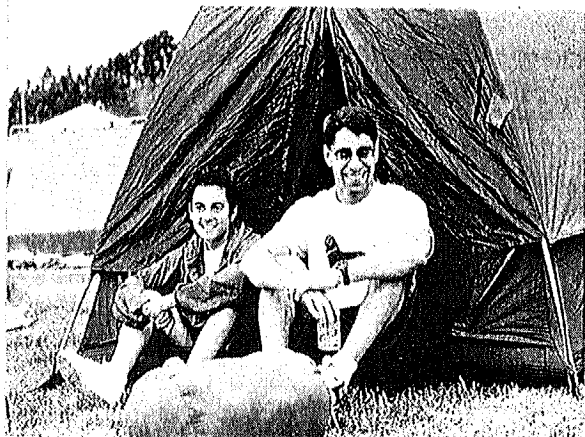


# Shifting *January, 1995* Dullness



Happy New Year!

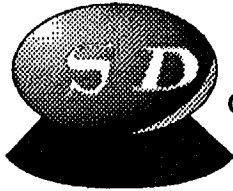


photos by Steve Chui

## **In this Spellbinding Issue:**

- Katy Lynch update (p.8)
- Journal Watch: cloning the obesity gene (p.6)
- The Y chromosome: the saga continues (p.13)

# Crystal Ball



Crystal Bernstein

Most of us don't give much thought to alternative medicine, if we know enough about it to give it any thought at all. We aren't kept up at night worrying about whether the latest craze in seaweed-turnip root power snack or bee pollen energy booster is going to put us out of business. Or whether people will eventually start to believe that all illness can be diagnosed by looking for abnormalities in a patient's tongue. In fact, most of us encounter the world of alternative medicine only once in a great while, when, for instance, a great aunt tells of a friend who was told he was dying of cancer and had one month to live but, amazingly, is still alive ten years later thanks to a fruit juice diet and daily meditation. We tell our great aunts that their stories are truly amazing, chuckle to ourselves, and turn to our medical journals for real enlightenment on therapeutic treatments.

Others of us are not so lucky. Though some of you may find this difficult to believe, there are entire families in the world that take great stock in the preaching of hypnotists and buy plant-based energy powders and books on alternative medicine like there's no tomorrow. I know this because one of them is my mother's family. And they never fail to tell me of the idiot-like and selfish behavior they have encountered in medical professionals and the wonders performed by their chiropractors whenever I pay them a visit.

One of this year's Christmas gifts from an aunt to my mother was a visit to a past life regression therapist. This was a gift that my mother had requested; though my aunt is herself a believer in a variety of unconventional

therapies, even she could not have divined that my mother would want such a thing as a present. When I arrived to pick my mother up from her session, the past life regression therapist invited me to step inside his office (or his home) and look at some photographs he had taken of his patients and their auras. After viewing several pictures of hands, cats, and assorted other objects with glowing yellow or red shadows around them I finally escaped, taking my mother with me. She offered me little enlightenment on what had occurred during her hypnotic therapy session, saying only that she and her therapist had discovered that in her past life she had been a seamstress. She assured me that the session was well worth the \$100 fee.

During the following weeks of my visit I was inundated with relatives singing praises of alternative therapies. "Have you ever heard of this bacteria?" my mother's friend asked, proudly displaying a bottle which advertised its contents to be "the pac man of the human intestine." "Can't say I have," I replied. "Well, why don't you read about it, then!" he said, and handed me a book on alternative medicine that was the size of Webster's unabridged dictionary. "I know I will never have cancer," my aunt said as she puffed on her fourth cigarette, "because I come from good stock and have a positive mental attitude." "Did you hear about the woman whose doctor prescribed her a diet that caused her to die of kidney failure?" another aunt asked.

After hearing countless similar statements and defending the medical profession over the course of my trip, I became a little exasperated. "You know," my mother said, "there's still time for you to transfer out of the medical school into the school of the environment or something." Needless to say, though I enjoyed my vacation, I was relieved to return to the city of (conventional) medicine. ■



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## Upcoming Events Around Duke and Durham

Chris Gamard

1. **Enrico Palazzo!** Not quite, but there is great opera at Duke. The Triangle Opera Theatre and the Office of University Life present "Lady Kate" on Friday, Jan. 20th at 8pm and Sunday the 22nd at 3pm in Page Auditorium. Tickets are \$20, \$15, and \$8 (student tickets \$3 off). Call 560-2741.

2. **NC Museum of Art:** A great way to spend a cold weekend afternoon! The museum houses permanent European, Contemporary American, and Egyptian and Greek displays, as well as the African, Oceanic and New World galleries. In addition, this month showcases a collection of works by Manhattan artists entitled New York, New York: Recent Cityscapes. Call 833-1935 for the museum's hours.

3. **Hoof'n'Horn:** Duke's musical theatre group presents "The Little Shop of Horrors" Thurs-Sun Jan. 19th-22nd and Wed-Sun Jan.

25th-29th in the Shaefer Lab Theater in the Bryan student center. For ticket info and times call 684-4444.

4. **Concerts:** Catch **Boyz II Men** with **Babyface** on Fri. the 20th in Chapel Hill at the Smith Center. Show starts at 7:30 and tickets are \$20 and \$30 through ticketmaster. Also featured in January is Nancy Griffith at Raleigh Memorial Auditorium, Fri. the 27th at 8pm. Call 831-6011 for details.

5. **Local Jazz:** Great club music is all around the triangle if you just know where to look! The **Crescent City Music Hall** on Franklin Street features Jazz every Sunday (932-3820), and the **Bull City Brewery** and Cafe across from Brightleaf hosts the Paul Jeffrey Quartet every Thursday evening (688-4908). Get hip, because Mardi Gras is only six short weeks away!

