



Chronicles

Newsletter of the UCSD Emeriti Association

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Mark Your Calendar!

UCSD Emeriti Association Meeting
Wednesday, January 15, 2003
4:00-5:00 PM
San Francisco/Santa Cruz Room, Price Center

John Asmus
“Science in the Service of Art
(and Vice Versa)”

Since 1974 John Asmus has been a Research Physicist in the Institute for Pure and Applied Physical Sciences at the University of California, San Diego. He earned his Ph.D. from the California Institute of Technology (physics and quantum electronics). He has published 125 articles in professional journals and holds 25 patents.

During the past thirty years, Dr. Asmus introduced the use of holography, lasers, ultrasonic NDT, digital image processing, and NMR to art-conservation practice. He has applied these tools to the problems of divestment, analysis, interpretation, and presentation associated with diverse art-conservation activities. He has also been instrumental in the founding of professional art-conservation societies. In 1990 he received the Rolex Laureate Award for his contributions.

He will describe projects involving these technologies for the conservation of sculpture in Italy, image restoration of the Mona Lisa, recovery of Qin-Dynasty terra cotta warrior polychrome, cleaning of the Buddha thumb, and restoration of “Beat Culture” icons by DeFeo (that in their complementarity with cosmology are examples of Pound’s “artists as the antennae of the race”). Recently, the photon cleaning technique has been selected to decontaminate the JET TOKAMAK fusion reactor at Culham, restore the Parthenon for the 2004 Olympic Games, and repaint Stealth aircraft.



President's Column

—by Sandy Lakoff



Those in the “first generation” of upper campus emeriti—the pioneers appointed before the 1970s—were sweet-talked into coming by **Roger Revelle** or **Herb York** and their faculty pressgang. By the time I arrived in 1974, when UCSD was less of an unknown quantity, the Recruiter-in-Chief was **Paul Saltman**, VCAA from 1972 to 1980 under **Bill McElroy**, and very much “Mr. Inside” to McElroy’s “Mr. Outside.” Much has been said and written, deservedly, about Roger’s role as our founding father and that of Herb as first Chancellor, but hardly enough in tribute to Paul Saltman and all he did to strengthen the faculty and integrate the campus with its surrounding community. He has been gone for three years now, but I for one still think of him fondly and with admiration for who he was and what he did.

Like Roger, Paul was larger than life, both physically and in personality. He was tall and angular and athletically fit from a lifetime of basketball, surfing, tennis, and skiing. He seemed to tower over everybody, but he gave the impression of being a gentle giant, especially when he deployed his stylized colloquial arsenal—a blend of hokey-folky, LA hip, flamboyant caricature, and Borscht Belt *shtik*. “Bring me the animal file,” he would tell his assistant, **Pam Jung**, when he needed a personnel folder—and when at least one of the animals was in earshot. He liked to refer to UC headquarters as “U-Hall” and UC Irvine as “Irving’s Ranch.” He got on famously with Med School faculty, even though he delighted in classifying them as croakers, sawbones, or pill pushers.



One day, soon after I arrived, I came to see him and he introduced me to **David Wong**, who was just leaving. Paul wrapped a long arm around him, like a spider immobilizing

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a fly, and said to me, “See this guy? He looks so meek and small and harmless, right? But just turn your back on him and he’ll put a knife in it!” (Could David have been trying to wheedle an extra FTE for Physics?) Horrified that I might take this description seriously, David protested, “No, no, it’s not true, not true!” which of course only inspired Paul to up the ante. “This little innocent-looking guy could give lessons to the Mafia,” he went on, still holding on to him while David squirmed to free himself. (“No, no,” I can still hear David vainly continuing to object, “It’s not true, it’s not true!”)

Later, when I was having trouble persuading a candidate to accept an offer, I went to see Paul in the hospital, where he was recovering from phlebitis caused by a skiing accident. “What do you want, *boychik*?” he asked genially. “I think I need a few hundred bucks to sweeten the salary offer,” I answered. “You got it,” he said.

These were all among Saltman’s special ways of spicing up the routine of everyday life, getting our attention, and encouraging the efforts of his recruiting sergeants, the department chairs. When I went to my first of the regular meetings of chairs over which he presided, I was startled to see him begin by opening a case of white wine and handing out glasses. “Now I know I am in California,” I thought, “and no longer in Kansas”—alias Cambridge and Toronto. But of course it was really Paul Saltman’s California. And a damned clever ploy it was too, because after a few tots of Chardonnay in the late afternoon, we were all in a mellow yellow mood, ready to buy any bill of goods he cared to sell.

