

Fifty years ago
**PAUL
BURGETT**
arrived at the University.

NEITHER
has been the same since.

*By Kathleen McGarvey
Photographs by Adam Fenster*

It's a mid-September morning, and members of the Eastman School of Music's freshman class arrive at Hatch Recital Hall. They're about three weeks into the semester, just long enough to have had a taste of Eastman life, just short enough for everything still to be new. They chat and shift in their seats.

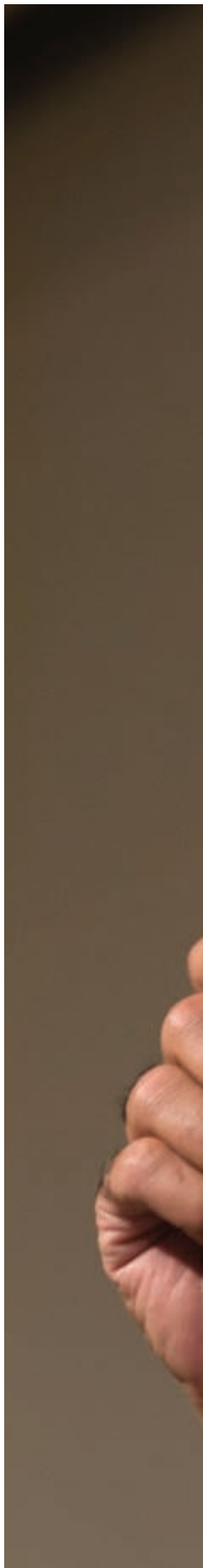
And then Paul Burgett '68E, '76E (PhD) takes the stage. His voice—sonorous, animated—his gregariousness, his humor, and his sheer joy in seeing them capture their attention immediately.

Coming to the Eastman School, he tells them, is for him “coming home”—because, 50 years ago, he, too, was an Eastman freshman, a young violinist from St. Louis.

“I was a ‘regional treasure,’” he tells them. “Just like you—you're all regional treasures.”

Rochester, he thought, was a detour on the way to being a national, even an international treasure. Upon his arrival at the school, Burgett went to the practice rooms. “It was just us freshmen who were here,” he says, “and I took my fiddle out, put my music on the stand, and began to play the Vitali Chaconne. Big piece, muscular. It makes you sound like a million dollars. I'm not really practicing—I'm playing it. And I leave the practice room door open, just a little bit.”

The students laugh knowingly.





PASSION AND ABILITY: Burgett, known familiarly as “Dean B,” brings a vibrant enthusiasm to his interactions with students in and out of the classroom.



“I wanted all within earshot to appreciate this regional treasure who had arrived,” he says. That feeling lasted until the other undergraduates, graduate students, and faculty returned: “At which point, I have a moment of epiphany. My whole notion of talent gets radically redefined. I pull that practice room door shut, I push that handle down—you all know—put a piece of paper over the window and a bag over my head so no one can see who’s making all that noise!”

A young woman in the audience murmurs in response, seemingly unaware she’s speaking aloud: “That’s how I feel.”

Once again, Burgett has made a connection—warm, affable, empathetic—with a student. He has made such connections thousands of times, and not just with students, but also with colleagues, alumni, community members—really, with everyone he meets.

“I think that he is so many people’s mentor, and we don’t all know each other. It’s like Friends of Bill Clinton: Mentees of Paul,” says

COMMAND PERFORMANCE: Burgett addresses Eastman freshmen in this year’s version of his legendary speech, “The Fiery Furnace.” In it, he tells them about his own experiences as a new Rochester student, and about the journey that awaits them.

Melissa Mead, the John M. and Barbara Keil University Archivist and Rochester Collections Librarian.

This academic year marks half a century since Burgett arrived in Rochester, and most of those years have been spent with the University. Fifty years would be notable enough—but in that half century, Burgett has come to embody the spirit of Rochester. “In many ways, he’s the face of the University,” says attorney John LaBoda ’02, ’03 (T5).

“He has personified this institution in a way that not only makes him a beloved figure, but that also makes others love the University more. That is quite a gift,” President Joel Seligman says.



The speech Burgett gives to this year's Eastman freshmen—nicknamed “The Fiery Furnace,” and to an earlier generation of students, “The Black Ball”—had its origins in a brief talk he gave as a sophomore, when the planned speaker, Eastman's then director, was stranded at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. It's “a sharing of personal history, a true sharing of himself, that is frankly remarkable. And the notion that he has sustained it for thousands of students in multiple decades is extraordinary if not unique,” says Samuel Huber '99, '04M (MD).

With “The Fiery Furnace,” Burgett welcomes students to campus and tells them about the journey on which they're embarking. Undergraduate education is about the “confrontation with ideas,” a process that's sometimes fun, but more often hard, soul-searing. It's like stepping into a furnace, he tells them: hot, intense, at times terrifying. “But you will step out of that furnace strong, tempered like steel.”

And then he makes a promise: “We will not abandon you. We will never abandon you.”

As generations of students attest, he's a man as good as his word. The guarantee he makes on behalf of the University is a personal credo, too. Burgett cares fiercely about other people, and the charisma and natural gift for performance—the full force of his personality—that he displays on the Hatch Hall stage is matched in power by his capacity to listen and observe, to enter into dialogue, and to express and act on a deep and genuine affection for the people around him. “He is one of the most generous and kindhearted men I've ever known,” says John Covach, chair of the College's Department of Music.

Burgett earned three degrees—a bachelor's of music with a major in music education and violin in 1968, a master's in music education and violin in 1972, and a doctorate in music education in 1976—at Eastman. After working as executive director of the Hochstein School



EARLY DAYS: Burgett as a toddler, cradled in the arms of his father, Arthur Burgett (above), and as a budding violinist at age nine (right).

of Music and Dance in Rochester in the early 1970s, as a music teacher in the Greece, New York, Central School District, and as an assistant professor of music at Nazareth College, Burgett returned to Eastman in 1981 as its dean of students. He has been at the University ever since, rising through the ranks of the administration as vice president and University dean of students, then vice president and general secretary and senior advisor to the president. Today, having dropped only the title of general secretary, he is semiretired—but you would never know it. He is a constant presence on campus and in the city of Rochester: teaching, advising students, consulting with the president, meeting with community members, and serving on the boards of local institutions.

He has flourished in all that he has put his hand to, but he eschews the title of administrator. “I’m a musician and a teacher,” he says.

That 50 years have passed is a surprise to him. “That’s not been relevant to me, because I hang around students who never age, do

they? They’re always 18 to their mid-20s or so, some a little older. And when they get to the end of their studies, they leave and are replaced by newcomers. So I forget how old I am, until I look in the mirror and see my father looking back at me—at which point it’s, well, startling, I suppose.”

Burgett was born in St. Louis, the eldest of six and the son of two musicians. “There was always music in the house,” he recalls. “It was an integral part of my family’s life.”

But the harmony in his home contrasted with the discord he found outside it. Of his hometown at the time of his youth, he says: “Racist is not too strong a word. St. Louis was a segregated town. I’m the product of a biracial family: my father was African American and my mother was Italian.” Anti-miscegenation laws prevented Burgett’s parents from being married in Missouri, so they went to Illinois for their wedding before returning to St. Louis.

“My early years were before the dismantling of the racist legal architecture that enabled greater access,” Burgett says. As a high school student, he played violin with the St. Louis Philharmonic, a semiprofessional orchestra, and took a music theory course at Washington University at St. Louis. On his way home, he would walk through an “affluent” neighborhood. “What stands out in my mind from those long walks home was the police car pulling up, most often unmarked,” he remembers. “And as soon as I saw it, I knew exactly what was happening. I’d always have my fiddle and my book bag, and I’d put both down, and put my hands on the hood of the car, and spread my legs while they frisked me and interrogated me. In one instance, my parents told me, I was actually arrested and taken to the police station.

My father came to get me. I must have repressed that memory completely because I can’t recall it.”

Burgett cites a passage from W. E. B. DuBois’s *The Souls of Black Folk* as personally meaningful. The young DuBois, growing up in Massachusetts, took part in a school game distributing visiting cards with the other children. “The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card, — refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil,” DuBois writes in his 1903 book.

Burgett knew—knows still—that veil.

