In which we discuss

ADA PALMER, RENAISSANCE WOMAN · MAPS AND LEGENDS

Also  Life-size religious statues · Horror movies · Wayne C. Booth · Therapy dogs · Gnocchi

The CORE

THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Winter 2018 Supplement to
The University of Chicago Magazine
Fourth-year forward Madori Spiker takes on a Williams College defender in the NCAA Division III women’s soccer national championship game in December. Spiker had two shots on goal in the game, but the Maroons were unable to score and lost 1–0.
From the editor

ANSWERS

Sasha Trubetskoy, Class of 2019, whose maps are featured on page 16, occasionally answers questions on Quora, a crowdsourced Q&A site.

For example:

Q. If the world federates into one nation, where would the capital be?
A. New York. “Most likely there would not be a single capital,” Trubetskoy writes, but New York would serve “as a figurehead for the world government.”

Q. What is the cheapest and most open-minded city in the United States?
A. Louisville, Kentucky. (Runners-up, according to his scatterplot: San Antonio, Texas; Indianapolis, Indiana; Jacksonville, Florida; Salt Lake City, Utah.)

On his website, sashat.me, he compiles these on the page “answers,” along with other non-Quora short pieces. “Something I learned recently,” Trubetskoy writes, “the longest unit of time in ancient Rome was called the saeculum.” It’s the period of time from the moment something happened—the founding of Rome, for example—until everyone alive at the first moment is dead.

“Legend has it that every civilization is given a certain number of saecula by the gods,” Trubetskoy writes. “The Romans lasted for 24 saecula, the ancient Egyptians held on for 30.” He tracked down two Americans whose combined lives span most of US history: Henry Boehm (1776–1875) and Lucy Terrell (1875–1993). “The American Empire is in its third saeculum,” he concludes, “but only the gods know how many we’ve been allotted.”

—Carrie Golus, AB’91, AM’93

Front cover: Ada Palmer, associate professor of history, and Daniele Macuglia, AM’10, PhD’17
Back cover: Copyright 2018, The Chicago Maroon. All rights reserved. Reprinted with permission.
“This is Teddy’s first time doing this work at a university,” says his owner and handler Cindy Gross. Teddy, a one-year-old goldendoodle, is by far the youngest and most outgoing of the five dogs at the quarterly Pet Love event, held at the McCormick Tribune Lounge in the Reynolds Club. All the dogs and their handlers work with the Rainbow Animal Assisted Therapy organization—the dogs wear vests indicating as much.

Teddy has mostly visited hospitals and rehabilitation centers, where he meets people one on one. But he’s a natural at Pet Love, where students gather around each dog to pet, snuggle, or just watch tricks. He works the crowd, greeting each person in the circle.

“He’s so soft!” says one student, tickling Teddy under the chin.

Another commands, “Sit.” The student’s eyes light up when Teddy offers his paw as well.

On a table, Student Health and Counseling Services has laid out pens, Play-Doh, stress balls, coloring sheets, and pamphlets on stress management. They go largely ignored.

“People come mostly for the dogs,” says grad student Hannah Wishart, student coordinator of the event.

Capacity is limited to 10 students per dog. There’s a line early on, but eventually everyone gets a turn.

After spending a few minutes with Teddy’s colleague Palin, an eight-year-old golden retriever, two women stand up and brush long yellow hairs off their black pants. “It doesn’t matter,” one says. “I’m so happy.”

—Jeanie Chung
SEEK AND FIND: UCHICAGO EDITION

Last summer Jacob Goodman, Class of 2019, created a mural in the College’s admissions office. Among the Chicago iconography Goodman included:

Carl Sagan, AB’54, SB’55, SM’56, PhD’60. “We don’t have a lot of famous-face-recognizable alumni,” says Goodman. “It helps to have that to latch onto.”

His textbooks for Soc. “The best class I’ve taken by far.”

Broomball. “I was in Halperin House in South. We were terrible.”

Latke-Hamantash Debate. “I’m not that observant of a Jewish person, but that’s the thing I go to religiously.”

Item #191. You’ve braved the South Pole and flown to the highest heights. Now how low can you sink? Your team’s logo photographed as many meters below sea level as possible. (5 points per 100 meters, maximum of 549 points conceivably available to be awarded by the boundaries of modern science)

Polar bear from Kuvia. “I’ve never done Kuvia. I can’t. I can’t.”

Dean Boyer. “He’s like the mascot-god of UChicago, always watching you from his bicycle.”

CTA “L” map. “I forgot the Pink Line. That’s something that bugs me.”
FIRSTS IN WOMEN’S ATHLETICS

**Gertrude Dudley**
UChicago’s first women’s athletics director, from 1898 to 1935. Her athletics program for women was the first of its kind at a major American university.

