THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

MAR–APR 2015, VOLUME 107, NUMBER 4

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

MAR–APR 2015
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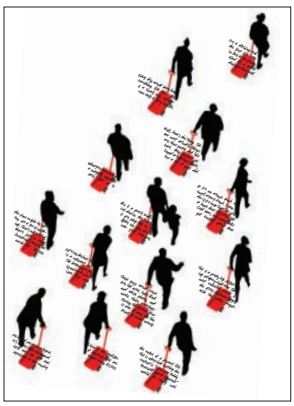

With fragments of the past in tow, *Antiques Roadshow* hopefuls come in waves. Appraiser Gary Piattoni, AB'83, helps them to identify the history and value of their items. See "Object Lessons," page 26. Illustration by Raul Arias.

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More than 200 alumni, parents, and friends came together in Los Angeles at Discover UChicago to celebrate the University of Chicago Campaign: Inquiry and Impact. University scholars shared research and fielded questions from inquiring Maroons. For upcoming Discover UChicago event dates, see page 53. Photography by Jason Smith.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

The things we carry

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS John Easton, AM'77; Carrie Golus, AB'91, AM'93; Brooke E. O'Neill, AM'04; Amy Braverman Puma

Editorial Office *The University of Chicago Magazine*, 5235 South Harper Court, Suite 500, Chicago, IL 60615. TELEPHONE 773.702.2163; FAX 773.702.8836; EMAIL *uchicago-magazine@uchicago.edu*. The *Magazine* is sent to all University of Chicago alumni. The University of Chicago Alumni Association has its offices at 5555 South Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. TELEPHONE 773.702.2150; FAX 773.702.2166. ADDRESS CHANGES 800.955.0065 or *alumni-support@uchicago.edu*. WEB *mag.uchicago.edu*

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National Advertising Representative
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At a Neubauer Collegium event this winter, "The Imaginary Funeral: Image, Artifact, and the Work of Mourning," faculty panelists discussed the trappings of mourning in the Roman Empire, pre-Columbian Peru, and 19th-century America. Afterward, audience members spoke about, and in some cases had brought with them, the things by which they remember their own lost loved ones. They brought wristwatches, clothing, books, and papers—even an actual death mask made in Germany in the 1960s. It's a nearly extinct art form, said the son of the woman it memorialized, the tricks of the trade lost over time as the ways we mourn evolve.

The discussion was by turns philosophical, psychological, historical, and personal—but mostly personal. It kept reminding me of something else, and finally I made the connection: it echoed the Saturday morning I spent last summer shadowing fine art appraiser **Gary Piattoni**, AB'83, at an *Antiques Roadshow* taping in downtown Chicago ("Object Lessons," page 26).

That day Piattoni was working the arms and militaria table, where he focuses on the 20th century. Many of the items he appraised had come down to their owners from family members who had served. When you watch the show on TV, you often see some of the very highest-value items that *Roadshow* hopefuls bring in. On a February episode taped in New York City, eye-popping five-figure estimates were the norm: a Tiffany lamp, a John Lennon autograph. Off camera, where few items are worth hundreds,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

let alone thousands, the stories behind them make the strongest impression. They're what many of those with family heirlooms come for.

What ties us to the things we love? In so many cases, it's the people we loved. I moved last year, and the glass doorknobs in my new apartment are just like the ones I remember from my grandparents' houses. To open a door is to return, in some tiny corner of my mind, to a retrospectively enchanted time. A cookbook that belonged to my maternal grandmother does the same, and the mixing bowls that my dad's mom used to make her apple-pie crusts.

I asked Piattoni which artifacts of today collectors will pine for in 50 or 100 years. "It's really tricky to predict," he admitted. But certain markets keep pace with the nostalgia of successive generations. A case in point: toys. "People collect toys that they played with," Piattoni told me. "It'll be Barbies, it'll be Transformers, it'll be Playskool." As a 40-something who now turns up the radio for songs from the 1970s that I ignored most of my adult life, that made perfect sense to me. ◆

LETTERS

Heart smart

"Heal Thyself" by Jason Kelly in your Jan–Feb/15 edition was both insightful and useful in a practical manner. Giving us a glimpse of how to become more healthy, live longer, and possibly enjoy life more from Kim Williams, AB'75, MD'79, and telling how he treated himself simply by changing what he put into his mouth, it is a good example of what most of us can achieve as we find the right balance of healthy food, good exercise, mental calisthenics, focus, and discipline. Why doesn't the University send this good doctor around to alumni groups throughout the country and give him firsthand interaction with us healthy, and some not so healthy, mortals? Reading about this great anecdotal research and personal reflection is one thing, but hearing it in person would be much more helpful to many alums who must be thirsty to know what types of food we should be eating and staying away from. This article is only a good first step to bringing useful testimony to our alumni bodies about how to survive in a complex and stressful world.

Many alums must be thirsty to know what we should be eating.

Great article!

Thomas H. Kieren, MBA'68
OAK RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

Managing integration

In his story about Bernie Sanders, AB'64 ("A Political Education," Jan–Feb/15), Rick Perlstein, AB'92, takes up the controversies over neighborhood racial change swirling around Hyde Park, and much of the country, during Sanders's days at UChicago. Overlapping Sanders's time at the University, I was doing my sociology PhD on just this topic, moved by events in Hyde Park but more specifically oriented toward South Shore, at the time undergoing its own racial change (published as a book, *Managed Integration: Dilemmas of Doing Good in the City* [University of California Press, 1972]). Looking back, I think Perlstein got a few things wrong.

"In some cases," Perlstein remarks, "unscrupulous real estate interests would move in blacks deliberately, provoking the exodus of whites nervous about losing their property values." He then elaborates on this oft-repeated scenario.

In regard to Hyde Park or any other neighborhood with which I am familiar, this has no basis in fact. I could find no such incidents of moving blacks in so as to foment exodus, or indeed any other tactic of the "block busting" supposedly responsible for white flight. I doubt there are any documented incidents.

The simpler explanation: pent-up demand by African American families, for so long frozen out of huge swaths of the city through rank discrimination, meant that when a neighborhood did open to their occupancy, they would move in. The whole block-busting scenario is an urban myth and one that often makes blacks' behavior, including those trying to make a living in real estate, the source of the problem. By refusing to discriminate against blacks, the brokers who sold or rented to blacks were simply allowing market forces to trump racial discrimination.

To prevent "Negro invasion" (a common phrase of the time), the University bought up a lot of the local housing stock, as correctly stated by Perlstein, then managed the units to maintain "racial balance," or had them cleared as part of federally financed urban renewal. Either way, the goal was to keep down the number of blacks.

Perlstein indicates that some students protested that the University's tactics boiled down to "Negro removal." It was novelist James Baldwin who famously said, "Urban renewal is Negro removal." If the students used some of the same terminology, it likely came from Baldwin, ardently admired and widely read at the time (one version of the Baldwin quote appeared in the October 1963 edition of *Negro Digest*).

Harvey Molotch, AM'66, PhD'68
NEW YORK

Inside the NSA

Professor Geoffrey Stone's (JD'71) experience serving on a panel reviewing the National Security Agency's surveillance program ("Into the Breach," Jan–Feb/15) was both fascinating and illuminating, providing the most concise explanation of what the metadata collection program did and how it did it that I have read anywhere. Having also read the panel's complete recommendations as compiled in its final report and from the perspective of having served in the intelligence community for over 20 years, I would commend the five coauthors for getting the balance between security and liberty pretty close to correct.

Nevertheless, there should be some continued concern about governmental ability to invade privacy at will even if certain mechanisms are put in place to manage that capability. Stone observes that the panel recommended that the metadata be held by service providers rather than the government, that a court order be required to access the database, and that the information not be held for more than two years. President Obama reportedly approved those recommendations, but the reality has been somewhat different. Late January media reports indicated that Obama is wavering regarding who will hold the data and also revealed that legislation to reform the legal authorities concerning the program is stalled in Congress.

Regarding the national security letters, which have been widely abused by law enforcement, President Obama did not accept the recommendation that a court order be required for issuance. And the recommendation that the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court include a civil liberties advocate was also largely rejected, leaving it up to the judges to invite such participation. The FISC nearly always

approves government requests and is regarded as a rubber stamp by many.

Stone possibly underappreciates two things that one learns from working inside the federal bureaucracy. First, if government is given a tool that it can use to gain information, it will use it and it will actively work around any limitations placed on its use. Second, large programs cost many billions of dollars, involve thousands of jobs, and are frequently justified due to internal government dynamics even when they fail to perform. Stone notes that the metadata collection has up until now been unable to produce any usable information but defends it because it might someday be needed, a conclusion that could very well be challenged.

Philip M. Giraldi, AB'68
PURCELLVILLE, VIRGINIA

"Into the Breach" is a fascinating story, not least because its author—a brilliant and sophisticated man—appears to have no grasp of its significance.

After a whistle-blower, Edward Snowden, discloses some drastic violations of civil liberties associated with the war on terror (for which Snowden is denounced as a felon and traitor), public outcry leads the president to convene a panel to consider whether reforms are perhaps needed. This move helps the president channel and limit the debate. The panel's mandate is restricted to the detailed procedures for electronic surveillance—no questions regarding torture, drone killings, or indefinite detention are on the table.

The five hand-picked panelists have varied backgrounds, but most are current or former insiders. Our author, Geoffrey Stone, has ACLU ties, a strong civil liberties record, and a personal connection to the president. The panel initiates him into the sacred protocols of secrecy. From the outset, he is sobered, or perhaps intoxicated, by the unfamiliar language and procedures of the national security state.

Suitably briefed, the panel manages to agree unanimously on 46 modest reform proposals, which might reassure some critics but would leave essentially intact the pervasive secrecy of the system (including its guidelines and its legal justifications), along with its debasement of personal privacy, its departures from due process in the name of national security, the total impunity of those responsible for committing and covering up alleged abuses, and the doctrines and practices that have prevented effective congressional or judicial oversight.

Most of these 46 reforms, moreover, would require congressional action; some the president has already rejected, and none has actually been implemented. Yet Stone praises the panel's work as highly successful. Evidently the mystique of national security with its shibboleth of secrecy can quickly overpower and co-opt even an expert and committed civil libertarian. But this is no surprise: that is exactly what must have happened to Barack Obama after he became commander in chief.

Nothing important will change without intense and sustained public pressure, which may depend on additional, unauthorized disclosures.

Daniel Hoffman, AB'63
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

The man who knew too much

Alfred Hitchcock is identified in the picture on page 70 of the Jan–Feb/15 *Magazine* taken during his 1967 visit to Doc Films. Not identified is his host, Doc Films' 18-year-old president, Steve Manes, EX'69. Being young and fearless, Steve and compatriots invited the 67-year-old Hitchcock to visit and were delighted, if a little surprised, when he accepted. As I recall, his whole trip was paid for by the studio.

Roger Taft, SB'65, SM'68
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Next steps

Your review of Lawrence Lessig's Berlin Family Lectures on institutional corruption ("Under the Influence," UChicago Journal, Jan–Feb/15) may be the most significant article I've read in these pages. However, I was really appalled by the way it was summarized.

Within 1,184 words of the most devastating critique I've encountered of our current political dilemma, you give us only a single, 20-word sentence on Lessig's suggestions for reforming the systemic faults he has discussed, none clearly identified. Following which, the final three and a half paragraphs elaborate what might be termed the design fault of human nature itself, ending with Lessig's line that we are all just "the victims and the perpetrators" of these wrongs.

Would Lessig himself really intend such a nihilistic emphasis—catchy as it is?

Judy Hindley, AB'64 (Class of 1962)
MARLBOROUGH, WILTSHIRE
UNITED KINGDOM

All five of Lessig's Berlin Family Lectures, including the concluding lecture, "Remedies," can be viewed at berlinfamilylectures.uchicago.edu/page/2014-berlin-lectures-lawrence-lessig—Ed.

Qualitative value

What an important addition the Harris School of Public Policy is to the University and to our national life. I have one not-so-small quibble, however, with the school's belief statement published in the Jan–Feb/15 issue of the *Magazine* ("Data Science Meets Public Policy," On the Agenda): "Chicago Harris was founded on the belief that rigorous, quantitative research and education is the best guide for public policy."

As a grant development professional working with grassroots nonprofit

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTOPHER DAHLEN

BLAST FROM THE PAST

I just received my June issue and read with sadness that Sleepout was being canceled. Sleepout was not only one of the few campuswide events that I looked forward to every year, but it also went to the heart of the way that Chicago worked for us. Sleepout ensured that students who cared about getting into certain classes could do so, if they were willing to make sacrifices. The new system may be safer for the grass on the quads, but it will further deprive undergrads to have fun in an official forum.

—Steven L. Goldstein, AB'90, Aug/93

agencies, I am very familiar with evidence-based programs and policies and support their use. I am, however, deeply concerned that qualitative data often gets short shrift and is often the first, and sometimes the only, data that small organizations with highly innovative programs can produce. Most of the groups I work with are effectively initiating and supporting positive changes in individual lives and community policies and procedures. Their work can provide important models for reputable and replicable public policy if they can be noticed (and funded). Unfortunately, sample populations are usually small, data is often qualitative, and their footprints are minuscule, so funders and policy makers often discount their messages and contributions.

As I read further about Chicago Harris online and between the lines, I have great hope that students and faculty are not just crunching numbers but are developing tools and methods to capture the qualitative as well as quantitative effectiveness of the thousands of small collaboratives, agencies, and informal neighborhood and faith-based groups.

Mary Ann Payne, AB'60
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

Nichols encounters

The items in the recent *Magazine* (Peer Review, Jan–Feb/15) and the *Core* ("Mike Nichols, EX'53, 1931–2014," Winter 2015) about the late Mike Nichols reminded me of a happy encounter with that brilliant man. During the winter quarter of 1956, while living at International House, I was asked to find entertainment for a coming dance. I'd seen the excellent group at the Compass and with a budget of $25 was able to employ Mike, Elaine May, and three others to put on some sketches during a break in the music. He asked me to play an extra in the Mickey Spillane sketch: I walked on stage at my cue, he shot me, I fell, and Mike said: "I didn't know who he was, but I didn't like his looks."

This was my last effort as an impresario.

Phil Bock, AM'56
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

I enjoyed reminiscing about the days in the '50s with Mike Nichols, EX'53, and crew. You leave out one aspect. That is the Tonight at Eight-Thirty, the theater in the round at Ida Noyes Hall. As I recollect, we did a series of traditional plays like *Androcles and the Lion* and Bertolt Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* with Omar Shapli, EX'52, and Nichols doing most of the acting and directing. We were headquartered at Jimmy's Woodlawn Tap.

Michael P. E. Hoyt, PhB'50, AB'55
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

For another alumnus's memories of Nichols, see page 73.—Ed.

Annals of improv

In the photo accompanying "Talking to Your Parents about Improv" (the *Core*, Winter 2015), you identify Paul Sills, AB'51, but not the others. Standing next to Paul are Charlie Jacobs, AB'53, JD'56 (stage name Charlie Mason); Joyce Hiller, EX'50; Eugene Troobnick, EX'53; and the seated person is Estelle Luttrell, AB'53. The pillars in the background were designed by Stanley Kazdailis for *The Maid's Tragedy*, which University Theater staged in Mandel Hall in autumn 1952, my first show at UT. The photo was taken in the scenery room in back of the Reynolds Club Theater.

Everybody in the photo except Gene was in the remarkable production of *The Typewriter* that UT did in January 1953. Missing from the photo are Saundra MacDonald, LAB'49, and Mike Nichols. Nichols played twins, one of whom was made burly by lining a bulky sweater with stuffing.

We didn't talk about "improv" but it's what we were doing. Every Saturday we met with Sills at the Reynolds Club for workshops to learn how to act, making up short scenes, mostly without sound or with gibberish to establish place, weather, time, relationship, age, conflict, etc. Sills used this method to work up *The Typewriter*.

The following month we did *Leonce and Lena*, starring Sills and Troobnick and directed by Otis Imboden, AM'52 (later a *National Geographic* photographer). This was followed by Bertolt Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, which Sills developed through the workshops. Then Sills and all the actors in your picture repeated *Chalk Circle* as the opening show of Playwrights Theatre Club in the fall of 1953 on a tiny stage on the second story of an old building at LaSalle and North Avenue. The place had been a Chinese restaurant. There was very little money. Some actors camped out backstage. There wasn't much heat either.

I walked on stage at my cue, he shot me, I fell, and Mike said: "I don't know who he was, but I didn't like his looks."

Playwrights launched some remarkable careers, not just the very well known Nichols and Ed Asner, EX'48. UT's *Chalk Circle* cast and crew included some you may recognize. Joyce Hiller became prominent in Chicago theater as Joyce Piven—she married Byrne Piven, who also acted and directed at Playwrights. Their son Jeremy is starring in the Masterpiece Theater series *Mr. Selfridge*. Gene Troobnick acted in both TV and films. Zohra Alton, AB'52, resuming her maiden name, Zohra Lampert, had good roles in film and on stage. The actor listed as Jimmy Holland, PhB'51, in our old programs made a name for himself as Anthony Holland. All were involved in the UT *Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

I was sorry to note the death of Sheldon Patinkin, AB'53, AM'56, in the *Magazine*. I'll remember Sheldon double tasking, playing the piano while running the box office for Playwrights' *Threepenny Opera*.

Carol (Horning) Stacey, AB'54, AM'57,
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

More to overcome

Regarding your article on Claudia Goldin, AM'69, PhD'72 ("Delight in Discovery," Nov–Dec/14), it was my pleasure to be associated with Goldin many years ago on a research trip to North Carolina. I was then working on my PhD in American colonial history, and she was doing research for Robert Fogel on what turned out to be his and Stanley L. Engerman's *Time on the Cross: The*

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LETTERS

Economics of American Negro Slavery (Little Brown, 1974).

At that time she was documenting Fogel's view that slavery wasn't so bad, and many slave owners treated their slaves very well. I distinctly remember her finding a letter by a slave to his owner thanking him. I was repelled by that thesis then and am glad to see much research since then shows Fogel in *Time on the Cross* to be wrong in almost every respect. (See Edward Baptist, *The Half Has Never Been Told* [Basic, 2014], as well as many other books listed in Baptist's bibliography.)

I was really annoyed with Goldin's use of O. Henry's "Springtime à la Carte" in her seminar. O. Henry is a wonderful source for early 20th-century life. But in this case I am puzzled by Goldin's selection of a story about a typist rather than the story about a shopgirl, "The Third Ingredient," in whose opening the protagonist, Hetty Pepper, is fired for slapping a manager who gives her a friendly pinch on her arm. Now today, of course, there would be an argument between sexual harassment and simple assault. And reading some of Goldin's work online, I see she is concerned that men did not want their wives to work because of sexual harassment.

And of course there are many other O. Henry stories showing Wall Street grafters selling bonds for nonexistent countries and other white collar criminals—the kind of wrongdoers that Franklin D. Roosevelt tried to control through government regulation. Sixty years on, Goldin's colleague, Lawrence Summers, who engineered the destruction of FDR's regulation, believes market forces alone will suffice.

Just a few days after reading your laudatory article on Goldin, the *Harvard Business Review* (*HBR*) published an article, "Rethink What You 'Know' about High Achieving Women" (December 2014), based on a survey of 25,000 Harvard Business School (HBS) graduates. Goldin is cited in your article as arguing that "Women get paid less today, in part because they are more likely than men to step away from jobs."

On the contrary, the *HBR* article says: "Time out of the workforce *could* account for the fact that women are less likely to be in senior positions. ... We delved deeper, with controls for variables such as age, industry, sector, and organization size ... looking for a link to women's lesser representation in top management. But we found no connections. ... Again and again, our core finding—HBS alumnae have not attained senior management positions at the same rates as men—persisted. ... We don't mean to suggest that no relationship exists between individuals' choices regarding work and family and their career outcomes. But what is clear is that the conventional wisdom doesn't tell the full story."

Both Goldin and the authors of the Harvard study recommend "family-friendly" workplace changes. But the Harvard study makes it clear there is a lot more to overcome.

The reader can draw her own conclusions about gender disparities by comparing Goldin's research versus that published in *HBR*. I just wanted to cool down your laudatory article with some research from another source across the Charles.

Jeffrey E. Fiddler, EX'70
CHICAGO

Memories found

I enjoyed Wayne Scott's (AB'86, AM'89) essay, "In Search of Words Lost" (Sept–Oct/14). I matriculated the year following Scott, in 1983, and while I no longer remember who gave that year's Aims of Education address, I likewise have carried a few choice words from it with me across the years. The aim of a liberal education, said the speaker, is to make a person well-rounded, "but not so well-rounded that you roll in any direction you are pushed."

I'd appreciate input from anyone who can tell me who the speaker was, or whether my recollection is correct. (I appear to have reached the age when one starts writing to one's alumni magazine to share fond memories of one's college days.)

Scott's essay also evoked my memories of taking the winter quarter segment of Self, Culture, and Society from Jonathan Z. Smith. During a close reading of Émile Durkheim's *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life* (1912), Smith instructed the class to draw a dagger in the margin of our books next to a certain paragraph, because, he said, it was one of only three weak points in Durkheim's argument

SOCIAL UCHICAGO

UChicago @UChicago • Feb 12
@UChicagoCSGS event explores a love triangle dating to #UChicago's earliest days: http://ow.ly/ITX1y

Powell's Chicago @PowellsBooksChi • Jan 31
Jeff Deutsch, director of @SeminaryCoOp, counts us among his favorite bookstores! Here's his list: http://bit.ly/1KgD97x

Michael Greger, M.D. @nutrition_facts • Jan 26
Am. J of Cardiology head on his plant-based diet: "I don't mind dying; I just don't want it to be my fault." http://mag.uchicago.edu/science-medicine/heal-thyself

Christina Kahrl @ChristinaKahrl • Jan 17
If #MLB can get having trans coworker right, what's your industry's excuse? http://bit.ly/14OXMtr #girlslikeus

Social UChicago is a sampling of social media mentions of recent stories in the print and online editions of the *Magazine* and other University of Chicago publications. To join the Twitter conversation, follow us @UChicagoMag.

The cause of the alarm turned out to be a metal crucifix hidden beneath the archbishop's vestments.

in the entire book. Tracking an argument across 4,500 words is trivial for a mind that can track one across 500 pages. I can no longer find that notation in my copy of the book, so perhaps I did not heed his instruction.

I recall a sort of humble-brag story that Smith told about going through Heathrow Airport security while deep in conversation with the archbishop of Canterbury. In those bygone days of relaxed security (not just pre-9/11, but pre-Lockerbie), he and the archbishop passed through the metal detector nearly simultaneously. When the detector sounded an alarm, it was Smith, disheveled and hirsute, who was thoroughly patted down. The cause of the alarm turned out to be a metal crucifix hidden beneath the archbishop's vestments.

Janet Swisher, AB'87
AUSTIN, TEXAS

Edward W. Rosenheim, AB'39, AM'46, PhD'53, delivered the address in 1983. A list of all past Aims of Education speakers is available at aims.uchicago.edu/page/past-speakers.—Ed.

Strand remembered

The comic piece by Grant Snider gracing the inside back cover of the *Core* (Winter 2015), "Understanding Poetry (After Mark Strand)," is a perfect tribute in a vein that our poet laureate of 1990–91 would truly appreciate.

The first time I saw Strand, the only person that I could think of was Clint Eastwood, the movie actor and director, whom he looked so much like: tall and lanky, with a face very much like the actor. I remember a lecture in Classics 10, Strand sitting among the other people in the audience, there to support the lecturer, a friend. His well-worn baseball hat gave our laureate a character of class.

One day recently I was in Foster Hall and the Committee on Social Thought area and passed his office. The next day my wife heard on local television that Mark Strand had died. I was shocked and could not believe it.

Roy D. Schickedanz
GLENWOOD, ILLINOIS

A correction and apology

Allow me to join what I hope are the legions of readers who observed that the graph in "Bankers' Rules" (Fig. 1, UChicago Journal, Jan–Feb/15) is completely wrong. The y-axis is unlabeled and the two distributions—binomial and observed—are mislabeled.

If I saw a graph like this in a paper I was reviewing, I would probably flag it for rejection. It appears to be not a good idea for the *Magazine* to try to get into the business of disseminating quantitative research results.

Martin J. Murphy, PhD'80
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

The writer is correct. In reproducing the graph, we failed to label the y-axis and reversed the colors in the key, making the graph nonsensical. We regret our errors and apologize to Chicago Booth postdoc Alain Cohn and his coauthors. The corrected graph, matching the version that appeared in their study and including the original explanatory caption, can be viewed at mag.uchicago.edu/economics-business/bankers-rules.—Ed.

Doula power

I appreciate the author's enthusiasm for community-based doula programs in "Labor and Love" (UChicago Journal, Jan–Feb/15), and how she leads us through the work of Sydney Hans, the UChicago researcher who delved into the effectiveness of these programs. I am deeply concerned, however, with the gaps in the description of the actual program and the characterization of Tikvah Wadley—the powerful, charismatic doula, community advocate, and doula trainer in the piece, whom I work with as executive director of HealthConnect One.

The community-based doula program model is rooted in and evolved from strengths and needs identified by the pilot communities in Chicago. It grew from knowledge already housed within these communities, and continues to grow through the camaraderie, support, and skill sharing over nearly two decades now among community-based doulas, the moms they serve, program supervisors, and allies around the country. This program succeeds because doulas are of and from the same community as their clients and able to bridge language and cultural barriers in order to meet health needs. It succeeds because each doula models a strength, power, and nurturing spirit that resonates with the moms and families they support.

Tikvah Wadley is my friend and colleague. Her passion for this work, her tenacity, her gift for storytelling, her absolute inability to hold a grudge, and her capacity for cross-cultural understanding and facilitation—the way she draws people together, pushes everyone in her life to lead with their best selves, the way she participates each day in building a community of support—beautifully exemplify this work. These are the traits I would have liked to see mentioned in the article.

Rachel Abramson
CHICAGO

Familiar face

I enjoyed the Winter 2015 *Core* and especially the books that the professors like ("The Professors' Bookshelf"). Classic Constantin Fasolt to like Wittgenstein! I want to mention that the beautiful portrait of William Rainey Harper is by Karl A. Buehr (1866–1952), acclaimed Chicago artist and my great uncle.

Samuel J. Tinaglia Sr., AB'88
PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS

Corrections

Maria Woltjen's response to a letter from Paul Nachman, PhD'78 (Letters, Jan–Feb/15), erroneously stated that the murder rate in Honduras was 80 per capita in 2013. The rate was 80 per 100,000 people. We regret the error.

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UChicago Journal

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNE RYAN

ART

The four seasons

Amid winter's darkness, an art installation multiplied the colors in Rockefeller Chapel.

The grayest months of a stubborn winter found Rockefeller Memorial Chapel in full bloom. In artist Libby Chaney's evocative fabric installation *Seasons*, which hung in the east transept gallery and on the chapel's lower level from January to early March, hundreds of cloth scraps were sewn into scenes of summer, fall, winter, and spring, rich with color—and, the closer one got, with pattern and texture too.