When he was eight, his parents moved the family from an African-American neighborhood to one that was “in transition,” he says. “One of my new friends there was a fellow named Dennis, who was white and whose father was on the faculty of Washington University. So Dennis, my brother, and I got it into our heads to go to the movies on a Saturday—it was probably cartoons. The three of us made our way to the movie theater, and Dennis put his 35 cents on the counter and got his ticket and went into the theater. And then my brother and I went up to the ticket window, and the woman—I can still picture her—the woman in the ticket window looked down at us and said ‘We don’t allow your kind in here.’ And in what I can only describe



“There was always music in the house. It was an integral part of my family’s life.” —Paul Burgett



PIZZA PARTY: Chatting with academic advisees at one of his signature pizza get-togethers. “Eleven months a year, if a student group said, ‘We’re having pizza at 11 o’clock at night; can you make it?’ Paul would be there,” says Logan Hazen, former director of residential life.

as a nanosecond, it was—nothing more needed to be said—the veil descended, and I knew there was once and forevermore a cleavage between her and us, between them and us. And so that was a seminal moment in my growing up.”

His parents worked to provide Burgett and his siblings an intellectually rich environment and to shield them from prejudice. “We were a working class family with high aspirations for the children,” he says. “My parents accomplished so much with very few resources. They provided a stable home and sought opportunities for us, especially in the arts and education. They surrounded us with a world of smart, talented, and interesting people, music, the arts, and ideas that enabled our social, cultural, and intellectual fluency. And, looking at my brother and sisters, I think that produced adults of stature and outstanding achievement.”

At the same time, his parents “formed a safety net around us, to try to protect us, recognizing that it’s not really possible to do that completely, but they did the best they could. There always worked in the back of our minds concern about what was safe and what wasn’t safe, where we could go and couldn’t go, and the fact that we were an interracial family made us peculiar because that just didn’t exist much at all back then. So I lived this sort of split life.”

Experiences of his youth have left a lasting mark, Burgett says. “The anxiety associated with that continues to this day, in very subtle ways. For instance, when I was a boy growing up, going into a business establishment and having the businessperson say, what are

you? Are you colored or are you white? Which always puzzled me—I thought, if you can’t tell, you know? I mean, please. But my answer was always, ‘I am a Negro.’ We didn’t have the word biracial back in those days. ‘I’m a Negro.’ And if I had any anxiety that I might be rejected, I wouldn’t go in. And so the way that still plays itself out is, there’s a voice in the back of my head—it’s a soft voice any longer—but it’s a voice where I will still hesitate. And in our travels—travel is a great thing for my spouse and me—I have been known to say to her, go in and be sure that it’s OK. Because that voice is still there, and the anxiety associated with rejection on the basis of the accident of birth, I still carry that inside of me. The veil, once it descends, doesn’t easily lift. I have been able to pull it apart and look through it, and develop social and cultural fluency as a result of doing that, but the veil still has an effect.”

Burgett’s parents met at the Catholic church, St. Elizabeth’s, where his father’s family were parishioners and his mother taught and played the organ. His father, who hadn’t graduated from high school, was drafted into the army to serve in World War II. After the war, he returned to St. Louis and earned his diploma while in his 30s. From there he went to St. Louis University, where he earned a bachelor’s degree in music education and voice.

“My father was an artist, and what he really wanted to be was what Eastman alumnus William Warfield became,” Burgett says, making reference to the famous African-American concert baritone and 1942 graduate, with whom his father once performed. “My father was well-known in St. Louis and the Midwest, and in fact he was the first African American to sing with the St. Louis Symphony.” But while he yearned for a musical career, he soon had six children to support—which he did with a job as a building mechanic for the telephone company. There was a divided quality to his father’s life, too,

Burgett says. “He finally had a college education, but opportunities for black males especially were limited. And what he really wanted to do was get on the stage and sing.”

His father left for work every day in a suit and tie. One day, he forgot his lunch, and Burgett’s mother sent her two sons, Paul and his brother, Peter, to deliver it. “We got into the building and we called him to come up, and he came up—and he was wearing his work uniform, which was overalls. It was the only time I’d ever seen him like that, before or since. I was shocked. That wasn’t the dad I knew. He took enormous pride and pleasure in the development of his children, but I think deep inside was a profound sadness that he didn’t have a career in music.”

When casting began in New York City for a traveling company performing *Porgy and Bess*, Burgett’s mother gave his father money she had saved for him to travel east for an audition. He won a role, but decided not to accept it “because my mother was struggling back in St. Louis with all these children—I think there were maybe four of us by then. He made the decision not to go abroad with the company, but rather to come home and pick up his job with the telephone company, and that’s what he did. He got home late at night. And I can still remember his arrival because it was a moment of total and utter ecstasy that Daddy was home. And as ecstatic as I was, he must have been saddened and depressed by it. But he kept that pretty much to himself. It was just not going to be. He decided that his first responsibility and his first priority was to his family, and so he went back to St. Louis and put his overalls back on.”

Burgett’s mother gave piano lessons in the family home, and Burgett began playing at age five. When he was nine, a family friend and violist with the St. Louis Symphony, Edward Ormond, observed that the boy had good hands for the violin and offered to teach him himself. When Ormond moved to the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra when Burgett was 12, he was devastated to lose his teacher, but continued his study at the community music school. By the time he was 16, Burgett had been selected to attend the International Congress of Strings, a summer music program at Michigan State University. Just two string players were chosen from each of the 50 states, plus Mexico and Canada. It was the same year that he joined the St. Louis Philharmonic and that he was accepted as a student by St. Louis Symphony concertmaster Melvin Ritter. Burgett calls the effect of those experiences “life changing.”

He auditioned in St. Louis for the Eastman School. Ritter wrote to Eastman admissions director Edward Easley that Burgett “hadn’t had rigorous training, but the raw material was there, and he works his tail off,” Burgett remembers. He was admitted, and Easley later told him he was “persuaded you would be a fine music teacher.”

Arriving at Eastman was a “watershed moment” on a number of fronts. “I was at the mountaintop, musically,” Burgett says. And he arrived in the fall of 1964, just after the passage that summer of the Civil Rights Act. Surrounded by fellow musicians, he found himself in an atmosphere where he could thrive. “The issue of race took a backseat, and the veil began to rise,” he says. The bonds of similar passions between the students overcame other differences. Eastman allowed him to develop socially in ways not possible for him before, even though Rochester was “still smoldering,” he says, from the 1964 riots that convulsed the city.

“In the environment of Eastman, I took enormous comfort. I didn’t have to look over my shoulder all the time.” He was elected president of the freshman class, and “that stunned me. Qualities of my makeup were unleashed because my classmates accepted me. I can’t even begin to explain how important that was.”

The profound changes Burgett felt were perhaps not as visible from the outside. Vincent Lenti, professor of piano and Eastman School

historian, was a second-year faculty member when Burgett arrived as a freshman. He was “very congenial, outgoing, confident. I can’t think of a time when Paul wasn’t Paul,” Lenti says. “He’s not one of those people about whom you say, gee, it’s a miracle he turned out as he did.”

In his “Fiery Furnace” speech, Burgett explains that he chose to stay at Eastman, despite his initial fears that his talents didn’t measure up, because of his love of music. “I was passionate about it. I got to this place, and I found that I didn’t have to explain myself to anybody. It was just simply understood. Music was the totem to which all of us were drawn. I couldn’t think of anything I would rather do than be in this environment.”

Passion is a touchstone of the speech, and he tells the students—eventually leading them in a chorus—words that he believes can guide them through their college years and beyond: “Passion and ability drive ambition.” What you major in, he tells them, isn’t all that important. It’s what you care about, what you feel compelled to do, coupled with the necessary skills, that will lead you to a successful and meaningful life.

“My undergraduate experience was heady and wonderful, and allowed me to grow in ways not possible before,” Burgett says. “My freedom became the centerpiece of my education—and isn’t that what it’s supposed to be?”

After graduating from Eastman in 1968, Burgett was awarded a National Defense Education Act Fellowship to earn a doctorate. He did one year of study, but eligible for the draft in the Vietnam War, he opted instead to join a military band in the Army Reserves, in which he played the tuba. He was executive director of the Hochstein School for two years, and then returned to Eastman for his doctorate.

He thought “long and hard” about his research topic. “I decided that I’d had the best education that a person could hope to have. The musical titans for me were Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, Mozart, Mahler, et cetera. But I couldn’t tell you what Charlie Parker played, much less whether there were any black classical composers. I didn’t know.” Burgett told his advisor, Paul Lehman, that he wanted to do something that spoke to his heritage. “So he told me to go into the Sibley Music Library and spend the next year reading. Just reading. I remember Dr. Lehman saying to me, ‘I don’t know much about the subject, but we’ll learn together.’” The work, Burgett says, “was irresistible. I couldn’t not do it.”

He spent the next three years writing his dissertation, “Aesthetics of the Music of Black Americans: A Critical Analysis of the Writings of Selected Black Scholars with Implications for Black Music Studies and for Music Education.” It is dedicated to the memory of his father. “My father’s nickname for me, all my life, was Doc. That’s what he called me,” says Burgett, his eyes rimming with tears. “And he would call me Doctor Bones, because I was incredibly skinny as a boy. But then Doctor Bones got shortened to just ‘Doc.’ And when I was a doctoral student, I would say to him, I’m on my way to authorizing your nickname of me. But he died before I finished it. So he got the dedication.”

