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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

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VOLUME 104, NUMBER 2



The cover: Karen Reimer, MFA'89, embroidered *Solution to Last Week's Puzzle* (1999). See *UChicago Journal*, page 26, for more. Photo by Jason Smith.

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A site for sore eyes

BY AMY BRAVERMAN PUMA

Bynow regular readers know about the *Magazine's* print redesign, which you might consider our loud insistence that print lives. Yet we are also believers in—and consumers of—online journalism. We've run a blog, UChiBLOGo, since 2004, and more recently we've jumped into social media: Facebook, Twitter, Flickr, Tumblr. But our fairly static website has looked the same since 2002.

We took the opportunity of our print redesign to rethink our web presence. After watching how readers interacted with our former site and how they responded to our social-media forays, interactive content editor **Joy Olivia Miller** led a collaboration between the *Magazine's* editors, designers, and web developers and the Chicago-based web-design and -development firm Palantir. The results are a more dynamic, interactive site.

The updated website contains all the stories in the print edition, which comes out six times a year, and also highlights more timely or otherwise interesting stories from the University News Office and from the alumni publications of different divisions and schools. We've nixed UChiBLOGo in favor of publishing web-exclusive stories on our main site and shorter items on Tumblr. The website links to that microblog as well as to our other social-media accounts, slide shows and videos, and RSS feeds to outside newspaper and magazine stories about alumni.

One of the most exciting changes is that we've extended the conversational spirit of our Letters section online, in the form of comments. Readers can comment on every story as well as on



each other's comments. (When you do, we'll remind you that we might print your comment in the *Magazine*.)

We've also responded to a frequent request by international alumni, who receive the magazine much later than those in the United States, and iPad users. Readers can now download a PDF of the print magazine online (except for Alumni News, which, for privacy reasons, remains password protected).

Note: we've changed our URL. Please bookmark mag.uchicago.edu. Our old site, magazine.uchicago.edu, remains available to search the archives.

OUR AGE ALUMNI

The *Magazine* thanks all who donated to this past spring's appeal, helping us to bring you University and alumni news both in print and online. Those who gave \$50 or more received a deck of UChicago gargoyle-themed playing cards. To see some of illustrator Philip Cheaney's inspirations and drawings, or to make a gift and get your own deck, visit magazine.uchicago.edu/cards.

—Amy Braverman Puma

LETTERS

“... thought-provoking images and no cover lines, appealing to our readers’ sense of curiosity ...” (Editor’s Notes, Sept–Oct/11).

A library where the dust jackets are blank except for “thought-provoking images.” By appealing to students’ sense of curiosity, we can get them to read *all* the books.

And when e-mails are sent, no subject line. Of course, the first thing we all do when we read our e-mails is to go first to e-mails that have no subject line.

P.S. I see you inadvertently printed topics from the *Magazine* on its spine. If you’re going to keep your readers guessing, you will need to blank the spine too!

*Charles M. Cohon, MBA’05
Glenview, Illinois*

Scientific method 101

Although the profile of Stanton Friedman, SB’55, SM’56, (“Science? Fiction?” Sept–Oct/11) does not substantively address the issue of the existence of UFOs, its serious treatment of Friedman cannot help but lend some unwarranted credibility to his theses. Those theses are not accepted in the scientific community because he violates several fundamental rules of critical thinking in the way he uses phenomenology to support a theory.

First, when some phenomenon cannot be explained by what we currently know, we do not thereby gain a license to make up explanations for it out of

I look forward to seeing this principle applied to other aspects of University life.

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whole cloth. Speculations and imaginative hypotheses are a good place to start, but they must be rigorously investigated and established as facts before anyone can assert that some otherwise unexplained event in the sky equates to the proposition that UFOs are real.

Second, not being able to prove that something is false is not evidence that it is true. Third, given that a large number of unexplained phenomena have been observed, you cannot arbitrarily group the ones you wish into a subset; you either have to explain them all at once or one at a time. ... Grouping them is a circular exercise: the principal reason to group them in some way is to conjure up evidence for a thesis (such as UFOs exist) needed to justify the basis of grouping them. There is no reason to exclude the sock missing from your dryer as evidence of UFOs, if its absence can be explained by aliens in UFOs; most of us, however, look for more prosaic explanations, just as we should for lights in the sky.

Fourth, the attribution of things we fail to understand to the operation of an extraterrestrial intelligence lies at the root of religious thought, and amounts to a leap of faith, not a scien-

tific description of any aspect of material reality.

Fifth and finally, scientific explanations must not merely account for what we observe, but should indicate what else we might observe that we have never looked for. If UFOs are really out there in the abundance hypothesized by Friedman, there surely should be other consequences of their presence, more common and verifiable than an occasional visual experience, which some subject cannot personally grasp. For example, they should be all over our radar screens (you can’t have it both ways, saying that unexplained radar events are caused by UFOs, but that UFOs cannot be detected by our radar).

In sum, I suggest that there are things we don’t understand in our world, but there is not yet any valid or compelling link between that realization and the suggestion that UFOs have anything to do with them.

*Keith Backman, SB’69
Bedford, Massachusetts*

Foiled again

Nice to know I’m not the only alum with an aluminum foil hat.

*Sonja G. Foxe, AB’75
Chicago*

Science!

A refreshing and enlightening article on this dedicated man’s work; good to see it treated in a serious and thoughtful way. I have been hopeful that the publication of Leslie Kean’s book, *UFOs: Generals, Pilots, and Government Officials Go on the Record*, would be a catalyst for a more scientific approach of the topic of unidentified aerial phenomena, so I was surprised and delighted to read the Friedman profile. Thank you.

*Linda Paulus, AM’99
Grayslake, Illinois*

Fiction!

Aliens in flying saucers? If I write some books on fairies, will I get an eight-page article in the *Magazine* too? How about if I claim the earth is flat? (Really, walk outside, look around—looks flat! Who are you going to believe, know-it-all scientists or your own eyes?)

“Fusion! Every astronomer in the world knows that’s what powers stars,



PHOTO COURTESY STANTON FRIEDMAN

wander with UChicago



Turkey 2010



Amazon / Peru 2007



Alaska 2011

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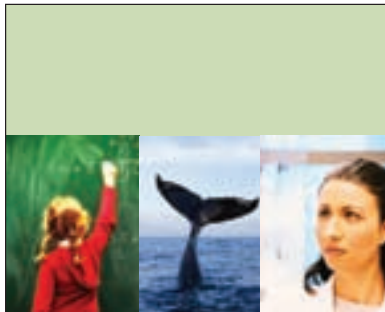
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but they never give a thought to using it for a propulsion system.”—Friedman Yes ... so on the first page, he betrays his complete lack of understanding of science and the scientific enterprise. ... We haven't proposed it as a propulsion system because we've never managed to get more energy *out* of fusion than we put *in*. But this is the holy grail of energy research and is why, for example, we spent billions of dollars on the National Ignition Facility.

“There were three signs that soon these Earthling idiots would be moving out into the galaxy: V-2 rockets, atomic bombs, and radar.”—Friedman Funny how the technology of his youth just *happens* to be the key to interstellar travel—except, you know, it isn't. Galactic distances are measured in kiloparsecs (~3,000 light years). This place is friggin' huge, and there's no way you can travel through it in any reasonable amount of time. The maximum speed of a V-2 rocket would get it to the *nearest* star in a bit over a million years. *Homo sapiens* have existed for what, 10 percent of that?

*David Syphers, AB'03
Boulder, Colorado*

Give the guy an MBA

Although Stanton Terry Friedman was a student in the Division of Physical Sciences, I urge Chicago Booth to grant him an honorary MBA in recognition of his entrepreneurial and marketing skills, as demonstrated by his ability to earn a comfortable living promulgating nonsense for some four decades.

*Peter Pesch, SB'55, SM'56, PhD'60
Beachwood, Ohio*

Waiting for SETI

I found the article on Stanton Friedman most interesting. Friedman mentions Carl Sagan's (AB'54, SB'55, SM'56, PhD'60) disinclination to credit his “evidence” for UFOs. Although Sagan was, at least as an undergraduate, full of stories suggesting that alien visits had occurred several times over the centuries, I believe he wanted no hint of kookiness associated with his own work, and he was willing to wait for testable scientific evidence, e.g., via SETI, of extraterrestrial intelligence.

*Roger Kelley, AB'54
San Jose, California*



Photographic memories

I enjoyed reading Jason Kelly's “Lost and Found” (Sept–Oct/11); however, I enjoyed the accompanying photographs even more and believe Mr. Fourcher and his son, Mike, are owed a debt of gratitude. The photos have special meaning for me because I grew up in the West Side neighborhood during that period and recognized many friends, relatives, and places shown.

I was in my junior year in high school when these pictures were taken. My mother, who was in one of the photos on page 63 [*and above*—Ed.], which showed her reaching for an unknown child, gave my sister and me to our great-grandparents years earlier when we were infants. My great-grandparents raised us, along with their ten grandchildren, because their one child passed away due to complications related to the birth of her last child. We all lived in a three-bedroom apartment on the corner of Damen and Washburne, which was within a few blocks of most of the locations shown in Fourcher's photographs.

As the article correctly pointed out, having a camera for most of us living in that neighborhood was a luxury few could afford. Indeed, my great-grandmother and great-grandfather died in 1968 and 1972, respectively, and no one has any photographs of them. I saw photos of the first two grade schools I attended that were torn down before I finished high school; other than my mother, the friends and relatives shown in these pictures are dead. The photographs taken by Mr. Fourcher provided an opportunity to go back in time to see and remember some of the people and places I thought I would never see again. Looking at these photographs was important because the thoughts and memories I experienced—good and bad—were very therapeutic.

*Melvin Houston, MBA'79
Detroit*

PHOTO BY LOU FOURCHER



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LETTERS



Shades, please

Sunlight is bad for books and worse for the human skin (“Librodome,” Sept–Oct/11). And I had thought after the disaster of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris every librarian and architect would avoid such folly.

*Michael Andre, AM’69
New York*

James Vaughan, the Library’s assistant director for access and facilities, responds: The impact of sunlight on both books and people was carefully considered as the Mansueto Library was designed. The books are stored underground, away from any sunlight. To protect books and people under the dome, high-performance Low E glass was used, which filters out 99 percent of the light’s UV rays, rejects 73 percent of solar heat gain, and filters out 50 percent of the visible light. In addition, a ceramic frit pattern, applied to all the glass above 13 feet 6 inches, opacifies 57 percent of the glass area, increasing the values above.

Engineering redux

Congratulations on the excellent profile in your Sept–Oct/11 issue of Ned Seeman, SB’66, and his pioneering of DNA nanotechnology (“Crystal Method”). One thing the author neglected to mention, though, is that despite the rather grim-faced photo of Ned, he is a really great guy.

Since nanotechnology is closely related to molecular engineering, let me add that I am very glad to see from this

issue that the University is making excellent progress in developing the Institute for Molecular Engineering. But it is too bad that President Zimmer’s remarks on the institute (On the Agenda, Sept–Oct/11) refer to “the long-standing position of the University against having engineering.” This is a myth, though a widespread and remarkably persistent one. As Robert J. Storr documents in his book *Harper’s University* (University of Chicago Press, 1966), Harper felt strongly that the University needed an engineering school and tried unsuccessfully to obtain funding from John D. Rockefeller and through a possible merger with the Armour Institute of Technology (now the Illinois Institute of Technology).

In Max Mason’s brief presidency a merger with the Armour Institute was again investigated but rejected since funds would not have been adequate to create an engineering school of the same quality as the rest of the University. Ten years into Robert Maynard Hutchins’s presidency there was a chance for a substantial donation for an engineering school, and it was vigorously pursued, though the money ultimately went to Northwestern for reasons too complex to summarize here.

In brief, at least through the Hutchins administration, the University repeatedly sought funding for an engineering school. At no time in this period—and as far as I know, though I haven’t examined more recent archival records, at no time since then—did the University take a position against engineering; it was always a matter of inadequate funds.

*Robert Michaelson, SB’66, AM’73
Evanston, Illinois*

Boldly bowdlerizing

You’ve got to be f—ing kidding: a magazine from an institution of higher learning censors the word “n—r” when quoting one of this country’s icons (Course Work, “Counter Culture,” Sept–Oct/11)?

*Philip Rogers, AB’86
Oak Park, Illinois*

Our use of a dash to split the word “n—r” in Muhammad Ali’s famous quote, as we did with this letter, follows AP Style guidelines for “obscenities, profanities, vulgarities,” which is cross-referenced with “nationalities and races.”—Ed.

At no time did the University take a position against engineering; it was always a matter of inadequate funds.

Press the flesh

I received my copy of the Sept–Oct/11 *U of C Magazine* and was very impressed with the new format.

I was, however, appalled when I saw the picture on page 18 of Dr. Allen Anderson, cardiologist and associate professor in the medical school, depicted examining the chest of his patient, Mr. Darryl Williams, with a stethoscope through his clothes (“Triple Transplant,” *UChicago Journal*, Sept–Oct/11). I am sure that my teachers at the U of C medical school would turn over in their graves if they saw this. From the first day of physical diagnosis training, medical students are taught to examine patients on bare skin and especially not to auscultate through clothing. I am sure that Dr. Anderson would draw and quarter a medical student or house officer if he observed him/her examining patients through their clothing.

This picture does not serve the Pritzker School of Medicine well, though the story is a great one.

*Howard R. Engel, AB’51, SB’54,
MD’55
South Bend, Indiana*

Dictionary dig

Correction: pottery fragments are called sherds, not shards (“Shards Unseen,” *UChicago Journal*, Sept–Oct/11). Shards are made of glass.

*Jennifer Muslin, AM’02
Buffalo, New York*

We used Merriam-Webster’s second definition of shard: “or sherd: fragment of pottery vessels found in sites and in refuse deposits where pottery-making peoples have lived.”—Ed.

He digs it

["Shards Unseen"] is a really terrific piece—a U of C Peace Corps volunteer writing up brilliantly the archaeological work of a U of C grad student

colored with the history of the place, the work being done, and the people both native and visitor (UChicago Journal, Sept–Oct/11). Well done, *U of C Magazine*. Well done.

Daniel Lake
Rochester Hills, Michigan

Differing definitions of “squeeze”

We know that median wages for individuals have declined or stagnated, so the growth seen here is from new workers entering the market (i.e., families adding another worker) or from government subsidies (“On the Up and Up,” UChicago Journal, Sept–Oct/11).

That doesn’t mean that the middle class isn’t being squeezed; it means that the response to the middle class being squeezed is adding more workers, relying on government subsidies, and dramatically expanding credit. As for the credit, as the author says, “If people are overspending their means, then eventually they’re going to underspend when they pay back debts or when they can no longer borrow.” In other words, they’re delaying another part of the squeeze for later. And those are just the obvious problems with the argument. It’s a great example of how little economists are aware of social context. It’s astounding that this counts as academic work. Also, the *Magazine* should label the chart as “household income.” It is misleading as it is.

David Schalliol, AM’04
Chicago

We used Meyer’s labels on our graph.—Ed.

Seems squeezed to him

With no little irony, the last issue—which featured Steven Yaccino’s review of Meyer’s paper on a healthy middle class—arrived the same day as the Census Bureau released its report on poverty. Meyer, using his calculations to readjust inflation, found a rise in incomes, while the Census Bureau data reported a poverty rate of 15.1 percent—the highest since 1993—and 46.2 million Americans are now in poverty, the highest in 52 years of data. I cannot comment on Meyer’s methodology for recalculating incomes, but there are some key variables in this argument that were either briefly discussed or not discussed at all.

Using Census Bureau percentiles from 1989 to 2004, the bottom four

quintiles of household incomes rose by single-digit percentages, while Federal Reserve data for the same period shows household debt rose by triple-digit percentages. Thus, stagnant incomes were augmented with precipitous increases in debt.

Meyer states that if people live beyond their means, “then eventually they’re going to underspend when they pay back debts or when they can no longer borrow.” Meyer is certainly correct, but this understates the situation’s seriousness. That debt must be repaid or defaulted on. If it is repaid (assuming no new debt, no job losses, no income declines), at present debt levels the economy will remain depressed for years. If households default, this places enormous pressure on banks’ balance sheets. With the magnitude of household debt, more banks will have to fail or be rescued. Neither scenario is welcoming.

We should be concerned over the disappearance of middle-class wealth. While Meyer points to the increase in a home’s square footage, this says nothing about the declining value of those homes, and home values create the bulk of middle-class wealth.

In this post-Boskin Commission era, inflation has likely increased more than officially reported, and the CPI assumes consumption is paid for with cash, not debt. There is no accounting for households paying interest on debt, and this creates a further tightening of budgets.

The solution is not to increase welfare, for individuals or corporations. Both have grown markedly, and the results speak for themselves. Rather, the only remaining solution is to drive healthy increases in self-employment. Even this is fraught with peril. Where will a middle class, with declining wealth, find the capital to launch businesses?

More details can be found in *The Vanishing Middle*, at www.scribd.com/doc/28770886/the-vanishing-middle.

E. L. Beck, AM’07
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Who really pays it back

Looking at Bruce Meyer’s data, I draw some different conclusions: (1) The increases he emphasizes mostly occurred between 1980 and 2000. (2) From 2000 to ’09, increases must have



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LETTERS

come from lower taxes and increased benefits, since pretax income shows little rise. This corresponds to and explains the years of large government budget deficits when Bush was president. (3) It took people in the 2000s many years to realize they should not increase their own consumption more than their income increased.

The statement “It all evens out when ... they pay back debts” is misleading. *They* didn’t pay back the debts. *We* did when they defaulted! It is also worth considering what psychologists know: most people judge how “well” they are doing by comparing to others. That the upper class increased their income far more than the middle class during the years of the graph is certainly relevant. During that period, for example, the ratio of CEO pay to that of an average worker went from 35 to about 300. How can it be that “it doesn’t look like we’re going to leave [our kids] declining or worse living standards” when the income increase in the chart averages 1.4 percent per year for 30 years, but the tuition at the University of Chicago and other universities goes up far faster than that?

Douglas Duncan (former faculty)
Boulder, Colorado

Bruce Meyer, the McCormick Foundation professor in the Harris School of Public Policy Studies, responds: There is much more detail in the full paper that explains the full results and offers some qualifications.

One should keep in mind the dis-

We are more likely to have two-earner families now, but couples spend less time cleaning their homes and cooking than in the past, so the leisure of families has increased.

inction between secular trends and cyclical events. The last few years have been terrible for many families, as we have been in a severe cyclical downturn even though the longer term trend in income and consumption is favorable for both the middle class and the poor.

In terms of earnings (which the *Magazine* article does not cover), over the past 30 years there have been substantial increases in family earnings. True, some of the rise is due to more workers in the family. But this doesn’t explain the entire increase. The earnings of full-time working men, properly adjusted for inflation, has grown considerably. The earnings growth of men since the late 1990s has been very slow, but growth in the preceding few years was so steep that the changes since 1990 or 1995 are substantial. Earnings of women working full time have risen much faster than men. We are more likely to have two-earner families now, but couples spend much less time cleaning their homes and cooking than in the past, so that the leisure of families has increased.

In terms of inequality, while there have been sharp increases in the incomes for the top one percent and beyond, earnings inequality through the bulk of the distribution has increased only slightly in the last 20 years. Since 1990, the ratio of consumption at the 90th percentile to that at the 10th has risen only slightly, and consumption of the 10th percentile has risen relative to the median.

The discussion of people overspending their means is to point out the advantages of looking at consumption, i.e., spending on rent and food and the value of other goods and services consumed. Consumption is a more direct measure of well-being than income—it captures how people are living their lives. Consumption will provide some information on whether a family has their financial affairs in order, but income will not. Consumption at the median rose steadily until 2008 and has fallen since. For some groups we see a consumption drop that is greater than the income drop, reflecting declining assets, repaying debts, or reduced access to credit.

Reel memory

My favorite memory of a Doc projectionist’s dedication was the night Abby

got her long red hair caught in the take-up reel (“Booth School,” *UChicago Journal*, Sept–Oct/11). To prevent either losing a hunk of hair or stopping the movie, she sat through that reel carefully following the reel round and round with her head. This would have been about 1970—those 16mm years.

Jim Jubak, AB’72
New York

An alum goes clubbing

Doc Film was the first club I joined on campus in 1963, then Vista, Folklore Society, SNCC, SDS (if you don’t know what these are, go to a Doc Film showing of *Rebel with a Cause*).

Steve Goldsmith, AB’66
Torrance, California



Round Table memories

The item about the radio program *Round Table* (*Original Source*, *UChicago Journal*, Sept–Oct/11) reminds me of an incident that occurred during the mid-1950s. At that time the Malayan peninsula, part of the British Empire, was being gobbled up by Communist insurgents. A *Round Table* session was set up to discuss the situation. The roundtablers were Hans Morgenthau, the very distinguished professor of political science and international relations, and Norton Ginsburg AB’41, AM’47, PhD’49, then a junior member of the Geography Department faculty, with George Probst, AB’39, AM’55, as moderator. Norton, who was my good friend and colleague, had as one of his specialties the geography of Southeast Asia. He went on to a chairmanship and deanship at U of C and to a distinguished career of his own.

Before going on the air, they held a discussion to determine the limits within which the group would operate. The other two turned to Ginsburg, so he could sketch out how the situation was developing. Norton said that things were going in Malaya like a slow meat



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LETTERS

grinder, but if the insurgents crossed the Isthmus of Kra, it would be a brand-new, losing, ball game. The Isthmus of Kra? Ginsburg explained that it is the narrow neck of the peninsula. After a bit of talk it was decided that the Isthmus of Kra would not be mentioned, as that involved a fair amount of technical explanation, and since this was radio, not TV, it would be difficult to bring the audience up to speed.

So the broadcast began, and at one point the discussion slowed down. Sketching the possible scenario became difficult. And then, in his inimitable, guttural German accent, Morgenthau said, “Uff course, if zey crross ze Isthmus of Krraa ...” The three of them stopped in midflight, clutched their sides, and sat helpless with silent laughter. They managed to contain themselves, and the listeners must have wondered what was going on while about 30 seconds of dead air passed.

Robert J. Wolfson, SB’47, AM’50,
PhD’56
Forest Hills, New York

Redesign reax

You are probably receiving many comments like this, but I hate the new format. It looks like you were trying to economize, and you should have just admitted that cost savings was the reason for changes.

Problem number one is that the print is just too small to read comfortably. Did you test the print size with anyone over 45?

Problem number two is the pink paper in the Alumni News section. It

looks cheap, and the print is also way too small. If you had just said we are using recycled paper to economize and be responsible, I would be happier.

Presenting the changes as a needed style update does not make me happy with your decisions.

Naomi Goring, AB’66
Sneads Ferry, North Carolina

The uncoated pink paper is not recycled, nor is recycled paper less expensive than unrecycled paper. Our paper is, however, certified by the Sustainable Forestry Initiative.—Ed.

Give it an A

It’s great! Unique! Far superior!

Christopher Fama, U-High’81,
MBA’91
Chicago

Give it a C-minus

The editor writes, “For the *University of Chicago Magazine*, it was time for a makeover. When we last redesigned in 2002, styles were different, and nine years later our need for an update showed (Editor’s Notes, Sept–Oct/11).” I thought the University stands for substance rather than style. Congratulations on inventing New Coke.

Stephen Casner (parent)
Fort Lee, New Jersey

No small quibble

The font on the redesigned *Magazine* is too small for aging eyes.

David Sudermann, AM’67, PhD’73
Northfield, Minnesota

Thanks to all who wrote in about the Magazine’s redesign. The complaint we received the most was that the new font is too small. The actual height of the letters has not changed, but we have reduced the leading, or the amount of space between lines of type. Art Director Guido Men-

I thought the University stands for substance rather than style. Congratulations on inventing New Coke.

dez notes that most magazines use type that is too small, but readers only notice when there has been a change. Pentagram partner Luke Hayman responds that too-small type “is the main complaint we get with every redesign, including those where we increase the size.” We appreciate the feedback and will continue to track reader responses.—Ed.