# Shifting Dullness

### EDITORS

Jamy Ard  
Matt Hepburn  
Edward Norris

### STAFF

Crystal Bernstein	Michael DiCuccio
Vickie Ingledue	Rima Nasser
Steve Crowley	Todd Brady
Julte Lapp	Eric Halvorson
Corinne Linardic	Umesh Marathe
Allison Evanoff	Chris Gamard
Dave McCarty	Milke Morowski
Trip Meine	Greg Della Rocca
Steve Chui	Ashvin Pande

Shifting Dullness is a Duke University School of Medicine production. Any and all submissions are welcome and need only be placed in the "Shifting Dullness Box" located underneath the candy shelf in the Deans' Office.

Parental subscriptions are now available for \$18.00/year. Please send mailing address and check payable to Duke University to:

Shifting Dullness  
Duke University  
P.O. Box 2865  
Durham, NC 27705

## Crushed Grapes

Greg Della Rocca

*After an overly long hiatus, we return to the second installment on Bordeaux wines. I was pinned under heavy furniture last month (no doubt sabotage by our good "Crushed Beer Cans" writer) and therefore missed the submission deadline. So, you were left to wallow in the scent of yeast as opposed to the fine aromas and bouquets of carefully manufactured wines. On that note, let us return ("yes, let's...") to the wide world of wines.*

In the last installment, I mentioned briefly the "1855 classification" of Bordeaux reds. This was a classification scheme devised by wine brokers at the time, participating in a wine exhibition held in Paris. The brokers mandated that the classification would never become official. Of course, mandates are made to be broken, and the "official" classification of 1855 resulted. Wines were separated by quality and price (as they continue to be today) into three categories, with Cru Bourgeois at the bottom, then Grand Cru Exceptionnel, and, at the top, Grand Cru Classé. Each Château wine is classified into one of these categories, with Grand Cru Classé currently containing some 61 wines. This category is further subdivided.

Perhaps many of you have heard of the various "growths" of Bordeaux reds. Well, all that "growth" means here is a wine's standing on the subclassification scheme within the category "Grand Cru Classé". There are five growths, with the first being the best. The first growth contains the most exceptional wines from the Médoc (the entire 1855 classification scheme only applies to Médoc wines, with one exception), some of which may be familiar. They are Château Lafite-Rothschild, Château Latour, Château Mouton-Rothschild, Château Margaux, and Château Haut-Brion (the exception, from the region of Graves). There are twelve to eighteen wines in each of the next

four, slightly inferior, growths. All of these wines are exceptional, but have a tendency to be on the pricey side, and usually require a number of years of aging. For a good vintage, Bordeaux wines can age a good half-century. Indeed, wines from many châteaux of the 1961 vintage are still improving today. So, be careful buying an exceptional wine today unless you want to share it with the grandkids.

The Médoc is not the only region of Bordeaux with a classification scheme. Graves developed its own classification in the 1950's, as did St.-Emilion. Pomerol appears to be the only region of Bordeaux that has not adapted its own official classification scheme. Interestingly enough, it is the region of Bordeaux which produces the most expensive of the Bordeaux reds, called "Pétrus". It's way beyond my budget. Perhaps the deans would invite us all to share some bottles of such a wine... Hey, it's only a suggestion...

The best recent vintages of Bordeaux wine include the years 1990, 1989 (the best of these), 1988, 1986, 1985, and 1981-3. For those interested in impressing friends at a "Green Day" concert, the best vintages of the century include 1900, 1929, 1945, 1961, and 1989. The early ones are still improving, and the 1989's will not be drinkable for another ten years or so (they're too tannic now). It is currently fairly easy to find relatively inexpensive Château wines from the good vintages of the 80's that will be drinkable with dinner that same night. The Wine Stewards at Fowler's and Southern Season are very adept at choosing pleasant wines, so I entrust you to them in an effort to avoid a long list of wines to try. In any case, stay away from 1984 and 1987, as well as 1991 and 1992 for the most recent vintages. The 84's and 87's were never worth much, and were vintages well-known for being

**Continued on Page 14**



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# Places to Go, People to See

Hello and welcome back. I hope everyone got some time off, and I hope 1995 will be a good year. Let's get started!!

## PLACES TO HANG

### A. DURHAM

1. **HOME:** A new discovery for me, considering the fact that for the past seven to eight months I barely saw my apartment. Yes, it is good to stay in every now and again. You can choose the music, the food, and the company (unless you have painful roommates).

Location: you know.

2. **WHO AM I KIDDING:** I really can't think of any new hangouts that I haven't already mentioned. Though there is Fishmonger's Oyster Bar across from Brightleaf, but it's not much. I apologize, but I really have run out of places.

### B. CHAPEL HILL/ CARBORO

1. **SPRING GARDEN:** Brace yourself for a long story (no, I am not trying to make up for the fact there is little to talk about).

This Friday, I went out with two lovely gentlemen from our current fourth year class, simultaneously. They said that they were slightly dissatisfied with my column, and they wanted to help me experience new places and new people (*sounds like the Army... or was that the Navy?*). Anyway the evening was initiated by a drink at their place, where we talked about our philosophies and they discussed "that there are only two true emotions: Love and Fear." We also talked about the pure moments in our lives, and they mentioned something about throwing something into the ocean and it coming back to you One-thousand fold (be adventurous, give freely with no expectations and yea shall reap interesting fruit).