Burgett took a post teaching violin at Nazareth College in the Rochester suburb of Pittsford, first as a lecturer and then as an assistant professor of music. But in 1981 a new opportunity appeared: Eastman was hiring a dean of students. When Lenti learned that Burgett was interested in the job, he wrote a letter to Eastman director Robert Freeman telling him, “I understand Paul Burgett is applying. Look no further.”

Freeman listened, appointing Burgett. “In the days when I knew him at Eastman, he was close enough to the age of the students that they all trusted him. We all did. And should have,” Freeman, now a professor of musicology at the University of Texas, says. “He came from an atmosphere that was deeply unfair, and Paul has not only survived but conquered brilliantly.”

“I can’t think of a time when Paul wasn’t Paul. He’s not one of those people about whom you say, gee, it’s a miracle he turned out as he did.”—Vincent Lenti

Colleen Conway ’88E, ’92E (MA), a professor of music education at the University of Michigan, remembers that Burgett—in days long before the Internet—knew each freshman’s name, where they came from, and what they played before they arrived on campus. “That little piece of showing care and interest—it makes me tear up, because I feel like that really set the teacher that I then became.”

As president of the Eastman student association, Conway saw Burgett’s responsibilities up close. “I remember getting a window into what his job was like—meetings starting at 7:30 in the morning. And I could see the schedule, and when I’d go in at 1, I’d think, how did he make me feel special when he’s seen 20 other people today? You’ve got to be there in the moment, and he’s just really good at that.”

As dean, he influenced students profoundly without having classroom time with them, she recalls. “And that’s really powerful. Somehow he’s able to do that just through hallway conversations. He wasn’t teaching me classes—he was teaching me to be a person. There are more important things than the musical learning, and that’s something I learned from him. And I think you could say that across campus—there’s more important learning in ages 18 to 22.”

Burgett’s intuitive sense of how to relate to other people was a priceless gift in his work as dean, Freeman says. “Something we don’t teach college students enough is how to read other people’s body language and listen very carefully to what they’re saying. Paul understood what motivated people, which of course is what a dean of students has to do: act not just as a disciplinary agent but as a friend who can help a student find his own best way.”

Essential, too, was Burgett’s own experience at Eastman, and his abiding affection for the place. “The foundation of his education was performance and applied music but he also had a strong interest and background in academics, pedagogy, and communicating with people,” says Marie Rolf, senior associate dean of graduate studies at Eastman and professor of music theory. “It gave him a great knowledge base; he had immediate understanding of people coming from all aspects of music and deep empathy because he’d been there.”

Adds Betsy Marvin, professor of music theory: “It was palpable how much he loved Eastman. He seemed to be part of the whole fabric there.”

Nevertheless, after seven years, Burgett felt that he had done all he could as Eastman’s dean of students—just at the time that the University was looking to create a similar position.

Dennis O’Brien, president from 1984 to 1994, says undergraduate education was a focus of his presidency. “I decided we needed someone who was at the vice-presidential level, so that he was dean for all students, at Eastman and the River Campus. I wanted a student-oriented person who was a member of the president’s cabinet, so that I could get immediate feedback on student affairs.”

In a survey of students about their perceptions of the University, one student responded that “Rochester was a ‘cold and distant place;’ and there was a hint that the University was cold and distant, too,” O’Brien says. “And Paul is the least cold and distant person I’ve ever met.”

“He took the place by storm. Paul is such an enthusiastic person. He loves people, and people love him in return,” says G. Robert Witmer Jr. ’59, chair emeritus of the Board of Trustees, who had led a committee examining the River Campus’s structure for student

activities and affairs. At that time, he had identified Burgett as “the epitome of the type of person we are looking for.”

O’Brien was pleased with his choice. “He did a number of things I admired greatly: he liked being called Dean Burgett. He thought Vice President Burgett sounded kind of pompous. And he wanted to set up shop in Wilson Commons, where the students were. That’s right on—this is someone who wants to be known as a dean, and he’s going to move in right where the students are.”

You can hardly imagine him anywhere else. “Students are my most favorite people in the world,” Burgett says. “I adore them. I love students. My idea of the closest thing to great potential and to efforts at human perfection, for me that’s to be found in students.”

And while he feels that regard for them en masse, his attention has always been specific and particular, too. “Even though there are thousands of students at the University, people always felt he took an interest in every single one of them,” says Malik Evans ’02, now a bank business growth manager who marvels at Burgett’s “boundless energy. I don’t know if I know anyone to this day who has that energy.”

Logan Hazen, associate professor at the Warner School and former director of residential life, was the first person Burgett hired in his new position. His “contagious enthusiasm, his upbeatness—I mean, there’s a message in there,” says Hazen. Even for students meeting with Burgett in a disciplinary capacity, “they could always see Paul valued them, Paul cared for them, and what he was doing was the right thing to do.”

Part of his success in doing that may stem from Burgett’s determination to know and interact with people beneath their appearances and defenses—a product, perhaps, of his own youth. His goal has always been to “gain admission to the backstage” of students’ lives. Much of all our lives, he says, is theater: that which we perform when others are watching us. “But the backstage is where real life is lived, where the costume comes off and where the human being emerges in all of her or his realities.”

For 24 years, his assistant was Beverly Dart. “Bev and I developed over time a theory of our lives with students, and the theory was very simple: when a student came to us, regardless of the reason—and sometimes they came to us and I had to be the sheriff; sometimes they came to us with tragedy—our first goal was to treat them in a way so that when they left, they felt no worse than when they arrived, and if we were really successful, they felt better. Our second goal was that in their conversation with me, whatever the issue was would be defined more precisely. Oftentimes people come thinking the problem is one thing, but the problem may be something else. So spending the time—and that’s what it’s about—it’s spending time with the person across from you long enough to gain clarity about the issue. And then the third goal was to assist the person across from me in articulating options for moving forward. A plan.”

“He’s a good listener, and I think he always made students feel important when they came to see him,” says Donna Brink Fox, associate dean of academic and student affairs at Eastman. “He was careful to listen and counsel them in a way that never came across as too directive. Not ‘You need to do this’ or ‘You’d better do that,’ but ‘Have you thought about...?’ He even does that with me. To me, that’s just

his style, whether he's talking to an undergraduate who's questioning life as a musician or talking to a colleague or a faculty member. I think he's the same, and that's a great quality to have. It's genuine."

As University dean of students, Burgett took what had been an underdeveloped student affairs program and made it robust, Hazen says. At Eastman, he had planned the Eastman Student Living Center; at the River Campus, he improved programs at the Interfaith Chapel, Wilson Commons, University Health Service, Counseling and Mental Health Services, Residential Life, and Athletics and Recreation. Through it all, he was an unflagging presence at student events.

"Eleven months a year, if a student group said, 'We're having pizza at 11 o'clock at night; can you make it?' Paul would be there—even if he had an 8 a.m. meeting with the president," says Hazen. "But day one of the 12th month, Kay"—Burgett's spouse, Catherine Valentine, now a professor emerita of sociology at Nazareth College—"would take him to other places around the world. That's how he kept his battery going. It's hard to keep up with the man. One of my favorite stories: Kay found a village somewhere in rural Vietnam, and she was headed to an artifact shop there. They arrived in an area remote enough that there was no electricity. And then Paul hears a voice calling, 'Dean Burgett!' It was an American-Vietnamese Rochester student, so excited to see him there."

Not all the responsibilities that fall to Burgett are as happy. "He probably makes the hard parts of his jobs over the years look easy because you don't see them. Dean of students isn't just a cheerleader for the student experience; there are brass tacks there that are unpleasant for anybody," says Huber, now a psychiatrist.

Burgett has "all that surface charm and energy, but when there were emergencies, he was always there. Paul would be there and take care of it, and talk to the parents, if that was necessary. He was very hands-on with the kinds of emergencies that would come up," O'Brien says.

Burgett recalls one instance when a student was experiencing an emotional crisis. Her mother had come but was having difficulty communicating with her. The mother called Burgett and asked him to join them. The student "was crying very, very hard. I took her in my arms, and just rocked her. And hummed. Told her, 'It's going to be all right. It's going to be OK.' So we stayed in that situation for, I don't know, an hour, maybe, and then she said, 'I'm ready to go to the hospital.' That's what it took. The human situation is complex, but we gain nothing from abandoning people.

"I often have said to parents, just be patient, just wait—and above all, do not abandon the person. With our students, with novice adults, we must not ever abandon them. They must know, as they try to develop enough confidence to become fully enfranchised adults, they must know that we're here, and that we're about creating an environment of safety."