Who put the U in UChicago?

Congratulations on the new the *University of Chicago Magazine*. It’s not as shocking as the transition from U of C to UChicago, but impressive nonetheless. Content continues to impress too.

Maurice S. Mandel, AB’56, AB’57
Port Washington, New York

The change to UChicago has been tricky for us too, but we’ve come to see its value. The University picked up on what current students and recent graduates are saying, which reflects the University’s website, uchicago.edu. Plus UChicago better distinguishes us from the city, from UC–Berkeley, and from UIC.—Ed.

Please include pleas

You invited comments on the new look of the *Magazine*, so here’s mine: The new format is fine and the contents stimulating as always, but one thing is missing. In 100 pages (including the covers) one can learn how to connect via various social media and e-mail lists; enroll at the Graham School (twice); attend various events; order books; register for tours; and even invest in the endowment fund, but there is never a comment, a column, or a card inviting contributions to the University itself. What is in the *Magazine* would surely tempt potential donors and encourage those already giving to increase their commitments. Why is the *Magazine* so reluctant to do what just about every nonprofit I know of and receive publications from does, which is simply to request a contribution? As someone who has made a modest but regular



BLAST FROM THE PAST

For years my husband and I have been receiving the *Magazine*. Often there are articles we would like to read. But the brown paper and invisible ink keeps putting us off. Neither of us has ever read more than a bit here and there. It is too frustrating to try to focus on type just barely distinguishable from the gloom surrounding it.

Isabella McClaughlin Stephens, AM’41,
in the May–June 1972 issue

annual donation just about every year since graduation many decades ago, I would like to see the University recruit others to do so as well, and where better than in the one attractive publication that reaches everyone?

Daniel Mann, AB'52
Bethesda, Maryland

The University asks alumni and friends for contributions many times during the year, in mailings, in e-mails, in phone calls. The Magazine, like the publications produced by individual schools and divisions, is seen as a gift, not an ask. We hope readers enjoy it and that it helps to maintain an ongoing relationship with the University. Please note that there are ads soliciting gifts for specific programs. Give to the University at give.uchicago.edu.—Ed.

Another view of Soviet art

I thoroughly enjoyed “Illustrated Ideology” (July–Aug/11), which describes and depicts art in children’s books from the Soviet Union. However, I found myself to some extent in disagreement with its conclusions. The article seems to maintain that the art of Soviet-era children’s literature shifted from experimental and avant-garde in the 1930s to a realistic, government-mandated style that became standardized in the 1940s under Stalin, or, as noted on the cover, that Soviet-era children’s book illustrations shifted from fanciful to prescriptive.

But as I looked at the illustrations, and compared the illustrations from the 1930s to those from the 1940s, it seemed that such a distinction was not fully supported by the art that accompanied the article. Some of the illustrations from the 1930s seemed not only abstract but rather authoritarian and lacking in the human touch, while some from the 1940s seemed both human and humane, and illustrated children defining their own lives and confidently enjoying their culture. What’s not to like about gentle, people-friendly illustrations from Soviet children’s books of the 1940s, like the illustration of children enjoying New Year’s that appears near the middle of the article? Perhaps it’s partly a matter of selection, as I have not seen the Special Collections Research Center exhibit that is referred to in the article.

Caroline Herzenberg, SM'55, PhD'58
Chicago

Breast might be best

Ruth Kott’s (AM’07) article about Joan Wolf’s (AM’92, PhD’97) book *Is Breast Best? Taking on the Breastfeeding Experts and the New High Stakes of Motherhood* brings up important questions about women as mothers in the 21st century, and I share her fundamental concern about women’s decision making (“Mother’s Milk,” Arts & Sciences, July–Aug/11). But I think she sets up a false argument.

Stating that “much of the research” on breast-feeding is flawed, Kott points to studies from the past 20 years that are not well controlled or have other methodological flaws. Yet she ignores a vast body of high-quality research which includes extensive meta-analyses of randomized controlled trials—such as a report prepared by an expert panel led by Stanley Ip for the Agency for Healthcare Research and Quality. Such research establishes overwhelming evidence for the benefits of breast-feeding and the risks of *not* breast-feeding.

At the same time, it’s true that breast-feeding is profoundly personal, and is one of the most intimate physical relationships women can have. So I am in complete agreement with both Kott and Wolf that the choice to breast-feed must be the mother’s.

Women should never be made to feel inadequate about their choices in how to feed their babies, manage their time, or keep their jobs. Ultimately, parents do the best that they can for their children—but from a policy perspective, parents need support for this sometimes overwhelming task. As the executive director of HealthConnect One, I have worked for more than 25 years with mothers in the most desperate economic situations, and I know well the barriers both to choosing breast-feeding and to being successful.

Two years ago, HealthConnect One gathered low-income mothers to talk about infant feeding experiences. We found that mothers were angry they had not been given information on the value of breast-feeding. They were angry they didn’t have support in the hospital or in the community to continue breast-feeding. And they were highly motivated to work for change.

I think the issue is not really about the evidence base for the importance of breast-feeding, and it’s not about legis-

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2. Highly specific in activity or effect;
3. Who you are, who she is, how we search.

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LETTERS

lating a preference for breast-feeding. Public health policy should make *choosing* to breast-feed easier. We need policies, environments and practices that support successful breast-feeding, so that every mother has the informed and supported choice to breast-feed her baby, and the help she needs to be successful—on her own terms.

*Rachel Abramson
Chicago*

Global warming questions

I have followed the global-warming/climate-change story for years, especially as it impacts our energy future, and must admit I am not yet able to fully accept the theses of studies and projections such as those that appeared in “Smoke Signals” (Investigations, July–Aug/11).

The article states that because a computerized model of the atmosphere was developed, “1974 was the last time anybody who understood the subject could say there were too many uncertainties to take climate change seriously.” When I was an experimental physicist working for the University of Chicago/Argonne National Laboratory on energy programs in the 1970s, we always considered theories and computer models to be hypothetical until verified, or proven by definitive measurements or observations.

I am not aware of any empirical evidence that can definitely prove that anthropological sources of CO₂ in our atmosphere generate a significant

greenhouse effect leading to climate change. The measurements I am aware of—namely meteorological weather balloons released to the atmosphere around the world every day—do not measure a significant warming effect as they pass through the CO₂ collection zone (*The Great Global Warming Swindle*, directed by Martin Durkin, 2007). This is in direct contradiction to the computer models used for climate-change predictions. Hence my difficulty in taking climate-change models seriously. If there are sources of data that do in fact directly verify the model’s calculations, I would greatly appreciate someone pointing them out to me.

Otherwise I wonder if climate change is another example of dangerous “science groupthink” à la Lee Smolin and *The Trouble with Physics*.

*Edward Bohn, MBA’76
Seahurst, Washington*

Raymond T. Pierrehumbert, the Louis Block professor in geophysical sciences and in the College, responds: I would have hoped that a University graduate such as Mr. Bohn would get his information from the peer-reviewed scientific literature and not from sensationalized television pieces such as the one he refers to. In fact the scientific results that had accumulated by 1974 were not “just a model.” Rather the model was the embodiment of a vast array of laboratory and field measurements that confirmed the fundamental premises first put forth by Arrhenius regarding the connection between CO₂ emissions and global climate disruption. Mr. Bohn can read about some of the basic physics in my January 2011 *Physics Today* article or, better, through the peer-reviewed papers collected in our book, *The Warming Papers*.

I will also take this opportunity to respond to Richard Janzow, MBA’63, whose letter in the Sept–Oct/11 issue claims that the smokestack picture accompanying the original article was misleading. In this, Mr. Janzow is echoing the laughable claim made in a coal-industry campaign to the effect that CO₂ is not pollution (“We call it LIFE!”). Many naturally occurring substances which are in fact essential to life become pollutants when they are present in excessive quantities; this is the case for nitrates and phos-

phates from agricultural runoff which cause dead zones in the Gulf of Mexico, and this is the case for CO₂ which causes dangerous warming when too much enters the atmosphere (and dangerous acidification when this works its way into the ocean). Insofar as most smoke you see from smokestacks originates in burning of fossil fuels, it is fair to say that “where there’s smoke there’s CO₂.”

Calling all politicians

I graduated U-High in ’49 and the College in ’52. One huge enriching and engrossing experience on the campus for me was Student Government and its related activities: elections, sessions, working for fair housing, combatting newspaper censorship, contending with very contentions views about national and international events. A campus-wide delegation to Springfield to testify and lobby against some threatened anti-free-speech legislation is still memorable.

I have often wondered how many of those campus “politicos” remained politically active in their adulthood. Yes, I know about Sandy Levin, AB’52. How many others?

In hopes of inspiring acts of personal responsibility as our homeland empire collapses, do check out 48south7th.org/6-NapalmLadies.html.

*Joyce (Ellman) McLean, U-High’49,
AB’52*

Los Gatos, California

Department of corrections

In On the Agenda (Sept–Oct/11), we mistyped the name of the Consortium on School Research. In Original Source (Sept–Oct/11), we mangled Neil Verma’s title. Verma is a Harper fellow and collegiate assistant professor in the humanities. We regret the errors.

The University of Chicago Magazine welcomes letters about its contents or about the life of the University. Letters for publication must be signed and may be edited for space, clarity, and civility. To provide a range of views and voices, we encourage letter writers to limit themselves to 300 words or fewer. Write: Editor, The University of Chicago Magazine, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1000, Chicago, IL 60611. Or e-mail: uchicago-magazine@uchicago.edu.

Many naturally occurring substances which are in fact essential to life become pollutants when they are present in excessive quantities.

The business of Booth

MAGAZINE EDITOR AMY BRAVERMAN PUMA INTERVIEWS
CHICAGO BOOTH SCHOOL OF BUSINESS DEAN SUNIL KUMAR.

PUMA Chicago Booth is a big school on campus, with 3,500 total students. How do you see the business school's relationship with the University's other schools and divisions?

KUMAR It's crucial that Chicago Booth have a symbiotic relationship with the rest of the University.

It's important not to have just joint programs but also collaboration at all levels. Members of our faculty collaborate with colleagues all over campus. The most obvious example is with the economics department, but members of our faculty participate in research programs and initiatives across departments. Examples are the Becker Friedman Institute for Research in Economics and the Energy Policy Institute at Chicago, which has faculty from the Harris School as well as Chicago Booth. We also have good ties with the Law School.

Another example is our Chicago Careers in Business program with the College, in which third- and fourth-years can take courses at the business school and earn a certificate. Like the College's other preprofessional Chicago Careers In... programs, it forms a complement—not a substitute—for the fundamental liberal-arts education provided in the College. It is important to learn to think. It's also important to practice thinking on certain immediately relevant topics.

P Is Chicago Booth's role different during a slow economy than in boom times?

K No. We prepare students for the rest of their career, not for the coming year or the coming four years. While it is harder during challenging economic



After 14 years at Stanford, in January 2011 Kumar became Chicago Booth's dean and George Pratt Shultz professor of operations management.

times for our students to get their first job, employers understand the value of a Booth degree, and they understand the talent pool that we have. So in these challenging times it's important to make sure our students take the jobs that fully realize their aspirations rather than necessarily the first offer they get.

P How do Chicago Booth faculty members get their ideas out to the world?

K The 1967 Kalven Report basically says the University does not take a position on things, but its faculty members do. That's not to be interpreted as a license to disengage from public debate but as a charge to provide the best possible platform for faculty members to disseminate their ideas. So we try to provide as many forums as possible. For example, we have a branded column with *Bloomberg Businessweek* called Business Class. Faculty op-eds also appear in leading newspapers around the world.

The television studio [to open this winter at the Harper Center] offers another platform for faculty members to

speaking out on relevant issues. It also has a pragmatic side: Hyde Park doesn't have a TV studio, and networks find it easier to do interviews where there is one. Many of our faculty members already appear as experts on various networks, and I suspect the studio's presence will have what economists call a supply-side response. Faculty members—from Chicago Booth and around the University—will be used more because it's easier for the networks to get to them.

P You've been conducting a strategic review of Chicago Booth's global programs. What is your goal?

K Chicago Booth has a substantial global footprint. We have campuses in London and Singapore, where we offer executive-MBA programs, and we do nondegree executive education in many countries outside the United States. We have a large alumni base in 116 countries. And most importantly, our programs in Hyde Park attract students from many countries. Last year 22 percent of our graduating class took its first job outside the United States. Given this, we want to make sure that we are doing the best we can with respect to our engagement with the rest of the world on all these dimensions: that we attract the best talent and that we influence and train current and future leaders around the world.

Our faculty members have substantial research interests outside the United States, and it is essential that the school support this research. The University of Chicago Center in Beijing and the proposed center in India will help support faculty research in those regions. They will also help us with our nondegree executive-education programs, in which we train and influence high-level managers in these countries.

P What's different about Chicago Booth's overseas programs compared with its peer institutions?

K There are many approaches: Harvard and Stanford, for example, do not have any degree programs outside the United States. However they do nondegree executive education and support research, just as we do. Kellogg partners with some schools to run joint programs. We don't partner. We offer degree programs outside the United States, but we use our Chicago-based faculty. This ensures a certain uniformity of experience and very high quality. We don't want to sacrifice quality to expand. ♦



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LAW

No truck with that

A Law School clinic wants to remove the restrictions on Chicago's mobile chefs.

PHOTO BY CHRIS STRONG

Matt Maroni wanted to be the chef, and chauffeur, of his own food truck. In early 2010 he started researching the business and discovered several restrictions in Chicago law.

For example, vendors who sell food from trucks and carts in the city must park at least 200 feet from restaurants and cannot serve food before 10 a.m. or after 10 p.m. In addition, the food must be prepackaged rather than cooked in the vehicles.

Maroni pressed on, opening the food truck Gaztro-Wagon in 2010. He visits different locations around the city every day, which he announces via Twitter or text message, selling food prepared in an Edgewater storefront. Maroni also became an activist, establishing chicagofoodtrucks.com to push for fewer obstacles.

He convinced his alderman to introduce an ordinance that Maroni wrote to allow on-site food preparation.

“From the beginning it was just about me being able to get a food truck,” Maroni says, “and it just mushroomed into something bigger than I ever imagined.”

In August the Law School’s Institute for Justice Clinic on Entrepreneurship joined Maroni’s cause, launching My Streets! My Eats!, a campaign to ease the restrictions. Although the clinic backs the ordinance, under city-council committee review in October, it supports even farther-reaching proposals. “We’re hoping that it’s only one stepping stone in our progression toward the ultimate goal,” says clinic director **Beth Milnikel**, “which is making sure that Chicago is open for street food.”

Chicago’s restrictions are not unusual—45 of the 50 largest cities in the United States, the clinic says on its website, “put real barriers in the way of street vendors.” Regulations include “no-vending zones” in 33 cities that prohibit sales in downtown areas or around stadiums. Twenty cities prevent mobile sales near restaurants with similar offerings and 19 limit how long a food truck can stay in one place.

At the same time, as the *Economist* noted last year, mobile vending has become a bigger and better business. “Portland, Austin, San Francisco, and

New York have thriving Twitter-driven food-truck scenes,” the magazine reported. Proponents of establishing a similar scene in Chicago see it as a matter of entrepreneurial freedom. Opponents raise public-health concerns over food-preparation conditions, sanitation issues from the trash the sellers and customers generate, and the economic threat to brick-and-mortar restaurants.

Maroni says the perception and reality of mobile eateries as “roach coaches” have changed, and the proposed ordinance includes food-safety requirements. The law would require mobile vendors to use a commissary to be licensed. Those commissaries would have their own licenses and be subject to inspection. Supplies from the commissaries could then be used in the trucks for on-site preparation.

The existing laws have not deterred some Chicago chefs. Phillip Foss runs the Meatyballs Mobile, a “silly and cute name” for a truck with serious menu selections, including “beef short ribs mixed with blue cheese with Waldorf accompaniments, radicchio marmalade, celery, apple, candied walnuts,” he says in a My Streets! My Eats! video.

Foss says that confusion about the law has led to run-ins with police. Tamale vendor Claudia Gonzalez has

received several tickets, and her son, who helps her with the business, has been arrested.

Street vendors, says the clinic’s Milnikel, shouldn’t be “terrified that they’ll be arrested for selling tamales to their neighbors.”

—Elizabeth Brandon

PHYSICS

Accelerator brakes

High-energy physics experiments at Fermilab’s groundbreaking Tevatron have run their course.

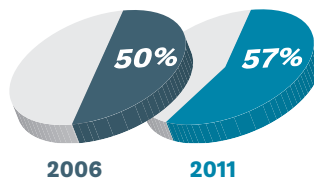
After 26 years of smashing together subatomic pieces, researchers at the University-run Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory powered down the Tevatron particle accelerator September 30.

Ever since the Large Hadron Collider (LHC), a more powerful accelerator at CERN, began running experiments in 2010, word had spread that the Tevatron’s days were numbered. Then, in early January, a tweet from Harvard

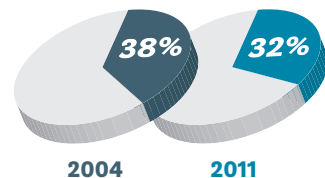
FIG. 1 AFTER THE ATTACKS

Ten years later, the 9/11 attacks remain deeply present in the minds of Americans. The first report from a partnership between the Associated Press and the University-based National Opinion Research Center compares the opinions of 1,087 adults polled this past summer with surveys from 2002–06. The initial shock has worn away, but more Americans now say 9/11 has affected their lives. While fewer people report feeling scared, more are willing to use torture to fight terrorism, and more say they’ve lost some “personal freedoms.”—Mitchell Kohles, '12

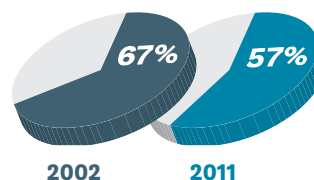
People who feel 9/11 has affected their lives:



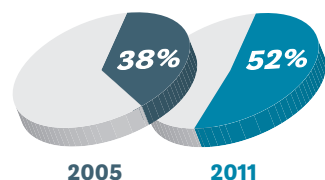
People who are scared of being a terrorist victim:



People who are angry about having to fight the war on terror:



People who feel the use of torture against suspected terrorists is justified:





For more than two decades, Fermilab's particle accelerator Tevatron was a smashing success.

physicist Lisa Randall leaked the news that signaled the official end of the once-dominant collider. “Very sad,” Randall wrote on Twitter. “Tevatron will be turned off at end of year.”

The Tevatron's reign in high-energy research ended almost two years ago. Researchers at CERN, situated on the Franco-Swiss border, used their new collider to break the Tevatron's energy-collision record in March 2010. The LHC will soon produce collisions with seven times the energy of those achieved by the Tevatron.

Yet the two colliders were complements rather than rivals—LHC collides two proton beams together, while the Tevatron smashed protons into anti-protons—and experiments at one built upon the discoveries at the other. Without the Tevatron, it may even take CERN scientists longer to verify the existence of the Higgs boson, the final particle predicted by the Standard Model of physics, which attempts to explain how everything in the universe works.

So the Tevatron's closing ceremonies at Fermilab both mourned its loss

and celebrated its role in getting high-energy physics this far. “This was all part of the plan,” says **Young-Ke Kim**, a Chicago physics professor and deputy director of Fermilab. Kim was part of the team that found the top quark in 1995, the sixth and final of the quarks.

Quarks, elementary particles that combine to form protons and neutrons, come in pairs. When Fermilab researchers demonstrated the existence of the bottom quark in 1977, an international race was on to find its counterpart top quark. By then **James Cronin**, SM'53, PhD'55, professor emeritus in physics and 1980 Nobel laureate, had been leading a group to determine how to generate and study high-energy collisions. “There were five accelerators—in Japan, CERN, Germany, and the United States—whose primary goal was finding the top quark,” Kim says.

After the discovery, the Tevatron continued to lead high-energy physics, finding four baryons (particles made up of three quarks) and the tau neutrino (near-zero-mass particles that

travel close to, and possibly beyond, the speed of light). “For quite a while we were really on top,” recalls Kim, “and everybody's focus was on us.”

Now the responsibility of finding the Higgs boson, the last puzzle piece, falls to the physicists at CERN. Researchers predict they will find the Higgs, which lends mass to all other particles, within the next few years. Meanwhile, Fermilab researchers continue to sift through data collected from past Tevatron experiments for evidence of the Higgs, or for signs that it might not exist after all.

The Tevatron's contributions reach beyond high-energy physics and into now-routine medical practices. The superconducting magnets used in MRI machines are the same ones required to steer the particle beams around Fermi's racetrack. In the Tevatron's early days, those magnets were incredibly expensive to produce—only a few hundred pounds of the required niobium-titanium wire were mined each year. Working with the mining and manufacturing indus-

tries, Fermilab scientists and engineers spurred large-scale extraction of the material and as a result made MRIs more affordable.

While scientists at CERN continue research on the high-energy frontier, there is still room for discoveries at Fermilab. The focus will shift to neutrino beams used in fixed-target experiments, and researchers will take advantage of the Tevatron's now quiet machinery. "There are a total of nine accelerators at Fermilab now," says Kim. "Four will be shut down, and three of these four will be reconfigured to boost the intensity of the neutrino and muon beams." Instead of speeding up the particle beams, researchers will work to produce the most particles possible, hoping to observe previously unseen interactions.

This past June Fermilab proposed Project X, a new accelerator complex that could run by 2020. Experiments would use high-intensity neutrino, muon, and kaon beams to probe long-standing questions about matter, energy, space, and time. They would also look for ways to safely run nuclear reactors using accelerators and to reduce the half-life of nuclear waste. "These things have to be studied and researched one by one," says Kim. "And Project X can do all of these things."

Ed Blucher, professor and chair in the physics department who has conducted research at the Tevatron, sees the shift in sociological terms. Big collider experiments, like those now happening at the LHC, produce data on several subfields simultaneously. As a result, CERN's collider draws huge numbers of PhD students and researchers—many Fermilab researchers have already moved there to continue their work. "It's like a faucet that several people can drink from at the same time." In contrast, Fermilab's new experiments are more focused and engage smaller groups of scientists.

Fermilab's challenge over the next ten to 15 years is to draw researchers and keep them, Blucher says. Yet particle physics can move almost as fast as an accelerated proton beam, and there's no telling how the next chapter will read. "Many of us hope that the next big accelerator will be built in this country," Blucher says, "and Fermilab would be the most likely place."

—*Mitchell Kohles, '12*



Gillis arrives at a Tripoli hotel May 18 after her release from Libyan custody.

JOURNALISM

A historian's first draft

Clare Gillis, AB'98, spent 44 days in captivity while working as a freelance journalist in Libya.

While on assignment in Libya this past April, reporter **Clare Gillis**, AB'98, heard that Gadhafi soldiers were closing in at 300 meters. Had she and her fellow journalists moved in another direction, even just 100 meters, they would have been fine.

Instead, within minutes they were under fire. Along with two other reporters, Gillis was taken prisoner and spent the next six weeks in captivity. A

photographer with them, South African Anton Hammerl, was shot and killed.

For Gillis, reporting from Libya just a few months after earning a Harvard PhD in medieval studies, the move from academe to war zone was a natural progression. Studying the Middle Ages led to an interest in Islamic culture, she says, and taught her about the historical issues that underlie conflicts like those in the Middle East.

Gillis brings to journalism a scholar's long view of how events unfold and beliefs evolve. Ideas like democracy and human rights emerge over centuries, she says. "It took the West 1,000 years to make good on any of those promises." In many other places, "people don't have any concept that these things exist."

Before she got her PhD, Gillis had doubts about plunging straight into academia, which she thought might

CITATIONS

IT'S NOT THE DESTINATION ...