Then we set off to the Spring Garden in Carboro and proceeded to have a lovely evening. The food is "OK", drinks cheap, cool wait staff, and a few very attractive people. In short, it was a lovely atmosphere, very conducive to January, 1994

meeting people and making new friends (which we did). Cool place to hang, as some MSIs have already figured out.

**LOCATION:** Go all the way to the end of Franklin Street in Chapel Hill, follow it as it curves to the right and the "place" will be on your left immediately after you cross the railroad tracks.

After a fun supper we proceeded to "go boogie on down" at a place I have mentioned once before, but I will mention again.

2. **TAMMANY HALL:** This is where Rosy's once was. It has better music than Players, but still too many cheesy men trying to pick up cheesy women and vice versa. Yet this is a fun place if you go with a good group, and as I said the music is quite danceable (nothing like DC, NY or Miami though...). It doesn't start rockin' til midnight.

**LOCATION:** It is on Rosemary Street (parallel to Franklin Street). Off of Franklin Street take a right on Columbia, then another right on Rosemary, it will be on your left.

## RESTAURANTS

### A. DURHAM

**SUMAN'S:** This may be the first time I give a bad review. Unfortunately I did not have a good experience at this new Indian restaurant. The service was too slow, and the food disappointing. I heard that the lamb was good, but the three dishes I had lacked taste; bland is the best description. Maybe it was simply a bad night, but I have heard similar things from other people. I will try it again, and if it's any better you will know.

**LOCATION:** Across the street from Brightleaf, on Main Street.

### B. CHAPEL HILL/ CARBORO

**GOWINDA:** This is a very interesting restaurant in a very appealing setting. A humongous tree inside the room is the foundation for the decor, reminiscent of a Rousseau painting.

**continued on page 9**

# Journal Watch

by Umesh Marathe and Steve Kent

**Correction of Lethal Intestinal Defect in a Mouse Model of Cystic Fibrosis by Human CFTR.** Zhou L. *et al* Science 266:1705-08 9 Dec 1994

Cystic fibrosis is caused by mutations in the cystic fibrosis transmembrane conductance regulator (CFTR), which regulates chloride ion transport in intestinal epithelial cells. In a potential mouse model of CF, CFTR deficient, most mice die within the first month of life due to intestinal obstruction and perforation. A chimeric human CFTR gene construct was microinjected into fertilized oocytes of the CFTR deficient line, producing transgenic mice. These mice survived and showed functional correction of ileal goblet cell and crypt cell hyperplasia. The authors conclude that the human CFTR gene may be a useful strategy for correcting the physiologic defects in patients with CF.

**Suitability of Fetal Tissues from Spontaneous Abortions and from Ectopic Pregnancies for Transplantation.**

Branch D.W. *et al* for The Human Fetal Tissue Working Group JAMA 273:66-68 4 Jan 1995

The use of fetal tissue for transplantation purposes has been a national issue; in 1988 the US Department of Health and Human Services placed a moratorium on the use of human fetal tissues for transplantation therapy. In 1992 President Bush issued an executive order requiring the establishment of fetal tissue banks that would be limited to human fetal tissues obtained solely from spontaneous abortions and ectopic pregnancies. Later that year five such banks were established. Fetal tissue was collected from obstetric services or emergency departments of the hospitals cooperating with the five centers. In brief approximately 6.7% of obstetric admissions eventu-

ated in a spontaneous abortion or ectopic pregnancy. Embryonic tissue was recovered in only 4.9% of the cases, and 1.2% of the recovered embryos were potentially useful for transplantation therapy. Most of the embryos showed degeneration, and bacterial contamination.

In January 1993 President Clinton directed the assistant secretary for health and human services to revoke the moratorium and to develop interim guidelines for funding human fetal tissue research. The funding for the above Fetal Tissue Banks was terminated in October 1993.

**Positional Cloning of the Mouse Obese Gene and Its Human Homologue** Zhang Y. *et al* Nature 372:425-431 1 Dec 1994

Approximately 30% of adult Americans weigh at least 20% in excess of their ideal body weight. This increased body weight is associated with type II diabetes, hypertension, and hyperlipidemia. Forty four years ago, a genetic defect was identified in mice which leads to them becoming morbidly obese when homozygous for the mutation. The gene was *ob*. Mice homozygous for the *ob* mutation fail to make and secrete a normal protein product from their adipose tissue.

*Ob* encodes a adipose tissue messenger RNA, the predicted amino-acid sequence is 84% identical between human and mouse and has the features of a secreted protein. The authors provide a detailed description of the genetic and physical mapping of *ob*, identification of the gene, sequencing, and sequence conservation. The extensive homology of the *ob* gene product among vertebrates suggests that it is highly conserved. With the cloning of the human homologue, it is possible to test for mutations in the human *ob* gene. ■

## Rural Health Coalition Update

The Duke Med chapter of the NC Student Rural Health Coalition has been busy this past semester working to promote health care in the underserved areas of North Carolina. Monthly clinics have been staffed by student and physician volunteers in the towns of Fremont and Garysburg. Residents of these areas benefit from the free medical services and health education, and student participants get a great primary care learning experience. In addition to the time spent in clinic, first and third year students worked hard to raise money for the Coalition during the annual phonathon in November. Our sincere thanks go out to all the students who helped and to the Duke staff who gave contributions— your efforts raised close to 8,000 dollars! Upcoming events for the Spring semester include a Community Health Fair in Fremont and a week-long Pre-Health Career internship for local high school students. Any interested students or staff should contact Chris Gamard (490-5706) or Wingfield Ellis (489-1714). Your help is welcome and needed! - Chris Gamard

### The First Annual Valentine's Personals Section

will be in next month's issue. If you would like to send a special Valentine's message to a spouse, boyfriend, girlfriend, or crush of the week, submit your message (no longer than 50 words) in the Shifting Dullness box underneath the Candy shelf in the Dean's Office. The Deadline is

**January 23rd, 5:00 pm.**

The personal message can be submitted on paper and the editors have chosen to waive the usual restriction on publishing anonymous material. **Be creative**, flatter your friends, and be sure to browse next month's issue to see if you have been honored with a Valentine's personal.