In her sermon at a Sunday service in February, Chaney spoke about how differently she thought of each season after she and her husband moved from San Francisco to Cleveland recently, and in the process of making *Seasons*. While working on the piece in both cities, she came to see spring as "full of amazing force," like the force of surging waters from the thaw. "How powerful the shoots are that come up through the crust of the earth," she said.

Her home in Cleveland has a view of Lake Erie, and Chaney marveled at how winter transforms it: "Sometimes it looks like a patio of cut smooth rocks, sometimes it looks like a moonscape of round shapes, sometimes it looks like lace." With her art, Rockefeller was transformed too.

—Laura Demanski, AM'94

Greer, right, joined director Tate Taylor at the premiere of *Get On Up*.

THEATER

Behind the scenes

Happy in his corporate day job, a Chicago Booth graduate pursues Broadway producing on the side.

When **David Greer**, IMBA'99, describes his second job as a theater producer, he's straightforward about his role. "Basically, trying to find wealthy individuals who want to invest their money into a risky investment," he says. "I'm not sure if I'd call it investment—into risky passion projects."

In 2010 Greer helped produce the Broadway musical *The Scottsboro Boys*, which earned 12 Tony nominations, and he has since helped bring to the stage productions of *The Gershwins' Porgy and Bess*, *The Mountaintop*, and other projects.

By trade Greer is a numbers guy—he spent time in the finance and business development divisions of Pratt & Whitney, an aerospace company, and now works for Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati, Ohio. He doesn't shy away from a straight quantitative assessment of how elusive financial success has been. "When you look at Broadway's top 10 grossing shows, I'm not in any of those numbers," says Greer. "I'm not even in the top regional shows."

I met Greer in New York, during one of many trips he's made to the city in recent years since a chance meeting with an actor he admired, Colman Domingo, turned Greer onto the theater world's niche of part-time financial producers. An email over LinkedIn got Greer a meeting with a producer for *The Scottsboro Boys*, who happened to be looking for others to join the team. "I'm not afraid to introduce myself to people that I don't know. I'm not afraid of being turned down."

That self-assurance is a requisite trait in the corporate world, and it's served Greer well when pitching "risky passion projects" too.

"Even the best batters in baseball, at best, hit three out of 10 times. So if I get turned down this time, I'm gonna keep taking a swing until I get a hit," says Greer. "I've had a lot more strikeouts than hits."

While most of Greer's work as a producer has been on the financing side—identifying, attracting, and negotiating with investors—he has also done the operational "grunt work." For *Black Stars of the Great White Way*, a one-night concert celebrating the legacy of black men on Broadway, Greer and the operations team coordinated performers' travel schedules, negotiated a contract with Carnegie Hall, and even maintained the show's Facebook page.

It was a theater connection that got him closest to realizing his dream project—a musical about the life of James Brown. After learning that a movie script was already in the works, with Mick Jagger producing, Greer knew that his vision of the Broadway production would have to wait. But a representative of Brown's estate did like his proposal.

"They asked me if I'd quit my day job to join them to help make the movie. And the only catch was, there was no salary." Though he declined the offer, Greer did get a small, nonspeaking part in *Get On Up*—the Godfather of Soul steals his date at the Apollo.

Greer recently added another role to his résumé: playwright. *Hour Farther*, a play he finished in 2009 about an adopted son looking back on the father figures in his life, was staged in Mystic, Connecticut, last October. When I met him, Greer had just attended a reading of the play, looking to gain traction with artistic directors in New York.

Given the time he devotes to theatrical pursuits, it's easy to forget that Greer has a day job. The theater work, Greer says—raising funds, pitching projects, writing, and the occasional acting gig—is all squeezed into holidays, personal days, lunch hours, and early mornings. The realm of theater and film offers a space for Greer to have an artistic influence, he says. But he's irked by acquaintances who suggest that these are his true goals.

"I like what I've done in the business world. If my hobby was playing golf or softball or fantasy football," no one would mention it, Greer says. "But because it's this stuff, they think, 'Oh, your priorities are off.'"

Then again, he recognizes, perhaps more than most, what a tough business theater is compared to his corporate experience.

"You could be hot one minute and cold for the next 10 years," Greer says. "This is a much more risky world."

—Mitchell Kohles, AB'12

RYAN WEHMEYER/THE AUGUSTA CHRONICLE

MEDICINE

Echoing care

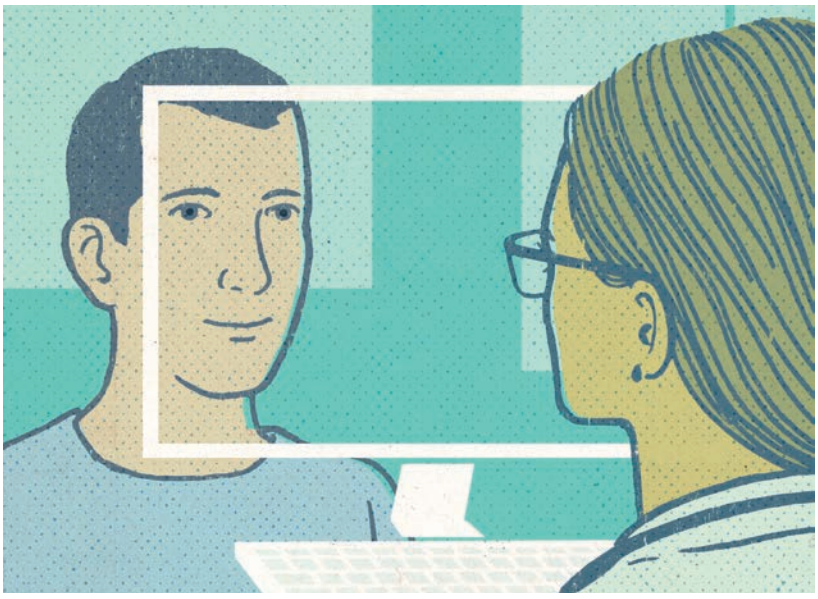
A UChicago Medicine program shares specialized knowledge to improve health care in the city.

For many Chicagoans, access to specialized medical care is "a substantial problem," says **Daniel Johnson**, LAB'73, academic pediatrics section chief at the University of Chicago Medicine. Specialists are rare in low-income neighborhoods, and long travel times, high costs, and "ungodly long" waits can make it impractical or impossible for patients referred to an endocrinologist or infectious disease specialist to get the care they need. "And what do patients do now who can't get access to the subspecialists in a timely way or at all?" asks Johnson. "They deteriorate, they go to the emergency room, they get hospitalized."

Six years ago his colleague **Tamara Hamlish**, AM'87, PhD'95, heard about a program called Extension for Community Healthcare Outcomes (ECHO) run by the University of New Mexico. ECHO aims to improve access to subspecialty care in rural areas by training community providers to handle more complex cases themselves. Using videoconferencing technology, specialists can efficiently provide education on topics like hepatitis C or palliative care to community doctors who otherwise would not have the time or resources to pursue such training. "I said that it would be perfect for us to initiate here on the South Side of Chicago," recalls Johnson.

The University of Chicago Medicine's Urban Health Initiative soon launched the nation's first urban iteration of the ECHO program. The rural model was modified slightly to meet the needs of busier inner-city providers; for example, all ECHO-Chicago videoconferencing sessions start at 8 a.m. because "that's when they have the most control over their workday," says Johnson. But at its core, ECHO-Chicago, like the original program, draws on a tried-and-true model of medical education: rounding. During each session, a UChicago Medicine expert gives a short lesson, and then community providers present cases that are discussed as a group during the videoconference. "And that's basically the model medical education has shown to work the best," says Johnson. "That's how we train residents."

The initial focus of ECHO-Chicago was resistant hypertension, or uncontrolled high blood pressure—the condition ECHO-Chicago's commu-



Specialists train community doctors on advanced topics by videoconference.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER'S INDEX

VAX POPULI

Percentage of unvaccinated people who become infected after their first exposure to measles, **Allison Bartlett** of the Comer Children's Hospital infection control program told UChicago Medicine's *ScienceLife*:

75

Before the 1967 introduction of the measles vaccine, the average number of annual deaths from the disease in the United States:

500

Percentage reduction of measles cases in the United States after the introduction of the vaccine:

99

Deaths per 1,000 US children infected with measles:

3

Current number of global cases per year, in millions, according to the Centers for Disease Control:

20

nity health center partners had cited as their biggest area of concern. Johnson and Hamlish, now ECHO-Chicago's director and executive director, respectively, recruited **George Bakris**, AM'75, director of the University of Chicago Medicine's comprehensive hypertension center, as the program's first subject-matter expert to lead the virtual rounds. A preliminary review of the patients managed by ECHO-Chicago–trained community providers showed improved patient outcomes at partner sites—after taking the course, participating doctors were bringing about half of their resistant hypertension patients under control, a success rate equivalent to what had been seen in Bakris's own clinic.

What's more significant, Johnson says, is that an early analysis showed a 10 to 15 percent change in the type of hypertension prescriptions written by the ECHO-Chicago participants. The change seems small, he says, but it would mean ECHO-Chicago is "one of the first groups to ever show a change in provider behavior as the result of a continuing medical education intervention."

The ECHO-Chicago program, with the support of grant funding and partnerships with the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and other public and private organizations, has expanded to offer free curricula on child and youth epilepsy, hepatitis C, childhood obesity, women's health care, and pediatric attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder. A course on integrated mental and behavioral health is in the works. To date, more than 300 providers from 26 health care organizations have participated.

For Johnson, a South Side native who has spent most of his career working in low-income areas, ECHO-Chicago presents a workable way to raise the quality of available care in underserved communities. He's encouraged that the ECHO model is now being used across the country, including major cities like Boston and Los Angeles. "It's our belief, and we think we're beginning to prove, that you can uptrain primary care providers to be able to handle more common complex chronic conditions," says Johnson, "and that should significantly improve the health care of a large group of patients."

—Helen Gregg, AB'09

Multiple factors constrained parents' choices of new schools for their children.

EDUCATION

Learning process

A mixed picture develops from a study of the closure of 47 Chicago elementary schools.

In May 2013, after months of debate and deliberation, Chicago Public Schools (CPS) announced that it was closing 47 elementary schools across the city—for underperformance, underenrollment, or both—and the families of nearly 12,000 displaced students began the complicated task of finding new schools before the fall semester began. The students in closed schools were among the most disadvantaged and vulnerable in the Chicago public school system. Most lived in poor neighborhoods; the vast majority were African American.

Last summer researchers from UChicago's Consortium on Chicago School Research (CCSR) set out to assess the effects of the upheaval. Analyzing CPS administrative data and interviewing 95 families in depth, they tracked where the students had ended up—looking at their new schools' neighborhoods, achievement scores, poverty levels, and safety records. Researchers studied how parents had gone about deciding where to enroll their children, how they felt about the process, and how smoothly they'd been able to make their way through it. After the closings, had students ended up better off or worse? The findings have implications not only in Chicago but also for districts across the country. In cities like Detroit; New York; Philadelphia; Washington, DC; and Oakland, California, officials have in recent years closed half-empty or underperforming schools.

Released in January, the study offers a "mixed" picture, says **Elaine M. Allensworth**, Lewis-Sebring Director of CCSR. Most displaced students, 93 percent, transferred to schools that were rated higher in performance than the ones they'd been at before. But many of those schools were only marginally higher rated, and only 21 percent of students ended up in schools labeled "Level 1," or in excellent standing—more than half of CPS schools are rated Level 1, but most are in affluent neighborhoods. (A 2009 CCSR study demonstrated that students can benefit from better schools, but only if they move to a much higher-quality school; otherwise the gains aren't much.)

Perhaps most striking were CCSR's findings on the complex constellation of factors that families had to take into account as they navigated the process of finding new schools, and that propelled or constrained their decisions in sometimes unexpected ways. At a public presentation at the Logan Cen-

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FOR THE RECORD

EXPRESS COMMITMENT

Convened in July 2014 to articulate the University's commitment to free and uninhibited debate , the Committee on Free Expression at the University of Chicago issued a report in January stating that "the University has a solemn responsibility not only to promote a lively and fearless freedom of debate and deliberation, but also to protect that freedom when others attempt to restrict it." Chaired by **Geoffrey R. Stone**, JD'71, the Edward H. Levi Distinguished Service Professor of Law, the committee's statement said, "It is not the proper role of the University to attempt to shield individuals from ideas and opinions they find unwelcome, disagreeable, or even deeply offensive." The committee's full report can be found at provost.uchicago.edu /FOECommitteeReport.pdf.

PREHISTORIC ACHIEVEMENT

Geologist **Susan Kidwell** has received the 2015 Mary Clark Thompson Medal. The triennial award, established in 1921 by the National Academy of Sciences, honors important work in geology and paleontology. Kidwell, the William Rainey Harper Professor in Geophysical Sciences and the Committee on Evolutionary Biology, received the medal "for her groundbreaking work on fossil preservation that has transformed our view of how the history of life is encoded in the rock record." Through geological fieldwork, combined with lab experiments and measurements of modern environments, Kidwell developed a strategy to extract the most reliable data from the fossil record.

INTERNATIONAL EMINENCE

James Robinson's expertise extends from sub-Saharan Africa to Latin America. A political scientist, economist, and coauthor of the acclaimed 2012 book *Why Nations Fail: The Origins of Power, Prosperity, and Poverty* (Crown Business), Robinson has been appointed University Professor at Chicago Harris. When he begins his appointment July 1, Robinson will be the eighth active faculty member and 21st ever to become a University Professor, selected for eminence in their fields and potential to make a far-reaching impact.

FLOW OF IDEAS

A new professorship in the Institute for Molecular Engineering will be dedicated to creating solutions to the problem of fresh water scarcity. Supported by a gift from University trustee **James Crown** and Paula Crown, the professor will serve as director of the institute's Water Research Initiative, enhancing the existing partnership on clean water technologies with Ben-Gurion University of the Negev. This collaboration, along with others the new professor will lead with Argonne National Laboratory and the Marine Biological Laboratory, share the goal of using molecular level research to make clean, fresh water more plentiful and less expensive by 2020.

CRIME LAB'S JURISDICTION EXPANDS

New York mayor Bill de Blasio says a new partnership with the University of Chicago Crime Lab will help "make New York City the leading laboratory in the country for criminal justice innovation." Extending data-driven research done in Chicago to the nation's largest city, Crime Lab New York will gather and analyze scientific evidence on programs to reduce crime, enhance public safety, and improve the fairness and efficiency of the criminal justice system. A $4.5 million grant from the Laura and John Arnold Foundation supports Crime Lab New York, which will be led by faculty director **Jens Ludwig**, the McCormick Foundation Professor of Social Service Administration, Law, and Public Policy.

STUDENT LIFE ENRICHED

The South Campus Residence Hall has been named in honor of the late Renee Granville-Grossman, AB'63, in recognition of her $44 million bequest, the largest in University history. Renee Granville-Grossman Residential Commons, which opened in 2009, is home to more than 800 students in eight houses. Located south of the Midway Plaisance between Woodlawn and Ellis Avenues, the residence hall's construction revived a plan that was never realized, dating to the 1920s and President Ernest Burton, for a south campus dormitory.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

During the summer of 2012, then second-year **Daniel Yu** was in rural Egypt and needed ibuprofen. A visit to a clinic set him on a course to become an internationally renowned entrepreneur. Yu, who is on leave from the College, learned from a pharmacist that many basic medications were either out of stock or expired, a problem he set out to solve with Reliefwatch, a start-up that uses cell phones to help clinics in developing countries track and manage their inventories. His company, which is now based at the Chicago Innovation Exchange on 53rd Street, earned Yu the Prince of Wales Young Sustainability Entrepreneurs Prize. Chosen from among 816 applicants from 88 countries, Yu received his award in January from Prince Charles at a London ceremony.

HEALTHY RELATIONSHIPS

Cristal Thomas, MPP'01, former deputy governor of Illinois, has joined the University as vice president for community health engagement. In the new position, Thomas, who also serves as a senior adviser to vice president for civic engagement **Derek R. B. Douglas**, fosters relationships among South Side residents, the medical campus, and the University. Thomas previously served as regional director for the US Department of Health and Human Services and executive director of the Ohio Executive Medicaid Management Administration.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO NEWS OFFICE

ter in late January, **Molly Gordon**, a senior researcher at CCSR and one of the authors of the report, showed a word cloud capturing the criteria that families had said were important to them. The biggest phrases that jumped out—reflecting the high frequency with which parents reported them—were "close to home" and "safe commute." Another was "transportation costs." Parents who couldn't afford transit fare or to drive their children to school found their options limited to the neighborhood, and safety often trumped whatever else a school might have to offer.

Academic considerations and what constituted a "good school" also proved complicated. Sixty-six percent of students moved to the "welcoming schools," designated by CPS to receive the displaced students—the schools were given extra resources to handle the influx. Students who wound up elsewhere often enrolled in schools rated lower than the welcoming schools. Researchers at CCSR wondered why. Safety and transportation costs were one answer. But talking to families, they found that in addition to test scores and CPS performance metrics, parents were weighing things like small class sizes, extracurricular offerings, individual attention from teachers, and the availability of special education programs (on which the displaced students as a whole rely at a disproportionate rate).

Gordon told the story of one mother who decided against sending her child to the designated welcoming school, even though it was rated Level 1, because other parents had told her it was not a good school. A year later, Gordon checked the numbers again and saw that the school had dropped to a Level 3, the lowest level. "There's a little bit of a lag time in these performance policy ratings," Gordon says. "Because it reflects the previous year's test score data." Grapevine knowledge came in real time.

Maintaining ties drove other decisions. Some parents needed to keep

CITATIONS

EVOLUTION OF THE STORK

The vast genetic shifts that marked the evolution of pregnancy in mammals involved thousands of genes recruited to the uterus from other systems—brain, digestive, circulatory—repurposed to new functions, such as suppressing the maternal immune system and sending signals between mother and fetus. Shedding light on how organisms develop novel structures, an international team including UChicago geneticist **Vincent Lynch** cataloged genes expressed in the wombs of 13 different animals, including mammals, reptiles, and amphibians. The emergence of pregnancy was driven by ancient "genomic parasites" called transposons: fragments of DNA that can jump around in the genome. Ancient mammalian transposons had binding sites for the reproductive hormone progesterone that regulated the recruitment of genes to the uterus and activated them. The research was published online January 29 in *Cell Reports*.

PLAY FOR PAY

In a study calling today's college athletic system "inefficient, inequitable, and very likely unsustainable"—as well as a possible violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act—UChicago economist **Allen Sanderson** and a Vanderbilt University colleague recommend paying college athletes. Published in the Winter 2015 *Journal of Economic Perspectives*, the study finds that NCAA remuneration caps—restricted to room, board, tuition, fees, and books—hold down benefits for top-performing athletes, while coaches and athletic department personnel receive disproportionately high salaries. They also note that students' exemption from labor laws allows universities to dictate long work hours and the NCAA to steadily expand the number of regular-season and play-off games with minimal marginal operating cost. Recent lawsuits by student-athletes and pressure from regulators may help force a change, the authors argue, reducing the NCAA's "monopoly power."

UTILITY BILLS

Chicago Harris economist **Steve Cicala**, AB'04, investigated data on almost $1 trillion worth of power-plant fuel deliveries to analyze the effectiveness of state regulations. In the January *American Economic Review*, Cicala, also on the faculty of the Energy Policy Institute at Chicago, reported his results: deregulated power plants save roughly $1 billion a year compared to their regulated counterparts. That's because unregulated power plants can shop around on the open market for cheaper coal. Also, political influence, poorly designed reimbursement rates, and a lack of transparency make coal purchases for regulated plants more inefficient. "It's critical," Cicala wrote, "to know what makes for 'bad' regulations when designing new ones."

LITTLE HELPERS

Young children are natural helpers, but their outlook on sharing is often more selfish than selfless. In a study in the January 5 *Current Biology*, UChicago neuroscientist **Jean Decety** and **Jason Cowell**, a postdoc in Decety's Child NeuroSuite lab, analyzed generosity in three- to five-year-olds. They recorded brain waves and tracked eye movements of 57 children as they watched videos of cartoon-like characters helping or hurting each other. Then the children played a "dictator game," deciding whether to keep or share stickers they'd been given. After seeing the helpful or hurtful behavior in the videos, the children exhibited both immediate, automatic neural responses and later, more controlled ones. The latter—choosing whether to share the stickers—was more indicative of generosity. The study was the first to identify specific brain markers that predict generosity and to link children's implicit moral evaluations to outward moral behavior. —*Minna Jaffery, '15, and Lydialyle Gibson*

Children's brain waves give insight into their generosity.

PHOTO COURTESY JEAN DECETY

multiple siblings together, or wanted to keep their children with friends. One mother decided to send her child to the designated welcoming school only after she called the office there for information and the secretary from the closed school answered the phone. Hearing that many teachers and staff from the old school had moved there was a relief. "And the mother said, 'That's it. I'm sending my child there. Because my child will know people. People will know my child and my child's needs.'"

Time also limited parents' options. When the school closure announcement was made in May 2013—several months after the city intended—many of the better schools were already full, since applications and enrollment had started in December. Parents scrambled to figure out what possibilities remained. Some families told CCSR researchers that although CPS had provided information (sometimes a deluge of it) on the welcoming schools, information on where else they might send their children was not always available. Some parents believed they had no choice and that going to the welcoming school was mandatory.

Researchers at CCSR hope to study further the effects of the schools' closure, both short and long term. It's clear, Allensworth says, that CPS tried to get students into better-performing schools. How well did they do once they settled in? What were their relationships with teachers and peers like? How did the climate in the schools change?

"The fact that there's still such strong emotions about this says that we need a lot more good information," Allensworth says. "We need to know what happened, both good and bad, as a result of this policy. Because it is very likely that the district will close more schools in the future." There's still a lot to learn, she says, about school closings and how to make them go as smoothly as possible for students. And perhaps most importantly, how to raise the quality of existing schools in poor neighborhoods. "For me," she says, "the study highlights the fact that we don't have strong enough schools in the poorest neighborhoods, and I think we need to really think seriously about what it's going to take to strengthen those schools." Because ultimately that is the surer path to school improvement.—*Lydialyle Gibson*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEXEY SWALL

Forcing the issue: Freed pushes companies to disclose their political contributions.

POLITICS

Following the money

Bruce Freed, AB'66, tries to bring more transparency to corporate political spending.

Bruce Freed's Washington, DC, office is a testament to both his proximity to power and his acute skepticism of it. Old covers of *Puck* magazine, the weekly published from 1877 to 1918 that skewered corrupt politicians and their benefactors, adorn the front entrance; signed photographs from presidents and members of Congress line a wall.

From behind a desk overflowing with shareholder reports and newspaper clippings, Freed, AB'66, president of the Center for Political Accountability (CPA), spends his days pressuring corporations to disclose their political contributions—something his neighbors in DC's downtown lobbying hub are trying to stop. Over the past decade he's changed the disclosure practices of more than 100 companies, and in the process attracted critics, such as the conservative *Weekly Standard*, which called his push for transparency "a murky business." He had a copy of the article on his desk. "It's sort of a badge of honor," Freed says. "When I read that piece, I mean, I laughed. We get along well with most companies."

Freed's desire to fix the system came from his years of working inside it. A political junkie since his days in Hyde Park, where he wrote his history thesis on the 1916 presidential election and covered the 1965 sit-in for *Newsweek*, Freed got his Washington baptism as a journalist reporting on the so-called Watergate Babies, the congressional newcomers elected on a promise of sweeping change after President Richard Nixon's resignation. But he soon switched over to the other side, working as a Democratic staffer on Capitol Hill.

It was there that his concern about political spending took root. "When I was up in the Senate," he recalls, "the staff director of the banking committee for whom I worked told me he could remember the days when the members had the safes in their office and you could look into the safe and see cash."

His experience on the Hill—and, for a forgettable year and a half, as a lobbyist for the off-airport rental car industry—grounded him in the problems that arose when businesses began acting as political entities. When he surveyed the wreckage of places like Enron, WorldCom, and Global Crossing, he found a pattern: companies, he came to believe, had created a regulatory climate that allowed them to play fast and loose, and they did so by spending millions of dollars to

elect politicians who'd look out for them. The companies' political activities created an outsized impression of their real economic value. "Almost like a blowfish," Freed says. "They puffed themselves up, but then in the end, when the air came out, you found that they were puny." And then everyone else footed the tab.

Like a lot of Washington's bad apples, Freed concluded, corporations were getting away with that kind of behavior by keeping their constituents—shareholders—in the dark about their political activities. His solution was to turn on the lights. With cofounder John Richards, he launched CPA in 2003 and set about devising a plan to change the system from the inside.

There was an obvious precedent. For decades, activists had used annual shareholder meetings to push companies to adopt mission statements on issues such as environmental sustainability or South African apartheid. Freed began reaching out to what he called "socially responsible starters"—unions, public pension funds, and investment management firms, for example—that through their collective buying power held shares in large companies but were less inclined to toe the party line. In turn, those entities agreed to introduce resolutions at annual meetings to force companies to adopt formal disclosure policies on political giving—including to trade associations like the US Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, which, although nonpartisan, often spend big in elections.

Freed and his allies didn't expect to win the shareholder vote (11 years into the project, he says he's lucky if they crack 35 percent). But by bringing it to the floor year after year, they'd force the issue. Most companies, believing they have nothing to hide, would rather work out an arrangement than engage in a prolonged (and public) battle with shareholders.

In 2004 CPA and its activist shareholders got their first convert, Morgan Stanley, which agreed to publish its soft-money contributions online and require board-of-directors approval for them. As of this writing, CPA and its partners have worked out agreements with 129 companies; he estimates that roughly 100 others have adopted policies on their own.

An annual index that's coproduced by CPA and the Zicklin Center for Business Ethics Research at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, which grades companies on their performance on 24 questions, created another carrot. Now, when companies change their guidelines on political giving, they call Freed, eager to see their score go up. "We've reached a critical mass," he says triumphantly.

The shareholder interventions are designed to safeguard companies against embarrassing revelations and prevent them from inadvertently spending money against their own interests. In 2004, for instance, the pharmaceutical giant Merck gave $1,000 to a Mississippi judicial candidate who opposed gay marriage and was accused of running a racially tinged campaign ad, which put the company at odds with its own corporate antidiscrimination policies. The following year the company implemented a disclosure policy.

Not everyone approves of CPA's recommendations. *Wall Street Journal* editorial writers have called his bargaining strategy "extortion" and accused his organization of attempting to suppress free speech by discouraging political donations. The Chamber of Commerce, whose parent organization and subsidiaries spent a combined $124 million on lobbying in 2014, has challenged Freed for years, alleging that the CPA is among the activist organizations in "the campaign to silence the business community," an effort associated with progressive financier George Soros. Freed says CPA received grants from Soros's Open Society Foundations for about a decade, totaling an estimated $800,000. Other supporters have included the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Park Foundation, the Stewart Mott Foundation, Rockefeller Family & Associates, Lawrence Zicklin, and the Stuart Family Foundation.