Whether it's personal relationships, professional ambitions, or consumer products, the difficulty of the quest can enhance the perception of quality. Chicago Booth visiting professor **Aparna A. Labroo** and PhD student **Sarah Kim** identified the phenomenon in the June 21 *Journal of Consumer Research*. In the relationship category, undergraduate heterosexual men identified by the researchers as "smooth talkers" rated blurry photos of potential dates higher than clear images of the same woman. Labroo and Kim conclude that men who equated more effort with a better outcome preferred the hard-to-read photos.

Tsunami Breaks the Ice

The March earthquake and tsunami that struck Japan caused icebergs to break away from the Sulzberger Ice Shelf a hemisphere away. **Kelly Brunt**, PhD'08, a NASA cryosphere specialist at Goddard Space Flight Center, and colleagues linked the events in an August 8 *Journal of Glaciology* paper that marked the first direct observation of the connection between tsunamis and glacier formation. Brunt, Chicago geophysical-sciences professor

Douglas MacAyeal, and Northwestern University's Emile Okal identified several new icebergs, which formed twice the surface area of Manhattan, in satellite images just after the tsunami's sea swell reached Antarctica. The waves reached the ice shelf, about 8,000 miles from the epicenter, within 18 hours of the earthquake. Before the tsunami, the Sulzberger Ice Shelf had remained intact for 46 years.

Insurance Inhibitors

Heart-failure patients covered by Medicare or Medicaid have longer hospital stays and receive fewer life-saving treatments than those with private insurance. **John Kapoor**, clinical assistant professor of medicine, led a study that identified the disparities, published in the September 27 *Journal of the American College of Cardiology*. Among the 99,508 patients studied, the uninsured and those on Medicare and Medicaid were less likely to be treated with drugs like beta-blockers and ACE inhibitors or implantable monitors that deliver electric shocks. And Medicare patients were 22 percent more likely than the privately insured to die in the hospital. Kapoor and his

colleagues noted that they could not determine whether the differences were because of the therapies doctors chose or because low-income patients refused expensive treatments.

Behavioral Economics

When mothers lose their jobs, children suffer more than an economic impact. The associated stress often leads to lower grades and bad behavior in school. **Heather Hill**, assistant professor in the School of Social Service Administration, reports in the spring 2011 *Journal of Policy Analysis and Management* that young children's behavioral problems increase more than 40 percent when their mothers are out of work. Hill collected data from low-income women who found employment amid the 1990s welfare reforms. Many subsequently lost their jobs. The changing child-care arrangements and strained home lives, Hill says, "can lead to less nurturing and harsher parenting."

A Penguin Nose Knows

Sense of smell appears to be how birds distinguish between relatives and potential mates to avoid inbreeding. Research from the University and the Chicago Zoological Society, published September 21 in the



Penguins have the scents not to mate with siblings.

journal *PLoS ONE*, could help conservationists learn how to protect endangered species. In experiments at the Brookfield Zoo, **Heather Coffin**, AM'09; **Jill Mateo**, associate professor in comparative human development; and Jason Watters of the Chicago Zoological Society, found that penguins recognized familiar scents, suggesting that birds have a more developed sense of smell than previously believed. Living in large colonies where offspring return for nesting, penguin siblings count on scent to prevent mating, the study showed. Smell is also how monogamous pairs identify each other among thousands of penguins after one has been away for days foraging for food.—*Jason Kelly and Christina Pillsbury '13*

limit her freedom to explore. Journalism seemed like a good alternative. Reporters and historians both evaluate sources and their biases, Gillis says, and both fields require clear writing and carefully shaped conclusions based on evidence.

In November 2010, Gillis—who studied some Arabic during graduate school—traveled to the West Bank and filed several stories for the local Palestine News Network. After coming home for Christmas, she was planning to return to the West Bank when demonstrations in Tunisia ousted the country's president. Gillis thought maybe she'd go there. But in January, when massive antigovernment demonstrations broke out in Cairo, she changed

her mind. "I said, 'Forget Tunisia, I'm going to Egypt.'" She bought her plane ticket on January 25, the "day of rage," when government forces clashed violently with protesters.

Arriving in Cairo with no contacts but with a working knowledge of Arabic, Gillis witnessed the "totally unpredictable, totally spontaneous" revolution. "It was amazing to be able to see that up close and hear people tell their stories," she says. She cowrote an article for the *Boston Globe* and posted her photographs and reports to a blog she called *Here on the Ground*.

Then in mid-February the Libyan revolution erupted, and the borders along its Egyptian side opened. Gillis arranged a ride from Cairo with a med-

ical-aid convoy. Libya, she says, "occupies a completely imaginary space in the minds of non-Libyans, because nobody goes there." In this "no man's land," the rebels, she recalls, were "marvelously friendly" and frequently offered to drive her and other reporters to the front lines, training camps, or hospitals, and to serve as translators.

One morning over breakfast Gillis chatted with a *USA Today* staff writer who was being pulled back to Cairo. He said his editor needed somebody to "babysit" the story in Libya. She took the opportunity. A week later, in late March, Gadhafi's forces attacked protesters in the city of Benghazi. "OK, it's not babysitting the story anymore," Gillis told herself.

An artful life

Mandeep Bedi, AB'10, who died trying to help his injured wife, left a colorful legacy.

Elizabeth Bedi examined a half-grafted wall before using red spray-paint to recreate the tattoo that decorates her upper back—the name of her husband, Mandeep, written in Punjabi. Mandeep Bedi died August 25 from injuries sustained during a traffic incident a week earlier; September 1 on Bartlett Quad, friends gathered to decorate the wall, in honor of his senior thesis on American graffiti.

Elizabeth, a College fourth-year, and Mandeep, a sales intern at the University's IT Services Solutions Center, were driving to campus August 19. It's unclear exactly how circumstances unfolded, but according

Her dispatches appeared in *USA Today* and the *Atlantic*. Early on, Gillis mostly hung out in Benghazi, where generally, despite the “ubiquitous teenagers with Kalashnikovs,” there was no physical danger. Later she ventured out to the front lines, where she got “some insight into what was going on in Libya,” she says, unavailable inside the city. She met engineers, blacksmiths, and career army captains in the special forces, who fought side by side. Many had lost loved ones, some in the 1996 massacre at Tripoli's Abu Salim prison in which 1,200 prisoners were killed, others as recently as February 20 at the Benghazi Katiba, a massive military garrison, when the rebels overwhelmed it. That battle was a turning point in the uprising.

When Gillis saw the Katiba five days after it fell, it had become a “burnt-out hulk that people go and visit and scrawl graffiti and loot stuff.”

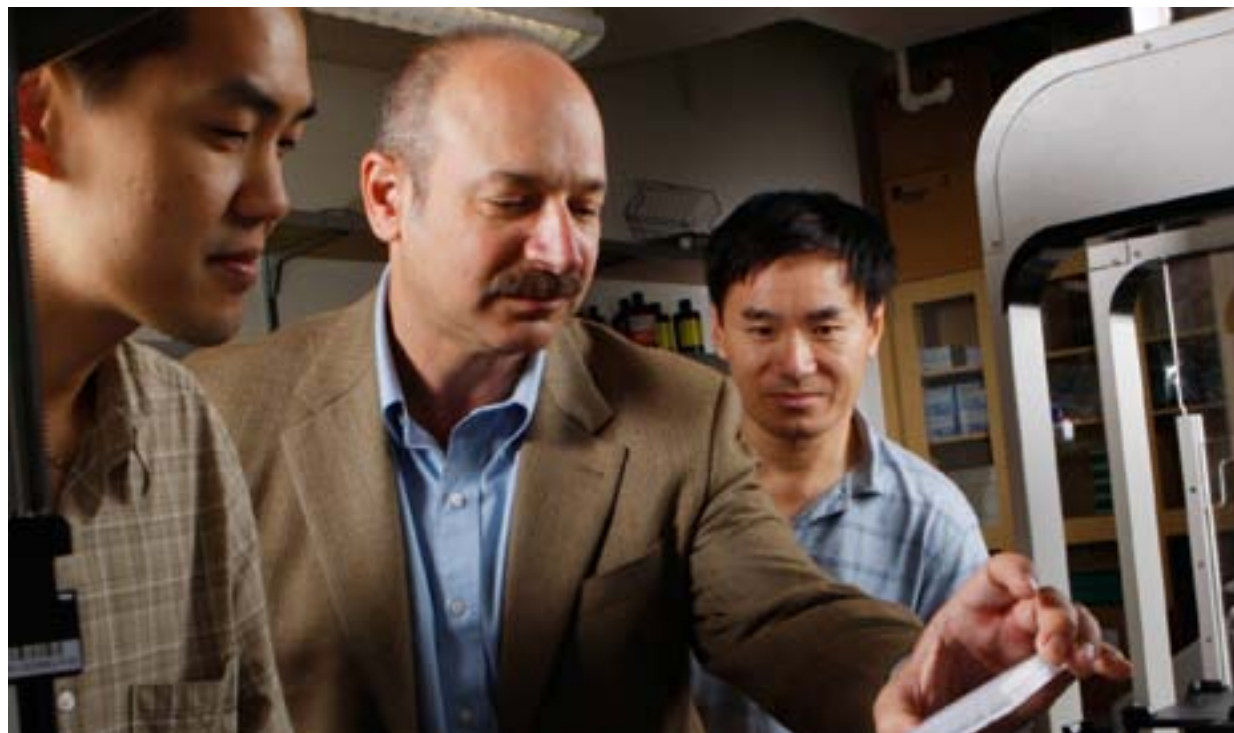
Gillis's ordeal as a prisoner of the Gadhafi regime began April 5, as she

and the three other journalists walked along a road outside the town of Brega. Afterward she told *USA Today* that trucks came racing toward them, firing shots. Hammerl was hit in the abdomen and left for dead; the others were tied up and thrown into the back of a truck. Then for the next 44 days, they were interrogated often and moved from one location to another in Tripoli. Gillis was alternatively anxious, angry, and bored. A judge sentenced the reporters to prison for entering the country illegally and reporting without permission. On May 17 those one-year sentences were suspended. Gillis and the others were released the next day.

She says she “definitely” plans to go back to the Middle East. “It will just depend what's going on where.” Gillis still sees journalism and historical research as closely related: two different ways of approaching “the same problems of human existence.”

—Megan E. Doherty, AM'05, PhD'10

NOBEL CAUSES



Bruce Beutler, MD'81, shown here in his lab, won the 2011 Nobel Prize in medicine for immunology research that affects vaccine designs and autoimmune disease treatments. Former professor Thomas J. Sargent (not shown), who will be a visiting fellow this spring at the Becker Friedman Institute, shared the economics prize.



Elizabeth Bedi contributed to the graffiti wall that honored her husband.

to the *Chicago Tribune*, after Elizabeth turned onto Garfield Boulevard, she got into an argument with the female driver of another car, who pulled up alongside the couple. Both cars stopped, and Elizabeth and Mandeep got out. The altercation ended with the woman backing into Elizabeth, who was not seriously hurt, and driving forward over Mandeep, who died from his injuries the following week. The woman fled the scene, and the Chicago Police Department is investigating Mandeep's death as a homicide.

In invitations to the memorial service, Elizabeth asked attendees to put the details of the accident and investigation aside for the day and focus on Mandeep's life. She worked with campus administrators to plan the remembrances. After almost three hours of spray-painting while Mandeep's iPod blasted hip-hop music in the background, the graffiti wall took full form. Images of Mandeep overlapped the logo of his favorite soccer team, Arsenal, and his signature phrase, B.E.Z. ("be easy").

The group then moved to Rockefeller Chapel, where the 150 attendees wore white and bright-colored clothing, traditional for Sikh funerals. The graffiti wall stood on Rockefeller's chancel, surrounded by flowers and photographs of the Bedis. Elizabeth spoke about her life with Mandeep, whom she had known for only 17

months. The two met at an off-campus party and married just a few months later on May 7, 2010. "We were selfish," Elizabeth said, "but I thank God that we were."

Tara Treaster, Elizabeth's mother, told the crowd that it was hard at first to accept that her daughter married so young and so quickly, but seeing them happy made that acceptance easier. Friends too were initially surprised. Mandeep's best man **Matthias Dean-Carpentier**, SB'10, said, "Asking Mandeep about his reasoning for his course of action was like talking to a jukebox: only happy music came out."

While he was a student, Mandeep was active in the South Asian Student Association's dance group, taught high schoolers through the student-run organization Splash! Chicago, and was a residential computing assistant.

Dean-Carpentier also recalled the time someone called campus security to report a "suspicious person." It turned out to be Mandeep, walking around on an 80-degree day in the puffy black winter coat he wore everywhere. Mandeep had no problem explaining himself to the officer: he was just a thin man and constantly cold. "Mandeep had a way with words," Dean-Carpentier said. "He never said anything simply, but by the end of it you had his thesis and more points of evidence than you'd need."

—Christina Pillsbury, '13

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER'S INDEX

SEMINARY CO-OP AT 50

Number of founding members of the Seminary Co-op Bookstore in 1961:

17

Amount each founding member paid:

\$10

Members today:

50,000+

Number of full- and part-time Co-op booksellers:

18

The employees' combined years in the book business:

225

Square footage of existing Chicago Theological Seminary location:

3,200

Square footage at 5751 South Woodlawn, where the Co-op moves in July:

8,800

FOR THE RECORD



A GIFT FOR DOCTOR-PATIENT DIALOGUE

Inspired by a strong doctor-patient relationship, the Matthew and Carolyn Bucksbaum Family Foundation's \$4.2 million gift establishes the Bucksbaum Institute for Clinical Excellence. Directed by **Mark Siegler, MD '67**, the Lindy Bergman distinguished service professor of medicine, the institute will train medical students and physicians throughout their careers in communication and shared decision making to better serve patients and their families. As a patient of Siegler's, Carolyn "Kay" Bucksbaum said she discovered "what good doctoring involved, and it was just as much about communication and compassion as his outstanding clinical competence."

LAW AND ECONOMICS, REBOOTED

In October the Law School introduced a new initiative—Law and Economics 2.0—to expand its scholarship and influence in a field it pioneered in the 1930s. The initiative's centerpiece is the Institute for Law and Economics, incorporating five new programs under the direction of **Omri Ben-Shahar**, the Frank and Bernice J. Greenberg professor of law. The institute's partnerships with Chicago Booth and the Department of Economics will include research on topics including climate change, immigration law, the constitutions of emerging markets, and election law.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

Through next spring, almost every book in the Regenstein Library will be moved. With 430,000 volumes now stored

beneath the new Mansueto Library, the Reg has room to realign its collections. General reference materials, now scattered in reading rooms from the first through fifth floors, will be merged into one alphabetical sequence on the second and third floors. The new arrangement of the bookshelves, meanwhile, will better consolidate Library of Congress classes now split across floors.

MARKET EFFICIENCY

The University's endowment grew to a market value of \$6.31 billion as of June 30, reflecting an 18.8 percent return on investments for the 2011 fiscal year. That follows an 18.9 percent return in 2010 despite a lower-risk profile and increased liquidity that the University established after the 2008 financial crisis. The average return over the past three years was a 3.5 percent gain, 6.8 percent over the past five years, and 8.3 percent during the previous decade.



A GESTURE OF GRATITUDE

Susan Goldin-Meadow has received the American Psychological Association's Mentor Award in Developmental Psychology. The Bearsley Ruml distinguished service professor in psychology, Goldin-Meadow is an expert on gesture. Former students who have become leaders in the field make recommendations for the award.

RESEARCHER SUFFERS INFECTION

A Cummings Life Science Center researcher was hospitalized in August with a skin infection from the *Bacillus cereus* bacterium she studied. The scientist, identified only as a female researcher, has

recovered, and research has resumed at Cummings after a three-week suspension to decontaminate the lab. Because contracting *Bacillus cereus* requires direct skin contact, officials believe the infection occurred after the bacteria came into contact with an open wound. Two years ago, molecular-genetics professor Malcolm Casadaban died after contracting an infection from a weakened strain of the plague.

UNIVERSITY ENGAGES DOUGLAS

Derek Douglas, a senior adviser to President Obama on urban policy, will join the University in January as vice president for civic engagement. As special assistant to the president since 2009, Douglas has led programs such as the Neighborhood Revitalization Initiative and the Partnership for Sustainable Communities. He will oversee the Office of Civic Engagement, created in 2008 to centralize the University's efforts in local and state government relations and strengthen its intellectual and cultural ties to the city.

MEMO PROJECTS PARTNERSHIP

The University and the City of Chicago have entered into a memorandum of understanding to collaborate on South Side economic development. The memorandum outlines a University commitment to work with the city on \$1.7 billion in projects over the next five years, including neighborhood-improvement grants, programs to help community residents find work at the University and other business partners, and employer-assisted housing in surrounding neighborhoods. UChicago has also pledged an additional \$2.5 million toward improving the 59th Street Metra station and reopening the 60th Street station.

CHILD CARE ON THE HORIZON

The first of two planned campus child-care centers will be operated by Bright

Horizons Family Solutions, the University announced in October. Scheduled to open in fall 2012, the facility on Drexel Avenue will serve the children of University and Medical Center employees, postdocs, and students. The second facility will open the following year on Stony Island Avenue, south of 58th Street. Both centers will accommodate 124 children between six weeks and five years old.



AN ENCORE FOR NORMAN

Larry Norman will serve a second term as deputy provost for the arts. In his three-year tenure Norman, professor of Romance languages and literatures, theater and performance studies, and the College, has coordinated the development of the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts, scheduled to open next spring, and the launch of the Richard and Mary L. Gray Center for the Arts.

GATES OPEN TO ARTS COMMUNITY

Theater Gates, the University's director of arts programming, resident artist, and lecturer, will lead a new effort to enrich cultural interaction with the surrounding community. Directing the Arts and Public Life Initiative, Gates will develop artist residencies, promote partnerships between the University and South Side cultural institutions, establish youth apprenticeships, and enhance arts education. The initiative's flagship project, the Washington Park Arts Incubator, to open in 2012, will offer space for performances, exhibitions, and community gatherings.

Trial narrative

Nina Burleigh, AM'87, covered Italy's Amanda Knox case and the global obsession with the beautiful "female monster."

"Foxy Knoxy," the Italian and British media call her. Voted the 2009 Woman of the Year in an Italian television-news poll, Amanda Knox, then a 22-year-old University of Washington undergrad on a year abroad in Perugia, was also labeled a "luciferina" and a "dirty-minded she-devil" by a Perugian prosecutor, in his closing statements during her trial for the murder of her British roommate, Meredith Kercher. Convicted in December 2009, Knox was sentenced to 26 years in prison and immediately filed an appeal. Her conviction was overturned October 3.

Journalist **Nina Burleigh**, AM'87, has pieced together mysteries in several of her five nonfiction books, including her 1998 account of the unsolved murder of one of President John F. Kennedy's mistresses. For *The Fatal Gift of Beauty: The Trials of Amanda Knox* (Broadway Books, 2011), Burleigh, who has written for the *New Yorker*, the *Guardian*, and *Time*, moved with her husband and two children to Perugia, an isolated mountain city, to follow the trial. She lived there for about a year, attending the trial from the defense's opening remarks to the judge's verdict, reading the case records, and interviewing the players. Although the defense lawyers prevented her from speaking with Knox or the other defendant, her Italian boyfriend, Raffaele Sollecito, Burleigh communicated with them through letters.

After her book's August publication, Burleigh spoke with the Magazine about why she thinks Knox is not guilty.

—Ruth E. Kott, AM'07

Why did the Italian press coverage seem so one-sided?

Italy is only 49th in press freedom in the world, and I came to understand what that meant. The judiciary doesn't have a public face, so, for example, reporters just get information from favored law-

yers, or the other way around: lawyers give favored reporters information. They just print this stuff as fact. There's no official comment about what's going on, so no one ever corrects things that lawyers say, that advance their narrative, their point of view.

Did you think Knox was guilty?

When I went over there, I basically thought she was guilty as charged. ... After about a month of reviewing documents—the actual case record was available—and beginning to interview various lawyers and the prosecutor himself, I realized that almost everything I had been reading wasn't true, or it wasn't actually in the case record.

How did that happen?

It was really a case built on the sense that the police and the prosecutors had that there was just something wrong with this young woman. And they couldn't put their finger on it. Part of it was the mistranslation, the clash of cultures and the way that young women are expected to behave here and there. She was a soccer player from age 8, and she's into yoga, and she's from

Seattle, and she has no physical boundaries, in a way. She's not formal—she's totally *informal*—in this country where the *bella figura* is the be-all and the end-all, the thing that people judge you by. So she'd do things like break into a downward dog whenever she needed to stretch, and she was doing this in the police station. And in Italy, young girls don't play soccer, that's for sure, and they don't exercise in public.

Was it hard to be objective while writing the book?

When I got back to America, I was so disgusted with everyone involved, from the families to the police, everyone. It was winter when we left Italy, and it was so cold, and I wasn't having very good feelings about Italy at all. ... I was really frustrated with the way the thing had played out, because at the end of the trial, I felt like I was watching a pagan scapegoating spectacle or something, and nobody was as appalled as they should have been. So when I wrote the first draft, it did have an edge to it. My editor said, "You need to think this through," and I did take it down a notch.





Reimer's numbered pillowcases are "a contest between the concept of infinity and limitations of the physical world."

ARTS

Reclamation project

Karen Reimer, MFA'89, embroiders ordinary items to add rich new meaning to the familiar.

Growing up on a farm in central Kansas, **Karen Reimer** learned embroidery from her mother. But it wasn't until teaching a fiber-arts class at Kansas's Bethel College, her alma mater, that the craft became a basis for her art.

The college's art department was small, so "you have to teach everything," says Reimer, MFA'89, who taught there from 1996 to '98. While her students were embroidering, she did the same, copying book pages and scraps of paper. She enjoyed the slow

work, the repeated actions, although, she says, "I was trying to do it in a slightly absurdist way. It's this huge amount of work going into reproducing something that could be reproduced on a Xerox machine, and then on top of that would be a whole lot more readable if you had done it that way."

The works that followed, embroidered copies of pieces of trash—a gum wrapper, a torn receipt, the solution to a *New York Times* crossword (see this issue's cover)—gave the commonplace items new meaning. Her reproduction of a used sweetener package (*Equal*, 1999) makes a viewer stop and consider the word "equal" differently than when it's trash. "Once you move it to the art world," she says, a viewer can ask if the copy is literally equal to the original or, if reflecting the craft involved, the translation gains value.

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle (1999) was part of a series of newspaper pieces. Again it prompts viewers to con-

sider which is the original and which is the copy. The original, ripped from a week-old newspaper, is garbage, while the copy took an estimated 40 hours of work and gives new meaning to the words—at least those that are readable. "There's something lost as well as gained," she notes. "If I add value, I also lose legibility" when embroidering the tiny letters.

Reimer, the publications director and registrar at the Renaissance Society, the contemporary-art museum based in Cobb Hall, considers her work a combination of craft and conceptual art. "Conceptual art tried to get rid of the object," she says, "and I tried to put it into the most material form I could." She was "blown away," she says, by sociologist **Richard Sennett's** (AB'64) 2008 book *The Craftsman*, in which he laments that the industrialized world no longer values skilled craftspeople. "It's great to have somebody talking about being able to know things by do-

PHOTO BY TOM VAN EYNDE

ing them.” (See “Life in Practice,” page 40, for more on Sennett.)

In recent work, Reimer has connected her art even more closely with the practice of craft, embroidering pillowcases—one place, she says, where people might still find embroidery in their homes. “My mom or grandma would have a lot of dresser scarves or tea towels—things we just don’t use anymore.”