January, 1995

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## Perspectives from an Indian Reservation

*Here is an update from one of our favorite classmates. She has traveled from an Indian reservation in Montana to Israel in the past few months and has some amazing stories to share with you.*

October is a perfect time to be in Montana—between the last mosquitoes and the first snow, when the cottonwoods shift from green to yellow and the promise of elk spices the social gatherings. By sheer coincidence, two of us Duke MS IV's (Mellie Goodell and myself) landed at Fort Belknap Agency in north-central Montana. Weekdays, 9 to 5, we dealt with standard complaints (including horse related injuries) in a busy clinic in the agency hospital, working largely on our own. A patient or so a day was admitted to the 11-bed ward upstairs, usually for IV antibiotics or observation. Serious cases were usually sent by ambulance to Havre, the nearest town with a hospital which was 45 miles away. We were supervised by three docs and a plastic surgeon from LA who was retraining to combine general practice with an active sports life in the Northwest. Once a week, each of us joined a team to cover "the Hays clinic", a tiny white building in the mountains 45 minutes south of the hospital. The long ride was a chance to learn the latest about volatile tribal politics, to enlarge our mental maps of the entangled clans we treated, and to laugh at the antic humor of the sole, unabashedly eccentric female doctor.

Ours was "the Grey House" in a multicolored assortment of staff lodgings clustered next to the old brick hospital. The house was stark but adequate, and generously supplied with box elder beetles—ubiquitous black and red flying things that wandered indiscriminately over everything, including us. Meal trays were set out on the hospital kitchen on request. Otherwise, we were on our own.

LOTS of free time. No TV, radio, newspaper

or, for the last 10 days, telephone. We read, talked, did our residency applications, and ran in the mostly comfortable weather. Mellie visited Glacier and North Dakota in her rental car. I took the 18-hour train ride through Glacier and the cascades to visit friends in Seattle. We rode bikes and explored the undulating prairie, its hidden coulees, the green farmland along the Milk River, and the butte and mountain ranges that broke the flat horizon. On an overnight camp-out on Snake Butte, I saw antelope, prairie dogs, rabbits,

**We rode bikes and explored the undulating prairie, its hidden coulees, the green farmland along the Milk River, and the butte and mountain ranges that broke the flat horizon.**

sage hens, snakes, a fox, the Milky Way, the Northern Lights, and a herd of buffalo. We glimpsed the local social life at a big pow-wow, a retirement banquet, visits to Deb's Diner for pie, and through the gossip around the big table in the upstairs nurse's station.

Fort Belknap Agency serves Assiniboine and Gros Ventre Indians with the hospital, a small college, a housing agency, a tourist office, the college, a housing agency, a tourist office, the tribal offices, an IGA and a Kwik-stop. The Indians run everything except the docs and their budget. They were generally easy to deal with as patients, with a brightness and humor that made the clinic a pleasure. The darker side of reservation life was evident, as well—depression, unemployment, abuse. The hospital staff was knit into the community by social and family ties and well aware of its complex problems and personalities.

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Shifting Dullness



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The experience was a valuable chance to learn and practice skills and sample the limitations and pleasures of practice in a relatively remote setting. Travel and room were funded by the PHS. To have a choice of the many sites from Alaska to the deep Southwest, MS III's should start NOW and MS II's should think about starting in the spring. Write to the IHS area offices of interest to you- there are about a dozen listed in the "Away Rotations" notebook above the Dean's Office copy machine. The area offices will send descriptions of their sites. You must then call or write the chief medical officer (CMO) at the site you want and make arrangements through him or her. Barbara Gentry has forms to fill out for approval from your Dean and Dean Kredich. Be sure to ask the CMO's about housing, meals, access to home and car (Montana car rental was \$500/month). There are sites with skiing, hunting, mountains- even one at Havasu in the Grand Canyon. And there's Fort Belknap, where you can run to the top of the hill behind the hospital and see a hundred miles in every direction. This truly "clears the head."

Your peripatetic classmate,  
Kate ■

### **Mind-Body Medicine Study Group**

**Martin Clowse, MS3** will discuss *Survival in Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis: The Role of Psychological Factors* Arch Neurol 1994;51:17-23 for Journal Club on January 20 from Noon to 1:00 pm in M428 Duke South.

**Chip Spann, PA-C** will discuss *The Duke Rice Diet: Yesterday and Today* on February 10 from Noon to 1:00 pm in 1034 South amphitheater.

**Congratulations to Chris Gamard--**  
outstanding student, fearless writer,  
loyal roommate--in his recent engagement to Laura Smith.

January, 1994

## **Duke AMWAtch**

Allison Evanoff

Upcoming events: We are planning a full calendar in 1995. A sketch of topics/events we are planning is as follows:

**Jan.:** Balancing Your Personal and Professional Life

**Feb.:** Cardiovascular Disease in Women

**March:** Potluck Dinner

**April:** Domestic Violence

**May:** Relationships and Medicine

Please watch for fliers for more information each month.