Burgett doesn't just make students feel safe—reaching back to his own early life, he expands their sense of who they can be.

"A lot of folks will tell you, when he's talking with students, he'll call you Doc. The student will say, I'm not Doc, and he'll say, don't worry, you will be," says Hazen.

It's something many alumni mention. "Dean Burgett would always

refer to us as Doctor so-and-so—he set the bar that anything you want to do is possible, and this is a place where you can make that happen," says Tiffany Taylor Smith '91, founder of the consulting company Culture Learning Partners.

In 2001, Burgett ended his tenure as dean of students, becoming vice president and general secretary and senior advisor to the president, then Thomas Jackson. It's a position he continued when Seligman took over the presidency four years later. Burgett trimmed his duties in 2011, stepping down as general secretary to the Board of Trustees.

He continues to devote considerable time to teaching. Each fall, he teaches either the History of Jazz or Music of Black Americans. "His courses are extremely popular," says Covach. Adds Seligman: "There are a lot of people who teach classes. Paul lives classes."

The passion he feels for working with students is borne out in his teaching, in the "disciplined attention and enthusiasm for the music and ideas that I try to bring to my students in the classroom," he says. Rochester medical student Jarrod Bogue '10 took the jazz course as a sophomore, drawn by his interest in the saxophone and the chance to be taught by Burgett. "I'd heard he was a good professor—that's the feeling on campus. He's one of the really good ones. He puts so much effort into each lecture, and they keep building. I loved the class."

Partial retirement also provides Burgett more time for the travel that he and Valentine have long enjoyed, visiting much of the world in the past 35 years.

In October, the Board of Trustees resolved that the University's intercultural center would hereafter be known as the Paul J. Burgett Intercultural Center. It's a fitting honor. The center brings students together to work with and learn from those from other cultures, backgrounds, beliefs, socioeconomic statuses, sexual orientations, and more. In its resolution approving the naming, the Board of Trustees praised Burgett as a "tireless advocate for justice and equity for all." Burgett was delighted with the honor, writing in a note of thanks that he is "an intercultural product ... from birth."

"The really interesting thing to me about Paul is his way of bringing people together, seeing growth opportunities in others, and connecting people to both his vision and the vision of others. I see that as one of his most masterful skills. Many people will talk about his charisma, his energy, but that underlies it," says Huber.

Burgett uses that skill of bringing people together on behalf of the Rochester community, too. "His name always comes up when people think about how they want to connect with the University. They say, is Paul Burgett still there? Let's call him. They know he cares about Rochester. He's connected to Rochester, and he believes in Rochester," says Evans, a member of the Rochester City School District Board of Education. Burgett has served such groups as the Urban League, the Mt. Hope Family Center, the Rochester Arts and Cultural Council, the United Way of Rochester—even the Zoning Board of Appeals for the city.

"He has touched the Rochester community as deeply as anyone I know," Seligman says.

**"A lot of folks will tell you, when he's talking with students, he'll call you Doc. The student will say, I'm not Doc, and he'll say, don't worry, you will be."
—Logan Hazen**



MUSIC AND IDEAS: Burgett doesn't think of himself as an administrator. "I'm a musician and a teacher," he says. "Paul lives classes," says President Seligman. Here Burgett responds to students' rhythm patterns in his History of Jazz course.

"Paul was our ambassador to Rochester forever, I guess. That's a big part students and staff didn't see a lot," says Hazen. "All the community activities, all the boards, all the times representing the institution as somebody from the University the community trusted—because we weren't always trusted. But Paul's a man of his word, and if you worked with him, you trusted him. He didn't talk much about it. I don't think he toots his own horn as much as he toots it for other people," says Hazen.

Says Mead: "You ask any one person what Paul does, and they say X, and maybe Y, but they don't know the full alphabet of everything he's doing."

"I can't remember any time that Paul's ever asked for anything back," Huber says. "The amount of pizza he's eaten, lunches he has purchased, advice he has dispensed just by listening and reflecting: I don't think he ever asks for anything back. Genuinely I can't remember a time when he's said, Sam, I need a favor. And you've got to think his favor bank, there's a good balance there. And I don't know anybody who would say no to him."

And now Burgett, in the latest phase of his career, has taken on the task of immersing himself in the University's history, poring over documents in the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, speaking to alumni, new faculty, and students about what the University stands for and how it came to be.

"I'm having a grand time in this new part of my life, that I didn't anticipate, as sort of the University's storyteller: where we came from,

who our predecessors were, on whose shoulders we stand, and our responsibilities as stewards of their legacy."

"He knows more about a lot of the documents than I do," says Mead.


"There's a part of what Paul has meant to this University that really needs to be emphasized—he is the institutional memory of the office," says Seligman, referring to the president's office. "And he has an almost artistic sensibility to the nuances of history. When I want to understand someone in our past, I turn to Paul."

In his talks, Burgett makes reference to the University's history of "inspired, effective, and generous leadership," Mead says—adding that the phrase applies equally well to him, with a special emphasis on generosity. "I think there's a lot of people who wouldn't be where they are without Paul's advice, his encouragement, and his caring—and his 'inspired, effective, and generous leadership.'"

It's a phrase that complements his motto from the "Fiery Furnace" speech: passion and ability drive ambition. You can put those two phrases together as guiding principles, she says: the first part is for you; the second is how you fit in the University, in the world, in life.

It's not surprising that Burgett would have some perspective on how to create such a fit. In the years since he was a small boy in Missouri, he has found a way to carve for himself a place in the world—in the community, in the University, in the lives of generations of students, faculty, staff, and alumni—that is unique. Lively, funny, insightful, caring: "He is a *presence*," says O'Brien.

"There are very few people you can maintain as a hero through the really tumultuous portions of growing up," Huber says. "Who you see as a hero when you're 18 is different than when you're in your 30s or 40s or 50s—but he, for me, maintains that status.

"If I had Paul all figured out, there would be two of us—I would do what he does." 

A Destination in the Fight against Cancer

Four decades into the nation's 'war on cancer,'
the Wilmot Cancer Institute prepares
for the next era in the fight.

By Robin L. Flanigan

Four decades after President Richard Nixon signed the National Cancer Act of 1971, launching what was to be a full-scale attack on the deadly disease, the battle wages on.

The disease is responsible for one out of every four deaths in the United States. That's approximately 1,600 people every day.

The American Cancer Society estimated that there would be 1.6 million new cancer diagnoses in 2014 alone. Medical expenditures connected to cancer cases are expected to reach between \$158 and \$207 billion by 2020, according to the National Cancer Institute (NCI).

But there's been a great deal of progress. Because of early detection, more sophisticated treatment, and greater awareness of the disease and its symptoms, nearly 14.5 million adults and children in the United States can call themselves cancer survivors.

Rochester has been an important part of that story from the beginning. Tracing its roots to the Department of Medicine at Strong Memorial Hospital in the 1970s, the University's first cancer center grew out of the Division of Oncology.

In 1974, a team led by Robert Cooper, a surgical pathologist, applied for an NCI grant to support a specialized center that would encompass clinical care, have the ability to conduct clinical trials, and have the capacity to do important basic research.

PATIENT FOCUSED: Physicians, researchers, and caregivers use their experience with patients to help guide their plans for the Wilmot Cancer Institute, says director Jonathan Friedberg.





PRECISION CARE: By identifying a gene abnormality in the lung cancer of Sharon Billington (right) of Adams Basin, New York, Wilmot physicians matched her treatment to a therapy targeting the gene. Billington received weekly treatments from caregivers like registered nurse Corinne Porter.

In 1975, the University became one of the first to receive such a core grant. Over the past 40 years, the University's multipronged effort to understand the biology of cancer, as well as to offer state-of-the-art treatment and care, has grown into a nationally recognized program.

In 2014, those initiatives were brought together under the umbrella of the newly established Wilmot Cancer Institute, a multisite hub for research and treatment.

The institute oversees eight satellite treatment facilities, as well as cancer research and treatment activities at the Medical Center. The institute cares for about 10,000 people each year.

"The University of Rochester has made monumental strides in the past 20 years in improving their global and diverse attack on cancer and the biology of cancer," says John DiPersio, chief of oncology at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, where he also serves as deputy director of the Siteman Cancer Center.

"They are one of the unique centers in the country now that has an actual destination for their cancer patients; most others are integrated into the hospital setting.

"They've also allocated enough resources into that same site to have a critical mass of researchers and patients for both basic and translational care."

Working on Vaccines

"Without question, one of the contributions that has had the most impact has been the cervical cancer vaccine," says Jonathan Friedberg,

director of the Wilmot Cancer Institute, the Samuel E. Durand Professor, and chief of hematology and oncology. "It has the capacity to prevent cancer in hundreds of thousands of people, and has become standard routine practice in the United States."