In 2007 she began a series of piece-work pillowcases, *Endless Set*, each applied with a prime number that indicates how many pieces of fabric were used to make the pillowcase (so #2 is made of two scraps, #37 with 37). In addition, the number on each pillowcase matches its height in inches. As the numbers get too big for the pillowcase’s standard-sized dimensions, Reimer folds and layers the excess fabric, so the pillowcases become thicker and the ever-smaller fabric scraps, as well as the numbers themselves, become more obscured.

“I’m in the early hundreds,” Reimer says. Now that the numbers are so high and the pillowcases an inch thick in some spots, she’s enlisted an architect friend to help come up with sewing patterns. “I plan to continue the series,” she says in her artist’s statement, “until I am no longer physically able to make the pillowcases according to this system.” She assumes that will happen when she needs so many scraps for a pillowcase that they are too small to sew. The series, she says, is “a contest between the concept of infinity and the limitations of the physical world.”

Another pillowcase project, for her next exhibition at Chicago’s Monique Meloche Gallery November 19–December 31, plays with words. Rather than embroidering roses or daisies, as her mother might have, she stitches onto the pillowcases quotations containing the words “flowers,” “flowering,” or “floral.” Some of the quotes come from the arts and crafts movement, addressing labor and its enjoyment.

For Reimer, embroidery evokes something people like her mother did to surround themselves with beautiful things. “The notion of decorating, that you would put work just into making your house look good—there’s no use for that. You’re not knitting a sweater; you’re not quilting a quilt. Embroidery is pure decoration,” she says. “It’s just work.” —*Amy Braverman Puma*



Campbell visits her mother’s farm daily to commune with the donkeys. Jenny, who died this past year, stands with her foal Don Quixote.

LITERATURE

Freedom writer

A homebody with a hitchhiker’s heart, Bonnie Jo Campbell’s stories cover a lot of ground.

Bonnie Jo Campbell, AB’84, is a good country person. Growing up on a farm in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in the 1970s, she hauled buckets and buckets of water before her family had good plumbing. She calls it the “drudgery of my youth.” Flexing her bare biceps, she says, “That’s why I have muscles like these even today. Even at 48 or 49, or whatever the hell I am.”

Campbell, who is 49 and the winner of a 2011 Guggenheim Fellowship, sets many of her books in rural Michigan—her latest novel, *Once Upon a River* (W. W. Norton, 2011), takes place in her hometown, Kalamazoo. She lives in a house in the woods with her husband, Chris Magson, a factory worker at Pfizer. She visits her mother’s farm daily to see the donkeys, chickens, and roosters there. Her favorite rooster, Cardigan, has spurs on the back of his legs that are “so long he almost can’t walk.”

The national attention Campbell’s writing has garnered at times disrupts her homebody lifestyle. The Guggenheim came after her 2009 collec-

tion of short stories, *American Salvage* (Wayne State University Press), was named a National Book Award finalist. So occasionally, she says, she has to act professional and dress nicely. She has to watch her manners and attend civilized events like book festivals and signings. “I’m not supposed to say outlandish things,” she says. “I’m supposed to be pleasant and say please and thank you.”

In late July, on the same day the *New York Times* praised her newest novel as “an excellent American parable about the consequences of our favorite ideal, freedom,” Campbell was wearing jeans and a sleeveless plaid shirt at her hometown haunt, the Old Dog Tavern. Walking the hundred feet from the door to the bar, where she ordered a Bloody Mary, she greeted half a dozen friends. Then she started talking about *Once Upon a River*. The novel centers on Margo Crane, a runaway teenager complicit in her father’s murder who takes off in a boat to look for the mother who abandoned her. A skilled sharpshooter and a striking beauty, Margo bounces from man to man along the way, never losing her independence.

Campbell started making her own adventures in her late teens. The summer after her second year at Chicago, where she studied philosophy, she and her boyfriend hitchhiked across the country. As they passed through Phoenix, a circus caught her eye, so she walked in and asked for a job. Her

boyfriend continued to Los Angeles, and she spent the rest of the summer on the circus train, serving snow cones at each stop, an experience that provided material for several short stories, including her Pushcart Prize-winner “The Smallest Man in the World.”

Campbell’s writing has been compared with that of John Steinbeck and Mark Twain. *Once Upon a River* seems to evoke Flannery O’Connor. But for O’Connor, Campbell counters, “eternal heaven with God is the most important place.” Campbell’s “not so confident about what’s going to happen after this. So I have to believe in what’s here and now. If you’re really devoted to the life hereafter, I don’t think you can truly be devoted to life here.”

Less than a week after her visit to the Old Dog Tavern, Campbell flew to Denver, continuing a national book tour. Next time, she says, “I should do a donkey tour. I would walk at that pace and just have a donkey with me carrying my stuff. Wouldn’t that be fun?”—*Christina Pillsbury, ’13*

THEATER

Word play

Bernard Sahlins, AB’43, lets the actors and the poets bring his spare performances to life.

“So, it turns out,” says **Bernard Sahlins**, AB’43, “that 90 percent of the effect of a play is in the acting and the words. Not the setting, not the staging: the word and the actor.” Sitting in his living room in Chicago’s Old Town neighborhood, three blocks from the famous comedy club he co-founded more than half a century ago, Sahlins is explaining what he’s learned from another, more recent theatrical adventure. For the past several years, Sahlins, who sold the Second City in 1985, has been directing staged readings of verse plays—by Sophocles, Aristophanes, Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot—for the Poetry Foundation. In

each performance, a handful of actors, seated in a row and wearing simple black, read from scripts perched in front of them.

It’s amazing, Sahlins says, how quickly audiences forget they’re not watching a play, that the actors aren’t “to and fro-ing” in front of them. Even without action, the drama is absorbing. “The sense of involvement is enormous,” he says. “The audience begins to focus on the words and the characters, and are not distracted by costumes and setting. When we did *The Waste Land*, a lot of the audience brought texts.” As the actors read, they followed along. “That’s an interesting thing to do. It’s like bringing the score to a symphony.”

Which is fitting: poetry is a kind of music, Sahlins says, or it should be. He quotes Irish poet Seamus Heaney, who in his 1995 Nobel lecture (and earlier in a poem called “Song”) described poetry as “the music of what happens.” Sahlins has always read poetry, he says—Heaney is one of his

ORIGINAL SOURCE WOOD IF THEY COULD

“With Ukiyo-e prints, one of the rules of thumb is that a print costs the price of a bowl of noodles,” says University of Chicago art historian Chelsea Foxwell, who specializes in Japanese art and architecture.

During Japan’s Edo period (1603–1867), woodblock prints often depicted the joys of urban life, the “culture of play” that emerged in the late 17th century, specifically in the capital city of Edo, present-day Tokyo.

“These prints originated within that culture of the guidebooks to the famous ‘beauties’ of the pleasure quarters,” says Foxwell, “guidebooks on how to have a good time when you’re in the city.”

Few could afford the luxuries of the pleasure quarters. But for the price of a cheap lunch, anyone could purchase a lightweight and expertly crafted piece of art, a taste of the lives of the rich and famous.



These prints were called Ukiyo-e, or “pictures of a floating world,” from the Buddhist term meaning that the world is transient and full of suffering. Edo artists adopted a more positive connotation: a fleeting but euphoric realm where, Foxwell says, people “would enter a fictional mirage-like world where they could abandon their everyday troubles and have fun for a night.”

Taking Shelter from a Sudden Summer Shower under a Huge Tree, a 1790s print from the Smart Museum’s collection,

depicts a gathering of dissimilar people caught off guard on the outskirts of the city. Such a diverse group—beauty, samurai, farmer, deliveryman—would not usually be seen together on the streets of Edo. But chance summer storms were common, and print buyers could imagine themselves swept into this kind of fantastic encounter that erased class constraints. “You can read it as a socially awkward moment,” says Foxwell, “or as a socially liberating moment.”—*Mitchell Kohles, ’12*



Often enlisting former Second City actors, Bernard Sahlins, left, directs staged readings for the Poetry Foundation.

favorites—including verse plays. In the days before Second City, when he did “straight plays,” he directed productions of ancient Greek tragedies. He admires their spareness, how “the poetry is not the aim but the means.”

Sahlins’s first production for the Poetry Foundation, in 2005, was one in the Greek tradition: Eliot’s *Murder in the Cathedral*, about Archbishop Thomas Becket’s assassination in 1170. Sahlins saw the play in England 20 years ago, and he recalls how his pulse quickened and his eyes went wide. “First of all, it’s beautiful,” he says. So when he and the Poetry Foundation struck up a partnership, *Murder in the Cathedral* was first on the list. They staged it in five churches around the city, including Rockefeller Chapel, where ten years earlier Sahlins had directed a full production of the play. The readings, he says, were a hit.

Since then he’s directed about two a year, including Archibald MacLeish’s *J.B.*, Richard Wilbur’s translation of Moliere’s *The Misanthrope*, and *The Cure at Troy*, a play by Heaney based on Sophocles’s *Philoctetes*. This past February at International House, he directed a reading of Elizabeth Bishop’s poetry and her letters to and from *New Yorker* editors. The play—“more

a documentary than anything else,” Sahlins says—coincided with the release of *Elizabeth Bishop and the New Yorker: The Complete Correspondence*.

Each production runs for only two nights. Some of Sahlins’s regular actors are Second City alums—among them Bruce Jarchow and Tim Kazurinsky—and **Nicholas Rudall**, founding director of Court Theatre and professor emeritus of classics at Chicago, with whom Sahlins edits the Plays for Performance book series. Stephen Young, program director for the Poetry Foundation, says the readings invigorate the poetry. “There’s something about hearing them that gives the poems three dimensions. You see and hear things about the language that you don’t appreciate reading quietly to yourself.”

That was certainly true of last December’s *Under Milk Wood*, Sahlins’s favorite production so far. A Dylan Thomas radio drama, it chronicles a single day in the undulating lives of those who inhabit an imaginary Welsh fishing village called Llareggub (“bugger all” spelled backward). “It is spring,” the play begins, “moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courters’-and-rabbits’ wood limping invisible down to

the sloeback, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboatbobbing sea.”

In mid-September Sahlins and his actors put on an “experiment” called *Meet Mr. Yeats*. With a script written by Sahlins, it was half poetry, half biography, taking the audience through the towering Irish poet’s life, from his childhood in County Sligo to his death in 1939. “It’s his progress through Irish revolutionary and senator and Nobel laureate and lover,” Sahlins says. “And it’s all reflected in his poetry,” the whimsical lyrics of his youth, the verses about politics and history and family, the lean wisdom of his old age. In 1933’s “Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop,” one of the last poems quoted in Sahlins’s script, Yeats writes, “For nothing can be sole or whole / That has not been rent.”

The production drew a crowd. Over the two nights, Poetry Foundation staffers turned away almost 100 people at the door. “Not a problem we’re used to in the poetry biz,” Young says. Next, Sahlins might try giving a similar treatment to Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell’s famously intimate yet platonic friendship. “I think their relationship—their nonrelationship, their relating nonrelationship, their nonrelating relationship—would make for a nice evening.”

—LydiaLyle Gibson

Vince Michael, AB'82, AM'82, builds community by saving buildings.

In December 1989 **Vince Michael** picketed Citicorp's downtown Chicago headquarters, dressed as Santa Claus one week and Scrooge the next. Michael, AB'82, AM'82, and fellow activists at the Landmarks Preservation Council of Illinois were protesting the bank's \$15 million bid to buy the early-1900s Chicago Building, at State and Madison Streets, and raze it. Michael in costume made for a photo opportunity, and the image made the *Chicago Sun-Times*, along with ongoing coverage there and in the *Tribune*. Within a few months, Citicorp bowed out, and the Chicago Building now serves as a dormitory for 200 students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Saving the building, Michael says more than 20 years later, was the "big triumph in my career." Named the John H. Bryan chair in historic preservation at the School of the Art Institute in 2006, the same year he became a trustee of the National Trust for

Historic Preservation, he has spent that career waging campaigns, advising neighborhood residents and policy makers, and teaching about preservation in Illinois; Palm Springs, California; Ireland; and China.

Before all that, Michael studied history in the College. He took courses with John Hope Franklin, the African American scholar who helped to weave the story of black people into mainstream US history, and with **Kathleen Conzen**, an expert on German immigration and American urban history. Conzen once told Michael's class that when she walked into the 1882 Turner Hall in Milwaukee, designed by German immigrant Henry C. Koch and named for the pro-labor German-American society, she could hear the voices of long-dead heroes of her research. It was an "if-these-walls-could-talk" moment, Michael says.

Hyde Park, where the Gothic quadrangles not only organize the University's real estate but also evoke its spirit, fed his interest in history and

buildings. Yet nearby loomed the influence of urban renewal. "Living in Hyde Park," he says, "I was acutely aware that old 55th Street had been urban renewed out of existence." Writing for the *Grey City Journal*, he and other students debated with architects "who were defending this stuff." The neighborhood, he says, is a "good example of top-down redesigned urban planning from the '50s."

In 1983 Michael got his first preservation job, "a Reagan-era limited-government approach to preservation," he says. Working for the Upper Illinois Valley Association (now the Canal Corridor Association), he helped to establish the Illinois and Michigan Canal National Heritage Corridor. The association's director, Jerry Adelman, hoped recognizing the canal's history, which reaches back to 1848, would promote economic development in towns along its banks.

While at the association Michael worked with Gaylord Donnelley, the late head of R. R. Donnelley and Sons (and a former University trustee), to restore a stone warehouse Donnelley's forebears had owned in Lockport, Illinois. Now called the Gaylord Building, it houses cultural attractions and a destination restaurant that has helped the town draw other high-end eateries. The association also helped to revive other distressed towns and to restore a mansion designed by William Boyington, the architect of Chicago's Water Tower, and a Civil War-era grain silo in Seneca, Illinois.

Still, the main lesson Michael learned from that job, after working with Rotary clubs and chambers of commerce from Cook County to LaSalle-Peru, was that "support for preservation is a mile wide and an inch deep." People agreed that using history to improve their towns was a good idea; getting money to do so was another matter.

Throughout the 1980s, preservation took on a higher profile, partly because of building booms encouraged by real-estate tax credits. In 1986 Michael joined the Landmarks Preservation Council of Illinois (now Landmarks Illinois) as Chicago programs director. Leading the Chicago Building campaign a year later, he also soon got his first close view of "the democracy of the built environment," as

MILESTONES

1983 Michael gets his first preservation job with the Upper Illinois Valley Association.

1986 He joins the Landmarks Preservation Council of Illinois.

1993 As arbiter, he leads North Kenwood

residents to an agreement with city preservationists on a historic district.

1996 He joins the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, getting tenure in 2002 and a named professorship in 2006.

2004 Michael begins work with the US-China Arts Exchange.

2006 He's named a trustee of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

2007 Michael earns his doctorate from UIC.

In 2008 Michael visited China's ancient city of Pingyao (right), which the Global Heritage Fund is working to preserve.



Michael sits with Jerry Adelmann (left) at China's Gaoli Gong Shan national park in 2008.



In December 1989 Michael dressed as Scrooge (above) while protesting Citicorp's bid to buy and raze the Chicago Building.



On a 1982 backpacking trip through Europe (above), Michael visited the Louvre. In Dali City near Weishan (left) in 2006, his student Colleen Rogers captured him in the rain.



This past June, Michael announced that Northwestern's old Prentice Women's Hospital, planned for demolition, had made the National Trust's list of 11 most endangered sites in America.

he describes community members advocating for their neighborhoods.

Residents in North Kenwood, near Hyde Park, had been arguing with professional preservationists at the city's Commission on Chicago Landmarks. The commission had proposed saving two small blocks as historic districts within North Kenwood and neighboring Oakland. The community activists, Michael writes in a 2005 *Future Anterior* article, were "tired of two decades of planning policy limited to the demolition of old homes and construction of large amounts of subsidized housing of dissonant character." They wanted to save their old graystones, some of which the city had declared "blighted," and asked Michael to help. The professional preservationists had approached the project from an architectural-history perspective, looking at significant buildings, but the residents did their own research to identify important early residents of the neighborhood, such as Civil War hero General Charles Bantley and Gottfried Brewery Company owner Matthew Gottfried.

In August 1991 the commission proposed creating a "multiple resource district," which would allow other

agencies to build new housing while also protecting 173 properties in North Kenwood and Oakland. The community members liked the approach but wanted even more properties protected. After several rounds of negotiations, with Michael serving as arbiter, in early 1993 the activists succeeded in growing the district to 338 properties. After the designation, Michael writes in the journal article, "North Kenwood saw a spate of rehabilitation and new construction projects" designed to complement existing homes. The episode was a rare case where "the community rose up," he writes, "and dragged the professionals along with them."

Such practical experience proved useful when he applied for a teaching position in the School of the Art Institute's historic-preservation program in 1996. Arguing that unlike many of the artists on the faculty, he had the administrative and managerial skills "to be able to run the program as opposed to just teaching it," he got the job. "I was on the slowest tenure track possible because I didn't have a strong teaching background," he says. "I taught one course there for two years."

Finding himself in academia, Michael sought a doctoral degree. He

studied at the University of Illinois at Chicago under architectural historian Bob Bruegmann, using his North Kenwood experience in a 2007 dissertation about historic districts in New York and Chicago.

He's taken his expertise far beyond Chicago, working since 2004 with the US-China Arts Exchange, which is developing a medieval town, Weishan, on China's Southern Silk Road. The goal, he writes on his blog, *Time Tells*, "is to conserve historic buildings and landscapes and intangible heritage to serve both tourism development and the local community." He and students have helped to preserve landmarks such as the 1390 North Gate in the old city, which "is now being used for community events and music as well as serving as a tourist destination."

It's a project that reflects his preference for the term "heritage conservation" over something like "historic preservation," which in the past has focused mostly on buildings and architecture. "So much of what we do—and certainly the stuff we do in China, the stuff I did in my dissertation—it's all about conserving community."

—Jay Pridmore

economics

ENDS AND MEANS

Microfinance was supposed to lead the poor out of poverty. Yet after a rash of borrower suicides in one Indian state, experts and governments question the industry's success.

BY MICHAEL FITZGERALD, AB'86

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL



In the fall of 2010, Shobha Srinivas replaced Nobel Peace Prize winner Muhammad Yunus as the face of microcredit, and the industry went from panacea for the poor to wolf at their door.

A 30-year-old mother of two boys, Srinivas set herself on fire in part because she could not pay the interest on a \$265 loan. She was one of more than 14,000 people in India's heavily agricultural, drought-ridden Andhra Pradesh state who committed suicide between January and September 2010—and one of more than 70 between March and November that year who allegedly killed themselves because of aggressive debt collection by microcredit institutions.

Helping the poor avoid predatory lending was the reason microfinance as an industry had been born. Yunus, a former economics professor in Bangladesh, wanted to help some poor families he knew avoid the local moneylender, and in 1976 he lent them the equivalent of \$27. After a few years of expansion, he formally established the Grameen (rural or village) Bank. The Grameen model was to loan money to groups of five women, who proved more effective borrowers than men because they focused on family and business. The groups added an element of peer pressure—if one woman missed a payment, the other four couldn't get loans until it was paid. Srinivas headed several of these groups.

To lend money you have to have money, or access to it, and for many years foundations interested in microcredit—the making of small loans, on average less than \$600—helped fund its lending. Grameen, which became self-sufficient in 1983, has lent and been repaid billions of dollars. It's helped millions of Bangladeshis move above the dollar-a-day mark, and in 2006 Yunus and the bank jointly received the Nobel Peace Prize.

Today microcredit, and more broadly microfinance, which adds savings and insurance to microcredit, are their own asset class. Total outstanding loans for the industry were \$52.5 billion in 2010, and microlenders that could accept deposits held \$31.9 billion. More than 92 million people received microloans averaging \$590 in 2010, according to mixmarket.org, a clearinghouse for microfinance statistics. Microfinance even exists in well-developed economies like the United States. It has been touted as a solution for poverty. Yet studies of microfinance's performance suggests more modest results.

"It helps [poor people] inch along and provides a service that is good for the poor," says **Dean Karlan**, MPP'97, MBA'97, professor of economics at Yale and author of *More than Good Intentions: How a New Economics Is Helping to Solve Global Poverty* (Dutton Adult, 2011). Karlan's research suggests that microfinance is not an economic development tool so much as a household stabilizer.

Because microcredit encourages entrepreneurship at the same time that it emphasizes the empowerment of the poor, it appeals to both the political right and the left. But some academics have their doubts. "I am not a fan of microfinance," says Chicago sociologist **Richard P. Taub**. He acknowledges that the practice makes some people's lives better. But microfinance is not a good vehicle for economic development, Taub says, and the attention it gets allows governments to avoid investing in infrastructure and education, which would be of more help to the poor.

Taub's views are directly opposed to those of a student he advised on a dissertation, **Vikram Akula**, PhD'04. Akula founded Swayam Krishi Sangam (self-work or self-help society) Microfinance in 1997, while he was at Chicago. The firm, known as SKS, has become India's largest and perhaps most controversial microfinance institution.

Although Grameen had made inroads with the upper and middle poor, Akula believed that microfinance could improve the lives of even India's very poor by freeing them from moneylenders, who might charge as much as 120 percent interest. Akula modeled his firm after Grameen, adopting its five-woman lending unit, but he believed that the only way for a microfinance firm to gain the scale it needed to help the very poor was to operate as a for-profit company. Akula also came up with a new approach to train loan officers, a simple, easy-to-replicate method modeled on McDonald's Hamburger University.

The for-profit model wasn't unique to SKS, but because it involved profiting from the poor, SKS and other for-profit firms raised controversy, as did its acceptance of venture capital, especially as the company began growing rapidly. The firm zoomed from 276 branches and 2,381 employees in March 2007 to 2,379 branches and 22,733 employees in March 2011 (down a bit from its peak in September 2010). It typically loans between \$44 and \$260, at interest rates averaging about 24.55 percent annually. Since its inception SKS has made more than \$2 billion in loans. In 2007 and 2008 profits and revenue grew more than 200 percent.

In 2006, the year Yunus and Grameen Bank won the Nobel, SKS's Akula made *Time* magazine's 2006 list of the world's most influential people. He had meetings with Bill and Melinda Gates and Warren Buffett, and in 2005 he had squired Rahul Gandhi around his operations. In July 2010 SKS had a spectacular initial public offering, in which the firm raised the equivalent of \$350 million (Mexico's Banco Compartamos was the first microfinance institution to go public in 2007). Akula reportedly cashed in about \$10 million in shares. Earning millions was his reward for successful innovation, but it also made him a target. In news interviews Yunus, for one, has criticized the idea of people getting rich off the poor, and he debated Akula at Bill Clinton's Global Initiative last year.



Vikram Akula, with borrowers in Hyderabad, India, founded SKS Microfinance in 1997, while a Chicago student.

**AKULA BELIEVED
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PERCENT INTEREST.**

Akula didn't respond to questions for this article. But in his 2010 memoir *A Fistful of Rice* (Harvard Business Review Press), written before SKS went public, he said repeatedly that his for-profit model helps both lender and borrower.

The book ends with Akula's visit to a mud-brick store in a village two hours from Hyderabad, owned by a woman named Yellamma, a member of India's untouchable caste. She started her store with an \$80 loan from SKS, and its success "gives her a way to rise above her status, which used to be an impossibility for a woman in her position," Akula writes. He takes off his sandals when invited inside her home. He is astonished to find that she has a color television—Yellamma is successful, but she still nets only a few dollars a week.

The TV, it turns out, is courtesy of her son, who now works at SKS and has left poverty behind. The firm tries to hire from borrowers' families, although to prevent conflicts of interest, relatives work in different regions from their families.

"Am I not doing well?" Yellamma asks Akula.



A woman in the village of Vadod, India, tends her vegetable stall, which she opened with a loan from SKS.

Yellamma's narrative is part of the myths of microcredit and microfinance, along with Grameen Telecom's famous phone ladies, who used their loans to buy cell phones and then rented time to other villagers in Bangladesh, earning, in the early days of the program, three times the national average.