### **Committee Update:**

**Service:** We recently purchased a VCR and childrens' videos for the Battered Womens' Shelter in Durham from monies earned by the Candy Sale in CTL. Thanks to everyone for your support!

**Fundraising:** Plans are forming now for fundraising for the 1995 National Conference in Seattle, Washington. If you are interested in helping or you have fundraising ideas, please contact Archana Pradhan (489-6813). ■

### **Places to Go**

cont. from p.5

This place is the vegetarian's dream come true, with all kinds of veggie dishes. The origins of these dishes are from India, the Middle East and closer. A wee bit too "Granola" for the carnivore in me, but well worth a try, even multiple visits.

**LOCATION:** In Carboro, follow the directions for Spring Garden and it's farther down on the left.

### **OTHER**

Go to the movies. The Carolina Theater in Durham, the Chelsea in Chapel Hill, Realto in Raleigh carry some interesting movies.

*That's all folks. Please tell me about new places... as some of you already know, I am the adventurous type. ■*

# THINK ABOUT WHAT IF...

Jamy Ard

**What if** all of your patients were treated with the same respect and care regardless of the patient's status as private or staff? **What if** all physicians and medical students were given the respect of a knowledgeable professional without concern for the health care provider's ethnic background? **What if** prejudices and stereotypes as we know them were non-existent and men and women were evaluated and judged individually, based on one's own accomplishment's and character?

With the official celebration of the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. fast approaching, it prompts me to contemplate his life's endeavors and his famed "dream." I wonder if his "dream" is simply that: an unreachable, lofty expectation or desire that represents one person's fantasy. In a world of reality, his dream

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*Maybe Dr. King's "dream" is not an expectation in as much as it is a challenge.*

.....  
of judging a person based solely on the content of his or her character seems to be an impossible feat. It is a known fact that everyone has preju-

dice; whether it be that you do not like tall people or fat people or people with an accent, we must all admit that there is some "type" of person or a certain characteristic that conjures up negative feelings about someone you may not know. Therefore, assuming that this is true, how can anyone request that prejudices be placed completely aside? Clearly, denying one's human nature is not a realistic expectation.

But maybe Dr. King's "dream" is not an expectation in as much as it is a challenge. Maybe it is a goal placed before us as a challenge that can only be attained if we make an attempt to better ourselves individually. I am positive that he knew that as a diverse community we would always have differences which *can* lead to prejudices, but his belief that we could somehow evolve to a point where differences were appreciated instead of being the cause of negative feelings towards others is not a far-fetched idea. As history has often shown, those who dared to dream and hypothesized seemingly ridiculous ideas were usually ridiculed for being foolish and at times even killed because of their radical beliefs. However, when those ideas and theories were placed into practice, the person who made the attempt to revolutionize humankind found redemption. In our finite understanding of life, we somehow fear the concept of placing differences aside as if one group would lose its superiority over another. Even though we fail to grasp the concept or see it as impossible, I believe that it is like perfection: no one may ever be perfect, but being close to perfect is not bad at all.

**What if** we would only accept the challenge; what if we truly honored Dr. King by trying to carry out his wish for us to judge each other solely on the content of one's character. **Think about it.**



# Community Service Update

Steve Crowley

**Happy New Year** from the service department! It is our hope that everyone had a joyful holiday season. We would like to thank everyone who participated in the **Share Your Holiday** celebration. Duke Medical School sponsored 49 recipients in the Durham's Share Your Christmas (SYC) program. Thanks to so many of you for setting aside time for someone else. If you happen to think of it when seeing them, please thank John Scarborough, Tanya Wahl, Allison Evanoff, Cynthia Boyd, and Vickie Ingledue for devoting their persistent energy to organizing SYC. Their effort was truly inspirational. Thanks also to Theresa Flynn for gathering a group to go Christmas caroling on the pediatrics ward in Duke North on December 14. The fall **Blood Drive** is over. Nobody got the pizza. One rumor is that the MSI's actually kidnapped 10 MSIII's who on Nov. 30, the last day of competition, were on their way to give blood, thus preventing the MSIII's from laying down their arms.

Following is a list of stellar New Year's Resolutions:

**Habitat For Humanity** is back. A building session is tentatively scheduled for Saturday, January 21. Call Pat Lager at 383-3168 if interested. Here's your big chance to use that hammer you got for Christmas.

**Shelter For Good Hope** still needs you on Mondays from 7-9PM to cook and serve food to the homeless of Durham. MSIII John Pazin is now head chef. To participate in his culinary masterpieces sign up on the amphitheatre door or call John at 383-1047.

**Urban Ministries Soup Kitchen** — We continue to cook and serve lunch on the 2nd Sunday of each month. Because February has a quirky calendar, the 2nd Sunday falls on the 12th both during February and March. Here is your opportunity to serve on back-to-back twelvth's. Again, sign up on the amphitheatre

door or call Steve Crowley at 383-1047.

**North Carolina Therapeutic Riding Center** is off until March, so just hold your horses.

**Adopt-a-Highway** — Our adopted stretch (Cornwallis Rd. from 15-501 to Kerlee) resembles a highway that has run away from home. During the 1st quarter of this new year, the onus falls upon the MSII's to clean her up, giving us a new answer to the old joke, "Why did the MSII cross the road?"