Not that everybody appreciated his carny barker’s style. When he told the economists that if they wanted new FTEs, they would have to “sell more tickets,” they were beside themselves with rage and indignation. Imagine being described in the same crass terms they themselves used to depict the buyers and sellers they studied! How could anyone stoop that low?

The way he persuaded me to come to UCSD was not exactly typical, I suppose, but it was well within his standard m.o. He was getting exasperated trying to recruit someone to chair Political Science but thought he had finally netted a big fish in the form of **Martin Shapiro**, a constitutional law specialist then at Harvard. “You’re just the guy we need,” Saltman said, in words to this effect, “never mind that we don’t have a law school; we’ll have the world’s greatest program on Law and Society that you will head and to which you can appoint all your friends and relatives.” He promised there would be ten FTEs for the program—as well as an appointment in History for Martin’s wife **Barbara**, no slouch herself but then suffering through a deanship at Wheaton. Having been disappointed before, however, Saltman took care to get an insurance policy from Martin. You’ve got to promise me, he said, that if you turn this deal down, you’ll help me find someone else. Martin agreed and afterward decided to sound me out about joining him here. When I came for a visit, Saltman put **Evelyn** and me up at La Valencia (the academic rate then was all of \$18 a night), made sure to take me for a titillating stroll on Black’s Beach (“Look up at the cliffs,” he said, “and you can see the voyeurs coming to watch other voyeurs”), then for a lunch of abalone up the coast, and for a candlelight dinner at home atop those cliffs with his sparkling wife **Barbara**.

I was hooked. When I got back east, I told Shapiro that if he were to take the plunge, I would be inclined to join him, whereupon he said, “I’ll tell you what; I don’t want to be chair, but if you’ll do it, Barbara and I will come too.” And that’s how Paul got a Political Science department. Not a bad move on his part, when you consider that it now ranks among the best in the country and has brought in three endowed chairs and served as a catalyst for the establishment of the Center for US-Mexican Studies, the Institute of the Americas, and the Graduate School of

International Relations and Pacific Studies. (And Saltman can’t be blamed for the fact that UCSD lacks a law and society program or that Martin is now at the Boalt Hall Law School. That wasn’t a bait and switch tactic; it’s rather that Governor **Jerry Brown** declared “The Era of Limits” and pulled back the FTEs Paul expected to get for the program.)

Within the larger community, he made a mark as a popular speaker who blew away the stereotype many San Diegans had of stuffy academics and La Jolla scientists who were international celebrities with no time for ordinary folk. He loved to preach about the nutritional importance of the trace metals he studied, and how there were vitamins in even the Twinkies and other foods people felt guilty about eating. Once I was amused to see, taped to the door of a neighborhood pizzeria in Clairemont, an enlarged copy of a newspaper article trumpeting Saltman’s endorsement of the nutritional benefits of pizza. (Given what we now know about the benefits of the lycopene in tomato sauce, it turns out he had something there. As Paul might have said, forget the apple—a slice a day keeps the urologist away!)

Others remember him best for founding the Communication Department and reforming and bolstering other departments, for his scientific work on the absorption of those trace metals, for his prior role as Provost of Revelle College, or for his exemplary teaching. At the memorial meeting for him on Revelle Plaza, several UCSD alumni gave moving accounts of how much he had meant in their lives, not just because he inspired them to continue their scientific studies, but also because when they needed counsel he was caring enough to offer it, *in loco parentis*.

All in all, quite a guy, and a Master Builder too. One of these days we ought to name a Saltman Hall in his honor. It is the least the university can do to remember his ebullient spirit and his notable contributions to its progress.

Reminiscences: Early UCSD History

This article and the next continue the series of personal histories by early faculty with insiders' perspectives on this campus.