To Freed, the backlash validates his work. "The Chamber says, 'You're moving the goalposts; it's intended to pressure companies to stifle free speech,'" he says. "Well you know what? Companies take it seriously."

It's a struggle that shows no sign of letting up. The 2010 *Citizens United* Supreme Court ruling, which legalized unlimited corporate spending on federal races, opened the floodgates to a new wave of political fundraising. Freed wants to make clear that he doesn't oppose corporate political spending, something that separates him from some of his activist colleagues, who have called for a constitutional amendment to curb donations. He just wants it out in the open. And he believes it's a winning strategy, long term.

"I'm not looking to snap my fingers and achieve success overnight," Freed says. "You just sort of build slowly, but it's an accretion. That to me is a real achievement."—*Tim Murphy, AB'09*

It's not the money in politics that bothers Freed, it's the lack of transparency.

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ORIGINAL SOURCE

IN A BIND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT KOZLOFF

"This is something very few conservators will get to do," says Ann Lindsey, head of conservation at the University of Chicago Library, looking at the yellowed manuscript she's spent much of the winter restoring. "Because if you find a binding from this period that is in any kind of decent shape, you leave it alone. It's lasted 500 years without you."

But this book, an Orthodox text written in Greek, was not going to last much longer. A rebinding from the late 19th or early 20th century had left it battered: pages trimmed and uneven, its spine cut, its original sewing gone, glue deteriorating the paper. Says Lindsey: "Not only was the book failing—what wasn't failing was damaging it."

Called the John Adam Service Book, it is one of the last few manuscripts in the Library's Goodspeed Collection to be digitized online. Not much is known about the book before UChicago theologian Edgar Goodspeed, DB 1897, PhD 1898, purchased it for the University in 1929 or 1930. It is an example of a Festal Menaion, an abridged version of a 12-volume text laying out the canons and hymns for the Orthodox liturgical calendar's fixed-date feasts. Examining watermarks on the pages—there are at least four, indicating four different paper manufacturers—Special Collections digitization manager Judith Dartt, AM'06, estimates the book was produced in 16th-century Greece. Drawings in the margins dated 1852 and 1856 were signed by someone calling himself John Adam (hence the book's name), the nephew of a priest living near the Macedonian border.

Using historically sympathetic materials, Lindsey is restoring the manuscript to its original binding in the Greek tradition—a way of stitching and fastening books together, distinct from Western tradition. (Shadows of the original sewing marks persist at the back of some pages.) She rebuilt folios from individual leaves and lathed a pair of cover boards from oak; later she will sheathe them in goatskin leather, which she'll decorate with a typical Greek pattern. When the book is finished, it will return to the shelves at Special Collections to be read and studied.—*Lydialyle Gibson*

Quilter studies ancient Peruvians through objects like these 2,000-year-old Moche stirrup vessels.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Encounter cultures

Jeffrey Quilter, AB'72, digs into the history of human societies for deeper insight into who we are.

Archaeologist **Jeffrey Quilter**, AB'72, studies centuries-old cultures. But questions about our own society, —"questions of the origins of inequality," for instance—are never far from his mind. A child of public housing in Queens, New York, Quilter was first set on his path of historical discovery by his parents.

With his father, who was originally from South Africa, Quilter toured New York City's museums. And his mother, a "GI war bride" from England, often took him back to visit family, where he saw the castles, ruins, and museums of a country with a tangible connection to its premodern roots.

The possibility of unearthing understanding about the modern world from such artifacts took hold. Quilter, the William and Muriel Seabury Howells Director of Harvard University's Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, has spent the past four decades excavating and analyzing pre-Columbian societies of Peru and Costa Rica.

An awareness of social, political, and economic disparities in contemporary society inspired a curiosity about such conditions in history and led him to focus on the Moche people of northern Peru from 350 to 900 AD.

He studied widely in the College, including a class with anthropologist Friedrich Katz on pre-Columbian topics. Quilter also learned from professors such as the historian and writer Mircea Eliade and pored over primary texts in numerous disciplines to acquire the tools "not only to be a scholar but to be a productive citizen."

The first in his family to go to college, Quilter has followed his father's autodidactic style in his life beyond the university. "I didn't know how this all worked," he says, meaning his career and professional life, "and nobody ever told me how it all works." But he steadily advanced in his field, earning a master's degree and PhD in anthropology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, then teaching for 15 years at Ripon College in Wisconsin before a decade as director of pre-Columbian studies and curator of the pre-Columbian collection at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, DC.

He was recruited to the Peabody as deputy director for curatorial affairs in 2005. In 2012 Quilter became director, moving into a corner office overlooking one of Harvard's crisp walkways and tucking against a window a wooden postcard with a daily reminder: "Abuse of power comes as no surprise."

On a high shelf across from the postcard sits an image of the swashbuckling Indiana Jones, the pop culture icon of the discipline, modeled after UChicago's James Henry Breasted. But the cinema archaeologist's popularity has

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not translated into public interest and support for archaeology. It remains one of the most underfunded scientific fields, Quilter says, even though the study of the "science of the human past" offers insight into the future for a species constantly repeating its history. "How did people react the last time there was a dramatic change in climate?" he asks. "Why do we live in societies in which we're seeing extreme poverty and extreme wealth and extremely asymmetrical distributions of power? … Archaeology is the only discipline of inquiry that can really address that."

In his work on the Moche people, including *The Moche of Ancient Peru: Media and Messages* (Peabody Museum Press, 2011), he offers a study of the culture and an analysis of its artifacts in the Peabody collection. His book also covers "the sociopolitical, economic, ideological worlds of the Moche as best we can interpret them," Quilter says.

At the museum, he tries to apply as broad a lens as possible to the study of ancient cultural objects and societies. He chooses artifacts for display and study based on what they reveal about human experience on the one hand, Quilter says, and to appreciate their aesthetic value on the other. "We need to be able to span that range."

One of the museum's newest exhibits, open through October 2017, is *Arts of War: Artistry in Weapons across Cultures*. The display challenges visitors' assumptions about warfare by drawing attention to the high artistry of weapons made by cultures around the globe. Rows of glittering swords and delicately carved wooden clubs demonstrate a collective fascination with warfare from Europe to the Americas and beyond, one that extends past military necessity to specialized craftsmanship.

In the way art museums explore the meaning of art itself, Quilter says, the Peabody raises the question, "What is culture?" through the exploration of similarities and differences between ancient and modern societies. To him the issues addressed at the Peabody represent an important element of understanding what it means to be human.

"Much of it, if done right," Quilter says, "is related to major aspects of why we are the way we are."—*Violet Baron*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT KOZLOFF

PUBLIC POLICY

Minding the gap

Researcher Ariel Kalil finds "light-touch, low-cost" parenting tools.

Read to your kids. Talk to them. Be present. This advice is nothing new, but great disparities exist among households. A groundbreaking 1995 study by two researchers from the University of Kansas found that by age three, children from high-income families have heard roughly 30 million more words than those from low-income families, putting many kids at a disadvantage well before they hit kindergarten.

Since then, efforts to narrow the so-called word gap haven't always achieved their goals. "The programs we've had historically have been very intensive, demanding a lot of parents' time and energy," says developmental psychologist **Ariel Kalil**, professor in the University of Chicago Harris School of Public Policy. Often geared toward low-income single mothers, a typical model runs for a year or more and relies on trained educators to do coaching in homes, guiding parents through activities that teach them to create a more developmentally stimulating environment.

"We really need a completely new approach in thinking about how to support families," says Kalil, codirector of the University's new Behavioral Insights and Parenting (BIP) Lab. The experimental research center focuses on high impact, cost-effective interventions that promote parent engagement in children's development and target socioeconomic gaps in achievement.

For her, that meant turning to behavioral economics, a field focused on understanding what drives people to make the decisions they do—and helping them make better ones. "Parenting is stressful, and for low-income parents in particular, life can be very stressful," says Kalil, who studies the effects of income inequality on child development and also directs Chicago Harris's Center for Human Potential and Public Policy. While most policy focuses on narrowing achievement gaps through the education system, her research and that of the center investigate how the family environment enhances or limits the opportunities young people have throughout their lives.

"There are lots of things that parents say they want to do for their kids and yet they don't," Kalil says. Behavioral economics, which draws on fields like psychology, neuroscience, and microeconomics, provides a road map to make good on those intentions. "There's a whole tool kit that comes out of the field showing that you can move the needle on a set of behaviors using some very simple techniques," she says. For example, telling someone that smoking causes cancer isn't nearly

Families in the PACT program receive a tablet loaded with 500 digital storybooks.

as effective at helping them kick the habit as having them write down how many fewer cigarettes they pledge to smoke in the coming week. Other tools include having people publicly commit to a goal, providing feedback, and giving simple rewards for goals met.

These "light-touch, low-cost" approaches form the cornerstone of the BIP Lab, which Kalil leads with Chicago Harris professor and former dean **Susan Mayer**. The lab is collaborating on several projects with Chicago Booth's Center for Decision Research, founded by pioneering behavioral economist **Richard Thaler**. Thaler's 2008 book *Nudge* (Yale University Press) had a significant influence on Kalil. "Behavioral science has shown you can change really entrenched behaviors: get people to lose weight, smoke less, exercise more, save more," Kalil says. "We looked at all of this literature and said, 'Why isn't anyone doing this for parents?'"

The lab's inaugural study, Parents and Children Together (PACT), targets children's school readiness, using behavioral insights to increase the amount of time parents read with their preschoolers. Families in the six-week experiment—all from Chicago Head Start programs—receive a tablet loaded with 500 digital storybooks and picture books in English and Spanish. Each time a parent reads a book aloud, an audio app records it, allowing researchers to track reading amounts.

Similar to traditional interventions, parents in the control group are reminded at the outset that reading is good. They go home, tablet in hand, with instructions to read with their kids for the next six weeks. The experimental group, however, "gets this whole suite of what we call behavioral nudges and incentives," Kalil says. They pledge how much time they're going to read in the next week, receive daily text reminders of those goals, and get weekly feedback on progress. Those who hit their goal, or read more than any other family, get a boost when their screen lights up with a digital image. Group text messages also recognize parents for meeting or exceeding goals.

The result? In the lab's pilot study of 100 families, those receiving the nudges spent double the amount of time reading to their kids as the control group, a result that surpassed researchers' expectations. "This is the kind of impact that programs costing orders of magnitude more money per family have achieved," Kalil says. "It's a treatment that is extremely cheap and highly scalable."

To that end, the lab has partnered with Chicago Booth's Polsky Center for Entrepreneurship and Innovation to quickly bring their intervention to a wide market, transforming it into a tool that programs can use to improve parenting and child outcomes.

"The gaps in child development open up very early in a child's life, and they persist throughout childhood," Kalil says. "Our fundamental mission is to improve that trajectory."

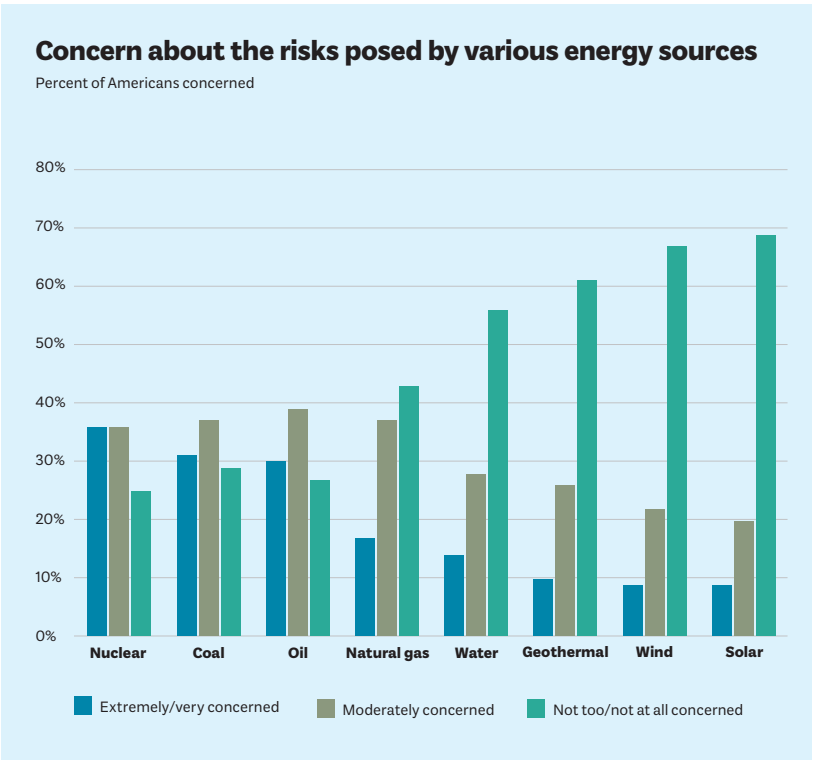
—Brooke E. O'Neill, AM'04

FIG. 1
HEATED OPINIONS

The majority of Americans believe global warming is happening, according to the Associated Press-NORC Center for Public Affairs Research and the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. A late 2014 study surveyed the environmental attitudes of 1,578 American adults.

Although the climate change debate continues on the nightly news and in Congress, only 20 percent of the US public thinks that global warming is fiction. Twenty-three percent is on the fence, with 56 percent convinced that it is real. Of the latter group, nine out of 10 think that human activities play some role.

Worries about carbon dioxide specifically seem to occupy more Americans than global warming generally, with the majority at least moderately concerned about the risks posed by the so-called big three: oil (69 percent), coal (68 percent), and natural gas (54 percent).—*Rhonda L. Smith*



GRAPHIC COURTESY AP-NORC CENTER FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS RESEARCH; ADAPTED BY LAURA LORENZ

INTERVIEW

A matter of identity

WIlliam Bila, IMBA'02, advocates on behalf of Romani people.

When **William Bila**, IMBA'02, moved to Prague in 1992 to work at the consulting firm Ernst & Young, his mother told him never to admit he was Roma. Bila's parents had immigrated to the United States from what was then Czechoslovakia; his mother knew well the open prejudice he would face.

Romani people—widely known in English-speaking countries by the inaccurate term "Gypsies"—moved to Europe from India, not Egypt, more than eight centuries ago. Their history and culture are largely misunderstood and undervalued, even among the Roma. Bila's mother didn't know the Romani came from India, he says, "until she moved to America at the age of 40 and saw it in an encyclopedia."

Bila now lives in Paris, where he serves on the boards of the Roma Education Fund and the Roma Education Support Trust. As part of his activism, he recently spoke at the French Senate. Bila is also an independent promoter for *A People Uncounted* (2011), an award-winning documentary about the Roma.

Bila's interview with the *Magazine* is edited and adapted below.

—Carrie Golus, AB'91, AM'93

Based on media coverage, it seems like the situation for Roma is worse now than 20 years ago.
Much worse. I would say mostly because of the economy, but also because no one has done anything since 1989 in terms of introducing multicultural education. Roma have lived on the territory for centuries. They're not "immigrants." They're not "foreigners coming in." They're part of the fabric of society, but they're treated as if they're foreigners who never integrated.

There's a difference between culture and socioeconomic class. Roma are looked upon as being poor and migratory. The vast majority are sedentary. There are Roma people who are middle class, who have jobs, who have gone to school.

What about those in shanty towns? Are they legal to live in France?
They are European citizens and have European passports. Since the new countries joined the European Union, they have the right to live anywhere. When you see expulsions in the papers, that means destroying a shanty town. They might go to the next town.

There's something so medieval about that.
Exactly. France, which is supposed to be a Western European leader of human rights and democracy, should be setting the example. But they're following the examples of the Eastern European states, treating the Roma as scapegoats, because they can't deal with their own economic crisis.

Roma don't need a special policy. They need to have the same access and respect for their culture, for their rights as human beings, as citizens of Europe, and that's it.

What is the relationship between Romani living in different countries?
It's complicated. There is no one Roma culture. Gitanos in Spain, gypsies and travelers in the UK, and Manouche in France, are all Romani peoples. The proper word would be Romani. And then there are the Roma from Eastern Europe and the Balkans.

So Romani is a general term.
It's kind of a general term, but the Council of Europe and the European Union and Amnesty International use the word "Rom" or "Roma" for the whole. And that's in general OK. But some of them don't like to be called that.

There's no institution that exists to define who is Roma. It's always defined from the outside. And that definition keeps changing based on whoever's in power. That's why we have an activist phrase of the last few years, "Nothing about us without us."

Growing up in the United States, did you think of yourself as Romani?
I grew up as a white suburban American. I didn't consider myself ethnic-y in any way, any more than an Italian American, Irish American, or anything. My parents felt perfectly comfortable as basically Slovak immigrants. My mother is Roma, my father is not.

How did you react when your mother said to hide your background?
I argued a little bit with her, but I listened. When I was living in Prague, I heard lots of comments.

As an activist, if you could change anything, what would it be?
To keep socioeconomic status separate versus identity, culture, history, ethnicity. You can do that through education, a cultural institute, history books, proper journalism.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM TIAN, AB'10

THEATER AND PERFORMANCE STUDIES

Scare tactics

BY MAUREEN SEARCY

The student in front of me pulls open a heavy metal door and disappears into the room beyond. I follow her into the dark, hands outstretched. There is a small desk lamp in the corner, but its weak halo is swallowed by the darkness. I see nothing, but I smell chocolate. In the theater world, that means blood, and a lot of it. It's the seventh week of fall quarter—a performance week for the Theater and Performance Studies (TAPS) course Staging Terror—and we've just entered room number two of a three-room scene.

Staging Terror, which meets on the fifth floor of the Logan Center, "explores the interplay between horror, terror, and pleasure through in-class discussions of theoretical works and the possibilities of practical creative application," according to the syllabus. **Heidi Coleman**, AM'08, TAPS's director of undergraduate studies and a senior lecturer, leads 21 students through the "paradox of the attraction to repulsion" and "the values of shock, suspense, and subtlety."

Coleman draws a crisp line between terror and horror: "Consider anticipation versus reaction, extreme anxiety versus revulsion. You feel horrified when you see something disturbing. You feel terrified when you believe you are in imminent danger." For theatrical staging, "terror always uses time, creating a dynamic of suspense, and an anxiety for a future moment. What will come from behind the curtain?" Terror often culminates in horror. This far into the course, Coleman instructs the class to complete the trajectory in their performances, to use "horror to sometimes follow through on our threats."

The first part of today's scene demonstrates this culmination on a miniature scale. The class breaks into groups and Coleman, another student, and I head to the elevator, room one. We find a sheet of paper taped by the door informing the audience that "scary stuff has been happening," which we are to investigate on the ninth and 10th floors. The notes and plot reference a first-person exploration video game discussed earlier in the course, Gone Home, in which the player becomes a character who explores an abandoned house.

Before the doors open on the ninth floor, I joke, "I'm gonna step back," moving to the rear of the elevator. Coleman responds, "See, you're being trained!" She's referring to how a scene can manipulate the audience into action. In site-specific scenes—acted in nontheater settings like this one—actors must use techniques to draw the audience's attention without the aid of lighting or set design. In an earlier scene, actors kept looking to the sky, which led the audience to follow suit. Audience instruction is built into the narrative.

Terror always uses time, creating a dynamic of suspense, and an anxiety for a future moment.

The elevator doors open, revealing: nothing. Up to the 10th floor. There the doors open, revealing an actor, her sweater pulled half off, sticks bound to her wrists, stage blood pouring from her mouth. Coleman notes that the reference is the 1999 film adaptation of *Titus Andronicus*, Shakespeare's most violent play, which intensifies the horror of the character Lavinia's rape and mutilation—her hands severed and tongue cut out—by shoving twigs into her stumps.

Numerous recipes for fake blood can be found online, but TAPS has a props manager, **Jenny Pinson**, who specializes in stage blood (as well as weaponry). Chocolate syrup, famously used in Hitchcock's *Psycho* shower scene, works well for its consistency, depth of color, and edibility.

Back on the fifth floor, we come to door number two. A note taped to the door states that the narrator is confused by the spooky occurrences within, but "we just learned about this Molasses Disaster in Boston for history class. ... Hopefully I'm just imagining things." (Last week Coleman tasked the class with finding news stories with the potential for terror staging—some recent, some older—to incorporate in the scenes; one was Boston's deadly molasses flood in 1919.) We enter the second room, into the chocolate-scented darkness. The moment my eyes adjust, I see the actor and gasp. She sits on a chair, only inches from me, a scarf over her mouth and drenched in stage blood.

Brown chocolate syrup was fine for Hitchcock's black-and-white film; this fake blood is dyed red, striking against the actor's white shirt. The previous week's discussion included analysis of color in Peter Greenaway's highly stylized 1989 film *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover*. Coleman notes

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLAN BURCH

Coleman teaches fledgling actors how to terrify—and sometimes horrify—an audience.

the stark white bathroom in the film. "White is always great, and white light is always great. Why? Because we can see blood. … Blood in the bathroom looks fantastic. Home decorating tips!"

The actor silently points to a bucket of stage blood on the floor. Later we find out that there were plants in the audience who initiated the action, pouring more stage blood over her. One student dribbles the blood on the actor's already soggy head, pausing to ask, "Are you sure?" before dousing her again.

On the door of room three, a note references another Boston-based news story—last spring a "serial tickler" was reported breaking into students' homes to tickle their feet while they slept. "I kept feeling this tickling sensation at my feet," read the note. "It could've been a dream, but it felt so real." Someone hidden in the dark suddenly bangs on piano keys, sending four students screaming and laughing, hands clasped over mouths. Inside, a small voice calls out, "Who's there?" An actor lies on a piano bench, blindfolded, with a feather duster, her feet exposed for the audience to tickle.

Normally the class would reconvene to discuss what they remember from the scene, what elements worked well, and how it related to previously discussed texts. But time has run out. I later ask an actor what her group's intentions were. She explains that audience participation is key—a moving scene with no tour guide. Its success relies on the audience, how we are manipulated into action, thereby making us complicit in the terror and horror. Perhaps it's the intimacy between the audience and the actors that makes the rooms revolting, startling, and creepy in turn.

Coleman previously discussed immersive theater, in particular a French play called *Jet of Blood*, part of a movement called Theatre of Cruelty. The play, written in 1925 but not performed until 1964, ends with a literal wave of stage blood washing over the audience. The playwright and founder of the movement, Antonin Artaud, likened theater to a plague; the actors infect the audience who then go out and infect others, changing the world "in an almost anarchist way."

But Coleman cautions against empty spectacle "serving nothing." A narrative must exist to provide meaning, yet not be so "directive" as to rob the audience of personal engagement.

I ask Coleman if this scene went beyond spectacle, and she says yes, but "the scenes for the course are cumulative, in conversation with each other. Performance is an ongoing conversation, and while it's ephemeral, it's continual. These scenes were explorations that led to revelations manifesting in subsequent scenes. For me, the best part of working in performance is the most maddening in that you are never done, you just run out of time." ◆

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNE RYAN

SYLLABUS

Staging Terror meets twice a week, with each week devoted to a different theme: shock and suspense, image, environment, space, taboo, time, story, arcs. Students write two papers, three production reviews, five scenes, and nine text responses. The final paper can be critical or creative.

The weeks alternate between discussion and performance. One week the class discusses a text, movie, performance, or game, including: *The Pillowman* by Martin McDonagh (2003), *Iphigenia at Aulis* by Euripides (410 BC), "The Fall of the House of Usher" by Edgar Allan Poe (1839), *The Ocean at the End of the Lane* by Neil Gaiman (2013), Gone Home (2013), *Titus* (1999), *American Horror Story: Murder House* (2011), and *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover* (1989).

The following week the students perform scenes, written and rehearsed outside of class. Coleman sometimes assigns elements that must appear. For Poe's story, the students had to include a journey with three moments of surprise, two moments of revelation, one moment of discovery, at least three umbrellas, two musical instruments, and one ball.

Staging Terror fulfills the Core requirement in musical, visual, and dramatic arts, and no prior theater experience is necessary. Each time it's been offered, more than 200 students have applied to enroll.

—*M. S.*

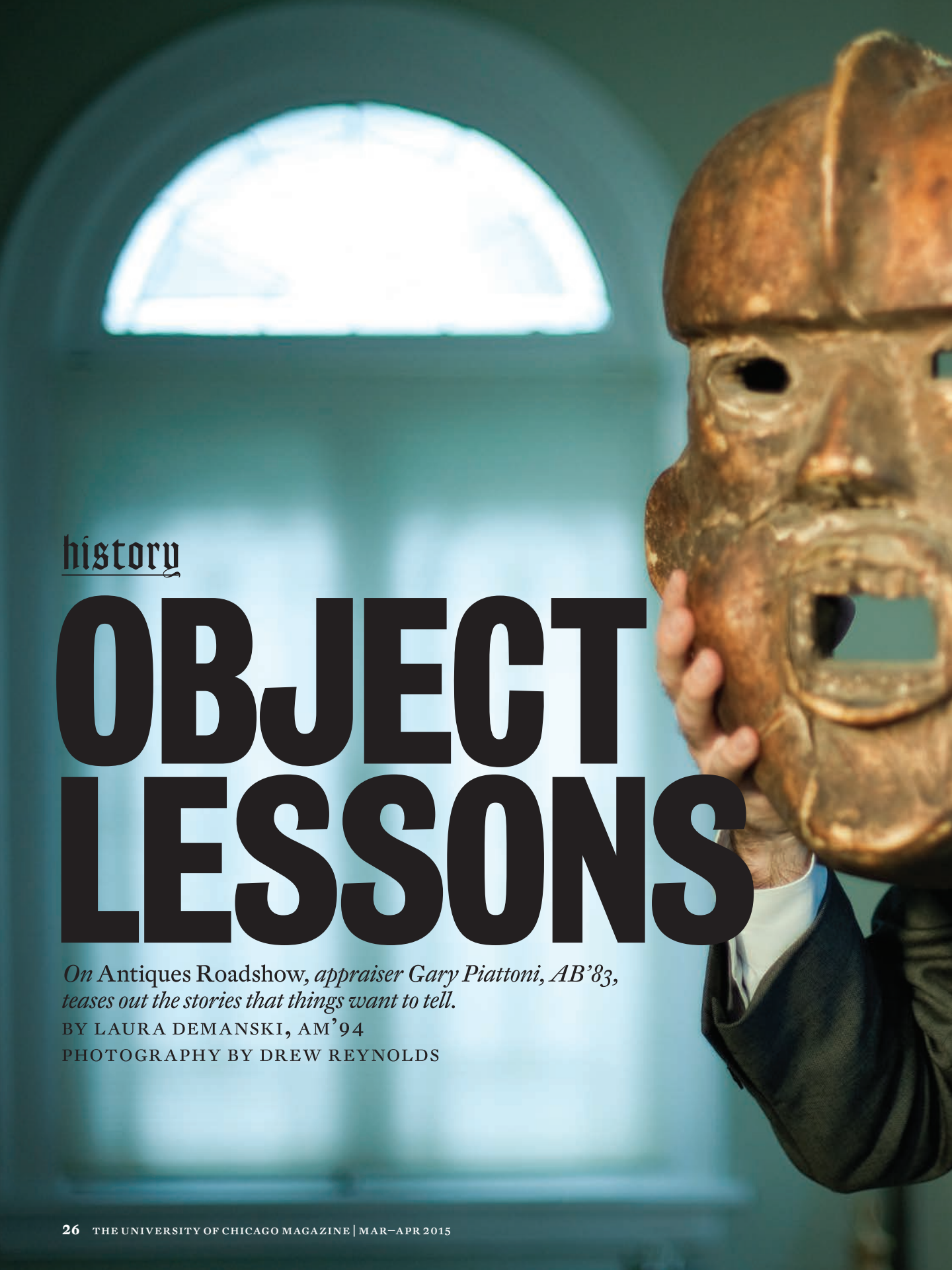
history

OBJECT LESSONS

On Antiques Roadshow, *appraiser Gary Piattoni, AB'83, teases out the stories that things want to tell.*

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DREW REYNOLDS



In they streamed: rolling red Flexible Flyer wagons behind them, peering around paintings they carried, clutching every kind of item from candlesticks to Cabbage Patch Kids to a diminutive, rather cute atomic bomb (a training piece from the 1950s). Last July thousands of people navigated the expanses of Chicago's McCormick Place, drawn by the lure of *Antiques Roadshow*. A hit since shortly after it debuted on PBS, the show sets up shop each year in six to eight US cities where the ticket holders each get to bring two items for appraisal, taped for TV if they're lucky.

