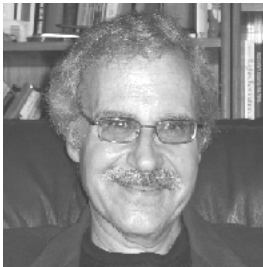


ALUMNI UPDATE



Raymond Belliotti is Distinguished Teaching Professor and Chair of the Department of Philosophy at SUNY Fredonia. He is the author of 7 books and many articles. He received his PhD from the UM Department of Philosophy in 1977. As the reminiscence below indicates, he is a very witty fellow.

Raymond Angelo Belliotti was born at a young age. A poor but honest barber's son, he yearned to play shortstop for the New York Yankees. When it became clear after high school that he was not going to replace Phil Rizzuto, he turned to other pursuits. Summers spent working on construction crews and toiling in nursery fields convinced him that there was no percentage in hard labor. Seeking an undemanding, frivolous, yet exciting career, he stumbled onto philosophy. After completing his B.A. at Union College, he was conscripted into the United States Army during the Vietnam War. No experience was needed to understand this was not a percentage move. Instead of submitting to the draft, Belliotti enlisted and was placed into a military intelligence career specialty. His "career" lasted three years, after which he earned M.A. and Ph.D degrees at the University of Miami. He taught at Florida International University and Virginia Commonwealth University, but decided he was still too young to be gainfully employed. He enrolled at Harvard University as a law student and teaching fellow. After three years, despite his protests, he was forcibly removed from Harvard under the absurd theory that he had completed his J.D. degree.

Belliotti then practiced law for almost three years at a Wall Street firm in New York City. Having discharged his educational debts, he decided to return to college teaching. In 1984, after spurning offers from institutions of higher learning located in warm, desirable climates, he joined the faculty at SUNY Fredonia. That pretty much ends his story. He ran some marathons, got married, wrote some books, sired two children, coached a lot of baseball, lost most of his hair, and sulked as the remaining strands turned gray.

"While at Miami, I took most of my courses from Leonard Carrier, Ramon Lemos, and Jim Rachels, three professors whose political commitments, personal styles, and philosophical positions were quite dissimilar. They were united, though, in that their keen intelligence, good humor, and personal warmth always shone brightly. I was deeply saddened and diminished when I heard about the deaths of Ramon and Jim. They were admirable men at all levels. I had an especially rewarding set of experiences with Fred Westphal, from whom I rented a room for over a year. Fred's good cheer and refusal to take himself or philosophy too seriously contributed greatly to my graduate education.

"Where else but in Miami could I have met the Eddie Stanky and Billy Martin of philosophy: Ed Erwin and Slick Goldman, respectively? Or walked on the wild side of philosophy and life with Eddy Zemach? Or encountered the most exotic, exciting, and loving group of colleagues I have yet joined: George Bailey, Ingrid Bekhuis, Jorge Cossio, Dale Hendrix, Victor Herston, Eleanor Hosmer, Bill Kahn, Tommie Kushner, Joe McClusky, Alice Perrin, Greg Rich, and Kevin Saunders? I think about them often, always fondly. Sadly, we have lost Eleanor and Bill.

"Fairness requires, though, that I do not give a one-sided and overly sentimental reminiscence of my Miami experience. There was an annoying downside. I have not forgotten Lemos's tortured renditions of Blake's *Little Black Boy* . . . Erwin's penchant for calling cheap fouls on the basketball court . . . Slick Goldman, while engaged in a "friendly" game of stickball, instructing his pitcher-son Michael to "stick one in Belliotti's ear" . . . Howard Pospesel bluffing me out of hands in hold-em poker . . . Rachel's fatally flawed analysis of *Citizen Kane* . . . the sartorial disaster that was Fred Westphal . . . Carrier's obstinate and irrational refusal to admit his success was due totally to his Italian genes . . .

"Mostly, I will remember Miami as the place where for the first time in my life people outside my immediate family and relatives, seeing aspects of my personality that had eluded introspection, believed in me and encouraged me to excel. It is these people who infused my study of philosophical abstraction with passion, zest, and joy and who became an inextricable part of my life, people who I will never forget and for whom I will always be grateful."