In the 1990s, William Bonnez '89M (Flw), associate professor of medicine, Richard Reichman, professor of medicine, and Robert Rose '94M (PhD), associate professor of medicine, developed a technology to target human papillomavirus (HPV)—the virus that causes cervical cancer.

The technology was instrumental in two vaccines—Gardasil and Cervarix. Before the vaccines, cervical cancer was estimated to kill 250,000 women each year, including 4,500 in the United States.

The vaccines, the first designed to offer protection against an identified cancer-causing agent, are recommended for both girls and boys by the World Health Organization, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, and the American Academy of Pediatrics.

Developing More Precise Treatments

Based in the idea that by analyzing the underlying genetic and biological underpinnings of each patient's disease, precision medicine is a leading focus of research at Wilmot and other centers in the United States.

Examples include testing for patients with chronic lymphocytic leukemia to identify mutations to a particular gene that prevent standard chemotherapy from working and building molecular profiles of lung cancer tumors to see if patients can be better matched with targeted therapies through clinical trials.

And in treating breast cancer, accurate measurement of specific genes has become an important factor in new treatments for many patients

Such targeted strategies are also seen as key to treating pancreatic

cancer, which can be one of the most deadly forms of the disease and resistant to many standard treatments.

This fall, noted cancer surgeon and pancreatic cancer specialist David Linehan joined the Medical Center as the Seymour I. Schwartz Professor and chair of the Department of Surgery.

With experience as a clinician, surgeon, and researcher, Linehan also serves as the institute's director of clinical operations. Linehan specializes in treating cancers of the liver, pancreas, and gastric and biliary tract, and has earned recognition for bringing novel and innovative therapies to patients with hard-to-treat cancers.

He joins Wilmot investigators—including Wilmot's director of research, Hartmut (Hucky) Land—already in the midst of a five-year, \$2 million study investigating a gene network that controls the progression of pancreatic cancer.

Assessing the Needs of Seniors

Despite the fact that 70 percent of cancer survivors are over age 65, there is a widely acknowledged lack of safe and effective treatment approaches for older adults, whose health concerns are often accompanied by particular physical, psychological, and social issues. Wilmot's Geriatric Oncology Clinic is one of fewer than 10 similar clinics nationwide offering multidisciplinary resources, grant support, and models of care designed around careful study of collected data.

To have such features located in a medium-sized institution is unusual, "and our program is one of the largest," says clinic director Supriya Mohile, an associate professor of hematology and oncology

who has earned a national reputation for her work with older cancer patients. "We're one of maybe three that has two geriatric oncologists. Most centers only have one."

The field of geriatric oncology is relatively new, formalized in 2000 with the creation of the International Society of Geriatric Oncology, and will be increasingly relevant given predictions that 20 percent of patients over age 65 will be diagnosed with cancer by 2030.

Despite that statistic, no consistent protocol exists among oncologists or geriatricians about the best ways to care for older people with cancer. At the same time, there's a shortage of data on how new cancer therapies affect the population because clinical trials tend to enroll younger, physically fit patients who are better able to handle side effects and less likely to have other health conditions.

That has spurred Mohile to advocate for more clinical trials for the elderly, more collaboration among oncologists across the country, and more funding to disseminate and follow up on interventions used and recommended by the Wilmot clinic.

"Patients who fall or have a cognitive impairment are more likely to do poorly," says Mohile, who is sponsoring a conference this spring on improving quality of life for older cancer survivors. "That's not widely recognized, and we've added to the literature about that."

The geriatric clinic has New York's only outpatient geriatric assessment program for cancer patients.

While physicians have long used a geriatric assessment survey to measure such things as function and mood, Wilmot adapted the

The Launch of an Institute

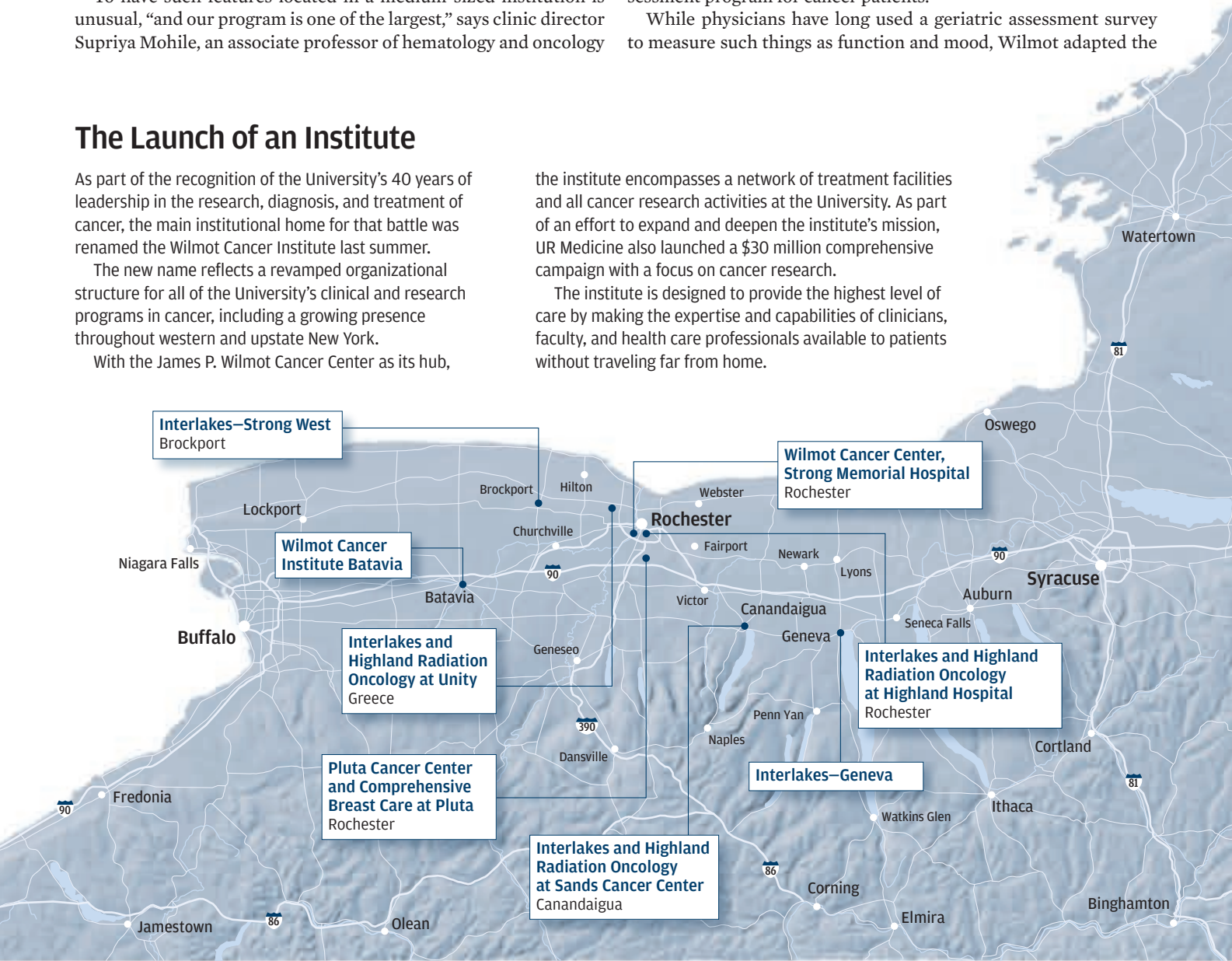
As part of the recognition of the University's 40 years of leadership in the research, diagnosis, and treatment of cancer, the main institutional home for that battle was renamed the Wilmot Cancer Institute last summer.

The new name reflects a revamped organizational structure for all of the University's clinical and research programs in cancer, including a growing presence throughout western and upstate New York.

With the James P. Wilmot Cancer Center as its hub,

the institute encompasses a network of treatment facilities and all cancer research activities at the University. As part of an effort to expand and deepen the institute's mission, UR Medicine also launched a \$30 million comprehensive campaign with a focus on cancer research.

The institute is designed to provide the highest level of care by making the expertise and capabilities of clinicians, faculty, and health care professionals available to patients without traveling far from home.





FAMILY SUPPORT: Judy Wilmot Linehan (left), the late William Wilmot, and Thomas Wilmot Sr., a University trustee, helped kick off a \$30 million campaign for the Wilmot Cancer Institute.

A Family Tradition

Judy Wilmot Linehan has seen the toll that cancer can take on a family, but she's also seen progress against the disease over the past decades, particularly by researchers and clinicians at the Medical Center.