I didn't have one of those tickets. I was there to shadow one of the show's experts, **Gary Piattoni**, AB'83. Piattoni, who runs his own appraisal business in Evanston, Illinois, has appeared on *Antiques Roadshow* since 1998, the show's second season and the year it really caught fire with US viewers. When Piattoni was tapped by WGBH, he was working at Christie's in New York. On the show he started at the decorative arts table. After that he remembers being assigned to, at different times, Asian art, pottery and porcelain, and metal works, and presiding at a new table for science and technology. To his regret, that table didn't get enough traffic to last.

Now it's arms and militaria. As much fox as hedgehog, Piattoni has a reputation as one of the few generalists on the floor. At McCormick Place, it shows. He sees a reliable flow of appraisers from other tables, looking for a second opinion on everything from French Baccarat paperweights to unidentifiable devices (one colleague comes over asking for "Mr. Gadgets").

But mostly he sees the hopefuls. Piattoni has a routine and a rhythm. He always gets the guest talking first. His first appraisal after I arrive, wedging myself behind the table where he's one of four experts, begins: "Tell me about the flag." The guest, an older man, says he's not sure about the age of the huge US flag he's just unfurled. "How many stars?" Piattoni asks. The man hasn't counted. "It's wool," Piattoni says, counting, "but the stars might be cotton. There's not a lot of mothing," meaning there are few holes eaten by moths. He pauses. "Forty-four, so it's post–Civil War," from the later part of the 19th century. "These grommets are not seen in the Civil War period." He points out, too, the machine-made cotton backing.

After a minute or two rattling off observations like these, Piattoni's wrapping it up. "It's a transitional flag, not military per se." In terms of its value—the eagerly anticipated number in which every *Antiques Roadshow* appraisal culminates—the flag's unwieldy size is a liability. "At 8' x 12' or something, display is tricky." Almost as much as the flag's owner, I'm on the edge of my seat for the actual figure. "Maybe as much as $1,000—not crazy money, because of the size. The colors are strong, not much mothing. It could be from the Grand Army of the Republic, but if it were Civil War period, it would be a bigger deal. Unusual patterns can bring money too." And we're off.

The flag has a bit more age than Piattoni's usual fare in arms and militaria; in general he covers items from the 20th century. This rules out most of the firearms that come in, which tend to be older. But regalia, documents, photographs, and other memorabilia make their way to him, things I'm not even sure how to categorize. The sheer variety of items he looks at in the time I'm there, and how much he knows about every one of them, spinning out tale after tale, is a wonder. He sees a US Army cavalry saddle bag, aviators' weather maps, a German blueprint for an aeronautic motor, *Soldiers' Guide to Hindustani*, a bayonet. A World War II scrapbook about the service of a vet whose commanding officer was Jimmy Stewart.

Also striking: the scarcity of items whose appraisals beat, or even approach, the $1,000 for the too-big flag. A commemorative sword from the Columbian Exposition gives Piattoni a chance to reference his alma mater and environs—"flooded, gondolas, it was pretty cool"—but its high water mark is $200. "A little more common than you might think," he says gently to the young couple who brought it.

An old device for making keys, which would have gone to the science and technology table if it still existed, winds up in front of Piattoni. Again he lets the owner down easy. "Folks who tend to collect these are people who were in the business. It's one of those oddball things. Your dad—he had a hardware business—is the kind of guy who would be drawn to it. I wouldn't put a big number on it. Maybe $150. That's a cool thing, and I'm glad you brought it in." In the end, nobody appears to go away too disappointed.

Listening to Piattoni is an education—in history, the ways things are made, supply and demand, and other vagaries of what we value. Many of those who arrive at the arms and militaria table have come by their treasures through their families: fathers and uncles, grandfathers and great uncles who were in military service, who sometimes came back but sometimes didn't. (In one case the items belonged to the guest's grandmother, who served in the Naval Auxiliary.) Piattoni invokes sentimental value a lot. He listens to the stories that spill out in response to his opening questions, and adds to them. When the owners walk back out of McCormick Place you can tell their tales will be a little more filled in, a little richer and deeper, the next time they're told.

When one McCormick Place guest apologized that his item smelled like mothballs, Piattoni protested. "I love that smell. It reminds me of cool things in basements." That's where he found his uncle's World War II military ribbons—in his grandmother's basement, getting his first taste for collecting as a grade schooler. The pursuit "was encouraged by my dad and my uncle, who gave me other trinkets they had when they were in the service, and it just kept going." He shopped local antique stores with his mother and, as he got older, rode his bike to garage and estate sales and frequented the flea market in Grayslake, near Wauconda, the small town where he grew up in Lake County, Illinois.

With military collecting, Piattoni says, "you get interested in almost anything from any period or any country because there isn't a lot available. If you collected thimbles there'd be plenty and you could specialize. With military you don't necessarily get to choose what you're going to find, especially in a small town in Illinois." He sought out anything with a military connection but took a particular interest in World War II, "because of the history behind it and my uncle's and my father's participation."

At UChicago Piattoni majored in geology and continued his collecting. The two interests sprang from similar experiences and came to feel like different sides of one coin: also as a boy, he'd found an arrowhead in his backyard. "I was like, you're kidding me, you can find these things?" Looking for more of them led him to learn about fossils, "and you could find those, and those were free." Gravel pits and farm fields joined the garage and estate sales on his bike route.

His science education helps him every day, Piattoni says. "There is a lot of crossover between science, especially geology, and what I'm doing now, in terms of understanding materials and techniques and how things are made … how the earth is made, how objects are made." Knowledge of history illuminates things' origins and uses, and science how they were manufactured. The latter helps him place things in time and determine what's real and what's fake. On one occasion at Christie's, he was able to verify, over the doubts of a senior appraiser, that a sculpture was genuine limestone based on the fossil crinoids he found in it—the UChicago geology major's expertise making the identification possible.

Piattoni remembers his classes with storm expert Ted Fujita and geochemist Julian Goldsmith, SB'40, PhD'47, especially vividly. He thought he'd get a job with an oil company after college, but with the economy struggling and hiring scarce, he enrolled at the School of the Art Institute instead, earning an MFA in sculpture. After that it was a short stint in advertising before he quit—"I just couldn't stand it"—and started to deal antiques part time.

IF YOU COLLECTED THIMBLES THERE'D BE PLENTY. WITH MILITARY YOU DON'T NECESSARILY CHOOSE WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO FIND.

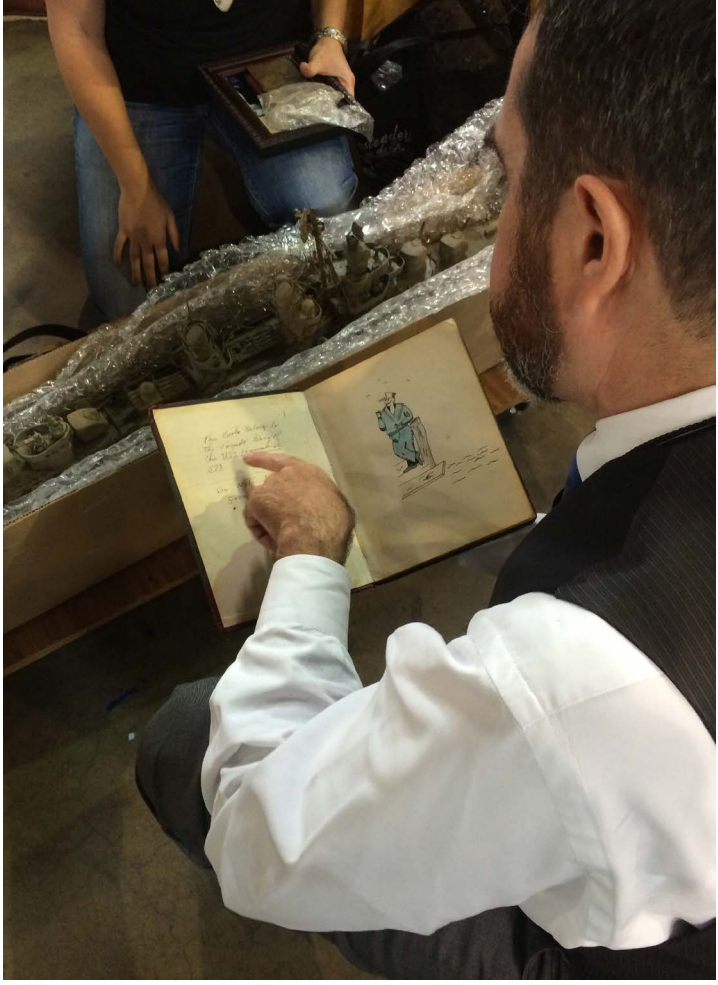
A local auction house where Piattoni had done summer work moving furniture, Leslie Hindman Auctioneers, was hiring. He joined and quickly gained responsibility and expertise, heading a department, appraising items, and running specialty sales. Among the latter were the estates of organized-crime figures Al Capone and John Dillinger. Work selling items from Comiskey Park when it closed—banners, pieces of the foul poles—came Piattoni's way too. Such sales were attentively covered by the media. His name got around and soon he had a phone call from Christie's.

Eying him for a job in pop culture collectibles, the auction house flew Piattoni to New York for an interview. They hired him instead as head of the European decorative arts department at Christie's East, an offshoot of the main branch until 2001, when it closed. The sales he oversaw there included ones by Norma Kamali and Donald Trump. "It was kind of like going from the minor leagues to the big leagues," Piattoni says.

It was a whole new education too. "I didn't know how stupid I was until I started to work for Christie's," he says. "Regional auction houses only see so much. … At Christie's you see everything." After a few years at Christie's East, he moved to the main branch, then on Park Avenue, as vice president and director of operations. That was when *Antiques Roadshow* came calling.

What you see when you tune in to *Antiques Roadshow*—the expert, the guest, the item on a table or easel—takes place in the innermost of a series of roughly concentric circles. As a guest, your progress from periphery to nucleus isn't quick, but it's sure and steady, up to a point. When you attend, here's what happens.

Your ticket has a specific arrival time. Showing up within your assigned hour, you're first directed to triage, where



you wait in a long line. The *Roadshow* requires 80,000 square feet for a taping, and most of that space is given over to the long snake of a triage line. (Compared to his first year on the show, before tickets were time specific, Piattoni told me, the lines I saw at McCormick Place were nothing.)

At triage, a cheery staffer inspects your items, assigns each a category, and gives you cards that admit you to the appraisal tables for those categories. You inch closer to the center and get in another line, shorter than the last, leading to the curtained-off core of the operation: the appraisal tables and set. For most ticket holders, the smaller lines within the curtains represent the last wait they'll experience on their *Antiques Roadshow* adventure. For those selected to tape a segment about their treasures—about 90 out of the 5,000 to 6,000 people at each taping—there will be one more wait, more comfortable, in the green room.

In the very center is a bank of cameras and, arranged around them, four rectangles of blue carpet. Upon those rectangles the appraisals are taped for broadcast or for the *Roadshow* website. The blue carpet works sort of like "hot lava" in the children's game. Staff and volunteers constantly remind guests not to step on it, and potentially into a camera's view. When guests inevitably do so—every few minutes when I was there—they're instantly, if kindly, rebuked.

At the tables, the appraisers appraise, working briskly through the inner queues until they see something special—something they think should be on TV. They then get a corroborating opinion from a second expert and locate a producer who will hear their pitch and, they hope, select the item for an on-camera appraisal.

At McCormick Place Piattoni goes the first few hours without seeing anything he wants to pitch. This is unusually long, and he's getting a little anxious. Piece after piece comes and goes, the likes of which I've never seen. Piattoni seems to have seen everything.

There's the model ship large enough to fill a coffee table, "built by a guy on the ship in 1944," the young man who has brought it says. His grandfather was onboard too and won the model in a raffle. With it are a diary of ship life and a metal bible. "That's cool," says Piattoni, not nearly as impressed as I am. "Guys in the navy had a lot of time on their hands. It was common for machinists to make souvenirs. This one is elaborate. When you're sailing and not yet in enemy waters, you have lots of time on your hands." The Mystic Seaport museum in Mystic, Connecticut, he says, is the most common destination for such artifacts. In perfect condition, it might fetch $1,500. In the condition it's in, $300 to 500, plus $30 for the bible and $100 for the diary.

He sees a large framed set of military patches—maybe 100 mounted on a fabric backing. Piattoni makes a quick scan as the owner tells the story. As a boy in the 1940s, his oldest brother's hobby was to approach soldiers on the street, asking for patches as souvenirs. Later their dad framed the collection. "It's a pretty big collecting category right now," Piattoni says. He zooms in on some of the more notable: a World War II French volunteers patch, another that he suspects was "theater made," and the most valuable of the group, a 101st Airborne Division patch depicting an eagle with a white tongue, worth maybe $500 on its own.

There's stuff I wouldn't have known what to make of, like a scale model of a prototype tank. The maker, according to the documentation that came with the model, wrote about it to the National Inventors Council, believing "his design was superior because shells deflected off it," the owner says. He also has the council's rejection letter, dated December 1941. "It's pretty cool," says Piattoni. "Here's the deal with tanks. The US was able to go zero to 50 quick because of GM and Ford. The concept was, they threw money at it. The German tanks were more custom built. Even though they were superior, we overwhelmed them with pure numbers." This design, he conjectures, was "too complex and too crazy to be adopted officially. Obviously a lot of folks wanted to help the war effort. But they had it under control." Declaring the model cool once more, Piattoni estimates its top value at "a couple thousand," but doesn't send for a producer. (Later he tells me the owner already knew too much about what he had to make for a good taping.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM '94

Among the items that came in with a World War II model ship made on board, this drawing in a sailor's journal impressed Piattoni. "That's killer," he said.

Antiques Roadshow appraisers are not paid for their work on the show. In fact, they pay their own travel and lodging expenses. Last summer Piattoni traveled to the Chicago, Birmingham, and New York City shows. The exposure is valuable, especially for experts who run their own antique dealerships or appraisal businesses, as Piattoni has since 2002. In his day job as president of Gary Piattoni Decorative Arts he has private individuals, insurance companies, and institutions as clients and focuses on fine art, furniture, and decorative arts. He does work on other kinds of objects, but never jewelry or "very specialized collections" like coins or stamps. "I can do an African mask or an American Indian basket if there's one or two of them," but "if somebody had a collection of 50, I would generally send them to a specialist."

For all their variety, the things he sees on the *Roadshow* rarely overlap with the high-value items that come to him in his business. He loves moving between those worlds and still visits the Rosemont flea market early Sundays, returning home by the time his sons, ages 10 and 13, are rising. The flea market keeps him familiar with the more everyday items that will end up in front of him at the *Roadshow*. "It's great to be able to share that with folks for free," he says, "and help them unlock some mystery about an object they carry around—or disappoint them because it's not as valuable as they thought."

Maybe a dozen times a year Piattoni hits the road to run antiques and heirlooms appraisal events, structured much like the *Roadshow*, at retirement communities around the country. The demand is increasing, partly testament to the popularity of the television show. What keeps it going strong? Piattoni believes the show fed an interest that was there all along. "Think about Julia Child," he says. "She was very talented, but her show tapped into a preexisting interest in cooking. And oh my God, how quickly it caught on. The *Roadshow* did the same thing."

IT WAS COMMON FOR MACHINISTS TO MAKE SOUVENIRS. WHEN YOU'RE SAILING AND NOT YET IN ENEMY WATERS, YOU HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON YOUR HANDS.

It was a hard sell in the beginning, despite the success of the original British version. Shopping the show around with a pitch tape that featured *Let's Make a Deal* star Monty Hall as the host, producer **Dan Farrell**, MBA'73, was turned down by every network, leaving the door open for PBS. Now other reality shows in the same vein have taken off—Piattoni mentions *Pawn Stars*, *American Pickers*, and *Storage Wars*. For him, though, *Antiques Roadshow* "is the one that considers itself to be educational. … The goal is really about discovery."

Not only for the guests. "It's impossible to know it all," he says. That keeps him charged up about what he does, in his day job and on the set. "Each show there's something that comes by that I haven't seen before, or some story. I think that's the most exciting thing. It's never the same; it's always something different."

The morning starts to wane, and still nothing different, nothing Piattoni wants to pitch. He's getting discouraged. Then, a glimmer. Another appraiser, Kathleen Guzman, comes over from collectibles with an air of anticipation, and a box. She needs a corroboration, but has struck out with the fine arts appraisers. It's a sumptuous construction of buttery laminated plywood, a little smaller than a shirt box. A brass plaque fastened to the top spells, in engraved script, "Suicide." Guzman opens the lid, which is hinged at the back, revealing three pairs of shears under plexiglass. On the inside lid, lined up with the shears, are three painted pink flamingos. A weird and beautiful and ominous objet d'art.

Piattoni is thrilled. The box has some of the signature features of one of his favorite artists, the maverick American sculptor H. C. Westermann, whose sculptures employed a carpenter's skills, defied interpretation, and often critiqued materialism. The box and scissors are "classic Westermann," he tells me later: "an object you can't use." But the piece isn't signed, which the artist's work usually is. If it is Westermann, the piece might be worth $15,000 to $20,000. It's a puzzle Piattoni wants to solve.

"Where'd they get it?" he asks Guzman. No help there: the owner bought it at an estate sale in the 1960s. "Could be a copyist," he muses, "but the quality is so good." Does he want to pitch it to a producer, Guzman offers, deferring to his expertise on Westermann. Piattoni declines and encourages her to do so, giving his take: it could be authentic,

it's not definitive, but even if it's a copy, it's interesting. She decides she'll pitch it. As she walks away, Piattoni seems electrified, and a little haunted. He loves Westermann. It was hard to turn down, he confides, but he wants her to get the taping (she did, I find out later).

The not-quite-pitches keep coming, and then Piattoni sees a group of items that have the right stuff: historical significance; something truly rare among them; and, most important, the pieces come together to tell a story greater than the sum of its parts. A man from Indiana and his wife, maybe in their early 50s, bring them: photographs, a period photocopy of a telegraph from General Douglas MacArthur, patches, and a pin, all relating to his uncle's service as a paratrooper in the Pacific arena during World War II. The photos capture the uncle's first jump, and his jump school graduation pin was made by Bailey Banks & Biddle, the venerable US jeweler that designed many of the best-known medals awarded by the military. Only the first graduating class of paratroopers received this particular pin; subsequent classes got imitations, made more cheaply by less storied firms.

Piattoni is drawn by how the items highlight a little-discussed front of the war, and the rare pin clinches it. "Would you like to talk about it on air?" he asks the couple, who agree, a little shyly. "Go sit over there," he says, pointing them to a few chairs outside the curtains that enclose the appraisal area. "Don't show anyone, don't talk about it. We don't need any nosy Nellies"—to ensure that some knowledgeable bystander doesn't ruin the surprise, which has been known to happen. He also hasn't mentioned a value, again to ensure that their reaction on camera will be genuine if they're selected for taping. He asks a nearby volunteer to get a producer and goes on looking at people's things.

Within 30 minutes, another set of items catches his eye. This time a woman from Michigan, accompanied by her sister, brings a scrapbook and more. Her uncle by marriage, she says, was the copilot of the first US plane to drop a bomb on Germany during World War II. Inside the scrapbook

OLD SAWS

Five myths about art, antiques, and collectibles

BY GARY PIATTONI, AB'83

1. The age and value of an antique have a direct correlation.

People will often bring me an object and say, "This belonged to one of my grandparents so I know it must be old." The presumption is that if it is old, there must be some basic value because of its age alone. The reality is that there is no direct correlation between age and value. For instance, you can go to the Middle East and purchase a 2,000-year-old pottery oil lamp very inexpensively; at one time every home in the Middle East would have had one. Chances are if you stick a shovel in the ground there today you will turn one up. For some objects, as time goes by there are fewer in circulation, like baseball cards that, before they were protected by plastic sleeves, were lost in the wash or thrown away. Many great comic books, which were never meant to be handled with great care in the first place, were scrapped during WW II for the war effort, making them scarce today. So ancient oil lamps are plentiful and inexpensive while a mint *Action Comics* #1 can sell for millions of dollars. The rule of supply and demand trumps all.

2. If it's rare, it must be valuable.

Like age, rarity is often touted as a major factor in value. Something may be rare, but people have to want it for it to be valuable. The 1933 double eagle $20 US gold coin is one of the rarest coins to be had. All but a handful were destroyed as a result of the 1933 Gold Reserve Act. The government allowed one to be sold in 2002 and it fetched $7.59 million dollars. Now American coin collecting is big business and if you had all the $20 gold pieces up to 1932, you would sure want the 1933, hence the result. If this scenario played out in a country with a much lower standard of living and few coin collectors, though, such a coin would likely be only a footnote in the country's history. Short supply but low demand.

3. If an item has a certificate of authenticity it must be authentic.

The issue of authenticity is as old as collecting itself, but paper certificates popped up in great numbers after WW II as more of the general public started buying art. Many dealers, honest and unscrupulous, used them to give a comfort level to novice buyers. You could buy them at a stationery store, when such

are stories upon stories clipped from newspapers, with headlines like "Michigander Who Bombed Nazis First"; the pilot's ID cards from the University of Michigan; a telegraph—or copy of one—from General George Marshall. There are also items that the pilot carried just months later when he was killed on duty, only 24 years old, and the Purple Heart sent to his family, engraved with his name.

Piattoni arranges everything on his side of the table and takes a long, careful survey. "There's a lot to look at," he says. "I just want to make sure I'm getting the full picture." After some time, and a few questions, he asks, "You want to try to do this on camera?" The woman most definitely does. Off she goes, with her sister, to a different set of chairs outside the appraisal floor.

Now Piattoni is just waiting for a producer to show. At last one does, Sam Farrell. They huddle and Piattoni sketches out for him each World War II collection. The young pilot's story tells of a notable moment in the war and Germany's eventual defeat; his death not long after that historic mission makes the tale especially poignant. Eager to serve, he had joined the Canadian forces before the United States entered the war. The paratrooper's story contains no such drama, but Piattoni pitches it as a clean, concise, complete set of items that draws attention to paratrooper activity in the often-overlooked Pacific arena.

Farrell gives the green light to the bomber pilot, but not the paratrooper. Piattoni first delivers the news to the Indiana couple, and his assessment of their collection's value: between $1,000 to $1,500, including $500 to $600 for the Bailey Banks & Biddle pin. They don't seem to mind not getting on TV and walk off smiling.

The Michigan woman heads to the green room, where both she and Piattoni get makeup. He gathers more information from her. Eventually they're summoned and walk back, through the curtains, past the appraisal lines, to take their seats at a table on one of the blue carpets. From where I stand, it's impossible to hear the appraisal. I'll have to wait until the show airs this fall, like everyone else. ◆

stores were still in existence. The practice caught on and they have proliferated ever since in all categories. I would caution that many of these early certificates should be seen as a red flag and never taken at face value. It is really about the experience and integrity of the dealer you are buying from. That said, today the business of authentication has exploded and become even more complicated. Now serious contemporary artists are issuing certificates, without which they will disclaim the work as theirs. And the collectibles world has spawned a whole industry of authenticators who will issue such certificates, without which the item will not be viewed as authentic. Again, all of this is a function of who is doing the authenticating. In general if your item needs a certificate to prove it is authentic, proceed with caution.

4. If I perform any conservation on my antique, I have ruined it.

This can certainly be true if you take your antique table to the basement workshop and get out the power sander, but the real answer is more complicated. What we often hear about is the example of American furniture that has been refinished, resulting in a dramatic devaluation. But this is not a typical example because American furniture collectors really like the original surface and will pay a premium for over 200 years of accrued patina. In other categories, enthusiasts will have a different perspective. Collectors of European furniture, for example, will not be as concerned about original surfaces. While condition is of course important, some reasonable conservation does not devalue the item in their eyes the same way it does for American furniture folks. Each category of collecting may have its own particular issues with conservation, the caveat being that any conservation performed be done to the industry standard.

5. Antiques always go up in value over time.

Unfortunately, as an appraiser my job sometimes entails disappointing people. One of the most common occasions is when folks present me with a 20- to 30-year-old appraisal with the absolute conviction that each item must have increased in value a little bit each year, like a treasury bond. In fact some values increase, but some stay the same and many actually go down. This is hard for people to accept as they see the price of milk and everything else rise. Again, it goes back to supply and demand. What we are seeing with the Depression-era generation is that many of their children and grandchildren don't have the same tastes and don't want most of the older generation's possessions. A great example is Chippendale or Georgian furniture; this style dominated the American home for many decades, but over the past decade we've seen a dramatic shift in taste. Today modern furniture styles rule. The result is a large supply of well made traditional furniture with very limited demand translating into much lower prices.

architecture

SOCIAL CONSTRUCTS

Michael Murphy's MASS Design Group strives to make an architecture of community cohesion.

BY MICHAEL WASHBURN, AM'02

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IWAN BAAN

Set amid volcanic hills, the northern province of Burera is an impoverished area of Rwanda. Before 2011, its 350,000 residents lacked access to adequate health care, living in one of the last Rwandan health districts without a hospital. Today they have one that is an aesthetic wonder. With intricate stone walls fashioned by local masons, the cluster of buildings that make up Butaro Hospital is bright and open, flooded with light and suffused with air from the natural wind paths in the valleys below. In a region with basically no medical infrastructure, Butaro provides 150 beds, a maternity ward and neonatal intensive care unit, two operating rooms, and such basic, necessary services as internal medicine and pediatric care. It cost $4.4 million to build—about $30,000 per bed, compared to the more than $1 million per bed that new US hospitals cost.