**Marie Ortmayer, PhB 1906, MD 1917**
First president of the University’s Women’s Athletic Association.

**Mary Jean Mulvaney**
Director of women’s athletics beginning in 1966; under Mulvaney UChicago women entered intercollegiate competition for the first time. Also one of the first women on the National Collegiate Athletic Association Council and, in 1976, to chair a coed athletics department, retiring in 1990.

**Patricia Kirby**
Women’s basketball coach in 1974, when her team was the first women’s team in the country to fly to an away game (at MIT).

**Naomy Grand’Pierre, Class of 2019**
The first Olympic swimmer to compete for Haiti. She swam the 50-meter freestyle in the 2016 summer games.
A 90th Nobel Prize—to behavioral economist Richard Thaler—wasn’t the only reason UChicago was standing a little taller last October.

That same month, Campus North Residential Commons, designed by Studio Gang Architects, received an American Architecture Prize in the educational buildings category. Despite the name, the prize’s judges scan the globe. Other 2017 educational honorees included buildings in China, Ireland, Japan, and the Netherlands.

In awardese, Campus North got the nod for (among other qualities) “social spaces and experiences that enhance campus and academic life for today’s undergraduates.”

Translation: the three-story house lounges are pretty cool, the 24-hour study spaces on the top floor offer panoramic views of the city (for whenever your eyes and brain need a rest from Ovid or Durkheim), and you can get warm cookies delivered until 3 a.m.

In November the dorm continued its overachieving ways, hauling in three awards from the Design-Build Institute of America, including the first-ever Chairman’s Award for Community Impact and Social Responsibility.

—Sean Carr, AB’90
The College Review, a quarterly email newsletter from the editors of the Core, was launched last spring. The first issue included an interview with Dmitri Krushnic, AB ’97 (sociology), aka Misha Collins, aka Castiel on the cult TV show Supernatural. Some excerpts:

**Where did you live when you were in the College?**

Burton-Judson. I remember having the meal plan, and I ate like a famine was coming every day. I gained 30 pounds in nine months.

I moved from B-J to 5401 South Woodlawn with five roommates. One of my roommates had a relative who had a lead on a Best Western hotel that was going out of business. After each person got a mattress, we had five or six left over so we stacked them up in our living room and had wobbly mattress wrestling matches.

**You’re well known for your charity scavenger hunt. Did you do Scav all four years?**

Three years, I believe. By my senior year, I was too single-mindedly focused on my academics to be bothered with such childish pursuits.

The first year was with a Burton-Judson team. My girlfriend at the time (wife now), Vicki Vantoch (still Vicki Vantoch [AB ’97 (sociology)]), was on a different team—Breckenridge, I believe. She was hard-core. One of the items in that year’s Scav (‘93, as I recall) was three live sheep. Vicki came over to B-J and asked if she could borrow my car. I said, “What for?” She said, “I found a farm in Wisconsin that will let us borrow three lambs for Scav.” I said, “No way. (a) You’re on a competing team and (b) I have a firm no-sheep-in-my-car rule.” She cuddled up and waited for me to fall asleep, then took the keys. There was some karmic retribution, though: a third team stole the sheep from her and when Vicki’s team won, they gave me the winning pot because they felt bad that the sheep had eaten the upholstery in my car.

I remember trying to acquire a Russian MiG fighter jet and failing. That was a crushing disappointment.

---

**On the Dean’s List**

**What’s New in the College**

**African Civ in Senegal**

This winter quarter the African Civilizations program will be held in Dakar, Senegal, for the first time; previously it was offered at the University’s Center in Paris. Students will take three African Civ classes, as well as French or Wolof, and will be housed with host families.

**Civil rights career trek to Alabama**

During spring break, 20 College students will travel to Birmingham, Montgomery, and Selma, Alabama, to visit civil rights organizations and learn how they can launch a career in the field. The trek is supported by a crowdfunding campaign that drew gifts from more than 75 alumni, parents, and friends.

**New professorship honors Core curriculum**

The College has established a new professorship honoring Christian W. Mackauer (1897–1970), cofounder and legendary teacher in the History of Western Civilization sequence. The professorship is supported by a $3.5 million gift from Glenn Swogger Jr., AB ’57, chairman of the Redbud Foundation. John D. Kelly, professor of anthropology, has been named the inaugural Christian W. Mackauer Professor.
Even if you don’t recognize the name Ray Gadke, AM’66, alumni of the past few decades will surely recognize his mustachioed, aloha-shirt-clad figure on sight in the Regenstein Library. Students and faculty who venture to Gadke’s space on the third floor in search of the microforms department are treated to a puzzling glimpse through the windows of his office: wood and plaster statues of saints and other religious figures.