Linehan is part of three generations of the Wilmot family who have provided leadership support to the cancer center that bears the name of her father, a former University trustee. This spring, she added to that legacy when she and her brothers, Tom and Bill, announced a \$4 million gift from the family and from the James P. Wilmot Foundation to support research initiatives and to establish the Wilmot Distinguished Professorship in Cancer Genomics. Bill Wilmot died in fall 2014, not long after the announcement.

"It has been amazing watching the progress in cancer research and patient care at Wilmot since 1980," Linehan said at the launch of a \$30 million campaign to support the Wilmot Cancer Institute. "We are thrilled to participate in its continued progress. Our family has been so affected by this terrible disease. It has taken away some of the most important people in my life. It is truly our pleasure to support the Wilmot Cancer Institute. I can't wait to see what it will accomplish."

The Wilmot family's philanthropic commitment to cancer research began in 1981 when the Wilmot Foundation funded the Wilmot Fellowship Program. The effort provides funding to train physicians, including such scientists as William Bonnez of the University's HPV vaccine team, to pursue careers in cancer research around the world.

Since the program was established, the Wilmot Foundation and the Wilmot family have donated tens of millions of dollars to the University to support cancer research and treatment. Carrying on the Wilmots' tradition, members of a third generation of the family serve in leadership positions on the institute's board.

survey for use with cancer patients, helping detect problems caused by the illness and tied more closely to survival rates.

Mohile hopes studying whether the model can reduce toxicity from chemotherapy in older adults, as well as whether it improves communication among patients, physicians, and caregivers, will lead to policy changes and lower health care costs.

Donald Walters, a retired engineer who was treated for stomach cancer in 2013, says Wilmot's approach benefited him considerably. Hospitalized for nine days, and on a feeding tube for three weeks, Walters went through 26 weeks of radiation and 400 hours of chemotherapy.

As an octogenarian and because of the seriousness of his cancer, he was put on a five-year follow-up protocol involving medical tests every four months, physical therapy, and persistent reminders to keep active.

"I'm a person who doesn't want to be pampered, but I had the greatest care all the time, every day," Walters says. "It was like when you're little and sick and home from school, and your mom keeps coming in to check on you. And that's what gets you through it."

"Targeted geriatric care" is critical given that between 60 and 70 percent of patients whom community oncologists are going to see will be older than 65, says William Dale, who established and helps direct the Specialized Oncology Care and Research in the Elderly Clinic at the University of Chicago.

His clinic is a site for both of Mohile's grant-funded studies. Mohile "has the ability to go outside the standard networks to find the right people across the country and then coordinate with them to get data. She has put Rochester on the map when it comes to getting information about the patients we actually treat."

Helping Survivors

Survivorship is a hot topic in the medical community, with conferences and research papers exploring innovative, evidence-based approaches for the physical and emotional care of cancer survivors.

Gary Morrow '77 (Flw), '88 (MS), the Benefactor Distinguished Professor, directs the Wilmot Cancer Institute's Cancer Control and Survivorship research program.

As the principal investigator of an \$18.6 million, five-year NCI grant, he's leading a nationwide clinical research network in investigating cancer-related side effects.

The funding is the largest investigator-initiated grant at the University, and among the top five largest grants received by a Medical Center researcher in the past decade.

One of the first to treat nausea and vomiting as side effects of chemotherapy, Morrow and his team will design and manage clinical studies across the country that center on providing supportive, community-based care for patients coping with side effects both during and after cancer treatment.

Wilmot is one of only two cancer centers chosen by NCI as a research hub for its community-based cancer research program known as NCORP. In an effort to minimize or eliminate side effects from cancer treatment, the institute also leads hundreds of researchers in 22 affiliated research sites as part of NCI's Community Clinical Oncology Program.

With a dual perspective as the top Wilmot administrator and a practicing physician, Friedberg says there is a solid link between his strategic planning goals and the insights he gains from the follow-up he provides beyond treatment.

"There's no question my experience with patients has formed to some degree how we think about the institute moving forward," he says. "I have had many patients who, fortunately, are cancer survivors, and I appreciate how many issues they still continue to have despite the fact that their cancer treatment is finished."

To address such issues, Wilmot began the Judy DiMarzo Survivorship Program—the first in the region to assist patients as they cope with delayed or long-term physical and psychological effects after treatment.

Nearly 300 patients have been enrolled in the program, and cancer programs nationwide call regularly for advice on beefing up their own approach to survivorship.

For Jason Buitrago '07, '14W (MS), who had 12 weeks of chemotherapy after a testicular cancer diagnosis last year, survival meant getting involved with support groups to help others the way Wilmot helped him.



GRATEFUL PATIENT: Jason Buitrago '07, '14W (MS) says the Wilmot staff helped him navigate the mental and emotional—as well as the physical—aspects of his treatment.

“There’s so much out of your control as a patient, and I failed to realize initially that I was going to need resources to navigate the emotional and mental health challenges I encountered,” says Buitrago, who works as assistant director of IT and operations at the Simon Business School and is pursuing a doctorate at the Warner School of Education.

Leveraging Research through Collaboration

Last May, the University launched a four-year, \$30 million fundraising campaign to recruit scientists and solidify a place among elite research centers in the country. As an integral part of the effort, Wilmot aligned itself with Buffalo’s Roswell Park Cancer Institute to amplify faculty recruitment efforts, funding, and the development of larger research studies.

Collaboration takes place within the institute as well. Consider that patients who have bone marrow transplants often bleed and require platelet transfusions after they have high doses of chemotherapy or radiation.

With assistance from the Department of Radiation Oncology and the Blood and Marrow Transplantation team, professor of medicine Jane Liesveld tested whether administering a particular post-transplant compound sped up platelet recovery time.

With the initial testing phase complete and published results that show the process is safe, Liesveld says “it looks like this is something that has the potential to be carried forward.”

Wilmot’s Samuel E. Durand Blood and Marrow Transplant Program is the state’s second largest.

Fighting Blood Cancers

When it comes to the most prevalent form of blood cancer in the United States, Wilmot is one of the few cancer centers in the nation, and the only one in upstate New York, that has a clinic focused on chronic lymphocytic leukemia.

In addition, former Wilmot director Richard Fisher played a major role in creating guidelines for lymphoma diagnosis and management. And John Bennett, professor emeritus of medicine, pathology, and laboratory medicine, was instrumental in the development of a classification system for leukemia used globally for nearly two decades.


Conducting Clinical Trials

Friedberg, the director of Hematological Malignancies Clinical Research, keeps Wilmot active as an executive committee member of NCI’s National Clinical Trials Network, which works to streamline clinical trials and boost participation rates.

For several years, Wilmot has led the country in the number of cancer patients who sign up for key clinical trials through a national cancer research cooperative group.

In 2013, more than 500 patients enrolled in 160 local and national trials.

Such trials led recently to FDA approval of two drugs to treat leukemia and lymphoma. One drug went through an accelerated approval process after trial participants showed significant improvement early on.

“What this means is that patients in our region are able to get drugs sometimes years before the Food and Drug Administration approves them,” says Friedberg. 

Robin L. Flanigan is a Rochester-based freelance writer.

DAILY ITINERARY

h - at 11 a.m., sail
 Lloyd Pier, Hoboken,
 Lloyd steamship "Prie
 h - Call at Gibraltar.
 i - Probable arrival at
 h to Friday, May 12th, N
 h - Evening steamer t
 h - To Tuesday, May
 des Palmes.
 h - To Girgenti. Hôte
 h - to Thursday May
 n - To Syracuse.
 h to Saturday, May 20th
 h - Per late afternoon
 dini and, thence by ca
 to Tuesday May 23rd
 d - Per morning tra
 Grande-Bretagne.
 n - Embark on evening n
 h - On way to Canea.
 h - Canea and via Aegina and Cape Sunium,
 to Athens.
 h - Arrival at Athens.
 n - Thursday, June 1st. Athens. Hôtel d'An
 gleterre. During stay in Athens make
 excursion to Eleusis.
 t - Over Bay of Salamis and Bay of Corinth
 to Itea and, thence, to Delphi.
 d - To and in Corinth.
 d - To and in Mycenae, Argos and Nauplia.
 h to Monday, June 5th. Nauplia.
 h - Return to Athens and at 9 p.m., drive
 to Piraeus, where embark for Constantinople.
 h - Land at Smyrna.
 n - Over Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora,
 and arrive at Constantinople. Pera Palace Hôtel.
 h to Saturday, June 10th. Constantinople.



C. D. FREDRICKS, 770 BROADWAY, N.Y. H. O'NEIL.

y, » 10th - Take afternoon steamer to Noudan
 thence by rail to Broussa.
 y, » 10th, to Tuesday, June 13th. Broussa.
 . » 13th - Per Royal Express steamer up Bos
 and over Black sea to Costanza.
 ady, » 14th - From Costanza by express tra
 arest, Hôtel du Boulevard.
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Pays de malheur!