A product of the MASS Design Group, a Boston-based architecture firm cofounded by **Michael Murphy**, AB'02, Butaro melds a modern architectural and social sensibility with lessons from the history of hospital design. That inspiration is particularly realized in Butaro's open, or "Nightingale," ward, which forgoes the hermetically sealed design of modern hospitals in favor of a pavilion filled with natural air and light. The buildings of Butaro are connected by outdoor walkways and use natural ventilation instead of air conditioning, creating more sanitary conditions as well as a more beautiful and human-scale setting. The building, said a *New York Times* op-ed in 2012, "has set a new standard for public-interest design."

And the hospital's construction—during which MASS hired more than 3,500 local Rwandans to help build it, training them on site—created a local masonry industry that has become self-sustaining. Taken as a whole, the effects on local health, employment, and the community look to many observers nothing short of miraculous.

Murphy, MASS Design's CEO, believes that architecture can play a critical role in untangling the cluster of problems that bedevil society, from health care to education to the quality of urban life itself. Designated by the *Atlantic* as among nine people whom "tomorrow's historians [will] consider today's greatest inventors," Murphy has cultivated his preoccupation with architecture's relationship to social justice since graduate school. MASS, which refers to itself as a "social enterprise," is a nonprofit working in typically capital-intensive, competitive architectural markets. Investing its intellectual capital in projects that often don't seem economically viable—a cholera treatment center in Port-au-Prince, Haiti; the resurrection of deeply depressed American towns—serves two company objectives, offering beautiful, functional remedies to social problems at a local level and proving that such investments can be profitable.

MASS Design's office is located in Back Bay, at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, near Boston's Public Garden. The office exudes the low-key nonchalance of a start-up. The wood floors are worn and over the ambient street noises of horns and trucks, the clang of the radiators punctuates conversation. Models of the firm's larger projects are on display. The front of the office feels sedate and calm, almost uninhabited. The back of the office hums with activity; about 30 people currently occupy the space, most of them working alongside each other.

On a bright, cold morning in November, Murphy and three colleagues, Michael Haggerty, Brendan Kellogg, and James

Natural air and light create a sanitary and humane environment in MASS Design's Rwandan hospital.

Martin, are discussing their recent work for a symposium led by the Center for an Urban Future. The presentation reimagines New York City's increasingly obsolete public branch libraries as more vital, well-used spaces. One of MASS Design's meeting rooms has been turned into a workspace for the project, and dozens of photographs and sketches of four New York Public Library branches and their surrounding communities.

Murphy and his team returned to the lessons learned in Africa and applied them to these economically challenged areas of Brooklyn. The result was, in Haggerty's words, "south to north": ideas and practices developed in the resource-poor areas of the global south were brought to bear on the comparatively wealthy neighborhoods of Brooklyn. The study took months and multiple visits, accounting for the "life and rhythms" of the branch libraries, identifying "what stood out as unique, given the characteristics of the surrounding community, the personalities of the staff, and the limitations and potential of the physical building." That process mirrored the one they followed when planning Butaro: months of immersive research into the community's needs before plans were finalized. The methodology is as much anthropological as architectural.

In Sheepshead Bay, MASS recommended redesigning the library to emphasize additional cultural events. A Coney Island branch called out for a space to accommodate nutrition and health services.

To be clear, this was merely a design study—MASS received a modest amount of money to think on the library system and then present its findings alongside several other firms at a December meeting with representatives of Mayor Bill de Blasio's administration in attendance. The potential to contribute to the political discussion about the future of civic amenities in one of the nation's greatest cities was too tantalizing to pass up. "It fits very well into our work," Murphy says, "which is how do we use architecture to initiate or instigate significant policy change."

The majority of the company's work focuses on the developing world. MASS's most recently completed projects are in Haiti: a tuberculosis hospital and cholera clinic. As with Butaro, MASS recruited local labor to build the facilities in Port-au-Prince. The new buildings are cast in elegant white and blue, and they employ the Caribbean wind for ventilation and infection control. They're as beautiful as they are useful.

And their usefulness can't be overstated.

The cholera clinic, in particular, is a public health feat. In a country where 38 percent of the residents lack access to clean water—cholera depends on dirty water to spread and thrive—MASS designers knew they couldn't just build a beautiful hospital and plug it into the contaminated wastewater system. To solve the problem, they created a self-contained wastewater treatment system under the building's foundation, allowing the building to function independently of the infectious Haitian infrastructure.

What animates and unites many of these projects—Rwanda, Haiti, and others—is the desire to take institutions that are widely feared or disregarded and turn them into sources of pride and civic engagement. "The medical facility *could* be more of a civic amenity, and this could be a future in the US as well," Murphy says. "Perception of the medical facility has been corroded, it has become one of fear, one of sickness. Patients get sicker when they go to hospitals."

Murphy challenges MASS Design to reinvent that reality: "What if we could make our health care infrastructure not just reactive but aspirational?"

Murphy grew up in Poughkeepsie, New York, the son of a nurse and a civil servant. He entered UChicago at 18 without a clear understanding of what he wanted to do and was soon "completely swooned" by Renaissance poetry. But even as Murphy wrote on John Donne, he grew fascinated by the built environment around the campus and city. "Chicago is a great laboratory for learning about architecture, and I got really ... intrigued there about buildings," Murphy says. "I started to catalog architecture as this thing I found interesting."

The transition from Renaissance poetry enthusiast to architect took some time. First, Murphy "had the great fortune to go on the first study abroad program in South Africa with the Comaroffs."

Jean and John Comaroff, now anthropology professors at Harvard, spent a storied period at UChicago, and the Cape Town civilization program was a draw for undergraduate students. During his time in Cape Town, Murphy was transfixed, particularly by the neighborhood known as District Six, where it "became clear to me that the decisions around the built environment are always political, or always social, or always cultural. And that architecture

WE USE ARCHITECTURE TO INITIATE OR INSTIGATE SIGNIFICANT POLICY CHANGE.

DESIGN IS NEVER NEUTRAL, IT EITHER HELPS PEOPLE OR IT HURTS PEOPLE.

is this interface of either, let's say, disenfranchisement or cohesion."

Murphy is discussing his past while sitting in one of the small meeting rooms in the MASS office. Cars honk below. A youthful 35, with an easy smile and a quick laugh, he exudes charisma. As he talks he moves in his chair, sometimes leaning back, often gesturing. At one point he starts circling his hands on the tabletop, a kind of wax-on wax-off movement, as a way of working through his thoughts.

Murphy was struck by how, even though formal Apartheid no longer existed, there persisted in areas like District Six a physical boundary—what he calls a "geographic Apartheid"—that kept the wealthy insulated from the pockets of poverty that dot the Cape Town landscape. Once a robust incubator for culture and music, District Six had been destroyed and left to fester in the city, a "massive scar both on the city itself as well as on the social and political history of that community," Murphy says. "Sometimes architecture is a great manifestation of community cohesion, and sometimes it's the clear distinction and difference between those who have access to services and those who don't. That's a heady way to say something we say often, which is design is never neutral, it either helps people or it hurts people."

Murphy's time in Cape Town didn't have an immediate impact. After graduation he worked several jobs and internships—at *Critical Inquiry*, the Illinois Humanities Council, a literary agency in Manhattan—before he decided to be a writer. After getting some advice from a Chicago friend turned stringer in Iraq, Murphy returned to Cape Town to write but rushed home when his father received a dire cancer diagnosis and was given just three weeks to live.

Three weeks passed, then six, then four months. Murphy spent the time restoring his family's 1890s Arts and Crafts home, a project that had been his father's weekend hobby. It became Murphy's quest to complete the restoration before his father died, but soon he had recovered well enough to help. "A year and a half passed and he was still alive, in remission," Murphy says, "and we'd finished restoring the house." As they sat outside one day, Murphy's father told him that "working on this house with you really saved my life."

A sense began to take root that architecture could have more than a social and political impact. It could influence something as personal as an individual's health. The lessons Murphy drew from the restoration became his inspiration to pursue architecture. When his father, who died in 2007, was hospitalized, Murphy's visits further shaped his design sensibility. Patients endured an environment engineered for a clinical purpose but blind to its toll on human dignity. Murphy left thinking, "I would love to design a hospital someday."

Around the same time, Murphy heard Paul Farmer speak. A physician and anthropologist, Farmer is the Kolokotrones University Professor of Global Health and Social Medicine at Harvard Medical School and cofounded Partners in Health. The organization, for which Farmer is now chief strategist, works to bring high-quality health care to places around the world where it's most lacking.

Murphy introduced himself to Farmer. "Paul said, Where are the architects?" he remembers. "We're doing all this work and no architects have helped us out. No architects have asked how they can support us." After reaching out to Farmer by email—and securing outside funding to support himself—Murphy joined Partners in Health in Africa. Soon Farmer invited him to plan the Butaro Hospital. With cofounder Alan Ricks, Murphy started MASS Design. All before Murphy finished graduate school.

"There's the Howard Roark shot," says Chris Scovel, one of MASS's directors, showing a photo of Murphy at the firm's recently completed cholera clinic.

"Oh don't call it Howard Roark," Murphy groans. "That'd be horrible. I hate Howard Roark. We're the anti–Howard Roark."

Roark, protagonist of Ayn Rand's 1943 novel *The Fountainhead*, has become the ur-model of the architect in much of American culture—elitist visionaries who accept no

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRYCE VICKMARK

A self-contained wastewater treatment system is an unseen but essential innovation at the Haitian cholera clinic.

compromise (Roark blows up one of his own buildings during, basically, a pretentious tantrum) and usually work in blissful isolation from their communities.

"I think what makes architecture different than a building is that there is a generative idea," Murphy says. "Ideally there is a generative idea, which drives decisions of the entire building. And sometimes that idea is completely bankrupt, all right, but sometimes it is about social change." For Murphy and MASS the generative idea is always social: how can their structures drive social change and empowerment?

"I think for too long we've been taught that there's great architecture and that everything else is just junk. Like, 'Here, focus on this great architecture and that's all you should be focused on. And there's only a few people that can do it, and there's only a few people that can pay for it,'" Murphy says, hands circling the table. "And that's a very unjust society. It's not a society that I want to live in, where a few people get to benefit from this trade that I've been fortunate enough to study and learn from. Because I think what [architects] do is a great civic work, civic service."

MASS is currently running about 15 projects, all of them in the spirit of civic service, most in health care or education. They're building low cost schools that will accommodate up to 900 students each in remote areas of Africa. "You can't, literally, import any materials," Murphy says. "Nails," but that's about it. A few hours after discussing the New York library project, Murphy met with the US Agency for International Development to offer his thoughts on addressing climate change.

But lately Murphy's thoughts have been returning to his hometown, which asked MASS Design for help last year. The Poughkeepsie community is economically depressed. Property values are abysmal. What was once a proud downtown is now very much down in the heel, a shell of its former self.

For the past few months, Murphy and his crew have been working with a center that houses nonprofit and social service groups in a century-old school that was hit by Hurricane Irene. MASS envisions the building as the heart of a "three pronged" strategy to revitalize the city.

With the help of a mechanical firm, they've worked out a plan to bring in a new boiler system that would save $1 million over 10 years. They also want to transform an industrial watershed next to the building into a pop-up park and turn wasteland into an asset. Finally, they proposed what other "key amenities" would be needed to catalyze broader change in Poughkeepsie.

By cobbling together a series of grants, Murphy thinks they could create a cohort of arts and culture fellows that could "occupy Main Street," in order to drive traffic to the area and amplify the work of the social service organizations. He hopes such efforts could radically shift perceptions in the long run, contributing to making the town more attractive to other industries eventually.

That's part of the self-proclaimed "value proposition of MASS": to pursue what Murphy calls the creation of dignity. "There's a great dignity that great architecture provides," he says. Great in ways that are accessible and influential in everyday life—civic-spirited projects, not monuments to a singular vision. "If we don't focus on that, if we just create basic structures because they're an orphanage in Tanzania, it's not enough. It has to actually be great architecture too." ◆

Michael Washburn, AM'02, is director of programs at the New York Council for the Humanities. He writes for publications including the *New York Times Book Review*, the *Los Angeles Review of Books*, the *New Republic*, and the *Boston Globe*.

excerpt

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Notes on an intellectual and musical journey.

BY PHILIP GLASS, AB'56

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-CHRISTIAN BOURCART/GETTY IMAGES

As a high school sophomore in Baltimore, composer **Philip Glass**, *AB'56, applied and was accepted into the College. Whether his parents would allow him to attend was another question. Over breakfast one morning in 1952, his mother announced, "We had a meeting last evening and it was decided you can go to Chicago." In Glass's new book,* Words Without Music: A Memoir, *which will be published April 7 by W. W. Norton, he recalls his arrival at age 15 and the first year of his UChicago education.*

The overnight train to Chicago was run by the old B&O railroad, which left every day in the early evening from downtown Baltimore and arrived in the Loop in Chicago early the next morning. That, or the long drive through western Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, was the only road between Baltimore and Chicago. In 1952, very few people took planes, though commercial airlines were beginning to offer an alternative.

I was on my way to college with two friends from high school, **Sidney Jacobs**, AB'54, SB'58, SM'60, and **Tom Steiner**, AB'54, AB'58, AM'62, both of whom I actually knew quite well. But our going out to the Midwest together was unplanned, sheer chance. They were part of a local, self-made club they called the Phalanx—a group of superbright, geeky teenagers who banded together for mutual company and entertainment. I knew them from the Maryland Chess Club, though, being several years younger, I was tolerated to a degree but had never been a part of their highly introverted and intellectual group. But I liked them all—they and their friends: Irv Zucker, Malcolm Pivar, William Sullivan. Poets, mathematicians, and techno-visionaries of an order very early and remote from anything going on today.

The three of us were all on the train together, bonding easily for the first time. I was extremely excited to be on my way and had barely noticed the lectures, warnings, and assurances from Ben and Ida Glass that in the end came down to letting me know I could come home anytime I needed to if things at the University of Chicago didn't work out.

"We can arrange with your school that if you come back from Chicago before Christmas, you can go back into your grade at the high school," my mother said. Of course, I knew there was zero chance of that. They considered the three months until Christmas a trial run. For me, though, it was every kid's dream—the Great Escape.

I didn't sleep at all that night. Soon after leaving the station, the lights were out. It was just an old passenger train from Dixie to the Midwest, with no amenities of any kind. No lights, no reading, nothing to do but make friends with the sounds of the night train. The wheels on the track made endless patterns, and I was caught up in it almost at once. Years later, studying with Alla Rakha, Ravi Shankar's great tabla player and music partner, I practiced the endless cycles of twos and threes that form the heart of the Indian *tal* system. From this I learned the tools by which apparent chaos could be heard as an unending array of shifting beats and patterns. But on this memorable night, I was innocent of all that. Oddly enough, it wasn't until almost 14 years later, when I was on my first voyage of discovery in India and trains were the only way to travel, that I did some serious train travel again, much as I had as a boy on my many journeys between Baltimore and Chicago. The facts of travel were similar, at times almost identical. But my way of hearing had been radically transformed in those years. One might think that the trains from *Einstein on the Beach* came from a similar place, but no, that wasn't so. That train music came from quite a different place, which I'll get to later. The point was that the world of music—its language, beauty, and mystery—was already urging itself on me. Some shift had already begun. Music was no longer a metaphor for the real world somewhere out there. It was becoming the opposite. The "out there" stuff was the metaphor and the real part was, and is to this day, the music. Night trains can make those things happen. The sounds of daily life were entering me almost unnoticed.

Right away, Chicago had much more of a big-city feel than Baltimore. It had modern architecture—not just Frank Lloyd Wright but the landmark Louis Sullivan buildings that were a little bit older. It had a first-class orchestra—the Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner; the Chicago Art Institute, with its collection of Monet; and even art movie theaters. Chicago was a real city that could cater to intellectuals and people with serious cultural interests in a way that Baltimore couldn't. Chicago was also a place where you'd hear jazz that you wouldn't hear in Baltimore. (I didn't even know where the jazz clubs were in my hometown.) If you wanted to go to a good Chinese restaurant in Baltimore, you had to drive to Washington, but in Chicago we had everything.

The University stretched from 55th Street to 61st Street on both sides of the Midway, which had been the center of amusements and sideshows at Chicago's 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. Fifty-Seventh Street was built up with restaurants and bars, and the South Side jazz clubs, like the Beehive, were on 55th Street. Of course I was too young to go to some of the places I wanted to go, since I was 15 and looked 15. By the time I was 16 or 17, I had gotten a little bit bigger, so I was able to go to the Cotton Club, nearby

on Cottage Grove, and also the clubs downtown. Eventually, the people at the door got to know me because I would stand there—just listening—looking through the window. Finally, they would say, "Hey, c'mon kid, you come on in." I couldn't buy a drink, but they would let me sit by the door and listen to the music.

The first day of freshman orientation, I walked into a room and the first thing I noticed was that there were black students. You have to look at it from the point of view of a kid who had grown up in the Dixie South—because that's where Baltimore was. There hadn't been any African American students in any school I'd ever attended. I had lived in a world where segregation was taken for granted and not even discussed. This was my conversion from being a kid from a border state, a Dixie state, whatever you want to call it, which was segregated top to bottom—its restaurants, movie houses, swimming pools, golf courses. I think it took me less than a minute to realize that I had lived my whole life in a place that was completely wrong. It was a revelation.

The College of the University of Chicago was quite small in those days—probably fewer than 500 undergraduates, counting all four years of the usual program. However, it fit into the larger University of professional schools—business, law, medicine—and divisions devoted to science, the humanities, social science, theology, and the arts, as well as the Oriental Institute. The relationship of the College to this large university was surprisingly intimate, and quite a number of the university faculty came to teach in the College. It was thought of then as a kind of European system, though I have no idea whether that was actually true or not. Classes were small, consisting of 12 or fewer students with one professor—we were never taught by graduate students. We sat together at a round table and talked through our reading lists—a classic seminar format. There were a few lecture classes, but not many, and in addition, there were experiment/lab classes for science.

I LEARNED THE TOOLS BY WHICH APPARENT CHAOS COULD BE HEARD AS AN UNENDING ARRAY OF SHIFTING BEATS AND PATTERNS.

Very often when the seminars were over in the classrooms, the debates that had begun initially with the teachers would be continued among ourselves in the coffee shops on the Quadrangles at the center of the campus. That actually was the idea. The seminar style was something that was easy to reproduce in a coffee shop, because it was practically the same thing.

There were some sports at the school, but at that time we didn't have a football, basketball, or baseball team. I wanted to do something active so I went to the physical education board and found out they really needed some people for the wrestling team. I had wrestled in high school, so I volunteered, weighing in at about 116 pounds. I did pretty well with the team until my second or third year of competition with nearby schools. Then some farm boy from Iowa beat me so soundly and quickly that I gave it up for life.

The University of Chicago was renowned for its faculty members. I remember vividly my freshman course in chemistry. The lecturer was Harold C. Urey, who had won a Nobel Prize in chemistry. He had chosen to teach the first-year chemistry class to maybe 70 or 80 students, and he brought an enthusiasm for his subject that was electrifying. We met at 8 a.m., but there were no sleepyheads in that class. Professor Urey looked exactly like Dr. Van Helsing from the Tod Browning 1931 movie *Dracula*—the doctor who examines Dracula's victims and says, "And on the throat, the same two marks." Now, when would a freshman or sophomore kid get to even be in the same *room* with a Nobel Prize winner, let alone being lectured on the periodic table? I think he must have thought, There must be young people out there who are going to become scientists.

Professor Urey lectured like an actor, striding back and forth in front of the big blackboard, making incomprehensible marks on the board (I couldn't figure out what he was doing—I only knew it had to do with the periodic table). His teaching was like a performance. He was a man passionate about his subject, and he couldn't wait until we could be there at eight in the morning. Scientists on that level are like artists in a way. They are intensely in love with their subject matter, and Urey was one of them. In fact, I don't remember anything about chemistry. I just went to see his performances.

In my second year I had a small seminar class in sociology taught by David Riesman, who, along with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer, was the author of *The Lonely Crowd*, a very famous book in those days. I suppose it might seem a little quaint today, but in the 1950s it was very new thinking. The thesis of the book was simple: there are three kinds of people, inner-directed, other-directed, and

Glass, performing *The Qatsi Triology*, believes the College of the 1950s made him a more intellectually assured composer.

tradition-directed. These became personality types. The inner-directed is someone like Professor Urey, or like an artist—someone who doesn't care about anything except the thing that he wants to do. The other-directed had no sense of his own identity other than that which came from the approval of the world around them. The tradition-directed are concerned with following the rules that have been handed down from the past. When you read these books, you immediately understand that the inner-directed people are the people that are the most interesting.

Dr. Riesman would have eight or 10 students in the class—no more than that—and I liked him immediately. He was, like Urey, a brilliant man, part of a new generation of sociologists who, coming after anthropologists like Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict, brought methods of anthropology to bear on an analysis of modern urban life. My connection to Dr. Riesman extended well beyond the classroom. Twenty-five years later, his son Michael Riesman, who was about five years old at the time I was taking his father's course, became the music director of the Philip Glass Ensemble.

When the ensemble played at Harvard in the 1970s, Dr. Riesman was teaching there. Michael came to tell me, "My dad is here at the concert."

"Oh, I've got to see Dr. Riesman," I said.

"Dr. Riesman, do you remember me?" I asked when I met him.

"Of course I do," my one-time professor said.

I didn't really see any reason why he would have remembered me after all that time, though I had, in fact, caused a bit of a fuss with him once by challenging his ideas in the seminar. I had told him that I thought the three categories of people that he was suggesting were very much like the endomorph, ectomorph, and mesomorph types that had been proposed by an anthropologist who was studying the human body.

"Do you think so?" he had asked me.

"I think it's absolutely the same," I said.

He looked at me like I was nuts. It's funny, whenever I got an idea, if I thought I was right, I could not be talked out of it, and maybe that's why he remembered me. I was a sophomore in college, 16 years old, and he was in his mid-40s at the time. Why wouldn't I keep my mouth shut? In truth, I never did. The same confrontation I had with David Riesman was repeated with Aaron Copland a number of years later, when he and I got into an argument about orchestration.

In the summer of 1960, four years after I had graduated from Chicago, Copland was a guest of the orchestra at the Aspen Music Festival and School, where I had come from Juilliard to take a summer course with Darius Milhaud, a wonderful composer and teacher. The orchestra was playing some of Copland's pieces at the festival, and through Milhaud's class, he invited students to meet with him one-on-one to show him their compositions. I took him one of my pieces, a violin concerto for solo violin, winds (flute, clarinet, bassoon), brass

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(trumpets, horns, trombones), and percussion.

Mr. Copland looked at the first page. What I had done was to pencil in a theme for the violin—it's so similar to what I do today, I'm surprised that I had even thought of it then—and every low note of the theme, I had played on the French horn. So the violin went da-da, da-da, da-da, and the French horn outlined the bottom notes, which became the countermelody. I thought it was a very good idea.

Mr. Copland looked at it and said, "You'll never hear the French horn."

"Of course you will," I said.

"Nope, you'll never hear it."

"I will hear it."

"You're not going to hear it."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Copland. I'm going to hear it."

Mr. Copland got extremely annoyed with me, and that was pretty much the end of my lesson. He'd only seen the opening page of the piece! We never got beyond the first eight or 10 measures.

"What's wrong with me?" I thought. Mr. Copland was much older than me. He was a *real* composer, a famous composer. He'd invited students to show him their compositions—a wonderful opportunity—and I had totally blown it. I had one lesson with Aaron Copland and we had a disagreement and he basically kicked me out.

As it turned out, I *was* right, at least that time. On a student recording the next year at Juilliard, sure enough, there was that French horn line, outlining the countermelody to the violin theme. You could hear it clear as a bell. I am sorry I didn't keep in touch with Mr. Copland, for I would have sent him the recording.

THERE WERE PARTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO THAT WERE INVOLVED IN STUDIES SO RADICAL THAT WE BARELY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO AT ALL.

The impact of such original and professional researchers and academicians on our young minds was enormous. This level of leadership was everywhere—in philosophy, mathematics, classical studies. Oddly, though, the performing arts were not represented at all. No dance, theater, or music performance training was to be found. On the other hand, there were parts of the University of Chicago that were involved in studies so radical that we barely knew what they were up to at all. One of its graduate programs, the Committee on Social Thought, was such a group. To graduate from the College and enter the committee as a graduate student—to be accepted, as it were, by the committee—would have been their greatest dream for some. Its faculty consisted of writers, scientists, thinkers. These were men and women that some in the College—including myself—deeply, almost fiercely admired and attempted to emulate as best we could: in those years they included names like Saul Bellow, EX'39; Hannah Arendt; and Mircea Eliade.

Bellow's big novel at that time was *The Adventures of Augie March*, the story of a man's life and search for identity from childhood to maturity. I was a big reader, and the two writers from Chicago who interested me were Bellow and Nelson Algren, author of *The Man with the Golden Arm*, about a heroin addict's struggles to stay clean, and *Walk on the Wild Side*, in which Algren tells us, "Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own."

What was interesting about Bellow and Algren was that they took absolutely colloquial language—and not just colloquial language but vulgar language—and used it as a medium of expression. Until then, I had been very taken with writers like Joseph Conrad, who wrote in a very eloquent early-20th-century prose, but these new writers were using the vernacular of the street.

I never saw Bellow on campus, but we all knew about him. Both he and Algren were idolized by the young people in Chicago because they *were* Chicago. They were not New York, they were not San Francisco. When I went to Chicago, I picked up Chicago writers, I picked up Chicago jazz, I picked up Chicago folk music—people like Big Bill Broonzy and Charlie Parker and Stan Getz. All these people worked in Chicago.

As often happens around a great school or university, the University of Chicago projected its aura well beyond its Hyde Park neighborhood and, for that matter, the rest of the South Side. Writers, poets, and thinkers would come to live in the shadow of the university. This larger world included theater groups and cutting-edge bebop jazz clubs like the Beehive or the Cotton Club on Cottage Grove.

"I now see clearly," Glass says, "that a lot of the work I chose was inspired by men and women whom I first met in the pages of books."

There was even a rumor, but perhaps a true one, that Alfred Korzybski, the scholar and author of *Manhood of Humanity* and *Science and Sanity*, had lived and worked in Hyde Park. He was an early proponent of the study of semantics and a radical thinker who, for some reason, appealed to me. Perhaps it was his ideas about history, time, and our human nature I was drawn to—he originated the concept of time-binding, that human culture is the result of the transmission of knowledge through time. I haven't seen his books in years or even heard tell of him. Perhaps just another great soul, an American Mahatma, if you will, to be found somewhere in our libraries and collective memories.

As I learned early on, the academic arrangements made for the College were especially striking. We were assigned to courses and classes (there were, famously, 14 courses, each three quarters long—fall, winter, spring). However, attendance was not required or even noted. There were quarterly exams that students could take. These exams were strictly optional, and the grades given were not counted toward failure or success in the course. The courses that were considered the core of the curriculum consisted of three levels each in science, sociology, and the humanities. Five other courses made up the 14. Completion of these was the only requirement for graduation.