**On the beginnings:**

Gadke came to the University in 1965 as a graduate student in history. His studies on immigrant religious communities led him to visit Catholic and Lutheran churches in the city. One day in the early 1980s, a Catholic priest of his acquaintance (he no longer remembers who) whose church was closing called to ask, “Do you know anyone that would be interested in statues from my church?” Gadke said, “Hey, that’s an idea.” Today his collection numbers roughly 40 statues, with 10 on display in Regenstein.

**On mass production:**

Statue makers would commonly use a generic torso, then give it attributes that would identify it as a particular figure. Gadke has one in his office that depicts a generic bishop, but “the hands are removable,” he points out. Just swap out a hand for one carrying a shamrock, paint the cloak green, and voila—St. Patrick.

**On ecumenicalism:**

Manufacturers had no problem selling to any church that wanted their wares. “I’ve been in Lutheran churches in Wisconsin where Christ is in the middle and they have Peter and Paul on either side, and those are identical to the statues of Peter and Paul that you’d find in a Catholic church.”

**On the extremes:**

His oldest and largest statues are a seven-foot-high German-made pair from the 1850s, depicting Saints Peter and Augustine. The newest is one of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, commissioned by a Catholic church that ended up not buying it.

**On ethnic identity:**

“You get to the point where by going into a church you can kind of tell what the ethnic background is,” Gadke explains. Scandinavian churches would order statues of Christ and the saints with fair hair and blue eyes; French and Italian churches depicted saints with olive skin and brown eyes. Irish churches had very plain, understated statues, whereas in Latin America, statues would display great emotion. There, he says, “Mary is shown as the mother of sorrows, with tears streaming down her face. Christ is drenched in blood. ... The faces are stretched in agony.”

**On the future of his collection:**

“The time is going to come when I retire and I don’t have room for all of these at home, and so they’ll be distributed;” Gadke says. (He’s already donated several to local Catholic churches and schools.) “In my will, I’ve written that whatever I have left will go back to the Archdiocese of Chicago, and they can distribute them as they see fit.”

**On his corner of the Reg:**

“Because it’s out of the way, a lot of Muslim students come and pray in that back corner of the microfilm room,” near his office. “I consider this kind of the spiritual part of the library.”

**On whether there are many collectors with the same interest:**

“No.”

—Benjamin Recchie, AB’03
“I consider this kind of the spiritual part of the library.”
—Ray Gadke, AM’66
In addition to acting in movies, television shows, and theater, Chicago native Matilda “Mattie” Szydagis, AB’95, writes and produces short horror films. The first two of a trilogy in progress—one of which she directed and one in which she stars—have been featured in recent film festivals, winning awards such as best horror short, audience choice, and best actor.

The Hoosac (2016) is a ghost story inspired by an 1867 tunnel explosion in Massachusetts. The Ruins (2017) focuses on a New York City psychiatrist struggling with post-traumatic stress disorder who turns to nature for healing but finds horror instead.

—Maureen Searcy

Interview has been edited and adapted.

Where on the UChicago campus would you set a horror film?

I was talking with my cousin Elena Tuskenis [AB’94] and my sister Kathy Szydagis Müller [AB’86, PhD’95] who is a script consultant, and they joked that my third film should be called: “The U of C: Where Fun Came to Die … or Did It!?” The premise would be that Fun is found in the second sub-basement of the Reg, but it’s radioactive and out for blood. The last line of the film would be, “Hutchins was right. Fun can kill you!”

I was lucky enough to live in the Shoreland all four years, and I never had a doubt that place was haunted. With its dilapidated, closed-off main ballroom echoing of past trysts and its overall Shining-esque feel, I always felt the vibe there was tinged with ghosts.

How did you get interested in making horror films?

I grew up on the hysterical Son of Svengooli, watching Svengooli [Rich Koz] host Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy [1955] as well as Bela Lugosi’s Dracula [1931], Nosferatu [1922], Frankenstein [1931], Godzilla [1954], It Came from Outer Space [1953]—a variety of classic horror and science fiction films. In grammar school, I was an avid reader of the Dark Forces and Twilight: Where Darkness Begins series, and as I got older, John Saul and Stephen King.
I loved watching *The Twilight Zone*. Some of those episodes still haunt me today. The TV show *Tales from the Darkside* was a favorite—and of course *The X-Files*—and horror films from the ’70s and ’80s.