Some Personal Reflections: UCSD and its Early Ambitions

—by S. Jonathan Singer

The **Singers** (four of us at the time, a fifth in 1965) arrived in La Jolla in September 1961 from the Department of Chemistry at Yale University, joining **David Bonner**, who had just been selected by Acting Chancellor **Roger Revelle** as the first Chairman of the embryonic UCSD Department of Biology, and two other ex-Yalies, **Stanley Mills** and **Jack De Moss**. By the time we got here, many critical things about UCSD, its location, and its future development, had already been decided and set in motion by Roger and his S.I.O. colleagues, along with members of the nascent UCSD faculty of the Departments of Physics and Chemistry who had preceded us here (1958-1961). Friends at Yale had asked me in disbelief why I was leaving one of the great universities of the world to go to a fledgling institution in a part of the country whose greatest cultural achievement, according to Woody Allen, was to permit making a right turn at a red light. Few of them appreciated my answer: that an infant institution that had already hired **Harold Urey**, **Jim Arnold**, **Keith Brueckner**, **Maria** and **Joseph Mayer**, **Walter Kohn**, **Norman Kroll**, **Margaret** and **Geoff Burbidge**, **Bruno Zimm**, **Martin Kamen**, **Stanley Miller**, and a good many other luminaries in Physics and Chemistry, clearly had ambitions and prospects that altogether dwarfed those that I had yet encountered during my previous ten years at Yale (only the last of which was led by **Kingman Brewster**, himself a remarkable man who, however, arrived too late to alter our decision to go West).

The true genius of UCSD was never more clearly demonstrated than in the hiring of David Bonner. I had known David well during our years together at Yale, where he had the reputation of being boisterous, brazen, and altogether lacking in the finer features of decorum suitable to Yale; well loved and respected by a few other indecorous souls, and disliked by others for his apparent lack of respect for gravitas. Peck's Bad Boy. Somehow, Roger Revelle and in particular Jim Arnold, discovered that David, underneath all that Mormon cowboy bluster, was full of far-sighted and original ideas about the future of biology and medicine, as well as of the tireless energy to put them into action. It was David's conviction (in 1960 mind you) that molecular biology and genetics were poised to attack and solve many



of the long-standing problems of biology and medicine, and that it was surely time to construct institutions and hire the unconventional faculty to undertake this revolution. Never mind the classical departments of botany, microbiology, physiology, zoology, etc., that made up Biology at most existing research institutions: what was needed was a

single Department of Biology that through biochemistry, molecular biology, and genetics would unite and cross-fertilize all of these disciplines, dissolving the turf boundaries that currently separated and immobilized them. The idea was nearly heretical at the time; in the ensuing forty years it has become merely commonplace. (Berkeley attempted to copy it from us some twenty years later). Through such a single department, undergraduate and graduate students would confront the underlying unity of Biology and be enabled to move more freely from one to another of its many connected sub-disciplines. In constructing such a department at UCSD, Biology would join the new Physics and Chemistry Departments in looking to the future of their sciences instead of their past, truly taking full advantage of the exhilarating institution that UCSD intended to become to reform and to lead the academic world.

That promise is why I wound up joining David in La Jolla. My previous professional experience was as a chemist, a physical chemist at that, and my knowledge of biology at the time consisted in recognizing that rats and rabbits were both rodents (having had to immunize them to study the antibody molecules that they produced.) True, I had earlier been a co-discoverer of sickle cell anemia hemoglobin while a postdoctoral fellow with **Linus Pauling** at Caltech. But by 1960, only my immediate family and a few academics apparently knew of my role in this work, which was published in 1949 by Pauling et al. (I was al and **Harvey Itano** was et.). Nevertheless, as much as I wanted by 1960 to be one, a biologist I was not, and could not become one at the Yale I knew. I figured, however, that if I applied myself I might eventually learn some biology in the liberated atmosphere at UCSD, with David's benign encouragement. Most unfortunately, David died at age forty-eight in May 1964 of Hodgkin's disease, and I at age forty had to take on the chairmanship of the newborn Department of

Biology as well as a prime role in the development of the planned-for UCSD School of Medicine, when I was still very much going through my early apprenticeship in biology. (The most appropriate psychological parallel that comes to mind is of Truman after F.D.R.'s untimely death.) My life and its prospects went from being delicious to delirious in a few short days. With faculty to hire; courses to plan and staff for undergraduates who were to arrive the following year; buildings to design and construct; helping the best new university in the country realize its overall ambitions (with the brilliant and charismatic Roger Revelle meanwhile having been shunted aside by the Regents); a new and highly innovative Medical School (which had just hired its first Dean, **Joe Stokes**) to conjure out of nothing—my colleagues and I did not have much slack time on our hands. (I was also ready to begin what was to become the best decade of my research career. My newly-arrived post-doctoral fellow, **Russ Doolittle**, saved my professional life that year.)