PERHAPS JUST ANOTHER GREAT SOUL, AN AMERICAN MAHATMA, IF YOU WILL, TO BE FOUND SOMEWHERE IN OUR LIBRARIES AND COLLECTIVE MEMORIES.

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MACKERSON'S
GHOSTS

There would be, though, a "comprehensive" exam for whatever courses the student had registered for at the end of the year, in May. Each of these exams would take an entire day and include at least one essay to be written in the examination room. Needless to say, the subject of the essay would be unknown to the students before the exam, so of course this could be, and often was, a terrifying experience. However, the reading list for each course was available at the beginning of the academic year. The readings themselves were to be found at the U of C bookstore, either as individual books or as a collection of readings in a syllabus.

Now, the simplest and most straightforward way to prepare for the comprehensive was to buy the books and syllabus for each course and simply attend the seminars, lectures, or laboratory classes in the normal unfolding of a three-quarter course. To be truthful, I never once followed that path. Perhaps there were some who did so, but in all my years there I never met them.

There were several problems that made the ideal plan difficult to follow. The biggest problem was embedded in the culture of the university itself. It was like this: though we were assigned to specific seminars, we were free to "audit" any course in the College we liked and even many courses in the university. To audit a class you simply asked the professor for permission to attend. I never heard of a request being refused. Of course, we were encouraged to attend our registered courses, but it was not required, and in the end, the only grade earned and which actually counted was the comprehensive exam. So, in theory, one could skip all the classes and exams and just take the comprehensive. But almost no one did that either. I think many of us took a middle road. We emphasized our regular course work, but freely "grazed" through much of the university curriculum.

Along around late March or April, when we discovered we had fallen behind in our reading lists, we started frantically reading the missing texts. It could be helpful, too, if you could find someone who had taken good notes of classes missed and was willing to share them, but this was not likely. Basically, I did a lockdown. I would go to the bookstore and buy the books, and I began reading them *slowly*. I read everything. The advantage was that when I went into the exams, everything was fresh in my mind; I hadn't forgotten anything because I had barely learned it to begin with. So I never failed the exams. My very first year, I had four exams, and I got an A, B, C, and a D. My mother was horrified, but I pointed out that actually that was a B-minus average.

The next year everything resolved into As, Bs, and Cs. I got rid of the Ds, but I never got all As, I wasn't that kind of student. I wasn't concerned with having a good grade point average. I wasn't going to medical school—what did I care? I didn't think the grades mattered. They weren't a systematic appraisal of what I knew. I was more interested in hanging out with someone like Aristotle Skalides, a wandering intellectual and would-be academic who wasn't a student but who liked to engage young people in the coffee shop in discussions about philosophy. Spending an hour with him at the coffee shop was like going and spending an hour in the classroom. I was more interested in my general education than the courses. It almost didn't matter to me whom I studied with, as long as I found the right teacher, and that was pretty much my attitude. In fact, I think that has persisted all through my life. I've found teachers all through my life, people I knew who were otherwise unknown.

Another distraction from the regular course work was that there were some professors who offered informal classes, usually in their homes, on specific books or subjects. For these classes, no registration was required, no exam was given, and no student was turned away. This practice was, I believe, understood and tolerated by the university itself.

Now, why would you spend your time as a student (or professor, for that matter) this way when there were reading lists that needed to be completed? Well, the answer is that some of the classes were unique and otherwise not available. They were not offered officially, were known by word of mouth, and were quite well attended. I went to an evening class entirely on one book—Homer's *The Odyssey*—once a week for at least two quarters, taught by a classics professor named Charles Bell. These kinds of "private" courses given within the university community, though not generally known, could be sought after and found. That itself probably accounted for their appeal.

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SO THE STUDY OF SCIENCE BECAME THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE, AND I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT A SCIENTIFIC PERSONALITY COULD BE LIKE.

A third distraction, and perhaps the biggest one of all, was Chicago itself. For example, during its season the Chicago Symphony Orchestra offered Friday afternoon concerts to students for a 50-cent admission price. From the South Side, it was a quick ride on the Illinois Central Train to downtown Chicago. I had been a regular concertgoer to the Baltimore Symphony practically from childhood. The editor of the Baltimore Symphony concert program, Mr. Greenwald, taught at my mother's high school, and he often gave us free tickets to concerts. The Baltimore Symphony was quite good, but the Chicago Symphony was in a class by itself.

Fritz Reiner, the famous Hungarian conductor, was fascinating to watch. He was somewhat stout, hunched over with round shoulders, and his arm and baton movements were tiny—you almost had to look at him with a telescope to see what he was doing. But those tiny movements forced the players to peer in at him intently, and then he would suddenly raise his arms up over his head and the entire orchestra would go crazy. Reiner knew the classical repertoire, of course, but he was an outstanding interpreter of Bartók and Kodály, both countrymen of his. Of course, Bartók's music was already familiar to me through my father. There was also the Art Institute of Chicago, the Opera House, which I only occasionally visited, and the downtown jazz clubs, which, for a time, were still off-limits to me because of my age.

I mentioned earlier the influence of the Great Books of the curriculum, but it extended far beyond that. Whenever possible, which turned out to be all the time, the books we studied would be firsthand, primary sources. We were never given summaries to read or even commentaries, unless they themselves rose to the level of a primary source. So, for example, we read Darwin's *The Origin of Species* in the biological sciences, and we reperformed Mandel's fruit fly experiments. In physics we reenacted the experiments of Galileo with rolling balls and inclined planes. We also read Newton and followed physics up to and including Schrödinger, while, in chemistry, we read Avogadro and Dalton.

So the study of science became the study of the history of science, and I began to understand what a scientific personality could be like. This early exposure would be reflected in *Galileo Galilei*, which I composed 45 years later, in which his experiments become a dance piece—the balls and inclined planes are there. I found the biographical aspects of scientists intensely interesting, and my operas about Galileo and Kepler and Einstein pay tribute to everything I learned about scientists and science that came out of those years.

The same primary-source method was carried out in social science, history, and philosophy. Learning American history meant reading the Federalist Papers and other late-18th-century essays by the men who wrote the Constitution. Of course, humanities meant theater and literature from ancient to modern. Poetry, same thing. The effect on me was to cultivate and understand in a firsthand way the lineage of culture. In this way, the men and women who created the stepping-stones from earliest times became familiar to us—not something "handed down" but actually known in a most immediate and personal way.

At this time, I slowly became comfortable with the University's Harper Library, where I learned to research events and people. The work I later took up in opera and theater would not have been possible without all that preparation and training. My first three full-scale operas—*Einstein on the Beach*, *Satyagraha*, and *Akhnaten*—were made with collaborators—Robert Wilson, Constance DeJong, and Shalom Goldman, respectively—but I fully participated in the writing and shaping of the librettos for all three. I could do this with complete confidence in my academic abilities. In fact, I now see clearly that a lot of the work I chose was inspired by men and women whom I first met in the pages of books. In this way, these early operas were, as I see it, an homage to the power, strength, and inspiration of the lineage of culture. ◆

Born in Baltimore in 1937, Philip Glass, AB'56, studied at the Juilliard School after graduating from the College. The widely celebrated composer of operas, film scores, and symphonies, he performs regularly with the Philip Glass Ensemble and lives in New York. Excerpted from *Words Without Music: A Memoir* by Philip Glass. **Copyright © 2015 by Philip Glass. With permission of the publisher, Liveright Publishing Corporation Inc. All rights reserved.**

glimpses

WENDY FREEDMAN

BY MAUREEN SEARCY

Last September, observational cosmologist **Wendy Freedman** joined the Department of Astronomy and Astrophysics as a University Professor. Freedman's appointment follows 30 years at the Carnegie Observatories in Pasadena, California, where she became the first woman on the observatories' permanent scientific staff in 1987 and the Crawford H. Greenewalt Director in 2003. The Chicago-Carnegie connection puts her in good company with George Ellery Hale, founder of UChicago's astronomy and astrophysics department, and Edwin Hubble, SB 1910, PhD 1917.

Freedman first rose to prominence leading the Hubble Space Telescope Key Project, which measured the universe's current expansion rate—the Hubble constant—and thus determined the age of the universe more precisely. The project began in the mid-80s. In 2001 the team announced that the universe is 13.7 billion years old, with an uncertainty of 10 percent. Previously cosmologists could estimate only that the universe was between 10 and 20 billion years old.

Now she leads the Chicago Carnegie Hubble Project, which aims to reduce that uncertainty even further—to within 3 percent—using the Spitzer Space Telescope, the Hubble Space Telescope, and the Magellan telescopes. Freedman also is a cofounder of the Carnegie Supernova Project, which uses the 100-inch and Magellan telescopes at Las Campanas Observatory in Chile to study the universe's acceleration—which in turn contributes to the study of dark energy, the hypothetical explanation for cosmic acceleration.

Freedman has served as chair of the board of directors of the Giant Magellan Telescope (GMT) Organization since its inception in 2003. This super giant earth-based telescope, which will start construction this year, also in Las Campanas, will have 10 times Hubble's resolution. To function, it requires a minimum of four of its seven mirrors to be in place. Production of the fourth, which will take several years, begins in late March. Freedman expects the GMT to provide its first data by 2022, and that all mirrors will be in place by 2025.

The *Magazine*'s interview with Freedman is edited and adapted below.

I ALWAYS FELT I WAS BORN AT THE RIGHT TIME.

Women in science then and now

I notice a big difference from when I was a graduate student at the University of Toronto. The number of women entering into graduate classes and getting positions as professors at major universities across the United States now has increased. And the opportunities for women to become directors of major observatories—those were opportunities that didn't exist just a few decades ago. I always felt I was born at the right time. A lot of women before me, it was their efforts that allowed a younger generation to succeed.

I've seen a lot of change, but that isn't to say there aren't still issues and difficulties. We need to start early in encouraging girls to pursue careers in science and technical fields. It's still unusual. It's not something that many girls even think about. I had my share of teachers who were very encouraging and others who weren't. I had a physics teacher once who would say, "The girls don't have to listen to this." That's when I was growing up. I feel really pleased at all the progress, but watching my own daughter and hearing some of the comments that were made in her science classes, I still think there is a ways to go.

Art of science

Science isn't a textbook where you just read and memorize things. Science is a way of looking at the world and first and foremost testing ideas. It's a human enterprise. Parts of it are fascinating, parts are beautiful and elegant, parts are mysterious and complex, and you see the whole range of human effort and creativity. Part of what makes us human is our curiosity and learning about the world. I think as a field sometimes we let people down in not being able to communicate the excitement of science.

Window on the past

Cosmology asks questions on the big scale of what is our universe, what's it made of, how's it behaving, how's it

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN ZICH

Outside Kersten's rooftop observatory, Freedman turns her eye to the sky.

changing with time, and those are questions that fascinate me. We can make measurements and actually learn something about the universe. We can peer back in time; because light has a finite speed, as you look farther back in distance you're also looking further back in time. It's an incredible opportunity that you don't have in many sciences.

Measuring distances within our galaxy ...

You look up in the sky with a telescope at the direction of the star. Then as Earth is going through its annual motion around the sun, if you look six months later from the opposite side of its orbit, you end up with a triangle with the diameter of Earth's orbit as its base. Then it's just high school geometry, ordinary Euclidean geometry; you can solve for the distance. That anchors what we call the zero point, and then you can measure relative distance.

... and beyond

You need to know how bright objects actually are, as opposed to how bright they appear. Something can appear faint because it's far away, or that might be the nature of the object. You have to be able to determine what the brightness of an object is to calibrate its absolute distance. So we use pulsating stars called Cepheid variables to do that.

The upper atmosphere of a Cepheid variable is moving in and out, which changes the star's brightness, and the rate at which it's changing is directly related to how bright the star is. That's called a period luminosity relation, which was discovered by an astronomer named Henrietta Leavitt. She worked at the Harvard College Observatory in the early 1900s, and she discovered this relationship, which we're now calling the Leavitt relation. She received very little recognition for her work, but all of modern cosmology rests on that relationship. That is the pillar for our ability to measure distances.

So we use these Cepheid variables, and when they become too faint as they're too far away, we use supernovae, these really bright explosions of stars at the end of their lifetime. In that way we can chart the distance scale of the universe.

Mirror, mirror

The GMT is comprised of seven 8.4-meter mirrors, six in a circle and one in the center. The mirrors take four years apiece from the beginning of the casting; they have to be cooled very slowly over a period of several months. Then they're taken out and the back sides and front sides are polished. They have to be tested, so they move between a polishing machine and a test tower. Each phase in that process is about a year. One of the big decisions I made early on as chair of the board was to go ahead with the first mirror, even though we had only a small fraction of the funding,

IF SOMEONE WERE ON THE MOON AND LIT A CANDLE, WE'D SEE IT. THE GMT IS SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO DETECT THAT.

because I knew if we didn't demonstrate technically that it was feasible, we would never be in a position to build the project. Without knowing that you could solve the technical challenges, you wouldn't begin construction of this billion-dollar project. The first mirror took seven years.

What we might see

If someone were on the moon and lit a candle, we'd see it. The GMT is sensitive enough to detect that. The power is quite extraordinary. In terms of resolution, the example I like to give is, you look at the surface of a dime and you can hold it up and see the detail and read the writing. With the GMT you can go 200 miles away and see that kind of detail.

What we might find

A real niche for the GMT will be the ability to study planets outside of our solar system. Because of this high resolution and sensitivity, it will be possible to measure masses and densities, and so characterize the properties of planets that are as low-mass as Earth. Right now it's possible to do that for planets that are many times the mass of Earth, and certainly for the Jupiters and Saturns and Neptunes.

If there are nearby planets that have life in a form similar to what we're familiar with, we would be able to take spectra of the atmospheres of those planets and actually look for the biological signatures, as opposed to chemical signatures in the atmospheres.

Since Galileo turned a telescope to the sky in 1609, every time there's been a jump in capabilities or that next generation of telescopes, we've made discoveries, without exception. So it's that possibility for discovery that's really exciting—what we can't anticipate at all. ◆

You can help ensure UChicago astronomers' continued access to "big glass," including the Giant Magellan Telescope, and the discoveries it makes possible. Visit campaign.uchicago.edu/priorities/psd.

CARL SAGAN, AB'54, SB'55, SM'56, PhD'60, cast a bright light into the vast universe of knowledge. Our challenge is to carry forward that knowledge, to enhance it, and to build upon it.

WITH VISION AND CURIOSITY, we are preparing more students to lead in an increasingly complex world. **WITH GRACE AND COURAGE**, we are creating an environment that will spur more insights and innovations, solutions and cures. **WITH RIGOR AND TENACITY**, we are building more powerful connections to Chicago and cities around the globe. **WITH YOUR SUPPORT**, the University of Chicago Campaign: Inquiry and Impact will carry forward an extraordinary tradition.

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ANTONY GORMLEY, AFTER AN IDEA BY GABRIEL MITCHELL, *INFINITE CUBE*, 2014, MIRRORED GLASS WITH INTERNAL COPPER WIRE MATRIX OF 1,000 HAND-SOLDERED OMNIDIRECTIONAL LED LIGHTS, SMART MUSEUM OF ART, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, GIFT OF ANTONY GORMLEY AND W. J. T. MITCHELL, 2014.63, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (FOR MORE ON THIS WORK, SEE PAGE 59.) PHOTO BY MICHAEL TROPEA.

For its 40th anniversary, the Smart Museum offers inviting, unexpected avenues to approach art.

arts

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

BY LYDIALYLE GIBSON

Wandering through the Smart Museum's current exhibition, it seems almost as if the curatorial staff, faced with having to choose from among the 12,000 items in the museum's collection, decided to choose a little bit of everything. The result is a glorious profusion. *Objects and Voices: A Collection of Stories*, running through June 21, consumes the whole museum (as did last fall's *Carved, Cast, Crumpled: Sculpture All Ways*, the exhibit that preceded it in celebrating the Smart's 40th anniversary). There are Tiffany vases and a Frank Lloyd Wright window, Japanese scroll paintings, engravings from the German romanticism period, architectural fragments from medieval French monasteries, avant-garde Chinese photography, contemporary abstract sculpture. A 1968 Romare Bearden collage once owned by Ralph Ellison hangs in one gallery, while in another a Marcel Duchamp *Boîte-en-valise* ("Box in a Valise") unlatches to reveal miniature reproductions of his works.

It isn't only the artwork that is so diverse. The show consists of 17 microexhibits, each exploring a different theme: literary narratives in painting, British and American modernist design, questions of identity for Asian artists in America, the emotional effect of nudity in art. The museum's staff invited outside collaborators—all with their own relationships to the Smart—to organize each exhibit, stepping aside to allow free rein to artists, curators, former Smart Museum interns, UChicago faculty, art history alumni, and current students. Museum staff began planning the exhibition two years ago, says **Anne Leonard**, curator and associate director of academic initiatives at the Smart.

One exhibit was produced by fifth graders taking part in the museum's programs for South Side elementary schools. Led by teaching artist Candice Latimer, students from Beasley Academic Center in the Washington Park neighborhood composed written and artistic responses to pieces in the Smart's collection: Alice Neel's *The City*, Michiel Simons's *Still Life with Fruit and Flowers on a Draped Ledge*, Chinese *mingqi* sculptures.

Some microexhibits are straightforwardly interpretive. Some put artworks in conversation with literature or music. Others are more personal, weaving in life stories. Donors discuss what drew them to the art they collected, and why they wanted to give it to the Smart. UChicago art historian **Martha Ward** ruminates the modern-day bloodshed that compelled her to include Otto Dix's ruthlessly realist *War* prints about the First World War in her introductory art history course. **Russell Bowman**, AM'75, the former director of the Milwaukee Art Museum, traces painter Mark Rothko's transformation from moody realist to simplified, emotive abstractionist—while contemplating his own evolving relationship with the artist's work, which he first encountered as an undergraduate four decades ago.

Thought provoking and deeply layered, the exhibit gives a sense of arms open wide, offering multiple avenues into the Smart's holdings. That, says Leonard, was the intention. "There's still an impression out there that when you go to a museum, you are expected to have a lot of background or knowledge, and that without it you aren't equipped to appreciate what you're seeing," she says. "We're trying to democratize that a little bit by showing the great variety of ways that art can be experienced and looked at and worked with."

Several works in *Objects and Voices* have never been exhibited at the Smart—new acquisitions, new bequests, works newly emerged from storage. Ralph Ellison's Bearden collage is one, along with an 18th-century painting by Jean-Baptiste Regnault and a 2014 sculpture by Antony Gormley. Perhaps the most intriguing among the microexhibits of newly displayed works involves a painting attributed to Wassily Kandinsky, with dark-hued lines and abstract shapes—a curve that vaguely resembles a mountain, another that might be a flower—amid a field of blues, greens, yellows, and grays. It's titled *Composition*.

Signed and dated 1914, the painting has been mired in doubt for decades. In 1982, through what **Hannah Klemm**, the art history graduate student who curated this microexhibit, describes as a kind of clerical accident, the painting was dropped from the registry of official Kandinsky works. Afterward, it was never outright denounced, but it wasn't reinstated either. "It's just in this purgatory," she says. For the past year and a half, Klemm, a former Smart curatorial intern, has been on a hunt to fill the holes in its provenance—there's no record of the painting until 1955, when it appeared for sale in the United States—and to find out whether it's genuine.

The search has taken Klemm to see art dealers in Germany. She's searched through the Archives of American Art at the Smithsonian in Washington, DC. She spoke to gallerists in New York, where collectors Donn and Dolores Shapiro bought the painting in 1955 (the Shapiro family donated it to the Smart in 2012). The gallery owner who sold it to them went out of business in the 1960s and later died, his gallery's records vanishing with him. "There's no official record of its transaction," Klemm says, "except a letter from Henry Kleemann to Donn Shapiro that just says, 'I have this Kandinsky that you should take a look at.' That's it. And then the Kandinsky appears in his collection."

Absent any documents from the gallery, Klemm turned to the painting itself. She called in experts to look for traces of Kandinsky in the brushstrokes. Among them was curator and art historian **Peter Selz**, AM'49, PhD'54, who in 1991 sent a letter assuring the Shapiros that the work was real. "Since the 1950s I have seen a large number of Kandinsky miss-attribution [sic] and outright fakes. ... I have never had any doubts," he wrote, that this painting "is from Kandinsky's own hand." Says Klemm: "He still stands by it."

In 1993 the Shapiros commissioned a chemical analysis that confirmed the work was created between 1914 and 1928—"not really prime Kandinsky forgery years," Klemm says. Examining the interior stretcher of the canvas, she found another clue to the painting's date: a stamp from a German art supplies dealer who went out of business in the 1920s.

ATTRIBUTED TO WASSILY KANDINSKY, *COMPOSITION*, 1914, OIL ON CANVAS, SMART MUSEUM OF ART, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, GIFT OF DOLORES AND DONN SHAPIRO IN HONOR OF JORY SHAPIRO, 2012.51.

Klemm searched through book after book on Kandinsky, looking for any mention of the painting, or even a photograph that might show it in the background. There was nothing. She analyzed the work of all his students to see if one of them might have painted it instead. No. She studied the handwritten lists of his paintings that Kandinsky, his pupil and mistress Gabriele Münter, and his wife Nina Andreevskaya kept. "The paintings that came from Münter's and his wife's collections have the best provenance," Klemm says, "because they kept track of them, and they usually donated them in large blocks to museums." But the period beginning in 1914 is a black hole. War was breaking out all over Europe, and Kandinsky left Munich, where he'd been living, and traveled to Switzerland and Russia, taking some paintings with him and leaving others behind here and there. "His hand lists become a mess," she says.

Klemm is convinced the painting is authentic. Again and again, she's found evidence linking it to Kandinsky—or, as she says, indicating that "it's not *not* a Kandinsky"—but never anything direct and definitive enough to restore its place on the official registry. She's still looking. One next step is to commission another paint analysis. She's particularly interested in proving

WE DON'T USUALLY THINK ABOUT PAINTINGS JUST LOSING THEIR IDENTITY.

that the signature in the bottom left corner of the canvas wasn't added later. Chemical techniques are much more precise now, she says, "light years" beyond what was available to the Shapiros in 1993, and it might be possible to place the painting's date within a couple of years of 1914.

There's also another, darker question she wants to answer: "Whenever you have a modernist painting from 1914 that we don't know where it was, there's always a concern about looted artworks," she says. Kandinsky was on the Nazis' "degenerate art" list (Hitler labeled these works "filth"—almost all modern art was included), along with the Bauhaus in general, where Kandinsky was a member. "We need to know where it was during the '30s and '40s," Klemm says. "But we don't have any evidence for how Kleemann got his hands on it. And that's really the linchpin."

In the meantime, she says, the painting has been a fascinating teaching tool. "We don't usually think about paintings just losing their identity," she says. "Or what it means to try to figure out if something is real or not. All my students find it really interesting, because it turns the work into something that exists in the world. It's not just iconography or a painting to look at for style. It becomes this very object."

Klemm's microexhibit, which pairs the painting with some of the documents she's dug up, asks a question that also reverberates through the displays of wartime prints and painted nudes and silver spoons and cast-bronze sculptures: "What does it mean," Klemm says, "to have these objects in a museum?" ◆

Below: In his microexhibit, "Literary Narratives in Painting," Frederick de Armas, the Andrew W. Mellon Distinguished Service Professor in the Humanities, Spanish Literature, and Comparative Literature, studies Jean-Baptiste Regnault's image of Socrates tearing his protégé from a courtesan's arms. De Armas sees in Socrates's upward gesture a reference to Plato's "ladder of love." Right: In "Between Two Worlds," Kris Ercums, AM'02, PhD'14, Asian art curator at the University of Kansas's Spencer Museum of Art, explores native-born and émigré Asian American artists. Hawaiian-born sculptor Joseph Goto, a US Army welder during World War II, "created totemic figures," Ercums writes, "that freely mixed Western and Asian mythological sources."

OPENING RECEPTION EVENT PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL WINTERMANTLE.

JEAN-BAPTISTE REGNAULT, *SOCRATES TEARING AWAY ALCIBIADES FROM THE EMBRACE OF SENSUALITY*, 1785, OIL ON CANVAS, SMART MUSEUM OF ART, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, PURCHASE, THE PAUL AND MIRIAM KIRKLEY FUND FOR ACQUISITIONS, 2013.31.

JOSEPH GOTO, *FORM #2*, 1954, WELDED STAINLESS STEEL ON WOODEN BASE, SMART MUSEUM OF ART, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, GIFT OF STANLEY FREEHLING, 2012.21.

ROMARE BEARDEN, *THE STROLL*, 1968, INK, GRAPHITE, GOUACHE, AND PAPER COLLAGE ON BOARD MOUNTED ON PANEL. PROMISED BEQUEST OF AMY GOLD AND BRETT GORVY.

Above: Once owned by writer Ralph Ellison, Romare Bearden's 1968 collage is part of "Times and Places that Become Us," the microexhibit curated by Kenneth Warren, Fairfax M. Cone Distinguished Service Professor in English and in the Center for the Study of Race, Politics, and Culture. Ellison wrote that Bearden had created "a curve of plastic vision which reveals to us something of the mysterious complexity of those who dwell in our urban slums." Warren's display explores, in part, he writes, "the agonistic encounter between social predicament and artistic imperatives." Below right (and on page 54): Sculptor Antony Gormley's *Infinite Cube*, in the "Gift of Art" microexhibit, realizes an idea by his friend, artist Gabriel Mitchell, who struggled with schizophrenia and died in 2012. In an accompanying video, Mitchell's father, W. J. T. Mitchell, the Gaylord Donnelley Distinguished Service Professor of English and Art History, describes the mesmeric piece as "a machine for thinking about the infinity of thought itself." The tunnels of light disappearing into space, Gormley says, offer "illusions of pathways."

MEGA DATA

Chicago Booth economist Matthew Gentzkow sifts insights about the media from massive amounts of digital information.

BY JASON KELLY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DREW REYNOLDS

Economist **Matthew Gentzkow**'s award-winning work could not have been done 20 years ago. His analysis of media bias and the perceived ideological echo chamber of online news, to name two of his more prominent research topics, required what Chicago Booth colleague **Austan Goolsbee** called the "unfathomable data sets" that Gentzkow gathered.

His generation of economists is the first to have access to such a wealth of media information, both from increasingly digitized historical records and real-time contemporary data on what people read, watch, think, and buy. Few of his peers have put the raw material to more productive use.

The 2014 recipient of the John Bates Clark Medal, presented annually to the top American economist under age 40, Gentzkow demurs. To hear him tell it, his graduate school experience at Harvard, where he completed his PhD in 2004, merely steered him toward an opportune intersection of this vast information and his own interests. "Most things, if they're super interesting, either someone's answered them already," Gentzkow says, "or if they haven't, there's a reason they haven't."

His curiosity about media—from journalism to advertising, in print, on television, and online—provided potential research topics. Increasing data accessibility paved a broad new avenue to pursue them. "I've been able to look at some questions that people have thought about for a long time and maybe make more progress on them," Gentzkow says, "because now the scale at which you can do things is much bigger."