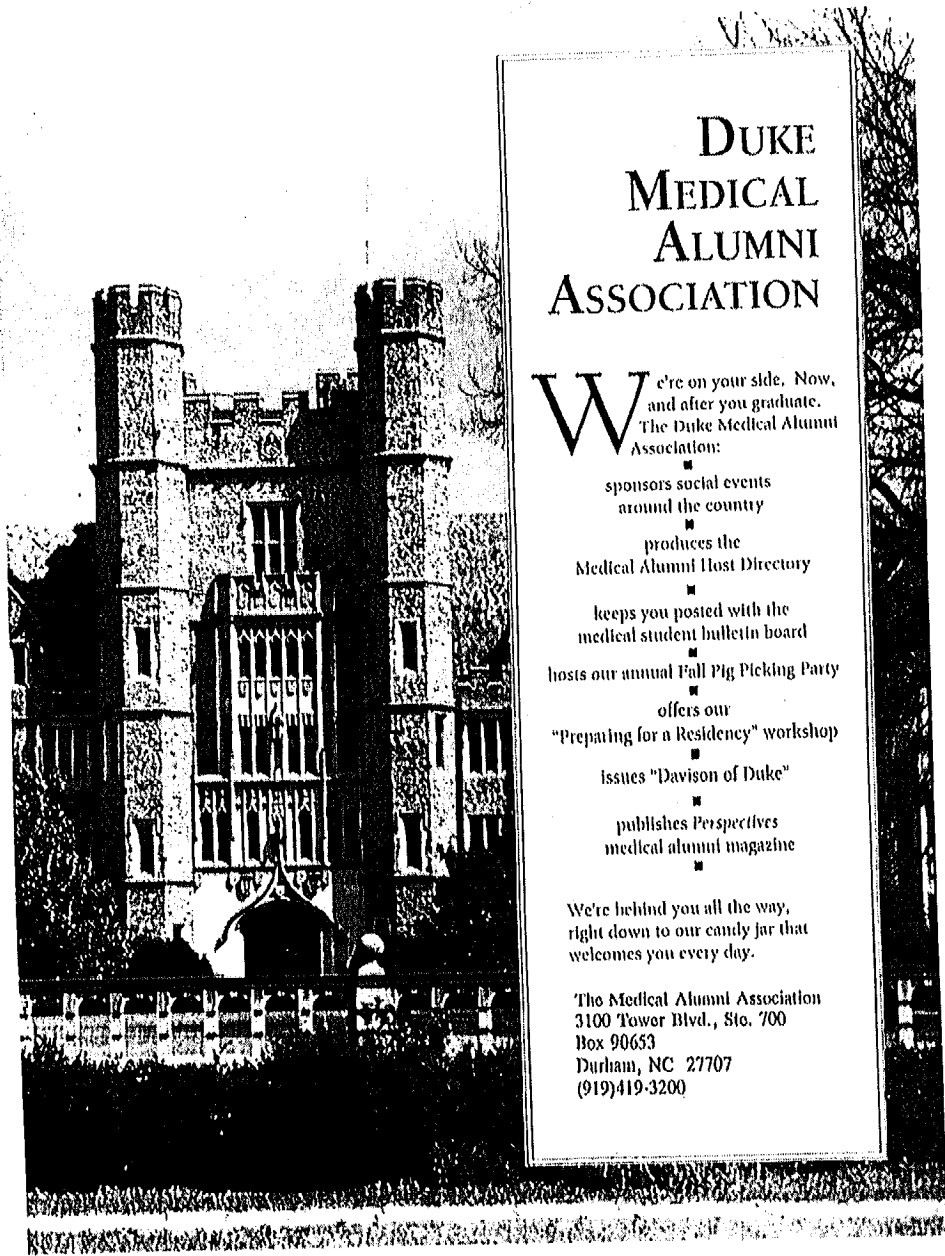
**Helpline** is a 24 hr/day, 7 day/wk crisis hotline that offers counselling and medical referrals to callers. Training for counsellors requires 3 hours a week for 2 months on Thursday evenings. A trained counsellor can then volunteer for a 1-2 hour shift per week. If you would like more information on this opportunity please call Nancy Hope with Helpline at 683-2392 or MSIV Nathan Moore, who volunteers as a counsellor, at 382-7303.

**Chapel Hill High School Pre-College Program** is designed to encourage women and minorities at Chapel Hill High School to continue studies in the sciences. In the past year, MSIVs John Savarese and Franco Recchia have volunteered 2 hrs a week to offer science lectures, discussion, and tutoring through this program. The program now seeks new volunteers. If you would like to learn more about CHHSPCP, please call Jessica Harris at 544-0189.

## Do you like to blow your own horn?

Auditions for the Medical Student play are fast approaching. Keep your eyes open to see when and where.

If you are eager to hlep with the music for the show, or are interested in playing in the **Band**, call Ed Norris (490-5703).



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Ode to  
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## Ode to a Y Chromosome: an XX replies

Jane Woo

It was with an impish grin that I read the December "Roadside Assistance." Yes, the Y chromosome is a mysterious feature which evolution has preserved. Today, many men are unjustifiably criticized, bashed, hated, accused, and undervalued. But the truth is that the Y chromosome—while conferring upon the bearer "wanton bodily noises...and an inability to make rational travel plans"—also makes men fun, exciting, and, well, masculine.

While I was studying unusual hormones at UCSF last year, I met a medical student who exemplified the stereotypical behavior that we all know and love. "So," I said, after introducing myself, "it seems that we're going to a bar called DV8, located at Market and 4th."

"It's at 14th and Mission." He stated these words with confidence and self-assurance.

"Uh, everybody else seems to think it's at 4th and Market."

"It's at 14th and Mission. That's where I'm going."

From the deepest recesses of my brain, a primitive, feminine instinct emerged: Get out of this car! But being a rational creature, I suppressed this urge. With a flick of his foot and a brazen wave of his Y chromosome, we were off. We were in the middle of a nice conversation when we reached 14th and Mission. There we saw an assortment of delapidated rowhouses. It was obvious that it had been a residential area for >50 years. Bewildered, he looked around and said, "I don't understand this. It was here!"