These stories are qualified successes. Yellamma is doing better, but still scraping along—she couldn't buy a TV on her own. The phone ladies have been overtaken by technological progress; as cell phones have spread among poor Bangladeshis, the phone ladies now struggle.

The real story of these women—around whom successful microcredit is usually built—and occasional men is not that they get rich or even comfortable, but they get better nourishment and usually move beyond lives of bare subsistence. One recent study showed that microfinance in Bangladesh had raised income levels to about a \$1.25 a day.

But all that was before Shobha Srinivas set herself on fire and her husband died from the burns he got trying to save her, leaving their children orphaned. An early target of microfinance firms, Andhra Pradesh, in southern India, is one of the country's poorest states. Its capital is Hyderabad, but many of the state's 82 million residents, who speak a minority Indian dialect, Tegulu, are engaged in subsistence agriculture. Srinivas's suicide and dozens of others were blamed on aggressive repayment tactics. Lenders in the region allegedly threatened borrowers with public humiliation, forcing daughters into prostitution, forcing spouses to become bonded laborers, and taking household goods. The microlenders are also accused of lax lending practices; many of the victims had multiple microloans, sometimes from both established microcredit firms and from traditional moneylenders. Akula's SKS had 17 clients named on a list of 54 microfinance-related suicides compiled by the Society

KRISHNENDU HALDER/RTR/NEWSCOM

BUT ALL THAT WAS BEFORE SHOBHA SRINIVAS SET HERSELF ON FIRE AND HER HUSBAND DIED FROM THE BURNS HE GOT TRYING TO SAVE HER.

for Elimination of Rural Poverty. He told Bloomberg News that none of its clients were behind on their loans.

Regardless, the general public's perception of the microfinance industry seemed to shift after the media's coverage of the suicides, says **Jacob A. Haar**, AB'02, AM'04. Haar is cofounder and managing director of Minlam Asset Management in New York, which manages a fund of less than \$100 million in assets that lends money to microfinance companies. Although his firm has not made investments in India—managers were concerned about the rapid growth—Haar's wife is from Andhra Pradesh. "It's astonishing," he says, "how quickly many perceptions have changed there of microfinance."

The most visible change in perception is from the state's government, which in October 2010 began preventing firms from collecting payments and required government approval for borrowers to receive more than one microcredit loan. The "AP law," as it became known, drove loan repayment rates down as low as 10 percent.

The situation seemed bad enough in Andhra Pradesh that the *New York Times* wrote in November 2010, four months after SKS went public, that "India's rapidly growing private microcredit industry faces imminent collapse." Indeed, India's second-largest microfinance firm almost shut down. SKS lost money the first two quarters of 2011 and has accelerated a shift into other services and into markets outside of Andhra Pradesh, which makes up about a quarter of its loan portfolio.

That shift had been on Akula's mind for several years, says **Lisa G. Thomas**, MBA'06, cofounder of the Chicago Microfinance Conference. Thomas, vice president of capacity building and operations at CapitalPlus Exchange in Chicago, recalls that in speeches at the conference in May 2009, Akula discussed expanding his strategy, distributing

cell phones, solar lamps, and the like through SKS's branch network to boost revenues, increase market share, and provide products and services to the poor at a lower cost. "He was thinking of alternative revenue sources four or five years ago," Thomas says, "and it may now be these strategies that save some of these MFIs [microfinance institutions]."

The press coverage suggesting that microfinance caused suicides bothers Karlan, the Yale economist. Karlan, who studies the economics of poverty, says the microcredit industry has been scapegoated unjustly in India. "It's just the natural flow of things to get hyped," he says, "and whenever something's hyped, odds are it's overhyped. Likewise, we're seeing the negatives overhyped."

The industry's supporters were wrong when they claimed that microfinance would solve poverty, Karlan says, and its detractors are wrong to say that it causes suicides. Both analyses are "plagued with selection bias," he says, referring to a phenomenon that happens when statistical samples are distorted. In the case of the Andhra Pradesh suicides, perhaps there would have been higher suicide rates if microfinance had not been widely available, or perhaps other forms of debt or despair were at the root of the deaths.

Akula might remind critics that in the recent past SKS has been viewed as dangerous for helping people, not for killing them. After local gangsters spread rumors that SKS was a secret Christian organization trying to convert Indians, he writes in his book, the firm survived a fatwa against it in Nizamabad, Andhra Pradesh, leaving the area and writing off \$250,000 in loans. In rural India guerrillas threatened an SKS loan officer. In response, several female customers went to the guerrillas' camp to deliver a message: you have to go through us to get to him.

Before Akula embarked on a PhD at Chicago in 1996, SKS did not exist. But he was already considering something like it. "In reality, I didn't much care about getting a doctorate; I just wanted to have time to plot my move into full-time microfinance," he writes in *A Fistful of Rice*. He probably spent as much time in Hyderabad as in Hyde Park.

Gary Herrigel, who chaired Akula's dissertation committee, says that after he finished his classes, "he disappeared as a kind of good but unfocused student. And then four years later he came back with this razor-sharp clear idea of what he wanted to do based on having been very politically and entrepreneurially successful in real life."

Herrigel and Taub both note that it's unusual for a graduate student to write a dissertation about the business he runs, but then, Herrigel notes, it's unusual for political-science graduate students to "be running businesses that



Officials from SKS often use small stones, coins, and bills to explain borrowing to illiterate customers.

had cleared them). The investigation didn't find anything. Yunus's ouster was widely seen as an act of political retribution because he had called out Bangladeshi politicians for corruption and briefly flirted with the idea of setting up a political party.

In general, problems in microfinance "are pretty insulated to the specific country," says **Simone Balch**, AB'97, director of investor development at Developing World Markets, an investment firm in Stamford, Connecticut, with \$850 million in assets, which has invested in 150 microfinance firms in more than 40 countries, including India. The *no pago* movement in Nicaragua, for instance, did not spread to its Central American neighbors.

Nicaragua and Bolivia and even Bangladesh are relatively small countries. India is not, and the deaths there have already affected microfinance elsewhere. Regulations put in place by India's national government (less onerous to microfinance firms than those of Andhra Pradesh) "could show up in other places," says Lisa Thomas. Jacob Haar predicts that the situation in India will lead to positive reforms. One new initiative came from the United Nations Principles for Responsible Investment, which created

Principles for Investors in Inclusive Finance, a set of guidelines for microfinance investors. Signatories included Developing World Markets and Minlam.

Yet the recent events have also created operational challenges. "There's a lot more questioning as to whether or not microfinance actually works," says **Tom Derdak**, PhD'85, who founded and directs Global Alliance for Africa. The organization invests about \$100,000 a year in microcredit and support services in African countries.

So far, investments in microlending don't seem affected. If the market for microfinance were going to fall apart, it should show up first at small operations like Derdak's. "In terms of our own program," he says, "our own lending and our own client base, it hasn't hurt."

Whether Akula's legacy remains unscathed is less clear. Reports in late September said he might be forced out of his position at SKS. Yet what he did there was groundbreaking. "The story of SKS is still remarkable," says Haar. "The type of growth, the pace of growth, it's remarkable." In the end, Haar predicts, Akula will be proven right about the for-profit model; it can, they both believe, help billions of people out of poverty. ♦



Sennett would have continued studying cello at Juilliard, but he returned to the College after receiving a draft notice.

profile

LIFE IN PRACTICE

In his latest book, sociologist Richard Sennett, AB'64, explores the social craft of cooperation.

BY ELIZABETH STATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL WADMAN



Richard Sennett, AB'64, has published 15 books on labor, cities, and culture. His scholarship draws on sociology, history, philosophy, and psychoanalytic theory. But when writing, he keeps a very specific person in mind. "My ideal reader is a woman nuclear scientist," says Sennett. "And she always wants to know two things: Is this interesting? And does it matter?"

As a grad student at Harvard, Sennett had a scientist friend who asked those questions before reading his work. Her challenge has stayed with him for more than 40 years. Sennett writes and lectures widely on the ways cities are organized and the social and emotional consequences of contemporary capitalism. Based at the London School of Economics and New York University, he has sought to be interesting and relevant to what he calls "the intelligent general reader."

At a time of global recession and uncertainty, Sennett's 2008 book *The Craftsman*—published in five languages—has resonated with a broad audience. Defining craftsmanship as "an enduring, basic human impulse, the desire to do a job well for its own sake," the book traces the connections between craftsmanship, work, and ethical values from ancient times to the present.

Modern craftspeople include musicians, glassblowers, teachers, doctors, parents, and open-source software writers, Sennett told a packed auditorium at the School of the Art Institute in Chicago one frigid night last winter. Every person has the raw abilities to become a good craftsman, he said in his lecture, but Western societies have not always nurtured the impulse.

Studying craftsmanship over the centuries, Sennett found that it flourishes in communities with strong social bonds—and in organizations that encourage collaboration. In the modern economy, powerful forces threaten both craft and cooperation, he believes. The trends are familiar to anyone who has lately done, lost, or searched for good work: Large industries no longer provide critical masses of stable jobs in the United States and Europe. As jobs move elsewhere, fewer companies are willing to make long-term investments in workers. Work is increasingly short term and project based, so people have many jobs in a lifetime.

In short, skilled workers at all levels have found that "craft does not protect them," Sennett writes; they "risk the prospect of losing employment to a peer in India or China who has the same skills but works for lower pay." Even educated professionals and once-secure managers have joined a class that academics call "the precariat." As Sennett puts it, "job loss is no longer merely a working-class problem."

The Craftsman is the first book in a trilogy Sennett is writing about "the skills people need to sustain everyday life." The books explore material culture—that is, the objects, tools, and machines we create and how we interact with them. Both humanists and social scientists have embraced such topics, he explains, "in part because we've got a whole new set of material tools, which are these communications machines; in part because our country isn't making things much anymore." Globalization and technological change have shifted production away from the United States, with repercussions for workers and cities. "We had the fantasy when this started that we'd send [the Chinese] the low-level crap production and we'd keep the good stuff for ourselves," he says. "It hasn't worked out that way."

In his own life and career, Sennett had to adapt to shifting circumstances. The only child of a single mother, Sennett was three when they moved into Chicago's Cabrini Green housing project in 1946. "People always think about Cabrini Green as exclusively black. It wasn't in its early days," he says. "And it wasn't a picnic, but people developed everyday rituals to make sure that you'd get to and from school, that things didn't go out of order. We were little kids, and we became street smart."

His mother, Dorothy Skolnik Sennett, was a social worker who attended the University's School of Social Service Administration in 1939–40. "She studied with Charlotte Towle, a great social worker and heir to Jane Addams," he says. Sennett had been playing the cello since the age of five; when he was eight or nine, he and his mother left Chicago and eventually settled in Washington, DC. In 1960 he returned to Chicago as a teenager to study with Frank Miller, principal cellist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. "I would have been very happy to just study with him privately, but I would have been instantly drafted. So I went to the University of Chicago," he says with a laugh, "and I loathed it."

SKILLED WORKERS AT ALL LEVELS HAVE FOUND THAT CRAFT DOES NOT PROTECT THEM.



Sennett continued his cello studies with Miller, but he remembers the Hyde Park campus as isolated from the rest of the city during the 1960s: “Its relations with the neighborhood were pretty tense and sometimes quite violent. Getting to and from downtown, which is where I spent a lot of my time, was difficult. The University at that time was not very open to the arts.” He played early music with the Collegium Musicum (“It was a disaster,” he says) and chamber music with his friend **Leon Botstein**, AB’67, a violinist who is now the president of Bard College and music director of the American Symphony Orchestra. “I don’t know what Chicago is like today, but I regretted very much the almost snobbism about the practical arts. In the music department there were music theorists who couldn’t play the piano.”

Although he chafed against the general-education requirements of the post-Hutchins College, Sennett, who earned a history degree, connected with Christian Mackauer, his Western Civilization teacher. “He was a kindly man and very worldly, and he introduced me to Hannah Arendt,” Sennett says. “Those were two older teachers that I really found to be wonderful supports.”

In his second year, Sennett left the College to study cello and conducting at Juilliard. Six months after arriving in New York City, he was served a draft notice. Because he could get an educational deferment and avoid serving in Vietnam only if he returned to the University, he explains, “I went back to Chicago, and I finished up.” He kept playing the cello but developed carpal tunnel syndrome, and in 1964 he had a hand operation that went wrong. “It was pretty clear to me—and this was not a great moment of my life—that I wasn’t going to be a professional musician.”

Instead, Sennett pursued a PhD in the history of American civilization at Harvard, working with the sociologist

David Riesman (who taught at Chicago until 1958). “I was going to do a book comparing American chamber music to American jazz music in the 1930s,” Sennett says. “Then the ’60s happened.” He became interested in cities and ways that social class, economic opportunity, and family life played out in urban communities. “Since I wasn’t going to be able to perform, I sort of just moved into sociology.”

For an accidental academic, Sennett has been prolific. Before turning 30 he published five books, including *The Uses of Disorder* (1970), still considered influential in urban sociology. “It was an unusual book in that it blended many different types of thinking, from psychoanalytic work to social theory,” says Robert Sampson, a former Chicago and now Harvard sociologist who studies crime and the social organization of cities. “But what really intrigued me is that he had a counterintuitive idea about the nature of disorder and specifically its positive aspects.” For personal growth, Sennett argued, people need challenge, difference, and diversity—types of “disorder” they are more likely to find in chaotic cities than in orderly suburban communities.

Researching his next book, *The Hidden Injuries of Class* (1972), with coauthor Jonathan Cobb, Sennett cut his teeth as an ethnographer. Interviewing 150 semiskilled workers in Boston, he uncovered a theme—the personal effects of inequality—that made the book a classic and reappeared in his later scholarship. He published four more sociological studies and three novels before producing a trio of books—*The Corrosion of Character* (1998), *Respect, in an Age of Inequality* (2003), and *The Culture of the New Capitalism* (2005)—that aimed to document how global economic changes upended traditional American notions of trust, mutual respect, and merit in the workplace. Sennett tried to show how the massive flow of global capital into national markets since the mid-1970s and the instability of the new economy affected workers both socially and emotionally.

Some social scientists discount Sennett’s work because it relies more on stories and interviews—with IBM executives, Korean grocers, or counselors at a New York City job center—than on quantitative empirical data. He prefers philosophy and history to statistics or network modeling. “I think that many sociologists would consider him a general cultural critic rather than a sociologist per se,” says Chicago sociology professor **Andrew Abbott**, AM’75, PhD’82. Others suggest that Sennett’s approach is interesting—and it matters—because it humanizes the study of society. “The great strength of Richard’s books is their belief in the importance of narrative in the creation of values, norms, and concepts,” says Homi Bhabha, a former UChicago English professor who directs the Mahindra Humanities Center at Harvard.

IT WAS PRETTY CLEAR TO ME—AND THIS WAS NOT A GREAT MOMENT OF MY LIFE—THAT I WASN’T GOING TO BE A PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN.



At home in New York and London, Sennett practices the crafts of music, cooking, and writing.

Sennett's latest book, *Together: The Rituals, Pleasures, and Politics of Cooperation* (due out in December), explores cooperation as a "social craft." The ability to understand and respond to others to get things done, he argues, is innate to humans and necessary for survival. Apprentices and masters cooperated in medieval guilds; American soldiers and officers cooperated on the battlefield during World War II. When the latter returned to civilian life, writes Sennett, their shared experience helped smooth interactions on the factory floor and diminish class conflict.

People hone a craft—and get better at cooperation—when they have time to practice, mentors to learn from, and opportunities to improve through trial and error. Interviewing white-collar workers who lost their jobs on Wall Street after the 2008 financial meltdown, Sennett and student researchers found that the same dynamics that discourage craft make cooperation fragile. Especially in the financial sector, institutions are less stable; companies may merge, dissolve, or shed workers rather than train them to learn new skills. Competition and the focus on short-term

profit and fast transactions erode social bonds. Work teams come together "long enough to get a job done—but not so long that the members of the team become too attached to one another," Sennett writes. Employees may fake cooperation to impress managers and coworkers, and loyalty is a quaint relic of the past. When crisis hits, "team spirit suddenly collapses; people seek cover and deniability by shifting blame to other team members."

Back-office employees on Wall Street, people who managed transactions, prepared documents for audit, and processed purchases, Sennett says, "were craftsmen of sorts. They were skilled, and they took pride in their work." Yet many believed their bosses understood little about the mechanics of the firms they were managing before the crash. Indeed, midlevel workers saw "an inverse relationship between competence and hierarchy." The wide gap in earnings between CEOs and employees has fueled resentment and further damaged trust and respect. Overall, Sennett says, "Inequality is really getting in the way of people working together."

If Sennett's worldview sounds bleak, that's misleading. From his book-lined office overlooking a busy Greenwich Village street, he waxes optimistic about the future of cooperation in urban communities. "I actually think that the bonds of civility among people in the cities can be much stronger than they are in small places. You have to learn how to deal with strangers at work, school, when you go to the hospital," he says, as horns honk below. He hopes that American cities will create a civic culture that helps people of diverse backgrounds to get along in everyday life. "The main thing is economic and has to do with housing," he says, citing New York City, where rent control fosters economically mixed neighborhoods, and the Netherlands, where public assistance allows people of different income levels to live in the same community.

For Sennett, cities are a family business of sorts. His wife, sociologist Saskia Sassen, taught at Chicago for nearly a decade before joining the Columbia faculty in 2007. Her 1991 book, *The Global City*, documented how New York, London, and Tokyo became hubs of the global economy. "We give lectures together," he says. "It's a very strange event to people, because I'm completely humanistic

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and she's a hardcore numbers person—with charts, endless charts." After Britain's summer riots, the pair coauthored a *New York Times* op-ed suggesting that extreme inequality and politicians' eagerness to cut budgets for local police and community services helped fuel the violence. "Britain's current crisis should cause us to reflect on the fact that a smaller government can actually increase communal fear and diminish our quality of life," they wrote. "Is that a fate America wishes upon itself?"

If Sennett criticizes the political right for defunding urban institutions, he also chides the left in the United States and Europe for failing to make itself "a creditable voice for reform." To regain ordinary people's trust, American progressives should invest energy and funds in local issues rather than national electoral politics, he believes. In the spirit of community organizers from Jane Addams to Saul Alinsky, PhD '30—a family friend—Sennett emphasizes the need for cooperation that can transform daily life and interpersonal relations: "It's a matter of putting the social back into socialism," he wrote in a July essay in the *Nation*.

In *The Craftsman*, Sennett places himself within the philosophical tradition of the pragmatists, whose "animating impulse remains to engage with ordinary, plural constructive human activities." Although Sennett calls himself "an old lefty," the *New Yorker* critic Kelefa Sanneh has suggested that his midlife "call to craft is in some ways a conservative call: it asks workers to seek fulfillment through personal diligence, not politics." The assessment is fair enough, says Sennett. "I am not very politically minded. My work focuses on civil society, and that's its strength and its weakness."

In his own life, Sennett has experienced the pleasures of cooperation and of doing a job well for its own sake. He practices the cello and plays with informal chamber groups; he shops, cleans, and cooks for dinner parties. And whenever he writes he remembers his friend, the nuclear scientist. "She was much smarter than I, so I've always thought it was a really good guide to think about someone who's your equal—to write out rather than down." What matters most, he says, "is being part of a public discussion with other people, rather than trying to influence the powerful."

Sennett hopes that the final book in his trilogy, based on ethnographies of four London communities, will generate worthwhile ideas about how cities might be better crafted. Even if answers prove elusive, he is likely to be comfortable with ambiguity. "Oftentimes, we want to get a picture of everything—what should be done, what's wrong, how to go forward, and so on—and we can't have that," he says. "Every act of writing is incomplete and should be incomplete. ... Nothing is ever settled in life." ♦

THE CRAFT OF JOB COUNSELING

The unemployed need survival skills.

BY RICHARD SENNETT, AB'64

The labor market in both Europe and North America is becoming transformed structurally. As everyone knows, beginning in the 1980s ever fewer workers in Europe and North America have been engaged in mass manufacturing; that shrinkage has extended today—as in computer programming and engineering—to skilled professional work which can be done elsewhere in the world cheaper. It's a fantasy, in my judgment, to think that new creative or green economies can do much to offset the massive drift in jobs out from the West. The trend within white-collar work is for more lower-level service work, as in retail sales and in care work for the aged. Of course, some face-to-face professional services will not shrink: you won't want a lawyer in India to handle your divorce by e-mail. Still, Western economies face the paradox of productivity without full employment: we face the prospect that it will seem "normal" for 15 to 18 percent of the labor force to be without full-time work lasting more than two years; among young people in their 20s, these percentages will rise to 20 to 25 percent.

The employment center will thus loom ever larger as an institution in the lives of ever more people. It will not be the only such institution. Britain is currently seeing the rise of "jobs clubs," which are community-based mutual-support groups especially important to people out of work for long periods in keeping their spirits up and providing word-of-mouth leads. Yet the structural problem, both for professionals and for community groups, is the increasingly difficult task of matching applicants to scant available jobs. In the middle class, this means lowering expectations; limits are a hard lesson to learn. Professional job counselors and jobs-club organizers alike need to become skilled in handling disappointment. These counselors and organizers are society's realists; politicians promising a return to full employment of the sort our parents' generation knew are society's fantasists.



Job seekers, says Sennett, need a support system.

That said, the employment center cannot be just a school of misery. Indirect cooperation can indeed school job seekers about how best to behave, if only they can manage to get through an employer's door. More, people need to believe they can make something of their lives; few employment counselors would stay in their own jobs if they functioned as professors of disappointment. The value of the effort to both job seeker and adviser is that they've reconfigured what the repair involves, socially and personally rather than economically; the task is to stay engaged with others even if one feels rotten inside. The hard-boiled rationalist who slights this task as just a "feel-good factor" ignores the stakes involved. The discouraged worker has to learn how to be a survivor: that's the goal that keeps good job counselors at their posts. With the odds stacked against you, how do you keep going? How can you transcend feeling the prisoner of job statistics? ♦

Adapted from *Together: The Rituals, Pleasures, and Politics of Cooperation* (Yale University Press, forthcoming) by Richard Sennett.

YEARS OF CHEERS

For five decades, Stuart Rice and his doctoral students have had great chemistry.

BY LYDIALYLE GIBSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JASON SMITH



Crowded onto two high shelves in **Stuart Rice's** Gordon Center office, above textbooks on physical chemistry and the kinetic theory of dynamic fluids, sit 107 empty champagne bottles, one for each student whose dissertation Rice has advised in his 54 years at Chicago. Names and dates, some sun bleached, are carefully written across the labels: **J. Wenzel**, Aug. 19, 1975; **Hui Tang**, Oct. 28, 1997; **Derek Frydel**, July 22, 2005. The oldest

bottle on the shelf belongs to **Robert Harris**, SM'59, PhD'60, a chemistry professor emeritus at the University of California, Berkeley, who finished his doctorate in a year and a half. Rice's most recent graduate is **Alice Sheu**, SM'03, PhD'08, a pianist who went on to earn a degree from Massachusetts's Longy School of Music.

Rice, the Frank Hixson distinguished service professor emeritus in chemistry, displays the bottles as mementos of the parties that follow final PhD exams. After the corks are popped and the champagne poured—he prefers his dry—he keeps one bottle for himself and gives another to the graduating student. “So there are 107 bottles scattered around the world,” he says. They belong to named professors, physicists at national laboratories, experts in motion perception and heart arrhythmias and geothermal energy. Many are also Rice's lifelong friends. “Graduate education is very much like creating a new family,” he says. The relationship between mentor and student “is not an abstract exercise in which someone goes through a set of steps following a set of rules. It's much more intense, much more diverse, much more fluctuating than that.”