Still. Try searching for relics of his postundergraduate year with a Maine theater company and it's clear that the mere existence of the internet doesn't necessarily yield information conducive to fruitful research.

Digital archaeological digging turns up nothing from those days, only a fragment from his college directorial career. A 1997 review in the *Theater Mirror*—"New England's

LIVE Theater Guide"—of the Gentzkow-directed *Goose and Tomtom* at the Harvard-Radcliffe Summer Theatre commends him as an "excellent referee" for a strong cast and script. That's about it—and probably the right amount.

Before and since his theatrical dabbling, Gentzkow has been an economist at his core. He arrived at Harvard as an undergrad with a vague interest in social science, particularly as it applied to the problems of poverty and development. Economics, he discovered, offered a means to study a wide range of questions relevant to those issues while applying his interest in mathematics.

In retrospect Gentzkow's professional path seemed set with that choice of concentration. Only his extracurricular excursions into theater varied his course. And as he reflects on that diversion from nearly two decades removed, he finds that theater and research really involve overlapping synapses.

"They're both entrepreneurial. You're making them up as you go along." Economics, like theater, is not a programmatic application of learned skills, he says, but a constant act of innovation, whether the framework is a script or a data set.

Announcing Gentzkow's Clark Medal last year, the citation from the American Economic Association sounded not unlike a review, complete with blurbs worthy of being exclaimed from a theater marquee: "Great data hustle!" "Frontier methods!" "Creative without sacrificing quality!"

The Clark Medal also brings Nobel buzz. Past UChicago winners include eventual laureates Milton Friedman, AM'33; Gary Becker, AM'53, PhD'55; and **James Heckman**, and there's more than just an anecdotal correlation. A 2009 *Economics Bulletin* study presented "the first statistical evidence that John Bates Clark medalists and individuals affiliated with the University of Chicago have a higher chance of winning the Prize."

Gentzkow prefers not to think about that. In an interview with Harvard's Neiman Foundation, he noted the uneasy idea of winning the Clark Medal, by definition at a young age, and then not producing work worthy of the Nobel. Leaning back on the couch in his Harper Center office, feet up on a coffee table, he seems most comfortable in the weeds of his research, which includes the theory of persuasion, consumer brand preferences, and health care spending.

Originally growing out of the brand studies, the health care spending work has led him "a little distant from what I've done in the past," Gentzkow says, but in a way that hews to his sense of innovative inquiry. His celebrated research on the impact of emerging media—including how the introduction of television affected test scores and voting habits, and the internet's effect on political divisions—likewise came from a thought process he considers similar to a playwright's. "You wake up in the morning and you have to ask yourself, 'What am I going to try and create?'"

For Gentzkow, the Richard O. Ryan Professor of Economics and a Neubauer Family Fellow, the creative aspect of economics refers more to the process than the outcome. It's not about the answers produced, but the questions asked. Graduate school taught him that. Classwork offers a necessary foundation to understand the discipline, but "the really hard skill is, how do you identify good research questions?"

He has a formula of sorts. The subject has to be personally interesting—"you're going to spend most of your life thinking about it"—important to the field, and with the potential for meaningful progress. American media offered all of that.

For 150 years, Gentzkow notes, newspaper, radio, and television companies have conducted private market studies because of the value to advertisers of detailed audience information. "There's a tremendous amount of measurement that this industry had done," he says, "not for research reasons but for commercial reasons."

The data exists and technology has made it increasingly available to researchers. But what to do with it? One question among many that occurred to Gentzkow and Jesse Shapiro, a former Chicago Booth colleague and frequent collaborator, involved the impact of the internet on how people got their news. Was it true that new media had splintered the long-standing edifice of "mainstream" reporting and amplified more polarized views, drawing audiences away from traditional outlets and driving Americans apart politically?

"We were really playing directly off of a hypothesis that other people had put out there," Gentzkow says, specifically that the availability of more information sources led people to segregate their media consumption into ideological camps. Liberals watched MSNBC, conservatives Fox News, and they lived in distinct and strident online media universes, tuning out anything contradictory. This sorting, the argument goes, creates an "echo chamber" with a potentially pernicious effect on civic life. Cass Sunstein, a former Law

YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING AND YOU HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF, "WHAT AM I GOING TO TRY AND CREATE?"

School professor now at Harvard, wrote about the subject in *Republic.com* (Princeton University Press, 2001). Online echo chambers, he argued, limited the exposure to conflicting points of view that are "central to democracy itself."

Survey evidence that Gentzkow and Shapiro had seen indicated that the perceived effect did not exist. When they mentioned those surveys, though, skeptics pointed out that the results were based on self-reporting, suggesting that the subjects exaggerated or lied about their habits.

Online data made more precise research possible. In addition to sheer volume, digital information offers another advantage to the study of media consumption: it reduces the inaccuracies that self-reported surveys permit. Internet browsing leaves a data trail that cancels out the effect of misleading answers that could skew results, and that's where Gentzkow and Shapiro went searching for empirical answers.

They found that those self-reported surveys were actually pretty accurate. Increased media segregation was not happening. If anything, Gentzkow says, the trend is drifting in the other direction, although he emphasizes the difficulty of making comparisons across years.

They did find more partisan segregation in online news readership than among television viewers or readers of local papers, but not as much as in national newspapers. The *New York Times*, the study shows, has a significantly more liberal readership than *USA Today* or the *Wall Street Journal*. Overall the data did not support the idea that the internet created the echo chambers that have been a common cause for concern in both academic studies and popular commentary.

Partisan sites accounted for only a small proportion of online readership, which by and large is "concentrated in a small number of relatively centrist sites." And readers of online outlets on the ideological poles were more promiscuous browsers. "Visitors of extreme conservative sites such as rushlimbaugh.com and glennbeck.com are more likely than a typical online news reader to have visited nytimes.com," the study reported. "Visitors of extreme liberal sites such as thinkprogress.org and moveon.org are more likely than a typical online news reader to have visited foxnews.com."

Although evidence shows most people gravitate to relatively few common sources, the real-life political conflicts that have given rise to the internet echo chamber hypothesis do exist. Gentzkow refuted online fragmentation as a potential cause, but his paper raised new questions that he seems to relish asking. "Is it that people are interpreting what they see differently? Is it that even though they're seeing similar stuff, they're paying attention differently to it? Is it that everybody's views are fixed and [their partisan response] depends on who they talk to and who their friends are?"

Gentzkow's data hints that the answers to those questions could well be yes. More than any form of media, areas that showed the highest rates of political self-segregation included the workplace, family relationships, and the most by a significant amount, networks of trusted friends. The General Social Survey, conducted every two years by NORC at the University of Chicago, provided the information about personal interactions in Gentzkow's study, drawn from respondents answers to questions about the political leanings of those in their social orbits.

One potential interpretive filter that the echo chamber paper did not address was social media. When Gentzkow and Shapiro published their research in 2010, Facebook and Twitter didn't have the cultural traction they do now.

He hasn't studied the subject himself, but several researchers reported their results at a Becker Friedman Institute panel last spring. Gentzkow was left with the impression that social media is highly polarized but a minor part of the bigger picture. "Most of the political stuff that's consumed through social media is opinion, not news stories," he notes, "and the opinion that gets passed around by conservatives is very different from opinion that's passed around by liberals, but that's still a very small share of a broad diet."

Gentzkow has a simple explanation for the persistence of traditional outlets atop the media food chain: it's expensive to produce news and few companies have the resources to reach an audience wide enough to support firsthand reporting. Technology has transformed the methods of delivery, but media economics dating back at least to the 19th century remains a barrier to entry.

"One of the big underlying insights for me from that echo chambers paper is the internet actually isn't very different from traditional media," Gentzkow says. Because sites with only niche appeal typically cannot afford to cover the news, major outlets remain most people's predominant source of information. "Writing the Buddhist vegetarian perspective on the Iraq war, and the Buddhist vegetarian perspective on what's happening in Ukraine, and sending reporters over there to write that, that would be a lot of cost for a very small audience."

Television has always attracted mass audiences, although it too has now grown and fragmented into a dizzying array of options, its established business practices suffering from internet-driven pressure. Not so long ago, though, TV was new media, and the era of its piecemeal introduction in the United States offered Gentzkow a foothold on complicated research questions.

Disentangling viewing habits from other personal circumstances makes studying the effect of television on, say, student test scores tricky at best. "Because kids who watch six hours of TV are different in all kinds of ways," Gentzkow says. "You can bet that their parents have different levels of education,

you can bet that they have different levels of income, you can bet that the environment they are living in is different."

One point in time offered insight into the effect of increased television viewing that could be distinguished, to some degree, from those other factors: the introduction of TV into American homes. The process did not follow an obvious geographic pattern, creating randomness conducive to research. Although major markets like New York and Los Angeles were predictably at the forefront, because of the regulatory system "there was a lot of variation mixed in that was pretty random," Gentzkow says. "That seemed like a good kind of natural experiment to look at the effect of TV."

There's an assumed negative correlation between the amount of television children watch and their results on standardized tests: more TV, it appears, equals lower scores. But like the perceived ideological segregation of news sources, that connection turned out to be false, according to Gentzkow's analysis in a 2008 paper coauthored with Shapiro—with whom Gentzkow has said his Clark Medal should be shared. "What we found was, one, there's no effect that television reduced the kids' test scores, and two, there's some evidence that it actually had a positive effect, especially for more disadvantaged kids." Those whose parents did not speak English, for example, showed benefits from the exposure to the language.

At issue, Gentzkow argues, is not whether watching television itself is a positive or negative, but what children might be doing otherwise. The impression he gets is that people perceive the alternatives to be mentally enriching, like reading or reviewing homework with a parent. In fact, he says, for many kids "TV could be relatively more rich educationally" than their other options. He notes that many people view television's impact through the lens of what their own family might do instead: visiting museums, for example. Children who are not exposed to those options might otherwise play with friends or toys, activities that provide less intellectual stimulation than they could find on TV.

IT'S AS IF TWO COMPETING FORCES ARE "BALANCING OUT," CHANGING THE WAY IN WHICH PEOPLE CONSUME NEWS AND FIND AMUSEMENT, BUT NOT NECESSARILY FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

The importance of gauging television's impact in the context of what it replaces really registered for Gentzkow in a 2006 paper on voting patterns. There was a sense in the early days of the medium that TV might increase political participation. Its efficiency in delivering information, many thought, would reach more people and translate to higher turnout at the polls. The opposite happened. Especially in local elections, he found, lower turnout could be attributed to television's introduction.

What did it displace in people's media diet? Newspapers or radio with more local coverage. "You're switching from reading your local Santa Fe newspaper … to national NBC programming," Gentzkow says. "So a lot of the effects on voting seem to relate to what it's crowding out."

Beyond the nature of the information, television also altered the American entertainment universe and people started "spending a lot more time watching *I Love Lucy*." Time devoted to such expanding entertainment options, he notes, might have previously been spent in a more thorough reading of the local newspaper.

His findings present a mixed media message. Television might not have been the educational bane for children it has been thought to be, but it also wasn't a path to increased civic engagement. Likewise with the internet, the gateway to instantaneous information from anywhere in the world—and also cat videos.

"I think it's pretty hard to argue that it's not an improvement," Gentzkow says of the access the internet offers to a diverse and global array of sources. "So you might think therefore everyone must be much more informed now than they were before. Well, it depends."

As evolving media has increased the flow of information and entertainment, and improved the means of education and distraction, studies about how informed the public is have held relatively steady over time. Technology makes access to everything easier, Gentzkow says, but it's as if two competing forces are "balancing out," changing the way in which people consume news and find amusement, but not necessarily for better or worse.

The *Economist*, in fact, found his body of work heartening. The theme running through Gentzkow's research, the magazine said, "reinforces the simple but reassuring point that what readers want most is to be informed." ◆

Notes and Releases, **68** ..... Alumni News, **70** ..... Advanced Degrees, **89** ..... Deaths, **92** ..... Classifieds, **95**

peer review

Astrophotographer and astronomical computer Mary Ross Calvert operates the Kenwood 12-inch refractor telescope at UChicago's Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin in 1926.

"A lot of women before me—it was their efforts that allowed a younger generation to succeed," says Wendy Freedman, University Professor of astronomy and astrophysics. For more, see page 50.

UCHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVE, APF6-01280, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

The urban wild

BY ZACHARY CANNON, AM'99

It's January 1, 2009. Mason—my seven-year-old early riser—and I are both up before dawn. It's too cold and icy to think he can ride his bike, but I want to find a way to stick to my New Year's tradition.

"Want to go on a run?" I ask.

"Huh?"

"You can ride in the jogger," I elaborate. "If we hurry, maybe we can catch the first sunrise of the year."

Mason's game, so he bundles up and I load him in the sleeping bag that's designed for our baby jogger—and a child about half his size. I click the belt and we're off.

We follow the Midway, cut south of the Museum of Science and Industry, and rattle through Bobolink Meadow's frozen dirt path and Jackson Park's tundra of soccer fields. Finally we cut under Lake Shore Drive to 63rd Street Beach. We brave the wind and the surf, and run to the end of the pier. The New Year's sun has just broken the horizon, imbuing Lake Michigan with a deep golden hue.

I'm mesmerized by the view. Mason? He's mesmerized by the icicles. The continuous splash of the waves against the pier has reduplicated Chicago's skyline in icy miniature, icicles hanging in a strange array from the railing. Mason insists that we break off two of the biggest. Full extraction proves impossible, but we salvage a couple of two-foot stalactites, each four or five inches in diameter. They survive intact on our back steps for weeks, reminding us of when we stumbled onto the wild while the rest of the city slept.

When my wife Judy and I moved from the Bay Area to Chicago for graduate school in 1997, I figured we were trading access to nature for a great situation in every other way. For the most part, I put away my mountain bike, saved my hiking boots for summer adventures, and concentrated on school. We built our vacations around hiking and backpacking, but the rest of our free time focused on the food, plays, and mix of people that our urban existence offered. For the first couple of years, this seemed enough. However, once I completed my course work and began to live a hermit's existence preparing for oral exams, things started to change.

First, we adopted Drew, a previously abused husky mix who grew into an unpredictable, anxious, aggressive dog with an insatiable appetite for running. I dedicated myself to exhausting Drew with the hope that I could leave the house without getting angry calls from the neighbors about his howling in our three-story walk-up. Long runs through Jackson Park and Washington Park became part of our everyday life. Drew's anxiety caused me to forge a deep connection to these beautiful but decaying urban parks. Drew chased geese, ate their turds, and swam in the fetid lagoons.

When Mason was born, I bought a baby jogger and used my runs to lure him into naps. As he grew older, I timed my runs to utilize his every sleeping moment to read, write, or grade papers. Even on the coldest of Chicago's winter days, the stroller provided a sense of freedom and shared adventure. When our daughter Symmes was born, the adventures continued with a sun-bleached but otherwise fully functional double jogger.

Twice we discovered stray turtles crossing the grassy fields of Jackson and Washington Parks. Concerned about an inopportune encounter between shell and lawn mower, we carefully relocated them to the encircling lagoons. The first time, water trapped in the turtle's shell spilled all over my feet; the second time, I drained the turtle before letting the kids carry it to the lagoon. For weeks at a time, one or two great blue herons inhabited one park or the other, gracing our runs with their lazy, loping flight. Circling Washington Park on another occasion, we saw a beautiful red-combed rooster on a dab of an island. I came to understand the nightly migrations of a pack

We stumbled onto a moment where, despite living in a modern metropolis, all of the buildings and people dissolved and we found ourselves communing with nature.

of wild dogs: generally, they moved east to west along the Midway, some days cutting through the Laboratory Schools, generally avoiding the quads.

Winter only heightened my connection to the climate. Lakefront rides necessarily became shorter, and a loop through Northerly Island (formerly Meigs Field) marked my winter turnaround point. Looping through the prairie with the morning sun—and wind—coming off Lake Michigan gave a sense of beauty to the suffering. In December 2006, the park gained another dimension: a coyote. Most mornings, I just saw (and dodged) rabbit corpses, but if I got out early enough, I sometimes saw the coyote herself. (It became evident she was a she when pups appeared the next summer.)

The coldest days were marked by an increasing sense of solitude. Despite the popularity of Chicago's lakefront path, below 10 degrees we practically had Lake Michigan to ourselves. But we were never alone. Over time, I came to feel an intense kinship with … the ducks. No matter how blustery it got, the ducks reveled in the joy of their avian version of body surfing. Rather than seek shelter, clusters of 10 to 20 of the birds would position themselves in the most tumultuous spots on the water, swimming out and riding the swells until a gust brought a wave that totally submerged their pod and dragged them toward the shore. Then they swam out and did it again. The only motivation for their behavior seemed to be play. Despite the single-digit temperatures, the ducks didn't seek safety or shelter: they sought adventure.

One winter morning, I made the mistake of trusting the weather report and ignoring heavy skies. Snow wasn't predicted until evening, so Symmes and I biked north up the lakefront path to the Children's Museum on Navy Pier while Mason was at kindergarten. We parked in the garage and entered the protected world of the museum. When we emerged, four to five inches of snow had fallen. Because we had to pick up Mason, slow wasn't an option. To maintain adequate traction, I alternated between riding on the bike path proper and its crushed-limestone border. At one point, the lip of the path caught my wheel and I slid across snow and ice. As I came to a stop, I turned to check on Symmes. The trailer remained upright and hermetically sealed from the elements. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"Yeah," she casually replied. "Are *you* all right?"

In the end we were only a few minutes late and had enjoyed 10 miles of solitude and virgin snow. We had planned on a museum outing but stumbled onto a moment where, despite living in a modern metropolis, all of the buildings and people dissolved and we found ourselves communing with nature.

I had become more attuned to the wild than during my days exploring California. There, spectacular, charismatic nature was close enough that I limited careful observation to those times when I was actively "in nature." In Chicago, I awakened to the presence of nature in my mundane, everyday existence. Even in a life that seems designed to buffer me against any pure interaction with it, nature finds a way in. It may not be pristine. It doesn't qualify as wilderness. But once I became attuned to it, it was everywhere. The urban wild. ◆

Zachary Cannon, AM'99, teaches eighth-grade English at the Bosque School in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and continues to explore nature big and small with Judy, Mason, Symmes, and Drew's successor, Emma.

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NOTES

UNDERGROUND PHOTOGRAPHY

A new exhibition installed in a major New York City subway station features eight large-scale photographs of the subway and its riders taken by Danny Lyon, AB'63. The exhibition, *Underground: 1966*, is the first time these images have been displayed publicly. Widely known for his photographs of the civil rights movement in the South and motorcycle gangs in Chicago, Lyon has been the subject of exhibits at New York's Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Art Institute of Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY LYON, DANNY LYON/MAGNUM STUDIOS, DEKTOL.WORDPRESS.COM (TOP); WIKIMEDIA COMMONS (BOTTOM)

UNDER-30 ACHIEVERS

Dan Kimerling, AB'08, AM'08, and **Kai Wright**, AB'07, have been named to *Forbes*'s annual "30 Under 30" lists. Kimerling was featured on the "Enterprise Technology" list as the cofounder of Standard Treasury, a start-up that develops standard application programming interfaces to help businesses facilitate financial transactions. Wright was recognized on the "Music" list for his work as head of public relations and communications for Sean "Diddy" Combs' cable TV network, Revolt.

LIBERAL ARTS LEADER

David A. Reingold, LAB'86, AM'92, PhD'96, has been appointed the Justin S. Morrill Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Purdue University, effective March 1. In his new position, he is focusing on strengthening arts, humanities, and social sciences on campus and in the community. Previously, Reingold was a professor and executive associate dean at Indiana University's School of Public and Environmental Affairs.

FAN FAVORITE

Dmitri Tippens Krushnic, AB'97, better known as Misha Collins, has won the 2015 People's Choice Award for Favorite Sci-Fi/Fantasy TV Actor. Since 2008, he has played the angel Castiel on the CW drama *Supernatural*. Collins has not forgotten his UChicago roots—he hosts a large annual scavenger hunt for his fans inspired by the campus tradition.

MODERN THEOLOGY

Lisa Sowle Cahill, AM'73, PhD'76, is the recipient of Barry University's 2015 Yves Congar Award for Theological Excellence, which recognizes contemporary theologians who place a special emphasis on meeting the challenges of modern life. Cahill, the J. Donald Monan, SJ, Professor of Theology at Boston College, is a nationally recognized ethicist whose work focuses on the complexity of modern moral issues. She has written several books and is the past president of both the Catholic Theological Society of America and the Society of Christian Ethics.

PRESIDENT ROSE

Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, has appointed **Clayton S. Rose**, AB'80, MBA'81, as its next president, effective July 1. He will be just the 15th president in the liberal arts college's 221-year history. Rose is currently a professor at the Harvard Business School, where he teaches management practice and leadership. Previously he was vice chairman and chief operating officer at JP Morgan. "Clayton Rose has a powerful commitment to the liberal arts and to the value of that kind of education, no matter what a person goes on to do," said former University president **Hanna Gray**.

PREHISTORIC PIONEER

In March paleobotanist **Ellen Currano**, SB'03, received a $450,000 Faculty Early Career Development Program Award from the National Science Foundation to support both her research into prehistoric ecosystems and her efforts to bring more women into the geosciences. Currano, an assistant professor at the University of Wyoming, is one of the founders of the Bearded Lady Project, a documentary and portrait series that aims to show the only difference between male and female scientists is facial hair.

—Helen Gregg, AB'09

"I WAS BORN IN CHICAGO ..."

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band will be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame on April 18. Featuring singer and harmonica player Paul Butterfield, LAB'60; guitarist Elvin Bishop, EX'64; and organist Mark Naftalin, AB'64, the band helped bring Chicago blues into the mainstream in the 1960s, recording several successful albums and playing at major festivals across the country.

RELEASES

The Magazine *lists a selection of general interest books, films, and albums by alumni. For additional alumni releases, use the link to the* Magazine*'s Goodreads bookshelf at mag.uchicago.edu/alumni-books.*

TEN BOOKS THAT SHAPED THE BRITISH EMPIRE: CREATING AN IMPERIAL COMMONS

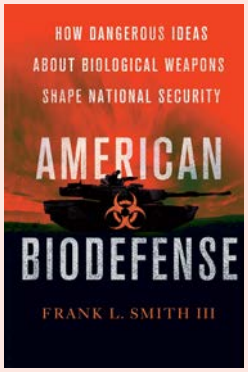
Edited by Antoinette Burton, AM'84, PhD'90, and Isabel Hofmeyr; Duke University Press, 2014

Each of the 10 essays in this collection examines a book that influenced, and was influenced by, the British Empire—from *Jane Eyre* to Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj*. Drawing from imperial studies and transnational book history, the essays offer a fresh perspective on the role of print culture in the British Empire as well as how books shaped one of history's most powerful empires.

AMERICAN BIODEFENSE: HOW DANGEROUS IDEAS ABOUT BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS SHAPE NATIONAL SECURITY

By Frank L. Smith III, SB'00, AM'03, PhD'09; Cornell University Press, 2014

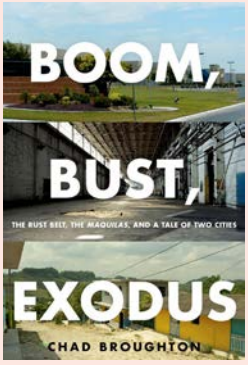
Biological weapons have threatened US national security as early as the Revolutionary War, when British forces reportedly infected Continental troops with smallpox. But today most American funding for biodefense comes from public health, not military, budgets. **Frank L. Smith III** argues that US armed forces neglect biodefense in favor of bullets, bombs, and kinetic warfare, leaving America more vulnerable not only to biological weapons but also to radiation and cyber attacks.



EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE MUSLIM MIDDLE EAST

Edited by Donna Lee Bowen, AM'72, PhD'81; Evelyn A. Early, PhD'80; and Becky Schulthies; Indiana University Press, 2014

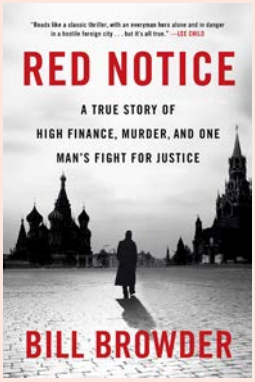
Containing contributions from editors and scholars including **Anne Betteridge**, AM'74, PhD'85; **William Beeman**, AM'71, PhD'76; **Marcie Patton**, AM'77, PhD'89; **Robert Bianchi**, AB'66, AM'68, PhD'77, JD'95; and **Christine Nutter**, AM'05, PhD'13, this collection of 37 essays aims to show the depth and diversity of life in the Muslim Middle East. Topics covered in the book range from Moroccan child rearing to Iran's LGBT subculture. The third edition includes insight into the effect recent wars and uprisings, social media, and technology have had on Muslims' lives and regional politics.



BOOM, BUST, EXODUS: THE RUST BELT, THE *MAQUILAS*, AND A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By Chad Broughton, AM'97, PhD'01; Oxford University Press, 2015

In 2004 a Maytag refrigerator plant closed in the small town of Galesburg, Illinois, and reopened as a *maquila*, or a factory operating in a free-trade zone, in the border city of Reynosa, Mexico. Galesburg workers scrambled to find new employment while jobs and money streamed into Reynosa, but the lasting impacts were much more complex. Focusing on how the plant's relocation affected residents in each city over the following decade, **Chad Broughton**, a senior lecturer at the University of Chicago, offers a nuanced examination of the effects and costs of globalization and industrial migration.



RED NOTICE: A TRUE STORY OF HIGH FINANCE, MURDER, AND ONE MAN'S FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

By Bill Browder, AB'85; Simon and Schuster, 2015

American-born financier **Bill Browder** describes his journey to the helm of the largest investment fund in post-USSR Russia and how his attempts to gain more transparency in the country's business culture led President Vladimir Putin to revoke his visa in 2005. After one of his lawyers, Sergei Magnitsky, was arrested and died at the hands of Russian officials a few years later for investigating a raid on Browder's Moscow offices, Browder became devoted to exposing corruption and human rights abuses in Putin's government. Browder also covers his ongoing campaign for reform—and justice for Magnitsky.

WHO'S AFRAID OF ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

Edited by Akeel Bilgrami, PhD'83, and Jonathan R. Cole; Columbia University Press, 2015

In 17 essays, senior academics—including University faculty members **John Mearsheimer**; **Richard A. Shweder**; **Geoffrey R. Stone**, JD'71; and President **Robert J. Zimmer**—tackle the complicated and often controversial issue of academic freedom. Coedited by **Akeel Bilgrami**, a philosophy professor at Columbia University, the essays discuss obstacles to free inquiry that the writers have experienced personally or professionally, from the influence of donors to institutional review board licensing to intellectual orthodoxy, and affirm the importance of academic freedom in our society.