The failures that ensued over the following years, partly of our own doing, but mostly because of the Reagan era's retrenchments, no longer haunt me as they used to; the several successes we achieved still fill me with delight and surprise. During that year as Chairman, for example, I hired **Herb Stern, Warren Butler, Don Helinski, and Cliff Grobstein** to join the Biology faculty (the last, then Chairman of Biology at Stanford, to take my place as Chairman here.) Many others, including **Charlie Yanofsky, Wally Gilbert, and Bill McElroy**, turned me down. Leaving the construction of the Department of Biology and the School of Medicine largely to Grobstein and Stern, I concentrated much of my UCSD activities along with others of my science colleagues on our newly-mandated expansion from the Natural Sciences to include a full complement of the Social Sciences and the Humanities. We all resolved that as daunting as the task appeared to be, we would find as innovative, professional and vibrant people for these new faculty positions as we felt we had started with in the Natural Sciences, despite our glaring ignorance of these fields. It was I, for example, who found **Roy Harvey Pearce**, through my friend **Charlie Feidelson** at Yale, to become the first, and great, chair of the Literature Department. I also tried hard to get **Fred Skinner** for Psychology, and after he toyed with us and then turned us down, I went after **Charlie Osgood**, all on the advice of my friend, **Irv Janis** at Yale. Altogether, we all did remarkably well during those first years of recruiting. I was also an enthusiast of the utopian idea of the college system at UCSD, and of its first born, Revelle College, with the object of educating undergraduates in independent smaller units on what was ultimately to become a campus as large as (but hopefully less stupefyingly chaotic and unresponsive to the needs of

undergraduate education than) Berkeley and UCLA. I became deeply involved in the design of Revelle's unique Lower Division Core Curriculum, which all Revelle students, no matter their ultimate major, were to take during their first two years at UCSD. When the Core Curriculum faltered over its unrealistically strict science requirements, for students intending to major in the Humanities, I elected to teach these outcasts a less major-oriented, but still rigorous chemistry section of the Core Curriculum (having had under my belt more years of conventional freshman chemistry teaching (at Yale) than had the entire faculty of UCSD's Chemistry Department, excepting Jim Arnold, at the time.) And when the Revelle College program seemed headed for disaster, I persuaded my friend **Paul Saltman** to join UCSD as Provost to help make it work at last.

There are a good many more stories to tell about other events and people, but I end my tale now, some forty years after it started. What to make of it all? I have come over time to learn that is in the nature of the human comedy that great plans and good intentions are often thwarted, and that the luster of youthful ambitions becomes tarnished unless the most tenacious efforts are made by enlightened and inspired leadership to understand, sustain, and fulfill them as an institution like ours matures. A new world requires, most of all, a continuous flow of bold explorers. If they are also poets, so much the better.

While some noteworthy developments have occurred at UCSD over the years, many critical innovative ideas have not materialized as originally hoped. The most serious defection is in the College System, which is now only a shadow of what it was meant to be. Originally, each college was to provide a different undergraduate educational experience, with specific emphasis on one or another general area—natural science, the humanities, etc. Instead the colleges now serve primarily to provide residential quarters and social functions. It was intended that individual faculty be associated with a specific college, where their principal undergraduate teaching functions were to be performed. Instead, college affiliation for the faculty is merely a formality of no consequence. So, far from serving as meeting places for interdisciplinary communities of faculty teachers and scholars, many faculty members probably do not even remember which college they are associated with. Instead, the only faculty allegiance is to their department, as is the case at all other balkanized multi-universities. The founders of UCSD expected the College System to reform the usual chaotic and confining university experience for both students and faculty.

You have probably all seen the glowing UCSD news release of September 13, 2002, about the annual US News and World Report Survey ranking UCSD seventh best out

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The Early Years of Anthropology at UCSD

—by Melford E. Spiro

Early in 1967, while in my office at the University of Chicago, I received a telephone call from **George Mandler**. George and I had met in 1955 at Harvard where he was a member of the psychology department, and I was teaching anthropology in the summer school. Although we became fast friends, we virtually lost contact with each other when, a few years later, he moved to the University of Toronto and I to the University of Washington. Consequently, I was not only delighted to hear from him, I was also surprised to learn that he had recently become the founding chair of the psychology department at UCSD, a university I had only dimly heard of.



George said that as the chair of the committee that was seeking a founding chair for a projected anthropology department, he was calling to inquire whether I might be interested in such an appointment. (He did not, however, inform me until many years later that his committee had been turned down by their first two preferences!) My response was “thank you, but no thank you.” I had been at Chicago for only three years; **Audrey** and I had by then moved to three different universities; I was in the midst of working up field work data from Burma; we were leaving in a few months for Honolulu where I was to take up a fellowship at the Social Science Research Institute for the 1967-68 academic year; and above all I had no wish to leave (what was then) the premier anthropology department in the country in order to devote three to five years to the creation of a new department. Consequently, although George encouraged me to defer a decision until I at least visited the campus, I declined his invitation to do so.