"Oh, no," I thought. "This is one of these guys who won't ask for directions. We're going to drive around in circles for 3 hours. Why does this always happen to me? Why? Why? Why?"

After only 30 seconds, he snapped out of his confusion and drove to the nearest conven-

ience store. He didn't actually ask anyone for directions; that, of course, would have been tantamount to castration. Instead, this resourceful person—now a doctor at Beat-us and Whip-us Hospital—consulted a phone book and discovered that DV8 was, in fact, located at 4th and Market. "Hmm," he mused as he got back into the car. "I really thought it was at 14th and Mission."

My twelfth cranial nerves were ready to lash out a sarcastic retort, but this time, reason gave way to instinct. A primitive, feminine part of me was intrigued by this combination of

**I wondered, from an anthropological standpoint, whether he had been flaunting his Y chromosome in order to impress the only female in the car, or whether he was simply a buffoon.**

masculine arrogance and willingness to admit a mistake. I wondered, from an anthropological standpoint, whether he had been flaunting his Y chromosome in order to impress the only female in the car, or whether he was simply a buffoon.

When I was a teenager, my sister and I occasionally went out to dinner with some friends who were like brothers to us. The platonic nature of the relationship did not, however, suppress the Y chromosome. When it was our turn to pick a movie, my sister and I chose a funny film called "The Toy." When it was their turn, they selected "Friday the 13th, Part III" in 3-D. It was so bad that we still harsh on them for this choice.

When I was 16, I drove over to a friend's house. He came outside and requested, "Pop the hood." I complied, and then I repressed peals of laughter as he looked at the radiator, transmission, and battery. He didn't touch anything or say a word. He was just looking at the engine because it was such a manly thing to do.

One night when I was on surgery, the resi-

**Continued on Page 14**



**XX Reply** Continued from page 13  
dent and I were closing someone's abdomen. As he placed a row of locked running stitches, I asked, "Do you want me to follow you?" He replied in the negative. When he reached the end of the row and tried to pull the suture taut, he discovered—to his and my horror—that his stitches comprised a giant tangle of Prolene. An expletive escaped from his lips right before he cut out the stitches and started over. (He let me follow him this time.)

Men claim that they hate Valentine's Day and other special occasions, but they secretly like catering to women's whims. I once saw a friend of mine, freshly drenched with rain and armed with a Haagen Daaz carton. He explained, "My girlfriend wanted ice cream. So I went out in the rain and bought this. But when I got home, she said that she'd meant for me to get something on a stick, with a chocolate shell." He was not at all annoyed by her pickiness. On the contrary, he was smiling idiotically, pleased that he was able to forage for his woman. It

**Crushed Grapes** Continued from page 4  
you be able to find it. It complements well any hearty beef or veal dish, as well as any dish served with a cream sauce ("the tannins just cut right through the cream and cleanse the palate" - one wine snob to the other). It also goes very well with cheese. This wine usually retails for less than \$15.00, so it is quite affordable without passing on quality.

Another exceptional yet affordable wine is called Château Bel-Air, from the Haut-Médoc region of Bordeaux. Be careful hunting for this wine. It normally retails for \$9-11, so it is quite a bargain. However, a wine of similar name, Château Belair, costs about \$50.00 per bottle. So, pay attention to the price tag. The latter is from the region of St.-Emillion, which is something of which the retailers are fully aware. They probably won't steer you wrong. But remember, CHECK THE TAG. Both are excellent wines. Once again, you will not be sacri-

wasn't hard for me to picture him in a loin cloth, commanding, "Little woman, you stay home while I go out and hunt a moose."

I now recapitulate: men don't like to admit that they're lost, they pick bad movies, they feel compelled to inspect mechanical objects, they'd rather bumble around in someone's peritoneum than let a female student help them, and they like to be of service. What is the unifying theme? All of these behaviors originate from the Y chromosome. Somewhere between the dirty-refrigerator gene and the I-love-the-3-Stooges gene lie the sequences which encode the fierce independence, love of toys, exasperating short-sightedness which characterize the male sex. I often laugh at the sheer buffoonery, questionable sense of humor, and outrageous stubbornness that men display. The truth be known, these qualities can be attractive, enjoyable, and charming. But it doesn't hurt to keep a map and extra sutures handy. ■

ficing quality for price with the Bel-Air. It complements fares similar to those well-complemented by Château Greysac.

My only suggestion, if you really want to become familiar with Bordeaux wines, is to try as many as possible. Easier said than done, eh? I hope you enjoy Bordeaux wines, as do the most serious wine-drinker in the world. Bordeaux's white wines, although shirked in this column, are also pleasant. However, you can always stick to Olympia beer ("It's the water...") if Bordeaux doesn't turn you on. ■

## Beer Brewing Contest

Shifting Dullness will be sponsoring The First Annual Home-Made Beer Contest in early March. If you make a good home-made beer, or would like to try, get started. Judges are needed.

Shifting Dullness

### Roadside Assistance continued

DOS disks looked mysteriously as if it had been chewed by Annabel, the family labrador. Sure enough, it wouldn't work. I managed to get enough DOS files on the hard drive to boot the computer and witness the damage I had done.

