospital is the biggest building in Rochester, with 908,000 square feet of usable space.

The new hospital will replace all of the present hospital with the exception of the 107-bed psychiatric wing. Its core will be a radial patient unit that will allow nurses to observe patients directly at all times.