In June my family and I left for Honolulu, and while I had earlier experienced the beauty of the South Pacific during a field trip to Micronesia, still I was seduced, as was my family, by the beauty of Hawaii. Moreover, for our children the contrast with their life in Chicago was dramatic: they were free to go where they wanted without fear or the need to touch base with their parents at frequent intervals. Consequently, in early 1968 with the end of my tenure at the Institute looming on the horizon, the notion of returning to Chicago and the midwest became less appealing, and I called George to say that if the invitation to visit UCSD was still open, I would be willing to visit La Jolla on my return from a conference in Washington. It was, and I did.

My visit exceeded my expectations. While not as beautiful as Hawaii, still La Jolla and the surrounding physical environment were beautiful enough. (Remember, this was more than thirty years ago.) More important, however, was the academic environment. The faculty with whom I met—**Cliff Grobstein, John Isaacs, Leonard Newmark, Dick Popkin, Roy Harvey Pearce, and Manny Rotenberg**, among others—were intellectually exciting, and their model of the kind of campus they were creating was greatly appealing. Hence, though my misgivings about a long-term involvement in administration had not diminished, still the prospect of creating a department on a truly innovative campus suddenly became attractive. Nevertheless, before returning to Honolulu I told George I would need a few months to make a decision. After many discussions with Audrey and our children, and after meeting with **Joe Gusfield** (the newly appointed chair of the nascent sociology department) in Honolulu, and following a second visit to the campus (this time with Audrey), I agreed to accept the UCSD offer.

Only then, however, did I realize the magnitude of the task which lay before me: how could I attract a group of creative research scholars to a nonexistent department? To make that task easier I made three strategic decisions. First, the department would concentrate on theory, most especially in psychological, religious, and political anthropology. Second, area concentrations would emphasize, but not be restricted to, Asia and Oceania. Third, the historically oriented aspects of the discipline—biological anthropology and archeology—would be introduced only after the department had achieved a critical mass in the three fields noted above.

Acting on those decisions, in the 1968-69 academic year I recruited three senior and two junior faculty as the core of the new department. The senior faculty consisted of **Marc Swartz**, a preeminent political anthropologist who had conducted research on local level politics in Micronesia and East Africa; **Theodore Schwartz**, a leading psychological anthropologist, who had worked on cargo cults in Melanesia; and **Robert Levy**, originally trained in psychodynamic psychiatry, who had studied emotional development in Tahiti. The junior appointments included **David Jordan**, a new Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, who, as a psychocultural anthropologist, had studied religion in Taiwan; and **Joyce Justus**, a new Ph.D. from UCLA, and a specialist in cultural anthropology, whose field work had been carried out in Jamaica, her native country.

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[Singer from p. 5]

of 50 top public universities and thirty-first best of the total of 249 top public and private national universities taken together. (Never mind the silliness of the entire enterprise and its criteria: they did get it right that Berkeley is the best of the top 50 public universities, while Princeton, Harvard, and Yale are the best of the privates.) Are we meant to congratulate ourselves and celebrate such recognition of UCSD? Well, that depends. (By the way, are these numbers better or worse than we received in past years?)

Speaking for myself, the first fifteen years I spent at UCSD were indeed unsurpassable; I cannot imagine any place else where I could have as much enjoyed my academic and personal life as here, or found the unlimited opportunities given to me to encounter and comprehend the inner needs and workings of academia, the deeper meanings of higher education, and the exhilaration of research accomplishment, not to mention enhanced real estate values. My early UCSD friends and colleagues, now either deceased or emeriti, were all quite extraordinary. Having said these essential positive things, were I magically transformed back into that thirty-six year old Professor of Physical Chemistry at Yale University, and were I to be asked today to leave Yale and join the Department (pardon me, "The Division") of Biology at UCSD (a most unlikely possibility

since as a complete novice to Biology, I would have no conventional qualifications for the position), my response would be singular and clear, uncertain only with respect to its tact or lack of it. That is because, whether realistic or not, my own and my colleagues' largely unspoken but fully understood ambitions for UCSD in the early years, still fresh in my memory, were to expect to put Berkeley and Yale in the shade by some forty years later. Consequently, I am unable to pat myself on the back (partly for physical reasons that my fellow emeriti may appreciate) upon UCSD attaining the numbers seven and thirty-one in 2002 (and perhaps ten and thirty-eight in 2006?). And my gentlest response to the hypothetical offer mentioned above would be: "Why in heaven's name would I do that?"



From the Editor
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