—Ingrid Gonçalves, AB'08, and Helen Gregg, AB'09

ALUMNI NEWS

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MIKE NICHOLS'S FIRST CAREER

From the editor: **Of the abundance of obituaries written about acclaimed director and comedian Mike Nichols, EX'53, since his death on November 19, few failed to mention Chicago. It was where he directed his first play (with University Theater), where he met Elaine May, and where he helped to shape the city's burgeoning improv comedy scene.**

Below, fellow alumnus Herbert J. Gans, PhB'47, AM'50, professor emeritus of sociology at Columbia University, reminds us that Chicago is also where Nichols left his mark on classical music radio.

ILLUSTRATION BY HEATHER GATLEY

Mike Nichols, who died last November, will be remembered for a very long time for his pioneering contributions to improvisation, comedy, theater, and films. However, I remember an earlier Mike, who was a pioneer in classical music radio.

I do not remember anymore when I first met Mike, but in 1952, he was hosting a Saturday night radio program of chamber music while he was still a student at the University of Chicago.

The radio station for which Mike worked was also a pioneer, broadcasting in a new way called FM. The station was WFMT, now a giant in FM radio, but in the early 1950s, it was a mom-and-pop affair run by a young couple named Rita and Bernie Jacobs.

Its studio, which may have been a storefront, was located in far west Chicago, perhaps even in Cicero, then known mainly as a headquarters of sorts for the mafia.

I know all this because on many Saturday nights, a bunch of us drove out to WFMT to keep Mike company while he was spinning records. He may have done all the work himself, including the technical tasks, but there was also time to listen and to talk.

Incidentally, chamber music was itself a kind of novelty then, especially in Chicago, and the University participated in promoting it. Many of us first learned to listen to chamber music while U of C students, and I will never forget the Budapest String Quartet's regular visits to the University. There weren't many string quartets in America in those days, and the Budapest String Quartet was the best known in the United States and perhaps in the whole world.

According to Wikipedia, in 1953 Mike also initiated a folk music program for WFMT, but by then I was working in Washington. In fall of that year I moved to Philadelphia to study for my PhD at the University of Pennsylvania. One day, probably sometime in 1954, I tuned in to Philadelphia's classical music station and I thought I heard a familiar voice. I called the station, and yes, it was Mike, once more hosting programs of chamber music and other classical music.

We renewed our old acquaintance, and Mike came over for dinner a few times, until one day he announced that he was going back to Chicago. He did not say why, but the rest is history.

— Herbert J. Gans, PhB'47, AM'50

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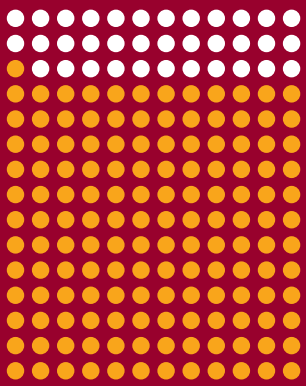

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DEATHS

FACULTY AND STAFF

Harry Fozzard, the Otho S.A. Sprague Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Medicine, died December 9 in Dana, NC. He was 83. Fozzard, who came to the University in 1966 and retired in 1998, was a pioneering cardiac electrophysiologist whose research into the chemical and electric signals within heart muscle cells helped lay the foundation for modern clinical electrophysiology. He authored or coauthored nearly 250 papers, reviews, editorials, and book chapters. Fozzard was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a Fulbright Scholar, and a Litchfield Professor at Oxford University, among other honors. He is survived by his wife, Lyn Lane; two sons, **Richard Fozzard**, LAB'74, and **Peter Fozzard**, LAB'78; four grandchildren; and a brother.

George Hillocks Jr., professor emeritus in English language and literature, died November 12 in Chicago. He was 80. He taught in the University's Department of Education from 1971 to 2002, training future English teachers in the master of arts in teaching program. Hillocks was the author of *Teaching Writing as Reflective Practice* (1995), which received the David H. Russell Award for Distinguished Research in the Teaching of English from the National Council of Teachers of English. He also wrote *Teaching Argument Writing* (2011) and *The Testing Trap* (2002). He is survived by a daughter, **Marjorie Hillocks**, LAB'77, MST'91; a son, **George Hillocks**, LAB'81; and three grandchildren.

TRUSTEES

Robert M. Halperin, PhB'47, trustee emeritus, died October 26 in Atherton, CA. He was 86. The former president of materials science firm Raychem, Halperin was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1981. He spearheaded the ARCH Development Corporation, which helped commercialize University-developed innovations. Dedicated and energetic in his service to the University, he chaired the College Fund from 1990 to 1996 and was a member of the Alumni Association Cabinet and the visiting committee of the Division of the Physical Sciences. In 1998 he was awarded the Alumni Service Medal, and Halperin's eponymous House, formerly in the Shoreland, is now in the Renee Granville-Grossman Residential Commons. His wife, Ruth Halperin, died in 2008. He is survived by a daughter; two sons, including **Mark Halperin**, AB'81; a brother, **Warren Halperin**, LAB'47, AB'51; and seven grandchildren.

1930s

Evelyn Wainer Goodman, SB'34, of Palm Desert, CA, died in November. She was 101. Goodman was a longtime teacher of children with developmental disabilities; she also worked at the Robinsons-May department store for many years. She is survived by her companion, Barbara, and a brother, **Raymond Goodman**, SB'42, MD'44.

Rae Bribram Charous, AB'36, of Buffalo Grove, IL, died December 16. She was 100. Charous had a long career in social work and ran her own interior decorating business for more than 25 years. She enjoyed volunteering at the Chicago Botanic Garden. She is survived by a son, two grandsons, and two great-grandchildren.

Paul I. Lyness, AB'39, AM'41, died November 27 in Princeton, NJ. He was 96. A World War II veteran who served as a communications officer in the US Navy, he taught journalism at the University of Iowa before becoming president of the research firm Gallup and Robinson. Later he led his own marketing and advertising research company with clients including AT&T, RCA, and Standard Oil. He is survived by his wife, Mary; two daughters; a son; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1940s

Glenn LeRoy Pierre, AB'41, MBA'46, died October 20 in Colorado Springs, CO. He was 95. An accomplished gymnast whose College studies were funded by a gymnastics work-study program, Pierre served in the Mediterranean theater in World War II. He later worked as an executive with Illinois Bell and the Colorado Public Utilities Commission. He is survived by his wife, Elsabeth; two daughters; two sons; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Josephine Bovill-Erpf, AM'42, died November 18 in San Francisco, CA. She was 96. During World War II, she served in Normandy as an assistant field director for the American Red Cross. After returning to the United States with her husband, Bovill-Erpf became an artist who frequently exhibited her work in the San Francisco Bay area. She is survived by five sons, 11 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Franz M. Oppenheimer, SB'42, died November 28 in Washington, DC. He was 95. An attorney specializing in international banking and finance, Oppenheimer spent the early years of his career at the World Bank and later worked for several Washington-area law firms, retiring from Swidler, Berlin, Shereff and Friedman in 1996. He was also a member of the panel of arbitrators at the International Centre for Settlement of Investment Disputes. His wife, Margaret Oppenheimer, AB'43, died on December 7 (see next obituary).

Margaret Oppenheimer, AB'43, died December 7 in Washington, DC. She was 93. A teacher at the Kingsbury Center in Washington in the late 1940s, she was also a member of the District of Columbia's Board of Appeals and Review and a founder of the library at Hyde-Addison Elementary School in Washington, DC. She and her husband are survived by a daughter, two sons, and five grandchildren.

Patrick Suppes, SB'43, of Stanford, CA, died November 17. He was 92. Suppes joined the faculty of Stanford University in 1950, retiring there as Lucie Stern Professor Emeritus of Philosophy and as professor emeritus of statistics, psychology, and education. He cofounded Stanford's Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences. He is survived by his wife, five children, five grandchildren, and three stepchildren.

Etta Irene Brown, AB'44, AM'61, of Kaneohe, HI, died February 14, 2013. She was 89. Brown was a longtime social worker at Palama Settlement, a nonprofit social service agency in Honolulu. She is survived by a sister.

Audrey Marguerite Joyce Mallery, AB'44, died January 26, 2006, in Whitney Point, NY. She was 83. Mallery served in the Women's Army Corps from 1944 to 1946, and worked for radio stations in Montana and California before teaching in public and private schools on the East Coast for many years. She later held radio and local government positions in New York, retiring in 2000 as director of senior services at the Otsego (NY) County Office for the Aging. She is survived by four daughters, four sons, 12 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Craig Leman, AB'46, died July 13 in Corvallis, OR. He was 91. A World War II veteran who received a Silver Star for his actions during the battle of Iwo Jima, Leman was a general surgeon and primary care physician at the Corvallis Clinic from 1957 to 1999. He volunteered his medical expertise both at home and overseas and was an accomplished pianist who enjoyed writing program notes for local musical organizations. He is survived by his wife, **Nancy Leman**, PhB'44, AM'48; five children; and four grandchildren.

Anne (Kopp) Hyman, BSS'47, of Buffalo Grove, IL, died December 5. She was 89. A longtime teacher of social work, Hyman founded the Kopp Center for Continuing Education in Wisconsin and later created a model for intentional housing communities for seniors, detailed in her book *Architects of the Sunset Years* (2005). She is survived by two daughters, including **Amie Hyman**, AM'83; a son; two granddaughters; and a grandson.

Norman Dale Clayton, AM'48, died October 28 in Oakland, CA. He was 93. Clayton served in the US Army during World War II, and his experience caring for soldiers with psychological trauma inspired him to become a social worker and

an advocate for people with disabilities. He worked for the State of California for three decades, retiring as bureau chief for programs and services for the developmentally disabled. He is survived by three sons and two granddaughters.

Marvin "Murph" Goldberger, PhD'48, died November 26 in La Jolla, CA. He was 92. A US Army veteran, Goldberger was a student of Enrico Fermi and a particle physicist who worked on the Manhattan Project. He taught at the University and at Princeton before being named president of Caltech in 1978. He was later the director of the Institute for Advanced Study in New Jersey and taught physics at the University of California's Los Angeles and San Diego campuses. A member of the National Academy of Sciences and other honorary societies, Goldberger served on the President's Science Advisory Committee in the 1960s and consulted for the Department of Defense. He is survived by two sons and three grandchildren.

Esther Conwell Rothberg, PhD'48, died November 16 in Brighton, NY. She was 92. A student of Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar at Chicago who went on to become a pioneer in the field of semiconductor research, Rothberg was an industrial scientist and professor at the University of Rochester. She was named one of *Discover* magazine's 50 Most Important Women of Science in 2002, and in 2010 was awarded the National Medal of Science by President Barack Obama. She is survived by a son, two sisters , and two grandchildren.

Marshall Winokur, PhB'48, died December 8 in Old Greenwich, CT. He was 86. A US Army veteran, Winokur served in Japan during the Korean War. After completing his service, he practiced law with his wife, Rae, in Chicago for more than 40 years. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and four grandchildren.

John Goodlad, PhD'49, died November 29 in Seattle, WA. He was 94. Goodlad was a renowned teacher and education researcher who taught at a number of institutions, including UChicago and the University of California, Los Angeles, where he worked for 25 years and served 16 years as dean of the graduate school of education. He retired in 1991 from the University of Washington, where he created the Center for Educational Renewal. The past president of the American Educational Research Association, his best-known work, *A Place Called School* (1984), was a comprehensive study of the state of the nation's schools. He is survived by a daughter, a son, and five grandsons.

1950s

Isadora Sherman, AM'50, died November 30 in Chicago. She was 91. A social worker and district administrator of Jewish Family and Community Service (JFCS) in Highland Park, IL, Sherman was known for her work to prevent teen suicide. After retiring from JFCS in the 1990s, she remained in private practice until 2003. She is survived by a daughter, two sons, and two granddaughters.

Harvey Folks Zimand, AM'51, died November 10 in New York City. He was 86. A partner in the firm of Kelley Drye & Warren for more than 50 years, he specialized in trusts and estates. He is survived by two daughters, four grandchildren, two stepsons, and two step-grandchildren.

Richard Allen Chase, AB'52, died September 2 in New York City. He was 81. Chase was an associate professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. His research on how infants and toddlers play and learn led him to found a toy company, later known as Learning Pathways Inc, that made child development toys. He is survived by a brother, two nieces, and three nephews.

Anne Donchin, PhB'53, of Hastings-on-Hudson, NY, died August 26. She was 84. Donchin, cofounder of the International Network on Feminist Approaches to Bioethics, helped to shape the women's studies program as a longtime professor at Indiana University–Purdue University Indianapolis. The recipient of fellowships from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Lilly Endowment, Donchin was the coeditor of two books, served on the editorial boards of several bioethics journals, and was an affiliated research scholar in the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine's bioethics program. She is survived by her partner, Edmund Byrne; a daughter; three sons; and three grandchildren.

Elmer Hess, SM'53, died December 2 in Valparaiso, IN. He was 84. A US Army veteran, Hess spent his entire career at Valparaiso University, where he taught geography and geology and worked as a librarian at the law school and at Moellering Library. He also volunteered at the university's art museum and at Porter Memorial Hospital. He is survived by his wife, Beatrice; three daughters; a sister; and four grandchildren.

Eugene S. Uyeki, AM'52, PhD'53, died September 5. He was 88. He began his teaching career as a member of the sociology faculty at Case Institute of Technology but was drafted into the US Army, where he served as a psychiatric social worker. After completing his service, Uyeki returned to Case (later Case Western Reserve University), retiring as professor emeritus of sociology in 1998. He is survived by his wife, **Martha Uyeki**, AM'56, and two sons.

Alford Claudon Diller, MD'54, died November 7 in Sacramento, CA. He was 89. A US Navy veteran who served in World War II, Diller was a family practice physician in Ohio and founded a computer data-processing company; he later became medical director for the Karuk tribe in California and retired from clinical practice in 2005. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis; a daughter; four sons; two sisters; three brothers; 15 grandchildren; 11 great-grandchildren; and a stepson.

Albert Edward Castel III, PhD'55, died November 14 in Columbus, OH. He was 86. After serving as a special agent in the US Army counterintelligence corps, Castel spent most of his career as a professor of history at Western Michigan University. An authority on the Civil War in the western United States, Castel wrote 16 books, including *Decision in the West: The Atlanta Campaign of 1864* (1992). He is survived by a daughter, a son, and three grandchildren.

Edward Nelson, SM'52, PhD'55, died September 10 in Princeton, NJ. He was 82. A mathematician, Nelson is best known for his application of probability to quantum field theory, work that earned him the American Mathematical Society's Steele Prize in 1995. He joined the Princeton faculty in 1959, retiring as professor emeritus in 2013. He is survived by his wife, Sarah; a daughter; a son; a brother; three grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews, including **Cynthia A. Wong**, MD'84.

Joseph G. Behm, MBA'57, of Cave Creek, AZ, died November 23. He was 89. A World War II veteran, Behm began his career as an electrical engineer at General Electric. He went on to work for several other engineering firms and retired in 1990 as vice president of sales at the Advance Transformer Company. He is survived by his wife, Lucille; a daughter; two sons; and four grandchildren.

Jerry Blumenthal, AB'58, AM'59, died November 13 in Chicago. He was 78. A filmmaker and founding partner of Chicago-based Kartemquin Films, Blumenthal was a director, producer, editor, and sound recordist on films including *The Chicago Maternity Center Story*, *The Last Pullman Car*, and *Golub*. He is survived by his wife, Vera Milenkovich, and a daughter.

Ward Farnsworth, JD'58, died December 3 in Winnetka, IL. He was 83. A veteran of the US Marine Corps, Farnsworth spent more than three decades at the First National Bank of Chicago, where he headed several divisions. He was a director and the treasurer of the Chicago Bar Foundation and Jobs for Youth, and a board member of Winnetka's First Church of Christ, Scientist. He is survived by his wife, Jean; two daughters; a son, **Ward Farnsworth Jr.**, JD'94; and nine grandchildren.

1960s

Annette (Fishbein) Hartenstein-Waugh, AM'62, of Maryland, died December 8. She was 79. Hartenstein-Waugh was an expert in workforce development who taught at the University of Southern California and served as editor of publications for the International Federation of Training and Development Organizations. She had recently worked as a legislative aide in the Maryland state legislature, and was active in the AFL-CIO and in the Alliance

for Retired Americans. She is survived by her husband, David Waugh; a brother; a stepdaughter; and a stepson.

Julian Katz, MD'62, of Gladwyne, PA, died November 5. He was 77. A US Navy veteran, Katz founded one of the largest private gastroenterology practices in Pennsylvania and performed influential early research on lactose intolerance. He was a clinical professor at the Medical College of Pennsylvania and at Drexel University, the editor of multiple medical textbooks, and president of the Philadelphia County Medical Society and the Pennsylvania Society of Gastroenterology. He is survived by his wife, Sheila; a daughter, **Sara Ward**, MD'94; a son, **Jonathan Peter Katz**, MD'93; and six grandchildren.

Robert Simpson, PhD'62, died December 19 in Washington, DC. He was 102. A meteorologist, he was the "Simpson" in the Saffir-Simpson wind scale used by forecasters to rank the severity of hurricanes on a scale of 1 to 5. Director of the National Hurricane Center from 1968 to 1974, he also helped to establish the Mauna Loa Observatory and taught at the University of Virginia. He is survived by two daughters, a brother, seven grandchildren, a great-grandson, and three stepchildren.

Thomas Hungerford, SM'60, PhD'63, of Chesterfield, MO, died November 28. He was 78. He taught mathematics at the University of Washington and at Cleveland State University and was the author of a number of research papers in algebra as well as more than a dozen mathematics textbooks. He is survived by a daughter, a son, a sister, and a brother.

Fredric "Fred" Branfman, AB'64, died September 24 in Budapest, Hungary. He was 72. After receiving a master's degree in education from Harvard in 1965, Branfman taught first in Tanzania and then in Laos, where he uncovered and helped to expose the US bombing of the country during the Vietnam War, detailed in his book *Voices from the Plain of Jars* (1972). He went on to head the California Public Policy Center and the jobs-focused nonprofit Rebuilding America, and his political and social activism continued throughout his life. He is survived by his wife, Zsuzsanna, and three brothers.

1970s

Barbara Barnum, PhD'76, died October 29 in New York City. She was 77. Barnum was a nurse educator who taught at Columbia University and New York University; at Columbia's Teachers College, she was director of the Division of Health Services, Sciences, and Education. She was also the author of several books, including *The Nurse As Executive* (1975) and *Nursing Theory* (1984). Her survivors include a daughter and a sister.

Clark Hungerford Jr., MBA'76, died December 11 in Lake Bluff, IL. He was 87. Hungerford spent his career in railroad operations, working for several railroad companies and retiring as president of the Western Weighing and Inspection Bureau. He is survived by his wife, Twila; three daughters; two sons; a brother; and 11 grandchildren.

Soo Peck Eng, PhD'79, of Shaker Heights, OH, died January 8, 2014. He was 82. Eng was a lecturer at the Teachers' Training College (TTC) in Singapore when he received a scholarship to attend a doctoral program in economics at UChicago. He later returned to TTC, where he created curricula and became the deputy director of academics. Eng received the prestigious National Day Award from the government of Singapore for his contributions to education. He is survived by his wife, Siok Mui Eng, and his daughter, **Charis Eng**, AB'82, PhD'86, MD'88.

1980s

Andrew Patner, EX'81, EX'88, died February 3 in Chicago. He was 55. A respected writer, arts critic, and radio host in his hometown of Chicago and beyond, Patner held positions with *Chicago* magazine, the *Wall Street Journal*, and WBEZ. At the time of his death, he was the *Chicago Sun-Times*' classical music critic, a position he had held since 1991, and the host of the popular *Critical Thinking* and other shows on Chicago's WFMT. He was also the author of *IF Stone: A Portrait* (1990). He is survived by his partner, Tom Bachtell; his mother; and two brothers.

Eva Ritz Gaetz, MBA'82, of Wheaton, IL, died November 25. She was 62. Gaetz worked as a business software developer for many years before retiring in 2004. She and her husband helped to raise 15 foster children, two of whom they adopted. She was an avid pianist, gardener, and traveler. She is survived by her husband, Michael; a daughter; a son; her mother; a sister; and two brothers.

Fernando Coronil, AM'70, PhD'87, died of lung cancer in New York City on August 16, 2011. He was 67. Coronil taught at the Universidad Católica in Venezuela and at the University of Michigan, where he helped to establish the doctoral program in anthropology and history. At the time of his death, he was distinguished professor of anthropology and Latin American studies at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. He was the author of *The Magical State* (1997), among other works. He is survived by his wife, **Julie Skurski**, AM'70, PhD'93, and two daughters.

Bernard James Lammers, JD'87, of Canton, NY, died December 20. He was 83. Lammers was a professor of public law and government at St. Lawrence University for nearly 40 years, earning his degree from the Law School during his tenure there. A Democratic candidate for the US House in 1984, he was a member of numerous progressive political organizations. He is survived by his wife, Jane; two daughters; a son; two sisters; and two grandchildren.

Anthony "Tony" Smith, MBA'87, died November 29 in Cleveland Heights, OH. He was 53. One of the nation's most successful Popeyes Louisiana Kitchen franchisees, Smith owned and operated 16 restaurants in northeastern Ohio. He was a volunteer at his church, a member of 100 Black Men of Greater Cleveland, and a trustee emeritus of the Great Lakes Science Center. He is survived by his wife, Vanessa Whiting, and three children.

Mary (Rippey) Anderson, MBA'88, of Munster, IN, died of ovarian cancer November 24. She was 55. Anderson, who also earned a JD from Valparaiso University Law School, worked as a certified public accountant and taught at Purdue University Calumet in Hammond, IN. She is survived by her partner, Jeff Mitchell; five daughters; her mother; a sister; and a brother.

1990s

James Derks, MBA'93, of Eden Prairie, MN, died March 16. He was 49. An investment banker, Derks worked at Wall Street financial firms and led mergers and acquisitions teams for LaSalle Bank and ABN AMRO. At the time of his death, Derks was the managing director of Allegiance Capital Corporation's Minneapolis office. He is survived by his wife, Carrie; four sons; and five sisters.

Philip Lenihan, AM'95, died of an apparent heart attack October 31 in Woodstock, NY. He was 61. In the late 1970s, Lenihan managed punk bands and published the underground magazine *Sluggo* in Austin, TX. He later worked as a paralegal in San Francisco and New York. In 2010 he moved to Roxbury, NY, and opened an art gallery/newsstand/gift shop along with a museum devoted to eight-track tapes. He is survived by his mother, two sisters, and two brothers.

2000s

Maria Elena Martinez-Lopez, AM'91, PhD'02, died of cancer November 16 in Los Angeles. She was 47. A native of Mexico, Martinez-Lopez was a professor of history at the University of Southern California who specialized in the history of colonial Latin America. She was an organizer of the annual Tepoztlán Institute conference and was the author of *Genealogical Fictions* (2008). She is survived by her mother and four brothers.

Thaddeus Novak, PhD'09, died November 1 in Durham, NC, of complications following a double lung transplant. He was 34. After earning his doctorate in biochemistry, Novak enrolled at Columbia University for a master's degree in journalism and wrote about college basketball for the website *Bleacher Report*. He is survived by his parents and his stepfather.

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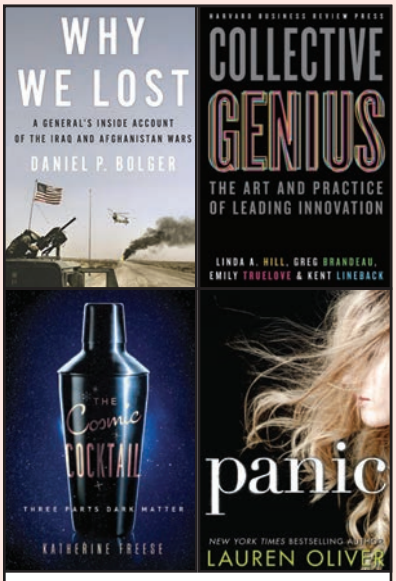

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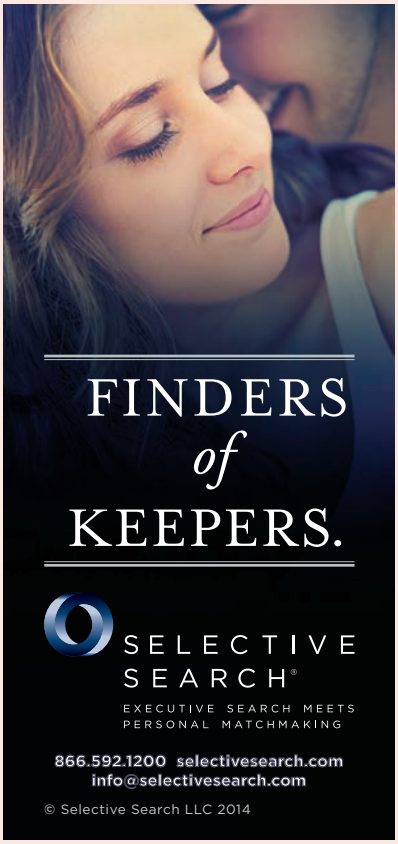

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We present a few possibilities here, including "Really Seen Around Campus" above in its full embroidered glory. Which ones will you be stitching onto your maroon sash?

—Sean Carr, AB'90

DOC OR DIE

Anyone can make Doc Films their weekend mainstay (once upon a time, second- , third- , and eighth-run box office hits were the lifeblood of Friday and Saturday nights in Hyde Park). The hard-core cineastes, however, are at Ida on Tuesday nights for all 10 weeks of "One Singular Manaschi: History of the Kyrgyz Musical."

EXPERT IN THE FIELD

A neophyte birder can tell a semipalmated plover from a northern lapwing. But the real test of observational acumen happens at the Reg. Is the guy at the corner table in Ex Libris majoring in Comp lit? Linguistics? Or—could it be?—Slavic languages! Bonus points if you can correctly identify a grad student's dissertation topic.

WINTER ORIENTEER

Where did January find you? Risking frostbite walking across the quad under five layers of clothing? Or making your leisurely way from class in Pick Hall to the Cobb Coffee Shop and then back to Harper for a study session—up staircases, down hallways, through doors, across the Fulton Recital Hall balcony gingerly (hoping a concert isn't going on)—all while barely setting a slippered foot in the snow?

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Thanks to the return of the Lascivious Costume Ball and the growing popularity of Kuviasungnerk's Polar Bear Run, opportunities to "Go Rousseau" are now as plentiful at UChicago as books, coffee, and angst. If you've earned this badge, the only question is where you'll put it.

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WHO COUNTS;

THE CREDIT BELONGS
TO THE MAN WHO IS
ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA,

WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY;

WHO ERRS, WHO COMES
SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN;

WHO KNOWS
GREAT ENTHUSIASMS;

WHO SPENDS HIMSELF
IN A WORTHY CAUSE;

WHO AT THE BEST
KNOWS IN THE END

THE TRIUMPH OF
HIGH ACHIEVEMENT,

AND WHO AT THE WORST,

IF HE FAILS,
AT LEAST FAILS
WHILE DARING GREATLY.

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