Imagine a well-stocked, multi-purpose library, neatly organized into fiction and non-fiction. All topics covered. Philately nicely represented, along with epistemology and novels of all sorts. Now imagine a choosy thief comes in and takes everything but the Danielle Steele novels and the last ten years of *Mad Magazine*. This was the noble family truckster. Everything except a few miscellaneous games had been destroyed. *Everything*. Windows. WordPerfect. Lotus. Microsoft Word. Years of irreplaceable, non-backed-up files. For those keeping score, that's two for the Entropic Powers-That-Be.

To make matters worse that evening, the VCR broke. It suddenly decided to go on a tape-eating rampage, having served faithfully for three or four years without incident. Then the dishwasher broke. Wouldn't start, its soul having gone on vacation. Same with the blasted sink disposal. To top it all, the fridge decided to belch forth a foul and ichorous yellow goo, and the ice maker quit working. That would be Entropic Powers 6, Trusting Family 0. The chain reaction was on, bodies had been dumped in the highway, and the strange forces prohibiting our family from entering the information age threatened to toss our household into a whirling maelstrom of nonfunctionality.

The next day, with a new DOS in hand and newly loaded Windows, we still could not get the CD-ROM to work. Off to the computer store we go. The service department was packed. In front of me was a room filled with tables and dozens of computers, covers off and inward parts showing for all to see. A large and confusing mass of cables, drives, cards, toilet  
January, 1995

paper, boards, platforms, coffee pots, covers, half-eaten doughnuts, and, mysteriously, a shrubbery, confronted me. The computer experts took one look at our machine, and then another, and were baffled.

Five hours later, they were still baffled. They formatted, working vigorously to salvage our ailing machine. A technician relieved his frustration on another PC, hacking it to tiny pieces with an axe. They reloaded operating system and Windows. No dice. They took apart and reconnected. They called Microsoft. Microsoft was baffled. The bloody thing would not work. As of this writing, weeks after the unfortunate event, the computer is still not functional. As a matter of fact, for a while, it entered a real, non-Zen limbo of invoice numbers and sales receipts, resurfacing somewhere in the service

**Our family truckster had slid off the superhighway and into a strange Zen No Mind / No Disk paradigm in which it refused to acknowledge its own existence.**

department several days later with stamps in its passport from Tahiti and Fiji.

The Information Superhighway promises to be a wonderful contraption, once working. We've read the brochures. Travel to exotic lands. Hear and see your computer do amazing things. Be entertained and enlightened. And yet -

In the sea of disarray that the fog-encased oil slick had thrown our faithful computer, something hit me. Perhaps the point was not connectedness and information. Perhaps doing things faster and easier and more efficiently (and in color with stereo sound) was not the be-all and end-all of computerdom. Perhaps slowing down to sip the coffee, meditating, and realigning oneself with the Tao is more important.

Then again, playing *DOOM!* with stereo sound and hint books is certainly much more fun.

## Sideswiped on the Information Superhighway

Michael DiCuccio

Greetings and salutations, O faithful readers! We here at Roadside Assistance wish to extend you a much belated happy holidays from our top-secret perch here in the median of the Information Superhighway. Well, okay, it's not top secret. Our place is pretty well delineated by the hulking remains of the Roadside Assistance Family Truckster, having suffered a major, gut-wrenching collision on the Information Superhighway. And this accident caused an unbelievable chain reaction pile-up that threatened to return us to pre-civilized existence.

To clarify, a bright sunny Saturday many weeks ago, my mother informed me that my younger brother and sister were getting a CD-ROM for Christmas. Their computer is a standard 486DX clone, much faster than my own, and adding a CD-ROM would be no problem. "Great idea," I replied. "They'll really enjoy it." Step one is now complete: the fog-encased oil slick on the Information Superhighway is now in place. Our family truckster (the alleged 486DX) is merrily trotting toward its ambush.

I arrive home for Christmas on a Tuesday. The computer will be coming that evening, several days before Christmas, replete with a working CD-ROM. When it arrives, we are informed that Windows will need to be re-installed. No prob, I say, these things are very user friendly. I'll just pop in my disks and take care of it. A cool ten minutes later the beast is ready for testing. For those following the family truckster on its auspicious cross-country trek, picture the winnebago now entering the fog. Oil slick straight ahead.

Okay, let's take our friendly CD (Compton's Interactive Encyclopedia, for those keeping score at home) and give it a spin. *Beep. Insufficient memory.* Impossible. We've got 8 megs

of RAM and plenty of hard disk space. The execute file is only 24K in size - this should be no problem. Retry - same response. The family truckster was now careening wildly, having struck the ill-fated oil slick.

Time for some memory diagnostics. Now this gets not-so-user-friendly. Three types of memory (conventional, extended, expanded). DOS in the High Memory Area. Swap files. Buffers. Caching. The old (very dead) programmer in me forgot how much it detested memory management in Intel-based systems. Re-install Windows again. Play around with memory once again to free as much space as possible. Reboot and retry the CD. Same response.

Okay, let's take a look at the hard drive. *Hmm, that's weird, I thought; there seems to be a kind of directory loop, reduplicating lots of files. Let's just see if we can clean this up a little.* My not-so-dainty little fingers danced quickly over the delete key, removing excess garbage in the directory scheme. Wait a minute. We've now got 100 megs more disk space than before. Windows paused momentarily, burped, reported its operating files were missing or damaged and unceremoniously exited to DOS.

DOS replied that its command files had been obliterated and trucked off to Havana for the holidays. The computer stuck and refused to budge. Our family truckster had slid off the superhighway and into a strange Zen No Mind / No Disk paradigm in which it refused to acknowledge its own existence.

Well, this was not comforting. Reboot - no response. Turn off and on - same deal. Okay, get the DOS disks and reinstall. One of the



**Continued on Page 15**

Shifting Dullness