Chasing the Past

A novelist rewrites the history
of a mysterious antiques collector.

By Joanna Scott

Throughout my childhood, a portrait of my mother's grandfather, Armand de Potter, hung on our living room wall. My mother always referred to him simply as "Granddaddy," though she had never met him. He had died suddenly in the early years of the 20th century, disappearing from the deck of a passenger ship. What caused him to go overboard, no one could say. There were no witnesses. He had left his steamer trunk in his cabin, but his wallet was never found.

According to my mother, there was some suspicion in the family that he'd been murdered. He was a rich man. Maybe a thief robbed him and then pushed him overboard. More likely, though, it was a tragic accident. He may have gone out to the deck for a breath of the cool night air and lost his balance. The rails on ships were lower back then, my mother would point out.

It never occurred to me that there might be more that could be known beyond the speculations reported by my mother. Like her, I thought that the truth had disappeared into the sea with Granddaddy, and I was reminded of the mystery every time I looked at his portrait.

My mother and her sister had been raised by their grandmother—the widow of Armand de Potter—and they'd divided her possessions between them after her death. Mom had inherited enough antiques and paintings to clutter a small house. She had also kept her grandfather's steamer trunk. It followed her from her house to her condominium to her apartment, where it was relegated to the basement storage unit and forgotten for half a century.

Then one day five years ago, my mother asked me to help her find her college diploma. She thought it might be in the steamer trunk, so we went down to the basement. We found the diploma right away,

MYSTERY MAN: Armand de Potter (left), the author's great-grandfather, was a collector and trader of Egyptian antiquities who disappeared during a transatlantic voyage in 1905, leaving his wife, Aimée, and son, Victor. On one of her husband's last itineraries from Constantinople, Aimée wrote *Pays de malheur!* "City of doom!"

The author of 11 books, Joanna Scott is the Roswell Smith Burroughs Professor of English. Her most recent novel, De Potter's Grand Tour, was published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux in 2014. She is a recipient of a MacArthur Fellowship, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and a Lannan Award. This essay was adapted from one that originally appeared on the website Work in Progress (fsgworkinprogress.com) of Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

- A. 9. Horus, or Ra, bronze; with head of sparrow-hawk surmounted by pschent. H., 6 in.
- " 10. Ammon-Ra, bronze; with shenti, head-dress-crown of Lower Egypt, Sun-disc and two feathers. H., 4 in.
- " 11. Ptah-Sokar, as Mummy (alabaster base), bronze, Saitic epoch; with close-fitting cap, holds tat, ankh, user. H., 6 in.
- " 12. Pasht, bronze; with cat's head, holds lotus-blossom. H., 8½ in.
- " 13. Pasht, sitting (alabaster base), bronze. H., 7 in.
- " 14. Pasht, or Tefunt, standing (alabaster base), bronze, Saggareh. H., 5½ in.
- " 15. Pasht, standing (or Tefunt), bronze, Saggareh. H., 4¾ in.
- " 16. Sebek, Head of Crocodile, pschent on head, holds ankh and sceptre. H., 4½ in. Bronze.
- " 17. Harpocrates, seated (alabaster base), bronze, putting finger to mouth. H., 5¼ in.
- " 18. Khons-Lunus, as Mummy (alabaster base), bronze; holds sceptre and flagellum; wears uraeus, crescent and disk. H., 4¾ in.
- " 19. Horus as child, seated (alabaster base), bronze; lock of youth over right shoulder; wears khaft, and uraeus surmounted by head-dress of uraeus and two rams' horns. H., 5½ in.
- " 19b. Horus as child, standing, no uraeus, bronze. H., 4 in.

4



Statuettes of Bronze

but also plastic bags full of papers and books. My mother left me in the basement while she went to make dinner, and I began sifting through the bags in the steamer trunk.

Among the papers I found legal documents:

There were dozens of itineraries, including one marked mysteriously by a handwritten exclamation in French.

There were albums full of photographs of travels from around the world.

There were journals with messages written on their inside covers.

There were postcards, letters, wills, and a scrapbook full of newspaper clippings dating back to the 1870s. There was an old belted leather wallet containing a card for a parfumerie in Nice, France. A pamphlet catalogued something called "The De Potter Collection," listing over 300 pieces of ancient Egyptian art, including a decorated sarcophagus and mummy.

The materials gave me a sense of the major events in the lives of my great-grandparents: I read about their wedding in the Hudson Valley in 1879, about Armand's Belgian heritage, his success as a proprietor of a travel business, and his extensive dealings in the antiquities trade.

I felt like I was having a murky dream about the past. Why had everything been kept closed up in the trunk for so long? What were these ancestors trying to tell me? I wouldn't have been able to guess if I hadn't found a set of journals—"A Line a Day" books produced by the Samuel Ward Company, each with a prefatory advertisement that couldn't have been more apt: "Such a book will be of the greatest

value in after years. What a record of events, incidents, joys, sorrows, successes, failures, things accomplished, things attempted." These were the diaries that Armand's wife, Aimée, had kept over a period of 30 years.

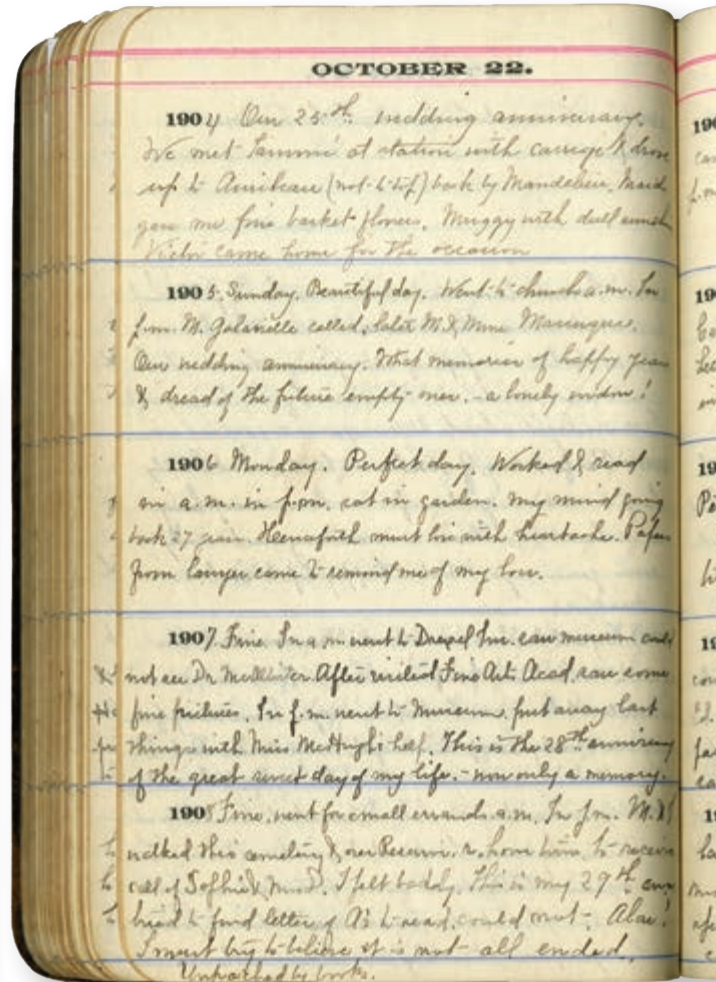
I took all the materials home to my study. My great-grandparents left so many testimonies that I was convinced they had wanted their secrets to survive them. It seemed that I had come upon a history that was begging to be written. I started a family biography, intending to solve the mystery surrounding Armand de Potter.

Yet the more I pored over it all, the more stymied I felt by the missing pieces. Aimée had indicated in her diary that she'd lost the packet of her husband's letters. Where were those letters? What had Armand said in them? As I speculated, I couldn't resist writing the possibilities as imagined scenes. My search kept pushing me away from history, and closer to fiction.

The true story may have been more powerful, full of more beauty, love, whimsy, and heartbreak than anything I could have invented, but it was partial. After spending two years on the book I'd conceived of as nonfiction, I decided to recast it as a novel.

Still, I remained fixated on uncovering evidence. I spent hours in the Egyptian Galleries at the Brooklyn Museum, staring at an illustrated sarcophagus that had once been in the De Potter Collection. I went to the Hudson Valley and knocked on the door of the house where Aimée de Potter had lived out her life after her husband's disappearance.

SURVIVING SECRETS? Meticulous record keepers, Armand and Aimée de Potter left their family a trove of catalogs from their antiquities business, photos, diaries, and other materials documenting their travels around the world and their lives together. But did they leave clues about Armand's disappearance?