In the decades since Harris graduated and Rice saved a champagne bottle with his name on it, the collection has become kind of a living chronicle. Each bottle is a story: **Michael Lipkin**, PhD'84, who became a floor trader on the American Stock Exchange and a bridge-playing expert; **Oleh Weres**, SB'72, PhD'72, who took the PhD candidacy exam as a College third-year and “came out on top of the whole field.” He received his graduate and undergraduate degrees on the same day, and “bless his heart,” Rice says, “a private ceremony was arranged in the president's office, to give him his bachelor's degree before his PhD.”

For Rice, the bottles denote achievement, both his students' and his own. For those working toward their doctorates, they offer “a visual reminder,” he says, “that there has been a history of students here.” ♦





research

PERFORMANCE ANXIETY

Psychologist Sian Beilock studies what makes people choke under pressure and offers techniques to prevent those mental meltdowns.

BY JASON KELLY

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID FOLDVARI



The true fielder lets the path of the ball become his own path, thereby comprehending the ball and dissipating the self, which is the source of all suffering and poor defense.—Aparicio Rodriguez, *The Art of Fielding*

was a 12-year-old all-star, a designation I coveted and dreaded. In the summer of 1985, East Side Little League had a lot of talent, so to be selected as one of the 15 or 20 best players meant a lot. But a spot on that roster also came with pressure. There were high expectations.

Our team played in the annual international baseball tournament that begins at the local level and culminates in the Little League World Series. Nobody thought we'd get that far, but a state title was a real possibility. That year the state finals happened to be in our hometown, a disappointment for kids who could imagine no greater reward for reaching the finals than a couple of nights in a hotel. Playing at home didn't just take some of the fun out of the experience; it also might have hurt our chances to win.

Sian Beilock, associate professor of psychology, explores the ways our minds betray us in high-stakes situations, including the detrimental effect of an encouraging crowd. "The more supportive and friendly that audience is," Beilock writes, "the more self-aware we as performers get." Her book, *Choke: What the Secrets of the Brain Reveal About Getting It Right When You Have To* (Free Press, 2010), illustrates how self-awareness can make even the most fluid athlete's joints creak like the Tin Man.

Certain types of physical expertise—fielding a ground ball, playing the violin—are best performed outside our conscious awareness. For people who do them well, those actions become part of their "procedural memory," the implicit, complex motor skills that can be difficult to articulate. How do you ride a bike?

Pressure compromises procedural memory. Under stress, many people think about the mechanics of their actions to control the situation, but that conscious thought actually diminishes their expertise. "Don't think, just do," choreographer George Balanchine counseled his dancers. Aparicio Rodriguez, a legendary shortstop in Chad Harbach's novel *The Art of Fielding*, may put it in more metaphysical terms, but "comprehending the ball and dissipating the self" expresses the essence of Beilock's research.

In nerve-racking circumstances, the most successful practitioners of any complex physical activity lose themselves. Think of Michael Jordan shrugging in disbelief after his sixth three-pointer in the first half of a 1992 NBA Finals game. If you don't lose yourself, if pressure heightens your consciousness of what's at stake and who's watching to the point that you exert conscious control over ingrained techniques, you lose.

University of Maryland sports scientist Brady Hatfield has shown that, during the relaxed execution of a practiced skill, communication between the motor and reasoning areas of the brain decreases. A beginner's brain, on the other hand, is abuzz with motor and reasoning cross talk, trying to translate newfound knowledge into action. When anxiety increases, experts can start to think like novices, and their performances suffer. "Too much brain interference with movement," Beilock writes, "can make you choke."

That explains a lot. Like how the state-finals stakes and home-field enthusiasm stirred up so much motor and reasoning static when a routine ground ball came rolling toward me with two outs in the bottom of the last inning.

Heimlich maneuvers

In her book *Choke*, Sian Beilock offers tips to prevent choking in academics and business.

1.

REAFFIRM YOUR SELF-WORTH.

Before a big test or presentation, spend a couple of minutes writing about your many interests and activities to promote feelings of self-worth and boost your confidence and performance.

2.

MAP OUT YOUR COMPLEXITIES.

Before taking an important test, spend five minutes drawing a diagram of everything that makes you a multifaceted individual to highlight that this one test score doesn't define you.

WHAT MAKES SIAN BEILOCK CHOKE? PARALLEL PARKING WHEN HER HUSBAND IS IN THE CAR.



PHOTO BY JASON SMITH

Beilock distinguishes the phenomenon known as choking from simple poor performance. Choking occurs when anxiety causes people to perform at less than their best, when the pressure literally gets into their heads.

It's most obvious in sports and music, where prowess stored in the procedural memory splinters while a crowd watches. Golfer Greg Norman became a symbol of pressure-induced meltdowns in the 1980s and '90s, losing several major tournaments after building big leads. Singer Jessica Simpson, in a 2006 Kennedy Center tribute to her idol Dolly Parton, cut short her rendition of "9 to 5" because she couldn't remember the words. "Dolly," she said, "you make me so nervous."

Beilock confesses to her own trouble with choking: parallel parking when her husband is in the car. "I'm very good at parallel parking when nobody's watching," she says, "but when he's in the car, it's a total choke situation." Beilock, in fact, has a personal interest in how anxiety affects performance, rooted in her own athletic and academic experiences.

Growing up in the Bay Area, she was a strong student and an accomplished athlete, good enough to play lacrosse at the University of California, San Diego, and soccer in the Olympic development program. When the stakes were highest, though, the skills she spent hours refining sometimes failed her. "I had one of the worst soccer games of my life playing in front of college recruiters," Beilock writes, "and I could never manage to score as well on the actual SAT as I did on the many practice tests." Even then, she wondered what caused her performance fluctuations: "I was always interested in trying to uncover the reasons, the why, that in certain situations, we don't perform at our best."

3.

WRITE ABOUT YOUR WORRIES.

Writing for ten minutes can thwart the anxieties and self-doubt of a high-pressure situation.

4.

MEDITATE AWAY THE WORRIES.

You can train your brain not to dwell on negative thoughts and instead recognize and then discard them. Meditation training can help to harness all of your cognitive horsepower for the task at hand.

5.

THINK DIFFERENTLY.

Think about yourself in ways that highlight your propensity for success. Focus on your credentials to help turn a bad performance into a good one.

Since earning PhDs in both kinesiology and psychology from Michigan State, Beilock has uncovered some answers and preventive techniques. She knew one method years ago, even if she didn't understand its mental effect. Preparing for the draw to begin her college lacrosse games, she would sing a song in her head, a habit her dad instilled. "Now I realize that was an effective technique for taking my mind off something I knew how to do very well."

Those practiced actions should be on autopilot, she says, but the pressure of a recruiter's evaluation, a career-defining presentation, or even a spouse's opinion often leads to overthinking. "The prefrontal cortex, which is sort of the seat of our thinking and decision making, gets over-involved in a way that's not good."

In other situations, autopilot won't do. Taking a math test, for example, or interviewing for a job, requires "explicit memory," what Beilock calls the "cognitive horsepower" stored in the prefrontal cortex. Instead of causing a person to think too much, worrying reduces the ability to think enough about the task at hand, and obstructs access to relevant knowledge. "We tend to fail when that cognitive horsepower goes awry," Beilock says, "when it's devoted to worrying about the situation and its consequences rather than to focusing on a test problem or answering an on-the-spot question."

Her research has shown that meditation "can train your brain not to dwell on negative thoughts." How you think about the physical reactions to stress also matters. Beilock notes that quickened heartbeats and sweaty palms occur not only because of anxiety but also because of happy emotions like love and excitement. As she puts it, if you consider butterflies a sign that you're amped up as opposed to freaking out, "you may be able to turn your body to your advantage."

WE TEND TO FAIL WHEN COGNITIVE HORSEPOWER GOES AWRY—WHEN WE'RE FOCUSED ON WORRYING, NOT THE SUBJECT AT HAND.



More tips to prevent choking in academics and business.

6.

REINTERPRET YOUR REACTIONS.

When under pressure, if you can interpret your bodily reactions in a positive way ("I am amped up for the test") rather than negative ("I am freaking out"), you may be able to turn your body to your advantage.

7.

PAUSE YOUR CHOKE.

Walking away for a few minutes from a challenging problem that demands working memory can help you to think in a new way or from an alternative perspective—and can produce an "aha" moment.

8.

EDUCATE THE WORRIES.

Drawing attention to stereotypes—for example, "Girls can't do math" or "Whites are not as good at math as Asians"—and remembering that they are only stereotypes can help prevent people from worrying about their ability.

San Francisco 49ers quarterback Joe Montana huddled with his teammates in the final minutes of the 1989 Super Bowl. Behind by three points, 92 yards from a game-winning touchdown, in front of about 75,000 people in the stadium and 81 million television viewers, Montana noticed one guy in the crowd. “Look,” he said. “Isn’t that John Candy?”

It was typical of Montana that, when other players might have had clammy palms and dry mouths, his mind would wander from the magnitude of the moment to a movie star in the stands. Known for leading comebacks and making clutch plays when it counted the most, he built his football reputation on preternatural calm.

Whether or not he studied sports psychology, Montana had an intuition about how pressure affects performance, and he mentioned John Candy in the huddle for just that reason. He thought that his teammates, including an especially anxious offensive tackle named Harris Barton, were too tense. So Montana offered a diversion from the pressure. “Everybody kind of smiled, and even Harris relaxed,” Montana said in his 1995 autobiography written with Dick Schaap, “and then we all concentrated on the job we had to do,” driving down the field and scoring the game-winning touchdown with 34 seconds to play.

It’s not that Montana was less aware of the pressure than his teammate Barton; it just affected him differently. And, perhaps unwittingly, Montana used a technique that Beilock has shown to help overcome sports performance anxiety: “Distract yourself. Singing a song or even thinking about your pinky toe as Jack Nicklaus was rumored to do can help prevent the prefrontal cortex from regulating too closely movements that should run outside awareness.”

As Montana implied when he said the distraction al-

lowed the 49ers to concentrate on their jobs, John Candy’s presence did not erase conscious awareness of the work to do. Taking their minds off the pressure, though, might have allowed them to follow another Beilock mantra: “focus on the outcome, not the mechanics.” An accomplished free-throw shooter, for example, might lapse into thinking about the minutiae of form to numb the nerves in a pressure situation. Robin Jackson, a sports scientist at Brunel University in London, has proven why that’s a bad idea.

Jackson had soccer players of equal skill levels set objectives before dribbling a ball through cones. The players who chose technique-oriented goals (“Keep loose with knees bent”) fared worse than those with a strategic focus (“Keep the ball close to the cones”). In fact, Beilock writes, “technique focus results in worse performance than if they paid no attention to detail in the first place.” Under duress at the free-throw line, then, a player who becomes aware of the anatomical Rube Goldberg machine at work loses the subconscious benefits of practice. Better for the shooter to envision where the ball will land in the net, Beilock says, triggering motor cues in the brain from successful repetition.

Reaction to pressure is a matter of interpretation. At the University’s Human Performance Laboratory, which Beilock runs, researchers evaluated undergraduate math test results based on levels of the stress hormone cortisol. For some students, higher levels of the hormone meant lower test scores. But others’ scores rose as their cortisol increased. It turned out that the students whose higher cortisol correlated to lower scores had previously reported math anxiety. Those whose results

9.

THE OBAMA EFFECT.

Seeing examples of people who defy common stereotypes about sex, race, and ability can help to boost the performance of people in these social groups.

10.

PRACTICE UNDER PRESSURE.

Study under the same conditions you will be tested under—for instance, in a timed situation with no study aids—to get used to what you will experience on test day.

11.

OUTSOURCE YOUR COGNITIVE LOAD.

Write down the intermediate steps of a problem rather than trying to hold everything in your head. This provides an external memory source and you may be less likely to mix up information or forget important details.

improved as the stress hormone increased had no such fear.

Everybody felt the test pressure, as their hormonal reactions proved, but responses to the stress varied depending on preexisting feelings about the subject. Some people treat anxiety as a signal to perform at their best. Others dwell on it as a sign of impending failure.

It's possible to neutralize ominous ruminations, if not eliminate them. Writing about worries before taking an exam dilutes their negative impact on students with test anxiety, Beilock says, "in essence downloading them from mind so they're less likely to pop up in the moment and distract them." In a paper published in the January 14 *Science*, Beilock and Chicago PhD student **Gerardo Ramirez** reported the effect. Test-anxious ninth graders who spent ten minutes writing about their feelings before a biology exam earned a B-plus on the test, compared to a B-minus for those who didn't write, a significant difference between students with otherwise comparable academic credentials. "We show that this has an especially big effect," Beilock adds, "for students who are high in test anxiety."

In October she published research in the journal *Cerebral Cortex* identifying the brain activity of math-anxious students who overcome their fears to succeed on tests. Students whose fMRI scans revealed an activation of the region that regulates negative reactions fared twice as well on exams as those whose brains did not respond in that way. That activation sparks a series of mental responses that help students block out their anxiety and focus on how to solve the test problems. One way to trigger that brain response, Beilock says, is to talk through the solutions out loud, which trains attention on the mathematical techniques and off of the tension.

Some techniques to repel pressure work whether the activity draws on procedural or explicit memory. One of the most effective, Beilock says, is to practice under stress. The prepping doesn't have to be as intense as the real-life pressure situation itself, which is almost impossible to simulate, but it should be enough to acclimate your mind to performing under those conditions. Timed SAT practice tests, for example, or free throws that determine whether or not teammates run sprints, Beilock says, help people "get used to the pressure they're going to feel in the actual do-or-die situation."

How early in life a person learns a skill can also influence performance under pressure. Beilock and University of Houston psychologist Arturo Hernandez have shown that golfers who learned to play after age ten, even after years of practice, put more conscious thought into their actions. "The people who learned to play earlier tended to be less likely to start unpacking their performance and thinking about the detail," Beilock says. "We think that's because they learned to play when they weren't overanalyzing every step."

Younger kids are less likely to overanalyze because the prefrontal cortex doesn't fully develop until adulthood. For them golf becomes, in effect, a native language acquired with the sensory and motor areas of the brain. Skilled players who learn later are more like an older person encountering a foreign language; even if they become fluent, they lack the intuitive command of someone who learned it earlier in life. Because of age differences in how the brain processes certain skills, Beilock notes, "we also think that the later golfers learn, the more vulnerable they are to choking under pressure."

Beilock's tips to prevent sports and performance choking.

1.

DISTRACT YOURSELF.

Singing a song or even thinking about your pinky toe as Jack Nicklaus was rumored to do can help prevent the prefrontal cortex from regulating movements that should run outside awareness.

2.

DON'T SLOW DOWN.

Don't give yourself too much time to think and to control your highly practiced putt, free throw, or penalty kick. Just do it.

3.

FOCUS ON THE OUTCOME, NOT THE MECHANICS.

Focusing on the goal, where the ball will land in the net, helps cue your practiced motor programs to run flawlessly.

AS ANYONE WHO HAS EVER CHOKED KNOWS, THESE TYPES OF FLUBS CAN HAUNT YOU.

I was vulnerable at a young age. Despite four or five years of baseball experience, my 12-year-old mind became hyperaware at the state finals. We had already lost once in the double-elimination tournament, but with a one-run lead and two outs in the last inning, we were on the verge of taking another step toward the title. I just hoped nobody would hit the ball toward me.

There was a runner on first base when a ground ball came up the middle, rolling slowly toward second base. All I had to do was pick it up and step on second for a force out that would end the game. It couldn't have been an easier play; I didn't even have to make a throw. Pick up the ball, step on the base, game over.

I needed George Balanchine or Aparicio Rodriguez—or Sian Beilock—whispering in my ear, someone to take my mind off the fact that this easy play was weighed down with significance for me, my teammates, and the parents and friends in the crowd. My arms and legs were leaden,

every movement heavy and forced, as if the communication between my synapses and muscles had short-circuited. In fact, the communication had increased, much to the detriment of me and my team.

I shifted to my right, into position to field the ball. If anything, I got there too soon, just as it skipped over the pitcher's mound. I reminded myself to put my glove in the dirt and watch the ball all the way into it, coaching commandments that were rote actions by then. Now, I realize, that mindfulness contributed to my failure to execute basic fundamentals at the most important time.

Stiff-legged, I didn't get my glove down, and the ball scooted through my legs. I don't remember much about what happened after that, but I know the other team scored two runs to win and eliminate us from the state tournament.

It still stings. "As anyone who has ever choked knows, these types of flubs can haunt you," Beilock writes, infecting the mind and developing into self-fulfilling prophecies. Professional second baseman Chuck Knoblauch went through an ordeal when he could not make an accurate throw to first. Catchers have suddenly lost the ability to toss the ball back to the pitcher. On the greens, accomplished golfers get the "yips," an actual condition that the Mayo Sports Medicine Center has divided into two types.

A certain amount of innate mental wiring creates a predisposition to succeed or fail under pressure. Chronic worriers, for example, are "more prone to buckle," Beilock says. But psychological temperament determines only so much. To a large extent, she says, "how you perform in these stressful situations is based on how well prepared you are and the tools you bring to the table to counteract it."

Now she tells me. ♦

4.

FIND A KEY WORD.

A one-word mantra (such as *smooth* during a golf stroke) can keep you focused on the end result rather than the step-by-step processes of performance.

5.

FOCUS ON THE POSITIVE.

Focusing on the negative can make you feel out of control and increase the likelihood that you will not work as hard to obtain future goals.

6.

CURE THE YIPS BY CHANGING UP YOUR GRIP.

Altering your performance technique reprograms the circuits you need to execute your shot, hopefully clearing your brain and body of the motor hiccup.



personal history

A FRIDAY NIGHT STORY



*In 1980s Baltimore, a family recalls an act of kindness—
and finds a way to repay it.*

BY JACK TUCKER, PHD '72

PHOTOS COURTESY JACK TUCKER

Clockwise: The Tucker family celebrates Rosh Hashanah and Passover together in the late 1980s; Tucker's father holds baby Jack before they moved to America. ***Opposite:*** Jack's mother cradles him in Poland; Tucker's father after arriving in the United States.





Tucker's parents hold a grandchild in 1988 and baby Jack in 1947.

"I'll have a piece," I said to my mother, who was passing slices of apple cake around the table while my wife and sister-in-law brought cups of hot tea into the dining room. The children had already eaten their brownies and had run off into the den to play board games, leaving the adults to finish their desserts and tea in peace before the kids were called back in for the *Birkat Hamazon*.

"Mom, you'll never guess who I ran into this week."

My mother was in no mood to play my guessing game. She was tired. *Shabbos* dinner for her husband, her two sons, and their families was an enormous amount of work, and even though we were all but finished with the last course, she still had so much work to do. The table had to be cleared, and all the dishes had to be scraped, then racked in the dishwasher. The leftovers had to be put away so that she and my father could eat them Saturday afternoon after coming home from shul.

"Ronnie Salzberg," I continued, matter-of-factly, despite her lack of interest in my earlier challenge.

"Ronnie Salzberg?" my mother repeated, at first without apparent comprehension. Then, abruptly, she dropped what she was doing. She moved around the table and sat down next to me.

"Ronnie Salzberg," she repeated again. "*Oy, es git nisht keyn yaysher.*" There is no fairness in the world.

Ronnie Salzberg was an acquaintance from my youth whom my mother had hardly ever met, but she knew all about him. The mere mention of his name now brought back memories of a tragedy that happened before we came to America, even before Ronnie was born—a tragedy whose recall touched my mother that Friday night, more than 40 years later.

Ronnie was the son of Dr. Arnold Salzberg, a family physician who had a practice in our old Pimlico neighborhood in Baltimore, where we settled after we first arrived in America in 1947. My parents were poor then, and all their hopes were pinned on my father's buying a nearby corner grocery store—but it took months for him to overcome his fears, to feel comfortable about the store's prospects, to arrange for a loan, and to bring one of his *landsleit*, a fellow Holocaust survivor, down to Baltimore to be his partner. In the meantime, they had no income, only the small amount my father had managed to save after the war in Poland and Germany before coming to America.

My mother was a proud woman who preferred to do without rather than to ask for help. She washed our diapers in the tub with a washboard and a bar of soap, and hung clotheslines in the bathroom because she could not afford a diaper service. She tried not to borrow a cent more than she absolutely had to from her brother and sisters, who had moved before the war and sponsored us to come to Baltimore. Every dollar had to be invested into the new business. But when I was sick, the one thing she could not do without was providing me with medical care. She was always rushing me, or later my little brother, to the doctor or having him come to our home. She had already lost one child to disease after their town in Poland was liberated, so every minor fever, every unusual rash, every infirmity that struck us—no matter how trivial—brought back the horror of that time when she was powerless to protect her daughter. Dr. Salzberg must have thought my mother was hysterical with some of the imagined childhood illnesses she brought to his attention, but if he did, he kept it to himself. Nevertheless, it embarrassed my mother to have to tell Dr. Salzberg that she could not afford to pay him just yet for his medical services.

PHOTOS COURTESY JACK TUCKER

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Tucker. *Sorg sikh nisht*. Everything will be all right,” Dr. Salzberg would say. He spoke just enough broken Yiddish to be able to communicate with my mother, who then knew no English. “You’ll pay me back when your husband starts working and earning a living.” But in the meantime, my mother had no choice but to accept the *gemilas khessed*, the act of kindness of Dr. Salzberg.

Dr. Salzberg was the physician of my mother’s relatives already in Baltimore. Undoubtedly, she heard of his terrible tragedy from them. A few years earlier, Dr. Salzberg’s wife was home taking care of their toddler. She had just changed his diaper on the sofa in their living room when the phone rang. She turned around and ran into the kitchen to answer the phone. Maybe she forgot about the baby for a half second, or maybe it was half an hour. I never really learned the exact details. But before she realized that there was any danger, the baby had climbed up to the top of the sofa. An accordion screen in the open window had caught his attention. The little boy pushed on the screen, it gave, and the Salzberg baby fell to his death.

Dr. Salzberg never spoke of this tragedy, at least not to patients like my mother, but she knew all about it. Maybe she had a particular empathy for the grief that he hid. After all, she too had lost a child.

My sister, Tziporah, was born in Soviet-occupied eastern Poland in 1940. When the Germans attacked their erstwhile Soviet allies in June 1941, my parents, like all the other Jewish residents of Brańsk, were confined in the ghetto. When the Germans liquidated the ghetto and began sending Jews by train to Treblinka in November 1942, my parents determined to go into hiding to avoid the gas chambers that they heard awaited the Jews there. But they could not take a baby into the forests. Instead they left her in the care of a Polish Catholic priest of a nearby village. He renamed her with a conspicuously Catholic name and

hid the fact that this little girl was Jewish, even from his Polish housekeepers. He had the women care for several orphans in his rectory but did not tell them which if any might not be Catholic for fear that the secret might be revealed to the Germans, and then all would be killed, Jews and non-Jews alike. All the orphans were taught to speak Polish and to learn the Catholic prayers—the “Our Father” and the “Hail Mary”—so that to the German army and its attached death machine, all the children would appear as ordinary Polish orphans.

My parents remained in hiding from the fall of 1942 until the late summer of 1944, when the German army finally retreated. As the Red Army liberated the region and massed in eastern Poland to begin its final assault on Germany, my parents felt safe enough to reclaim their little girl. Although she’d become emaciated at the orphanage because the German army had robbed Poland of its produce, she was alive and apparently healthy at Rosh Hashanah. Yet by Yom Kippur, ten days later, she was gone—*af tsu lokhes*, as if purely to spite them. She had succumbed to an epidemic that spread through the town, carried by contaminated water. They had her for less than a month.

If only they had understood the health danger posed by an occupying army. If only they had realized that even the well might be contaminated. If only they had boiled the water. If only they had not housed a refugee doctor in their home who perhaps brought germs and disease with her. If only they themselves had died and the child had remained in the care of the priest, maybe their daughter would have survived. “If only” became the obsession that haunted my mother’s anxious days and sleepless nights throughout her last year in Poland, her six months in a refugee camp in American-occupied Germany, and her first years in America until she and my father finally refashioned a life for themselves here. The same “if only” must have burdened Mrs. Salzberg with the unbearable guilt my mother suffered, and she understood more than anyone how the Salzbergs felt.

