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Wings

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THIS HAS BEEN an unusual conference, and not only because of the high scientific quality of the papers. It has been easy to see the mutual affection and esteem shared by the participants, as was exemplified this afternoon by the warm exchange between those historically important collaborators, Russell and Monaco. The ties that bind us are complex and of long duration. As your program Co-chairman, Ben Cosimi, described earlier, he was one of my students at the University of Colorado more than 25 years ago when we made our first attempts at liver transplantation, and while we were preparing for clinical ALG trials, Ben's loyalty to old friends is legendary, and perhaps that is why I have the honor of speaking to you tonight about Paul Russell, whom I have known even longer than Ben.

Since 1987, I have been going to a series of conferences commemorating the contributions of early workers in transplantation. These resemble the tours from city to city made by baseball stars in their final season of play, reliving the home runs of earlier days. Three weeks ago, Joe Murray and I were in Athens paying tribute to Roy Calne. Because of the location, Greek mythology was used to explain just about everything. Frequently cited was the story of Icarus who tried to fly in defiance of mortal limitations, but failed when he came so close to the sun that his wax wings melted. This allusion came readily to the surgeons who today are providing daily treatment that had been considered beyond mortal achievement only 30 years ago. It crossed my mind how many workers in the

field of transplantation had come and gone when their emotional wings came unstuck during this amazing but often turbulent chapter in medicine and surgery.

Paul, my great respect and admiration for you stems from your indomitability during the long bleak period when it just did not seem as if real movement was going to be possible in a field that held such promise but always seemed to come up short of expectations. You managed to stay close to the sun all this time, without having your wings come off. All the while, your profile grew of the surgeon-scientist, the Socratic educator surrounded by students from three generations, the disciplined investigator with brilliant insight into murky problems, and the Bostonian *gentleman*. But there was also a secret life, totally modest and unacclaimed, which I have been watching with admiration for a long time.

Maybe you did not think we noticed, but you were always there when decisions were made that affected the field of transplantation—the famous National Research Council Meeting on kidney transplantation in 1963, the First Histocompatibility Conference in 1964, meetings to decide about drug development, the committee developing the White Paper on heart transplantation, the Presidential Task Force on national transplant policy, and what I

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Fig 1. Sports page *Chicago Tribune* (?1944). The caption read: The University of Chicago has one major sport left. It's track, and Coach Ned Merriam has a squad of 12 working diligently for the indoor season. Here a couple of the team's hurdlers, Paul Russell (front) and John Bokman, go over the jumps together. The Maroons and Northwestern University will hold a dual meet in the University of Chicago fieldhouse tomorrow afternoon.

remember best of all, the Concensus Development Conference on liver transplantation in 1983. You were not only there, but you were a moral and intellectual force supporting our specialty, whether you had a personal stake or not. I felt secure knowing that you were there. We all owe you

a lot, Paul, for what you did, and I am glad to be here tonight to tell you this in person. Time changes us all. I know that you cannot jump this high any more, Paul, or run this fast (Figure 1), but you learned how to fly as well as anyone I know.