The owner graciously invited me inside and showed me around. As I was leaving, he told me that he thought the house was haunted. I put my ear against the wall and heard a distant knocking—the sound made by mice, perhaps? Or ghosts?

But no matter how hard I peered into the past, I just could not imagine the central piece in the narrative—that point in Armand's last days when he made the decision not to return home to his villa in Cannes. The book I was writing was like the steamer chest: full of pictures and snippets that didn't cohere.

Then I went to Philadelphia, to the museum at the University of Pennsylvania, where Armand's collection of Egyptian antiquities had once been on loan. I had a notion that a curator there at the turn of the century, Sara Yorke Stevenson, was important to the story. I visited the archives and wandered through the galleries, searching for clues.

I knew from Aimée's diaries that Armand had written his last two letters to her in Constantinople. She'd scrawled a lamentation next to the name of the city on an itinerary: *Pays de malheur*, "city of doom." What happened to Armand in Constantinople? I had to figure it out. By the end of the day, though, I hadn't found any relevant information, and my imagination would go only so far before it dissolved in a fog of uncertainty.

It seemed I would never finish the book I'd begun. All I wanted was to get out of there. Where was the exit? I turned the wrong way, then the right way. Oh, there it was, and look, beside the door was the entrance to a small exhibition called *Archaeologists and Travelers in*

Ottoman Lands. Why not take a quick peak? Maybe I wasn't in such a hurry after all.

How interesting to discover that it was an exhibition about the antiquities trade, featuring a professor from the University of Pennsylvania named Hermann V. Hilprecht. And in the display case, a letter sent from Constantinople, postmarked June 8, 1905, caught my eye. That was the same day Armand led his final tour through Constantinople!

I'd intended to spend five minutes in the exhibition. I stayed until closing, reading about false claims the arrogant Professor Hilprecht made regarding excavations in the ancient holy city of Nippur. I learned that he had been hired by the University of Pennsylvania as a lecturer in Egyptology before becoming a professor of Assyriology. He must have been familiar with Armand's collection. And he had been in Constantinople when Armand was there.

While I didn't find the absolute solution to the mystery of Armand's disappearance, I found something else in that exhibition: stories that ignited my sputtering imagination and gave me the means and energy to continue the novel I'd begun.

I'd wondered throughout my life about the bearded man in the portrait in our living room. He was at the height of his career, in love with his wife, and devoted to his son when he set off on his last tour. A century later, I took off after him. *De Potter's Grand Tour* is my pursuit of a man who had clearly wanted to be remembered and yet, as I discovered, was reluctant to be found. ③

At Sea

Was the disappearance of Armand de Potter an accident?

By Joanna Scott



SETTING SAIL? Armand de Potter traveled to Constantinople (shown here in a family photograph) as part of his life as an antiquities collector before boarding the *Regele Carol* (shown here in a 1916 postcard), the ship from which he disappeared.

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It is close to midnight on the *Regele Carol*. The last of the passengers have finally returned to their rooms, the stewards have stacked the deck chairs, and Armand is alone at the rail, searching the darkness in an effort to make out the coast of the nearest island. By his calculations, Lemnos should be a half mile off their starboard side, close enough to swim to if the steamer foundered. But he isn't worried that the steamer will founder, not tonight, not with the sea perfectly calm, the sky starlit, the breeze barely strong enough to disperse the smoke from his pipe.

He pictures his wife bundled in blankets in her hotel room in Lausanne, the window open a crack to let in the cool night air. In the morning she'll ring for room service and enjoy her tea and brioche in bed. Later she will walk into town to shop with Victor, or maybe they'll take a stroll along the Esplanade de Montbenon and have lunch on the terrace at La Grotte.

If he'd had the foresight to recognize in the midst of his foolishness that his actions would lead him here, to the rail of the *Regele Carol*, he would have attempted to design a different outcome, including joining his wife and son tomorrow for lunch at La Grotte before boarding the train to return to Cannes. Instead he is compelled to stick to the original plan, to keep on leaning against the rail, to lean a little more and a little more, not far enough to fall, but far enough for his pencil to slip from his breast pocket and plummet into the boiling foam below.

He feels a momentary pang but then reminds himself that he won't be needing his pencil anymore. He won't be needing much of anything where he's going. He won't need his pipe. He won't need his buttermilk dress coat trimmed with silk lapels. He won't even need his hat.

He's not sure which his wife will receive first: his last two letters or the official notice that he is missing at sea. He expects that she will weep for the appropriate period, perhaps even longer. But she is a resourceful woman, and sooner or later she will dry her eyes. After taking stock of her new circumstances, she will rebuild her life and watch over her son at Grand Bois.

In the shorter of his last two letters to her, he included instructions on how to handle the estate. He couldn't bring himself to warn her, however, that when she attempts to withdraw money from the Crédit Lyonnais she will find the account has been closed, and then when she continues to the Société Générale, she will discover that their joint account contains far less than she thought and their fortune has shrunk to almost nothing. Divesting all their remaining assets won't satisfy the creditors clamoring for payment. Only the sale of the De Potter Collection at its full value, along with the ample indemnity from his paid-up life insurance policy, will enable his wife and son to remain in their beloved home.

He'd tucked the photograph of them into his pocket, and he takes it out now to examine it. Aimée with her funny topknot the size of an acorn. Victor with his melancholy eyes. Is it possible that he would never see them again? Why, it's very possible! See how possible it is?

He glances over his shoulder to check that the deck behind him is still empty. He looks toward the wall that hides the bridge from view to confirm once more that the quartermaster on watch can't see him. Shadows moving below the light on the front deck catch his attention; he traces them up a pole to a pair of flags fluttering in the light wind. This, he tells himself, is as good a time as any to make his exit, and he would, he will . . . except that right then he hears a quick, muted thud that could have come from the interior of the ship

or might signify that somewhere nearby a door has been opened and swung shut again.

He looks around to see if he has company. A moment later he thinks he hears the same thud again, but it is fainter this time, and he wonders if he'd been mistaken. No one is in sight. Still, he is flustered.


He takes a puff from his pipe to steady his nerves and looks down at the water. As he watches the white froth roll away from the hull into the night, breaking into patches and dissolving into the same wine-dark sea that the ancients sailed, the bitter thought comes to him that they might be passing over a sunken galley full of looted treasures.

He is sorry to have created such a mess for his dear wife to clean up. That it has come to this and he must cause his family such anguish in order to protect their happiness is a reality as absurd as it is unavoidable. He is teetering above the ocean, about to fly away from his life on the presumption that he must take responsibility, he must make sure his creditors are paid, he must remove himself as the target of his enemies and keep his family from being turned out of their home—he can accomplish all this with one simple action, shattering the surface that hides death from human consciousness, subjecting himself to the cruelest agony because he must, he must . . . good God, he must pull himself together!

He reaches for his pocket watch before remembering that he left it in the trunk in his room. He turns to see if the clock on the wooden pedestal inside the unlit dining room is visible through the window behind him. He can't see the clock, but he does notice the steward and stewardess embracing near the funnel on the upper deck, locked in a kiss.

When did they arrive? Everybody is supposed to be in bed by now. It is essential that his last act go unwitnessed. If the couple looks up just as he is throwing himself overboard, they will alert the crew and try to save him. Imagine being reeled back onto the ship, flopping and sputtering while passengers and crew gather round! Even if they don't succeed in saving him, they will be asked for a full report of the incident, and their testimony would be enough proof that Armand de Potter's death at sea wasn't accidental.

He wouldn't have predicted that love would get in the way—love, with its impractical hope. Love is the reason he is standing here. How he loves his wife and son and wants only to protect them. How jealous he is of the young couple kissing on the upper deck.

He could go to the back of the boat, where the couple wouldn't be able to see him. But in truth he is relieved that they have intruded into the scene he has so carefully arranged. He is reassured by the evidence that the two young people are persisting in their devotion, despite all the obstacles the world has thrown in their way, and he doesn't mind if he has to wait for them to get their fill of each other before he proceeds with his plan. On this journey he won't miss a connection just because he is a little late. Keep kissing, he would like to urge the couple, kiss for as long as it pleases you. Though it's unusual for him, the gentleman leaning against the rail of the *Regele Carol* is not in any hurry. 

Tour the Tour

An exhibition based on Joanna Scott's novel, *De Potter's Grand Tour*, and the historical materials saved by her family that Scott used in her research for the book will be on display at Rush Rhees Library this spring. *To Travel Is to Live: Joanna Scott's De Potter's Grand Tour* will be on view in the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections from January 10 through May 10. For hours and more information visit: <http://www.library.rochester.edu/rbscp>.