Dr. and Mrs. Salzberg adopted a baby boy, Ronnie; he and I were born within two months of each other—he in the United States and I in postwar Poland. Shortly after the adoption, Mrs. Salzberg became pregnant and gave birth to a daughter, Judy, who was less than a year younger than their adopted son. Growing up, Judy was all the things Ronnie was not. She was pretty while Ronnie was, well, not so pretty. She was popular and stylish, the kind of girl who when I was in high school, I wished I had the self-confidence to ask out on a date. He, on the other hand, was withdrawn and sullen. She was graceful and athletic, took

“IF ONLY” BECAME THE OBSESSION THAT HAUNTED MY MOTHER’S ANXIOUS DAYS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS THROUGHOUT HER LAST YEAR IN POLAND.

ballet lessons, and was a star tennis player in high school. Poor Ronnie was a klutz—he couldn’t run or catch a ball or do any of the other things that count for so much in boy society. And she was successful in school, while he seemed to have a harder time of it. Not that he was stupid. In fact, in high school he was tracked in the demanding special college preparatory program—the “enriched course,” they called it. But things did not work out for him. He maintained decent grades until high school, when he began to exhibit problems that everyone had a hard time explaining.

“His mother never really loved him,” was the consensus of the latter-day Freudians and self-proclaimed psychology experts in the neighborhood. “When Judy came along, his mother transferred all her affections to her beautiful daughter and did not have enough love for her less attractive adopted son,” people theorized. I had heard my mother talking to her friends and relatives about Ronnie when I was a boy, and I guess I bought into the theory as well. None of us had ever heard of a learning disability. If an otherwise bright child did not do well in school, then the only possible explanation was that the mother had withheld her love.

The conclusion that Mrs. Salzberg never really loved her adopted son seemed confirmed when I was about 14 or 15. One winter day, my mother told me that Mrs. Salzberg had died of cancer, and she wanted me and my friends to pay a shivah visit that afternoon. I balked at going, especially because Ronnie was not really a friend, just an acquaintance. But my mother insisted. It was the first time I had ever gone to the home of a mourner, and I felt uneasy. I did not know what to say or how to act. Somehow I expected that when I came into the Salzberg home, the family members would be crying in anguish. That’s what I imagined took place in a house of mourning. Nothing of the sort happened. Dr. Salzberg shook our hands and thanked us for coming to the shivah house. Judy was chatting and giggling with her close girlfriends and didn’t seem interested in talking to us, and we were too shy and uncomfortable to approach her. When my friends and I came into Ronnie’s room, he did not seem visibly upset at all. Instead of weeping, he asked us if we would like to join him in a game of Risk. To my inexperienced sensibility, that seemed inappropriate. I concluded that Ronnie must not have loved his mother—a just payback, I decided, for her lack of affection.

Ronnie had a hard time in school. In the 12th grade, Ronnie’s advanced chemistry class took place in an old science lecture hall with stadium-style seating. The class was taught by Mr. Buchanan, the science-department head. On the first day of class, Mr. Buchanan did not know anyone, but by the end of the period he had spotted Ronnie as the most awkward, least confident student in the class. Although he did not manage to learn anyone else’s name, he learned Ronnie’s and determined that he could court the

BY PICKING ON THE WEAKEST MEMBER OF THE PACK, HE FIGURED HE COULD INGRATIATE HIMSELF WITH THE REST OF THE HYENAS.

favor of the class by poking fun at him. By picking on the weakest member of the pack, he figured he could ingratiate himself with the rest of the hyenas.

Near the end of the first week of school, just before chemistry, Ronnie realized he had left his chemistry book in his locker. After visiting the locker, he was not with the rest of the class going to the lab. Somehow he made a wrong turn or got off on the wrong floor and was briefly lost in the labyrinth of our gigantic public high school. By the time he arrived at the laboratory, class had already begun, and Mr. Buchanan was writing on the blackboard. With the teacher’s back to the class, Ronnie tried to slip in unobserved and make it up to his desk near the back. As he climbed the steps, some kids started to snicker. Mr. Buchanan turned around, and his eye fell on Ronnie.

“Salzberg!” he yelled. The fear in Ronnie’s eyes was like in a war movie, when the American soldier tries to escape from the German POW camp, and in the darkness the searchlight catches him snagged on the barbed-wire fence.

As Ronnie turned to face Mr. Buchanan’s wrath, one of the books slipped from his grasp. Ronnie bent over to pick it up, and the others fell. The class laughed at his clumsiness. Mr. Buchanan looked away from Ronnie and turned to the rest of the class.

“No wonder he can’t learn any chemistry. He can’t even pick up his books.” The class howled. I can almost see the smug look Buchanan had on his face as he played to the mob.

Tears welled up in Ronnie’s eyes.

Then he abandoned his books and ran out. I don’t know if Ronnie dropped chemistry completely or if his father managed to have him transferred to another teacher.

A few years later I heard that Ronnie had dropped out of college. Shortly after, I learned that Dr. Salzberg had died and left Ronnie a fair sum of money. Someone told my mother that Ronnie had mismanaged his inheritance and was left with nothing. Whatever happened



Jack's son sings the four questions at a 1988 seder.

to Ronnie I knew nothing about, indeed did not even think about, until that week when we were having Shabbos dinner at my parents' home.

"You're certainly right about Ronnie," I replied to my mother. "There is no *yaysher*. Some people never have any *mazel* in life."

"Where did you see him?" she asked.

"Believe it or not, he showed up at my office. I was coming out of the conference room when I noticed my secretary talking to two very odd-looking people, a man and a woman. Both were terribly dressed. He was unshaven and she was—well, just weird looking."

"Pretty?" she asked.

"I don't know, just weird. You know, long denim dress with patches. Long stringy hair. Anyway, at first I didn't pay much attention to them. They came into the office to ask for directions to Westview Shopping Center. Then I noticed that it was Ronnie Salzberg standing there in my waiting room. So I went out and introduced myself. He recognized me but didn't seem in any mood to chat. When they asked for more directions, I said, 'Never mind, Ronnie. Let's go to my car, and I'll drive you there.'"

I stopped to have a sip of tea and take a bite of apple cake, but my mother became impatient. "Is that your whole story? What did you learn about him?"

"Well, that's the thing. As I drove them to Westview, I tried to ask him what he was doing, but he kept looking at his girlfriend and evaded giving me a straight answer. When I asked where he lived, he just said, 'Near here.' I asked what he was doing, and he said, 'A little bit of this, a little bit of that.' Finally, as we pulled up to the shopping center, he stared at his girlfriend for a moment and confessed, 'I guess I should tell you. We live at Spring Grove.'"

My brother overheard "Spring Grove" and became in-

terested in our conversation. It was the state mental hospital complex about a mile from my office. "How long has he been a patient there?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Once he said Spring Grove, I thought it would be prying to ask any more questions."

"Do you suppose he has been there all these years?" my mother asked. "Has he been involved with drugs?"

"I have no idea," I shrugged. "I didn't have the chutzpah to ask what got him committed." He had told me about Spring Grove as he was about to get out of the car, but then he hesitated, looked at me, and asked if he could borrow \$100. He caught me by surprise. I asked what he needed it for, but he didn't say. So I gave it to him—\$100. "I don't know if I did the right thing or not," I told my family. "He probably used the money just to buy liquor or dope."

My mother reached over and gave me a hug. "You did the right thing," she said.

She told me to wait one minute while she ran to her bedroom. She opened up the drawer where my father put away his wallet before *Shabbos*, removed a hundred-dollar bill, and brought it to me. I was dumbfounded. It was not that my mother was so *frum* that she observed the Sabbath precisely the way her parents had in Poland before the war. She would boil water for tea on Friday night, turn off the oven after serving the chicken and kugel, and would occasionally run the dishwasher after the meal. She would answer the phone on Saturday, and now that my father could no longer walk great distances, she even drove him to the synagogue. But touching money on Shabbat? Never—at least not since my father had sold his last store that was open on Saturday.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "I don't need your money."

"Take it," she ordered.

"It could wait until Sunday morning or some other time that I come back here. Your credit is good."

"I guess I could wait," she said. "But I would not have been able to sleep until I had given you the money. Don't you see? The money had to come from me and not from you. All these years, I always felt that I never adequately thanked Ronnie's father for his *gemilas khesed* when you boys were small. It meant so much to me at the time. Then he died before I ever had the chance. And maybe at the time, I would have been embarrassed to tell him because there are some things you just cannot put into words. But now, *Got tsu danken*, I finally found a way." ♦

Since selling his family's nursing home in 1995, Jack Tucker has been writing, reading, and consulting. His Sept–Oct 2008 piece "Spare Me" bowled readers over with his account of sending false alumni news, over several years, to the *Magazine*.



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Two College students from the 1960s model the latest fashions. If you can identify the women or the occasion, contact uchicago-magazine@uchicago.edu.

Song of myself

BY HASSAN S. ALI, AB'07

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM STOTEN

Around these parts, they call me Papa Smurf. It's 10 p.m. on a Saturday, and the Local bar in Chicago's River North is transforming into what I like to call the "Flanger Zone." The bartender cuts the music and passes out black binders with sticky laminated pages that crinkle when you leaf through them, thanks to a spilled beer or two. ("At least I hope it's just beer," says some guy next to me who looks like a cast member of *Jersey Shore*. We high-five. I get it.)

The bartender switches two wall-mounted TVs to a video feed that features a photo of a kitten singing into a microphone. "All right everybody, it's ten o'clock," announces emcee Steve Archer, "That means it's time once again for karaoke."

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then I still don't know what the hell karaoke is. It's an activity that rewards drunken off-key renditions of cheesy rock ballads with cheers and laughter, while pitch-perfect performances of even the most popular songs can leave listeners bored.

I leaf through the binder full of songs and find what I'm looking for, a little piece of Americana known as "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent. But when a bachelorette party rolls in, I decide on something that doesn't

include the lyrics, "Then I crushed your face."

It's time to pander. You can't go wrong with Tom Petty's "American Girl" in a situation like this, and I ask Steve to add my song to the growing list. By now he knows to put me down as "Papa Smurf," my karaoke stage name and what strangers will remember to call me throughout the night, after I've hit that final note.

A few songs later, it's my turn. "Give it up for Papa Smurf!" Steve announces. Sure enough, midway through the song, the bride-to-be and three of her friends join me. Half dancing and half singing, we all get through the song somehow. I get four hugs and tell one of them we're doing a duet in a little bit. It's a deal. I return to my seat, where another guy's been idly leafing through the binder with clearly no intention of singing. I pry the book away and find Frankie Valli's "Can't Take My Eyes Off You." Five minutes later I ask Steve to add me and my new friend to the list.

Besides free refills, there is nothing more American than getting behind a microphone and embarrassing yourself. Politicians and Donald Trump are experts at it. Yet there's something about singing in front of a room full of strangers that petrifies some people. I know, because I used to be one of them.

If I sat down with the me of ten years ago, not only would it be a miracle of cloning and time-travel

Abe Lincoln probably would have picked Pat Benatar's "We Belong." Napoleon would rock TLC's "Waterfalls."

technology, but I doubt I'd consider us the same person. "I remember you in high school as someone who kept to himself," says Sarah Groninger, a classmate I recently ran into for the first time since graduating eight years ago. "You seemed to have a quiet demeanor but a good sense of humor."

Beyond the acne, token teenage angst, and crippling shyness around girls, I was a smart and happy guy, with parents who supported my interests in writing, comedy, and filmmaking. I was content with being my own best friend.

That all changed when I got to UChicago and joined the *Maroon*. I don't really know what drew me to the campus newspaper, but I was addicted. Journalism meant having to talk to people. A lot of people. And it meant being charming to complete strangers who otherwise wouldn't agree to an interview. So I left social awkwardness and fear of rejection at the door.

Sarah agrees. "Today's Hassan seems a lot more outgoing, confident, and conversational."

Since college, I've channeled my freewheeling sensibilities into activities like improv comedy, but I still gravitate toward the karaoke floor as my favorite way to unwind.



Why? Well, it's free. And it's also one of the best ways to socialize with old friends or make new ones. I don't often run into people like Julia, the bride's friend who joined me for that duet. From my experience, hipster-ish girls absolutely hate things like karaoke. It's about as appealing as a Groupon for prune juice. But Julia proves me wrong: when Steve cues up the Frankie Valli song, she grabs a microphone and pumps one hand in the air. Her entire table of friends starts screaming. The music begins, and we alternate looking intently at each other and glancing back at the lyrics scrolling across the TV screen. We crudely choreograph a dance number during a brief instrumental break and end the song with a move best described as "jazz hands." We welcome the next singer up to the mic and both grab a seat.

Soon afterward we're talking about how you can tell a lot about a person by the song they pick. I wonder aloud what different historical figures might have picked to sing. For Abe Lincoln, probably Pat Benatar's "We Belong." Napoleon would rock TLC's "Waterfalls." After a good laugh, I decide to call it an early night, but not before Julia gives me her phone number. Not too bad for an evening of foolishness.

Beyond the social aspect, karaoke also further immortalizes songs and the artists. Jon Bon Jovi can retire today knowing that his legacy is well protected in karaoke bars all over the world. Karaoke also gives one-hit wonders a second life. More important, it allows us average people to be pop stars for two to four minutes, even if it doesn't come with all the perks of rock and roll.

Of course I have met my fair share of karaoke haters—those who say karaoke is pointless and embarrassing and dumb. Well, those people are idiots. They're probably vegan and wear toe shoes. And go to business school. Because karaoke is supposed to be embarrassing and dumb. The whole idea is to embrace that cheesiness in a headlock until it cries uncle. It's part of an attitude that rewards doing something bold instead of sitting on the sidelines. It's how I now approach everything in life.

All for the small price of your dignity. If you ask me, it's a bargain. ♦

Hassan S. Ali is a TV and online comedy writer and producer. He likes sandwiches. Stalk him at beyondcereal.com.

NOTES

IN SERVICE OF THE LAW

Quintin Johnstone, U-High'32, AB'36, JD'38, the Justus S. Hotchkiss professor emeritus at Yale Law School, has received the *Connecticut Law Tribune's* Service to the Profession Award, renamed in June to honor the property lawyer's 12 years as chair of the newspaper's editorial board (future recipients will receive the Professor Quintin Johnstone Service to the Profession Award). Johnstone has spent more than five decades at Yale, minus two years in the 1960s as dean of Haille Selasse School of Law in Addis Abbaba, Ethiopia.

PRESIDENTIAL DESIGN

Joining the growing list of university presidents who graduated from UChicago—including Swarthmore College president **Rebecca Chopp**, PhD'83; **Teresa A. Sullivan**, AM'72, PhD'75, of the University of Virginia; and **Leon Botstein**, AB'67, of Bard College—**Laurence A. Hinz**, MBA'91, has been named president of the Santa Fe University of Art and Design.

WONKETTE ACROSS THE POND

In late September political blogger **Ana Marie Cox**, AB'94, started blogging for British newspaper the *Guardian*, covering the 2012 presidential election “from the people running to the people



Ana Marie Cox



TRAFFIC MANAGER

Paul Casey, AB'94, senior service planner for the city of Santa Monica's (CA) Big Blue Bus, which operates some 200 energy-efficient alternative-fuel vehicles, was awarded the Swedish Institute's Swedish-American Bicentennial Fellowship. In September he traveled to Stockholm and Malmö—one of the most sustainable cities in the world—to research innovative transit solutions to traffic congestion.

covering the people running to the people that will actually vote.” The founder of political satire website *Wonkette*, Cox noted on the *Guardian* blog that she was particularly excited about seeing her z's replaced with s's and “being able to use the word ‘fortnightly’ more often.”

RISK STUDIES

David K. A. Mordecai, PhD'04, and **Samantha Kappagoda**, MBA'96, have established the Risk Economics Lab for Decision Metrics at New York University's Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences. The lab applies computational methods to geopolitical and socioeconomic issues, including aging, immigration, and consumer habits. Mordecai and Kappagoda, founders of consulting firm Risk Economics, are co-executive directors.

DON'T CALL ME SHIRLEY

Toxicologist **Barry Rumack**, SB'64,

who's retired from the University of Colorado School of Medicine and the Rocky Mountain Poison and Drug Center, has received the Career Achievement Award from the American Academy of Clinical Toxicology. The award is not Rumack's only claim to fame: the neighbor of filmmakers David and Jerry Zucker, who directed the 1980 comedy *Airplane!*, Rumack was the namesake of Leslie Nielsen's character in the movie.

A MODERN LOVE STORY

On January 29 Harvard's Memorial Church will host the world premiere of the opera *Heloise and Abelard*, written by married couple **John Austin**, PhD'81, composer, and **Christine Froula**, AB'71, AM'72, PhD'77, librettist. Based on a 12th-century love story, the opera addresses questions of faith and politics in the 12th-century Catholic Church that are still relevant today.

RELEASES

The Magazine publishes a selection of general-interest books, films, and albums by alumni. For additional alumni releases, find the link to the Magazine's GoodReads bookshelf at mag.uchicago.edu.

COLUMBUS AND THE QUEST FOR JERUSALEM

By Carol Delaney, AM'78, PhD'84; Free Press, 2011.

Arguing against contemporary anticolonialist perspectives that Christopher Columbus was a greedy imperialist and glory hunter, Stanford University professor emerita **Carol Delaney** writes that he was in fact trying to help fund a religious crusade to take Jerusalem from the Muslims. Placing Columbus in the political and religious context of the 15th century, Delaney says he believed that he was destined to participate in this fight.

THE SECRET LIVES OF DRESSES

By Erin McKean, AB'93, AM'93; 5 Spot, 2011.

In her first novel, **Erin McKean**, a lexicographer and founder of the website Wordnik.com, tells the coming-of-age story of Dora Winston, a college student who returns home to run her sick grandmother's vintage-clothing store. Dora has to fight greedy relatives and her own conflicting emotions to preserve the spirit of her grandmother's shop, a mission that gives purpose to her aimless life.

PIETER BRUEGEL

By Larry Silver, AB'69; Abbeville Press, 2011.

In 2010 a lost painting by 16th-century Flemish painter Pieter Bruegel the Elder was rediscovered in a collector's home in Spain. With this discovery in mind, **Larry Silver**, a University of Pennsylvania art-history professor, examines Bruegel's oeuvre—his humorous scenes of peasants and landscapes as well as his religious interpretations. In his book, Silver analyzes Bruegel's work through a historical lens; while the painter was practicing his art for two decades in

Antwerp, Europe's emerging capital of capitalism, the region was also experiencing religious turmoil.

WHAT'S NEXT? UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM ON THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD ECONOMY

Edited by David Hale and Lyric Hughes-Hale, AB'76; Yale University Press, 2011.

More than 20 independent economists and analysts project what will happen in the world's major economies—the United States, Australia, South Africa, China—over the next five years in these turbulent times. The writers explore social and political factors, such as geopolitics and tax policies, in addition to statistical forecasts.

MICROSTYLE: THE ART OF WRITING LITTLE

By Christopher Johnson, AB'87; W. W. Norton & Co, 2011.

Well before Twitter, poets, ad copywriters, and political spinners knew what branding consultant **Christopher Johnson** discusses here: some of the most important messages are also the shortest. Johnson examines why minimesages hit and miss, discusses the tools that make them memorable, and explores the evolution of mass media into more personal forms of communication.

THE WILSHIRE SUN

By Joshua Baldwin, AB'06; Turtle Point Press, 2011.

An underachieving but aspiring young writer from Brooklyn moves to Los Angeles to become a screenwriter.

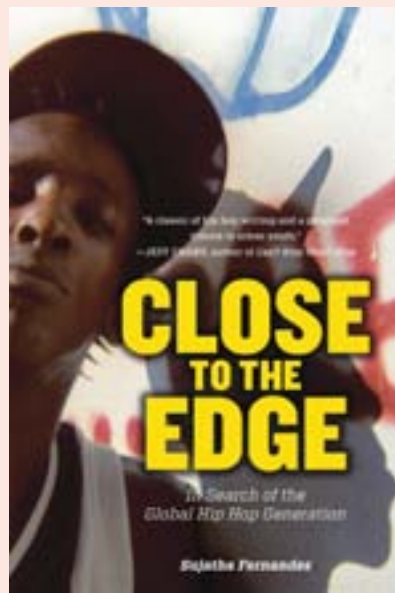
Joshua Baldwin's debut novella, which uses storytelling elements from epistolary exchanges to stream-of-consciousness rants about Walt Whitman and absent grandparents, explores the Hollywood dream and the narrator's psychological deterioration.

FEDERAL FATHERS AND MOTHERS: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE, 1869–1933

By Cathleen Cahill, AM'96, PhD'04; University of North Carolina Press, 2011.

The United States Indian Service (now the Bureau of Indian Affairs), created in 1824, was responsible for managing trust obligations to American Indians, but it also sought

to integrate them into US social and political systems. **Cathleen Cahill** studies the agency during the height of its assimilation efforts, which attempted to use employees as surrogate parents to make Native Americans comfortable with the US government.



CLOSE TO THE EDGE: IN SEARCH OF THE GLOBAL HIP HOP GENERATION

By Sujatha Fernandes, AM'00, PhD'03; Verso, 2011.

Part memoir, part academic study, **Sujatha Fernandes's** book covers youth street-culture movements from Sydney to Havana to Chicago. She works to understand the global hip-hop scene—including rapping, deejaying, beat making, and graffiti—the art incited by anger toward dispossession, racism, and poverty.

SWEET STUFF: AN AMERICAN HISTORY OF SWEETENERS FROM SUGAR TO SUCRALOSE

By Deborah Jean Warner, AB'62; Smithsonian Institution Scholarly Press, 2011.

The average American consumes 150 pounds of sugar a year—not including artificial sweeteners. **Deborah Jean Warner**, curator at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History, details the science and technology, business and labor, and politics and popular culture of the products that have been central to American life since colonial times.

ALUMNI NEWS

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REEL STORIES

The editors had few details about the photograph introducing the Sept–Oct/11 Peer Review section, but several readers wrote to fill us in: the 1956 photo, which appeared in the *Cap and Gown* from that year, featured (L–R) Leo Herzenberg, AB'56; nonstudent Doc Films member Ed Shafer; and then Doc chair Roy Turner, AM'56.

The image also sparked some reminiscences:

I was pleasantly startled to see myself in the photo, pointing at something. ... I think I had some technical role—maintaining equipment maybe. The last time I saw the picture was in a black-and-white publication of a few pages.

—Leonardo “Leo” Herzenberg, AB'56

The photo dates from at least '54, when I entered the U of C as an early-entrant undergrad and joined Doc Films. The fellow on the right is Roy [Turner], an Englishman who essentially ran Doc Films, with Ed [Shafer] as second in command. ... Noel Black, X'58, my roommate (Mathews House) at the time, also joined with me—and eventually became a film director, as did my last roommate, Phil Kaufman, AB'58 (*The Right Stuff*, etc.). We met in the basement of Noyes, amid cartons of bizarre black-and-white photos belonging to (if to anyone) the art-history department upstairs. It was probably the following year that I became a projectionist, nursing two Bell & Howell 16 mm projectors, in Soc Sci 122, for twice-weekly showings, during the rest of my time at the U of C. I was paid \$8 a show.

—Stanley Crawford, AB'58

That picture was used in the 1956 *Cap and Gown* yearbook with the listing for the Documentary Film Group. It was taken early in 1956.

As a Doc Film member in the early and mid-1950s, I had become generally inactive by fall 1955 because of working evenings at the University's downtown center in a building on LaSalle Street, as well as on campus in the afternoon, and taking a few courses to get a teaching certificate. I had been chair from mid-1953 to mid-1955 and fortunately got Roy to take over. There were barely a handful of members at the time.

The 1954 and 1955 *Cap and Gown* yearbooks didn't have anything on the Documentary Film Group—no pictures of members—as was the case with several student organizations of the time. ... However, Doc Film did have a listing and picture in the 1953 yearbook, which was the first *Cap and Gown* that the U of C put out since the late 1930s. (In that



1953 posed picture, I'm rather oddly wearing a light gray tie and dark shirt that hardly looks like a U of C fashion.) I guess that the 1956 photo is the only old photo that the Doc Film people have in their files and for the past ten or so years have been putting on their website and some schedules. It's unfortunate that there wasn't a 1941 yearbook [to include] the original Documentary Film Group. The 1937 yearbook has a page for the first student-run film group at the University, formed in June 1936, and pictures the student leaders. But that was the University of Chicago Film Society that during the 1940s operated concurrently with the Doc Film Group. (The U of C Film Society was suspended and dissolved in early 1951.)

Note: The Documentary Film Group always used Doc Film as its abbreviated name. I don't know how recently “Doc Films” became the preferred name. It perhaps seems more appropriate.

—Fred C. Smith, AB'54, AB'55

After all these years, I don't recognize the three in this picture, but it almost certainly dates to early to mid-1950s. The person who could say for sure and probably recognize them would be Ernie Callenbach, PhB'49, AM'53, who was one of the Doc Films organizers during that period.

He and I were among the pet film buffs of Rose Dunn, the manager of the Hyde Park Theater—she of the big hats and cocktails before an opening. By then, I had left WBKB (Chicago's first, experimental, TV broadcast station) and had become a professional “starving artist filmmaker,” making TV commercials for things like *Playhouse 90*, projection equipment for new stations, and fund-raising films for impoverished clients (like the U of C Alumni Association). Ernie and I would run into each other periodically, and some of the Doc Films aficionados would occasionally help me. In the early '60s I started to mature and “went legitimate,” making films for GE and Argonne National Laboratory.

—George Tressel, PhB'43

DEATHS

TRUSTEES

J. Parker Hall III, X^{'54}, a University of Chicago trustee emeritus, died September 22 in Winnetka, IL. He was 78. The son of former University treasurer J. Parker Hall Jr., U-High^{'23}, PhB^{'27}, in 1971 Hall joined Lincoln Capital Management Company, where he was president for almost 30 years. He published frequently on investment topics in the *Financial Analysts Journal* and in 2000 received the first Hortense Friedman Award from the Investment Analysts Society of Chicago. A trustee of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Nature Conservancy of Illinois, Hall and his wife, Julie, created the Julie and Parker Hall Botanic Garden Endowment Fund at the University, which helped renew Botany Pond. Recipients of the 2008 University of Chicago Medal, the couple also received several other awards honoring their philanthropy. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, a son, two brothers, and eight grandchildren.

FACULTY & STAFF

Frank J. Baker II, MBA^{'84}, cofounder of the University of Chicago Aeromedical Network, died May 13 of diabetes complications in Oak Brook, IL. He was 65. In the late 1970s Baker joined the Pritzker School of Medicine and rose to emergency-medicine chair. Around that time, he cofounded the city of Chicago's Emergency Medical Service Systems to coordinate paramedics and ER physicians. In 1984 Baker started the Medical Center's emergency helicopter system. Three years later he left the University to work as a senior ER physician at several local hospitals. A past president of the Illinois College of Emergency Physicians, Baker coedited *Rosen's Emergency Medicine: Concepts and Clinical Practice* (1983). He is survived by his wife, **Mary Mila Juric-Baker**, MBA^{'87}; two daughters; two sisters; and two grandchildren.

James Bowman, X^{'64}, professor emeritus in pathology and medicine, died September 28 in Chicago. He was 88. A pathology and population-genetics expert who studied inherited blood diseases, Bowman was the first African American tenured professor in the University's Biological Sciences Division. After two years as chief of pathology for the Medical Nutrition Laboratory at Denver's Fitzsimons Army Hospital, Bowman and his wife, **Barbara (Taylor) Bowman**, AM^{'52}, moved to Iran, where Bowman joined Nemazee Hospital as its pathology chair. In 1962 he returned to UChicago, where he became a full professor in 1971, directed the Comprehensive Sickle Cell Center, and served as Pritzker School of Medicine's assistant dean for minority affairs. He served on two federal

review committees overseeing sickle cell screening and education. His many awards include a CINE Golden Eagle Award for a film about sickle cells and a 1992 Gold Key Award from the University's Medical and Biological Sciences Alumni Association. Survivors include his wife; a daughter, former University trustee and Medical Center trustee Valerie Bowman Jarrett; and granddaughter **Laura Jarrett**, U-High^{'03}. **Zdenek Hruban**, MD^{'56}, PhD^{'63}, professor emeritus of pathology, died September 18 in Chicago. He was 90. A pioneer in early electron microscopy, Hruban applied it to clinical pathology, identifying how cells respond normally to cellular injuries such as oxygen deprivation, and was among the first to describe cellular organelles called peroxisomes. After fleeing communist Czechoslovakia, Hruban joined UChicago in 1960, retiring as professor emeritus in 1991. He received the 1994 Gold Key Award from the University's Medical and Biological Sciences Alumni Association. Cofounder of the Regenstein Library's Archives of the Czechs and Slovaks Abroad, Hruban was a member of the Czechoslovak Council on Higher Education and received the 1998 Czech Medal of Merit First Degree. He is survived by his wife, Jarmila; three children, **Paul Hruban**, U-High^{'73}, X^{'80}, **Ralph Hruban**, U-High^{'77}, AB^{'81}, and **Diana Quinn**, U-High^{'79}; and five granddaughters, including **Zoe Hruban**, AB^{'09}, and Emily Hruban, '12. **Claire (Tournay) LaCocque**, MST^{'75}, former University of Chicago Lab Schools French teacher, died May 30. She was 83. A Lab Schools teacher from 1970 to 1994, LaCocque also taught religion in Belgium and French in Jerusalem. She ministered at her husband's parish in Alsace, France. She is survived by her husband, André; daughter **Elisabeth Brunner**, U-High^{'74}, MST^{'83}; two sons, including Lab Schools counselor **Michel LaCocque**, AB^{'73}, MST^{'79}; a sister; seven grandchildren, including **David LaCocque**, U-High^{'90}, **Rebecca LaCocque-Randle**, U-High^{'94}, AB^{'98}, and **Jeremy LaCocque**, U-High^{'07}; and four great-grandchildren. **Susan Fromberg Schaeffer**, AB^{'61}, AM^{'63}, PhD^{'66}, a visiting professor in English and creative writing, died August 26 in Chicago. She was 71. Three-time winner of the O. Henry Award for short fiction and a finalist for the 1975 National Book Award for poetry, Fromberg Schaeffer wrote six volumes of poetry and 14 novels, including *Buffalo Afternoon* (1989). She taught English at Brooklyn College, winning the University of Chicago Alumni Association's 1996 Professional Achievement Award, until joining the University in 2002. She is survived by her husband, Neil; a daughter; a son; a brother; and two grandchildren.

Herman L. Sinaiko, AB^{'47}, PhD^{'61}, a professor of humanities, died October 2 in Chicago. He was 82. Teaching in the College for 57 years, Sinaiko was its dean of students from 1982 to 1986, where he worked to improve student mental-health care and to expand University Theater. Later, he founded the University of Chicago Great Books Institute, which introduces minority and first-generation community-college students to the materials used in the Core curriculum. Sinaiko earned several awards for his teaching, including the University's Quantrell Award for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching (1963) and the Alumni Association's Norman Maclean Faculty Award (2003). He is survived by his wife, **Susan Fisher**, SB^{'59}; two daughters, including **Eve Sinaiko**, U-High^{'73}, X^{'76}; three sons, including **David Sinaiko**, U-High^{'80}, and **Benjamin Sinaiko**, U-High^{'99}; and four grandchildren.

1930s

Robert S. Whitlow, AB^{'36}, died April 4 in Hilton Head Island, SC. He was 96. A WWII veteran, Whitlow was an attorney with the State and Treasury Departments and GE Corporation before entering private practice. He later held corporate counsel posts at General Precision Equipment Corporation and Commonwealth Oil Refining Company. After retiring from the latter in 1976 as senior vice president, general counsel, and corporate secretary, Whitlow became a private consultant. He is survived by his wife, Leila; a daughter; three sons; brother **Joseph Whitlow**, AB^{'39}; a sister; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Helen Harshbarger, AB^{'37}, of Plainfield, IL, the first woman elected to the Will County (IL) Board, died July 4. She was 95. Harshbarger was a teacher, secretary, and tax consultant before being elected to the board in 1972. After serving three terms, she was elected circuit clerk, retiring in 1996. Harshbarger was president of the United Way of Will County and the Joliet Junior College Foundation. Survivors include a daughter, three sons, and six grandchildren.

Ruth S. Kadish, AB^{'37}, of San Francisco, died August 10. She was 95. A Navy lieutenant during WWII, Kadish moved to San Francisco, where she founded the Service Committee on Public Education and was named to the State Committee of Teacher Credentials. As the first woman on the San Francisco International Airport Commission, she started the art exhibitions that still decorate SFO's corridors. In 2001 an art gallery in her name was dedicated at the airport. Kadish is survived by her husband, Morris; a daughter; a son; and two grandchildren.

Bernard Wolnak, SB^{'39}, of Northbrook, IL, died June 2011. He was 92. A WWII veteran, Wolnak did laboratory research in what later became the field of biotech-

nology before consulting to international agricultural, food manufacturing, and pharmaceutical companies. He retired at age 90. Survivors include two daughters, a brother, a sister, five grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

1940s

Antreen M. Pfau, SB'40, SM'44, died August 17 in Napa, CA. She was 93. A biomedical editor, Pfau worked at Argonne National Laboratory, Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, and City of Hope National Medical Center. She is survived by her husband, **John Pfau**, AB'47, AM'48, PhD'51, and two daughters.

Isabel (McNeill) Carley, U-High'35, AM'41, died July 14 in Gaithersburg, MD. She was 92. A leader in bringing the Orff approach—a method that combines music, movement, and speech—to American music education, Carley cofounded the America Orff-Schulwerk Association and chaired the *Orff Echo's* editorial board. Recipient of the association's 1998 Distinguished Service Award, she composed for the recorder and wrote the three-volume *Recorder Improvisation and Technique*. Survivors include two daughters; a son; a brother, the Robert A. Millikan distinguished service professor emeritus in history **William H. McNeill**, U-High'34, AB'38, AM'39; a sister; three grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Henry R. Gass, AB'41, died May 8 in Rockford, IL. He was 91. A WW II veteran, Gass was a systems analyst for Ben Franklin Bank. In retirement he was a Walmart greeter and played Santa Claus at the Aurora, IL, store during the holidays. He is survived by his wife, Bernice; a stepson; a sister; and four step-grandchildren.

James A. Schoenberger, SB'41, MD'43, died August 13 in Palo Alto, CA. He was 92. A cardiologist who linked high cholesterol and smoking to heart disease, Schoenberger taught at the College of Medicine at the University of Illinois at Chicago before starting a private practice. In 1968 he returned to teaching at Rush University Medical Center, where he chaired the preventive-medicine department and founded an Alzheimer's research center, retiring as professor emeritus in 1994. A past president of the American Heart Association, Schoenberger received the University of Chicago Medical and Biological Sciences Alumni Association's 1982 Distinguished Service Award. He is survived by his wife, **Sara Ann (Cotter) Schoenberger**, PhB'46; three sons; and five grandchildren.

James W. Tedrow, AB'42, JD'47, MBA'50, an attorney, died January 13 in Menlo Park, CA. He was 90. A WW II and Korea veteran, Tedrow was counsel at Automatic Electric Company before becoming a corporate secretary at Lenkurt Electric. After retiring in 1984, he did pro bono work for the Legal Aid Society and served on Menlo Park's Library Commission. He

is survived by his wife, **Virginia (Vlack) Tedrow**, AB'47; three daughters; a sister; a granddaughter; and a great-grandson.

Louise (Harvey) Clark, SB'45, an architect, died August 21 in Santa Rosa, CA. She was 86. An apartment-complex designer in the Bay Area with her husband, **Johnson Clark**, SB'43, Clark became an antiwar activist in the late 1960s, working as a draft counselor at the Mount Diablo Peace and Justice Center. In 2006 she created a hillside memorial honoring troops lost in Iraq and Afghanistan. Her husband died in 2007. She is survived by two daughters and four sons.

Michael M. Davis, U-High'35, SB'47, SM'57, an engineer, died April 19 in Chapel Hill, NC. He was 93. A WW II veteran, Davis developed biomedical technologies at the National Institutes of Health, created radio-navigation systems for NASA at General Electric, and devised vehicle-testing systems for government agencies. He is survived by his wife, Patricia; two daughters; three sons; eight grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

C. Lamar Wallis, BLS'47, a library administrator, died April 15 in Memphis, TN. He was 95. A WW II veteran, Wallis led efforts to desegregate Memphis public libraries in the 1960s. He spent 22 years as director of the Memphis/Shelby County Public Library and Information Center. Survivors include a son and two grandchildren.

Willis Dale Hannawalt, AB'49, JD'54, of San Francisco, died June 22. He was 83. An attorney, Hannawalt taught at Stanford Law School before joining Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, where he retired as a partner. He also did pro bono work for San Francisco public schools. His first wife, Vivian (Chaya) Hannawalt, AB'49, AM'54, died in 2003. He is survived by his wife, Linda; two daughters; a son; two sisters; and six grandchildren.

1950s

Charles O. Erickson, AM'50, DB'51, died July 4 in Kalamazoo, MI. He was 86. A WW II veteran and civil-rights advocate, Erickson was a United Church of Christ minister and taught at Piedmont and De fiance Colleges. He was later director of church relations at Olivet College. He is survived by his wife, **Alberta "Jane" Drake Erickson**, X'50; three sons; and six grandchildren.

Leon F. Miller, AM'46, PhD'50, died May 28 in Springfield, MO. He was 91. A WW II veteran, Miller was a distinguished professor of education at Northwest Missouri State University, where he directed the Horace Mann Laboratory School and chaired the education and psychology division. He served as graduate dean before retiring in 1985. Miller won the Phi Delta Kappa Distinguished Educational Service Award and received the 1991 Lions Club International Humanitarian Award. He

is survived by his wife, Mary Belle, and a daughter.

Katalin (Sarosy) Paterson, AM'50, of Aranda, Australian Capital Territory, Australia, died May 1. She was 87. After meeting at Chicago, Paterson, a social worker, and her husband, **Mervyn Paterson**, X'50, moved to Australia, where she worked for the Canberra immigration department and the Heart Foundation of Australia. She is survived by her husband, a daughter, a son, and two grandsons.

Heath K. Riggs, SM'48, PhD'50, a mathematician, died April 20 in Burlington, VT. He was 92. Riggs was admissions director at the University of Vermont before joining the school's math faculty in 1953. During his 31 years there, he introduced the first computer to campus and taught in the schools' National Science Foundation Summer Institute for math teachers. He also chaired the Richmond (VT) school board and zoning committee. He is survived by his wife, Harriet; a daughter; two sons; two sisters; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Earl H. Swanson, X'50, of Lincolnshire, IL, died April 24. He was 100. Swanson worked for the Advertising Checking Bureau for 58 years, retiring as chair. He is survived by his wife, **Beryl Petersen Swanson**, PhB'33; a daughter; two sons; a brother; 12 grandchildren; and 19 great-grandchildren.

Joseph V. Brady, PhD'51, a neuroscientist, died July 29 in Towson, MD. He was 89. A WW II veteran, Brady specialized in behavioral substance abuse, pioneering treatment approaches such as mobile methadone units and launching the field of behavioral pharmacology. He spent 20 years at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research as deputy director of neuropsychiatry and directed the space-research laboratory at the University of Maryland, training the first chimps to fly on NASA missions. He later joined Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. A recipient of the American Psychological Association's Distinguished Scientific Award, Brady also founded the nonprofit Institute for Behavioral Resources. He is survived by his wife, Nancy; four daughters; a son; a stepdaughter; a brother; 13 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

David G. Hinners, AM'48, PhD'51, died July 6 in Bangor, ME. He was 87. A WW II veteran, Hinners was a research analyst for the Census Bureau; the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; and the State Department's Asia and Far East division. He retired from the Justice Department in 1986 as a senior research specialist and wrote a biography of Chinese diplomat Tong Shao-Yi.

Mary (Lawrence) Stillings, SB'51, died July 25 in Salem, OR. She was 88. In 1959 Stillings and her husband, Edwin J. Stillings, AM'48, PhD'52, moved to Salem, where she was a member of the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, and Marion County

Democrats. Her husband died in 1991. Survivors include two daughters, a son, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. **Creed Black**, AM'52, of Miami, former president of the Knight Foundation, died August 16. He was 86. A WW II veteran, Black was a journalist with the *Philadelphia Inquirer* before becoming chair and publisher of the Lexington Herald-Leader Company. In 1986 he led the Kentucky news team to a Pulitzer Prize with a series exposing violations of NCAA policy. Black was inducted into the Kentucky Journalism Hall of Fame that year. He joined Knight in 1988 and grew the organization's endowment to nearly \$1.2 billion. He is survived by his wife, Elsa; a daughter; and three sons.

Leo Herzel, JD'52, a corporate attorney and legal scholar, died July 21 in Glencoe, IL. He was 87. Cochair of law firm Mayer Brown, Herzel wrote a market analysis of resource allocation problems that continues to influence Federal Communications Commission policy. Survivors include a daughter, a son, and a grandson.

Jo Eleanor Elliott, AM'53, died May 1 in Boulder, CO. She was 87. A past president of the American Nurses Association, Elliott headed the Western Council on Higher Education for Nursing for 23 years. She later directed the US Public Health Service's nursing division and taught at several schools, including the University of Michigan. Recognized by President Obama during his 2010 speech to the ANA for a lifetime of "courage and leadership" in health care, Elliott received the University of Chicago Alumni Association's 1983 Professional Achievement Award. Survivors include several nieces and nephews.

John A. Harvey, AB'55, PhD'59, died June 25 in Philadelphia. He was 80. A specialist in drug treatments for depression and movement disorders, Harvey held joint appointments as an associate professor in psychology and pharmacology at the University until 1968, when he joined the University of Iowa. In 1988 he became a professor at the Drexel University College of Medicine and was department chair before retiring in 2010. A past president of the American Psychological Association's psychopharmacology division, Harvey received a research development award and a research scientist award from the National Institute of Mental Health. He is survived by his wife, **Rhoda (Sadigur) Harvey**, AB'54, PhD'61; two sons; and two grandchildren.

Tom Gehrels, PhD'56, of Tucson, AZ, died July 11. He was 86. After fighting with the Dutch Resistance during WW II, Gehrels, an astronomer, spent 50 years at the University of Arizona studying asteroids and comets, research that helped create imaging devices that took early close-up photos of Saturn and Jupiter. He was principal investigator for a Pioneer 10 and 11 imaging experiment, which returned the first images of Saturn's F-ring. In 1980 he founded the Spacewatch Project to observe aster-

oids, including ones that could threaten Earth. Gehrels received the American Astronomical Society's 2007 Harold Masursky Award for his contributions to planetary science. He is survived by his wife, Liedeke; a daughter; and two sons.

Sarla Sharma, AM'56, of Greensboro, NC, died May 25. A psychologist, Sharma taught at North Carolina A&T State University for 44 years and retired professor emeritus. Her publications focused on injustices against women. She is survived by her husband, **Chiranjil L. Sharma**, PhD'55; a daughter; two sons; a sister; and two grandchildren.

William Maehl Jr., PhD'57, a historian, died July 26 in Santa Fe, NM. He was 81. A US Army veteran, Maehl taught at Chicago and the University of Oklahoma before becoming president of Fielding Graduate University in Santa Barbara, CA. A board member for the Council on Adult and Experiential Learning, he consulted to universities around the country. Maehl, a recipient of the University of Oklahoma Regents' Award for Superior Teaching, also cofounded the *Journal of Transformative Education*. He is survived by his wife, Audrey; a daughter; a sister; and three grandchildren.

1960s

Joseph Coggin Jr., PhD'65, of Mobile, AL, died August 22. He was 73. An expert in cancer detection, therapies, and potential vaccines, Coggin joined the University of South Alabama College of Medicine as a professor of microbiology and immunology in the 1970s. He later served as associate dean for basic medical sciences and retired as professor emeritus in 2006. He is survived by his wife, Sharon; two daughters; two sons; a brother; and seven grandchildren.

Helen Elizabeth Bock, AM'67, of Arvada, CO, died May 21. She was 87. Bock taught special-needs students in the Chicago Public Schools for many years and created the special-education program at Harlan High School. After retiring in 1987, she moved to Scottsdale, AZ, and became board president of the Heard Museum Guild. Her husband, **Frederick C. Bock**, AB'39, PhD'50, died in 2000. Survivors include two daughters, a son, two grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Marguerite (Bondy) Bougere, PhD'68, an educator, died June 29 in New Orleans. She was 92. Bougere taught early-childhood education and children's literature at Tulane University for nearly three decades. She cowrote the International Reading Association's first dictionary of reading. Survivors include a son, a brother, and four sisters.

1970s

Geoffrey "Geoff" M. Adkins, AB'73, MD'77, of River Forest, IL, died July 30

after a long illness. He was 60. A fellow of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, Adkins consulted to hospitals and private practitioners. Survivors include a sister.

Frank A. Wood, AB'73, X'80, died May 27 in De Pere, WI. He was 82. In 1953 Wood and his wife, Agnes, bought Denmark Press and grew it into Brown County Publishing Company, the umbrella company for the *Green Bay News Chronicle* and 35 other publications. In 2002 Wood was inducted into the Wisconsin Newspaper Hall of Fame and two years later sold the company to Gannett Corporation. He also taught humanities and international business at St. Norbert College. Wood is survived by his wife; two daughters; five sons, including **Michael Wood**, AB'79, MBA'83; 14 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Gordon B. Shneider, LL.M.'75, of Northbrook, IL, died April 21. He was 77. In 1975 Shneider became one of the 28 original faculty members of Lewis University Law School (later acquired by Northern Illinois University), teaching there until 2004. A corporate finance and torts specialist, he was voted Professor of the Year by members of the school's Class of 1988. Shneider served on the board of the LUNGEVITY Foundation. Survivors include two daughters; a son, **Benjamin Shneider**, MD'86; two brothers, including **Jerome Shneider**, MBA'69; a sister; and four grandchildren.

2000s

John "Jack" Wing, MLA'05, died August 7 in Skokie, IL. He was 75. After working as a financial analyst, Wing became president at A. G. Becker & Co. and then CEO of investment firm the Chicago Corp. (later ABN AMRO). Wing next joined the Illinois Institute of Technology as executive director of the Center for Law and Financial Markets and taught law and finance. Inducted in 2005 into the Futures Industry Association of Hall of Fame, he served on the boards of the Chicago Stock Exchange and the Illinois Humanities Council. Wing is survived by his wife, Joan; two daughters; a son; a brother; two sisters; and nine grandchildren.

2010s

Mandeep Bedi, AB'10, died August 25 in Chicago from injuries related to a traffic incident in which his wife, Elizabeth (Baker-Steimer) Bedi, '12, was also injured. He was 23. Bedi was a sales intern for University of Chicago's IT Services Solution Center. In the College, Bedi was a residential computing assistant and taught courses on the politics of soccer and freedom of speech for Chicago high-school students. His senior thesis explored the anthropology of urban graffiti. He is survived by his wife, his parents, and a sister. (For more, see page 22.)

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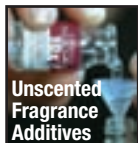
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