**What subgenre is *The Ruins*? What is your favorite horror movie in that subgenre?**

I would say *The Ruins* is a psychological thriller, my favorite being *The Shining* [1980]. When I was an O aide, every year I had everyone watch *The Shining* as a welcome. There are a lot of *Shining* shout-outs in our first horror short, *The Hoosac*, which is more of an old-fashioned ghost story.

I was thinking of going to grad school with a concentration in Eastern European folklore. It’s immersed in a variety of vampire stories, including Dracula; witches, the most famous being Baba Jaga; and a general sense of dread and spirituality connected to the dead. One of the books I read in an anthropology class was *The Wedding of the Dead: Ritual, Poetics, and Popular Culture in Transylvania* [University of California Press, 1988]. You were supposed to carry the dead out of the house feet first. If carried out head first, their spirit would stay in the house and haunt it forever.

**What’s been your experience as a woman in this field?**

I recently had the pleasure and honor to attend the Lady Filmmakers Fest in Beverly Hills, where *The Ruins* screened in their Halloween block. I can’t even begin to tell you how wonderful it felt to be surrounded by and networking with interesting, intelligent, funny, friendly, and supportive women of all ages. They offered a seminar where five women screenwriters spoke about their experiences, and sci-fi writer Julia Camara hit the nail on the head when she told us about going to comic cons and sci-fi fests. When her films screen there, guys are shocked to find out she is the one who wrote the movie.

**How is your degree in anthropology related?**

Our goal is to make “intelligent horror,” and that trend seems to be happening—with *The X-Files*, I think, as a precursor—which thrills me to no end. *Get Out* [2017] is a perfect example of this, as well as *It Follows* [2014] and TV shows *The OA, Les Revenants, The Fall, Stranger Things, Glitch*, and *Wolf Creek*. I am also going to include *The Handmaid’s Tale* under dystopian horror.

Horror titillates and provokes and has us tap into our imaginations. It awakens that part of the brain we don’t tend to use in our daily lives.

For upcoming screening dates and info on Szydagis’s films, visit facebook.com/yourteamfilms. You can also find her on Amazon’s new show *The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel*.

—I was lucky enough to live in the Shoreland all four years, and I never had a doubt that place was haunted.”

—Mattie Szydagis, AB’95
When I first began teaching English, I saw myself taking up the weapons of reason against a world committed to emotionalism, illogical appeals, and rhetorical trickery—a world full of vicious advertisers and propagandists determined to corrupt the young minds I was determined to save.

Now, as a professor of rhetoric and dean of a liberal arts college, I may seem still to present myself in the same melodramatic light: the valiant champion of rationality against the forces of darkness.

Let me at least begin bravely, with a defense of reason that implies more clarity than I feel about how men ought to proceed when they set out to change each other’s minds. The defense begins with the claim that we are in a time of intellectual crisis, a time when confidence in reason is so low that most men no longer try to provide good reasons for what they believe. The very notion that such forms of proof are desirable, or even obtainable, is under scathing attack.

Everyone knows that journalism has been transformed in recent years, especially in the news magazines, right and left, from reportage into new forms of paralogical rhetoric: political argument disguised as dramatic reporting. It would be fun to spend the rest of my hour simply describing the new rhetorical devices, and the new twists on old devices, that Time magazine exhibits from week to week, all in the name of news. Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, former publisher of the magazine, has described the key to the magazine’s success as the discovery of how to turn news into fiction, giving each story its own literary form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, regardless of whether the story thus invented matches the original event. “The way to tell a successful lie is to include enough truth in it to make it believable—and Time is the most successful liar of our time.”

Another good instance of this same kind of transformation of journalism into degraded rhetoric is the magazine Fact, a collection of shrill exposés, most of them with a touch of scandal and few of them providing enough solid evidence or argument. “A Psychoanalytical Study of Baseball,” “A Study of Wife-Swapping in California,” an argument that Goldwater has been declared insane by thousands of psychiatrists (yet if
But it takes no great learning to reason was of man’s very essence. As the rational animal; in that view Boston in 1775.

Nazi Germany in 1940, say, or stop talking and start overthrowing: revolutionary efforts work more easy to show historically that most other values. Though it is fairly never be willing to risk them for values for mankind, or that I would my twin values are the supreme whatever it costs. To decide that political victory is worth any society whenever enough men decide that political victory is worth whatever it costs.

I would not want to suggest that my twin values are the supreme values for mankind, or that I would never be willing to risk them for other values. Though it is fairly easy to show historically that most revolutionary efforts work more harm than good, I can think of situations when I would want to stop talking and start overthrowing: Nazi Germany in 1940, say, or Boston in 1775.

Man was traditionally known as the rational animal; in that view reason was of man’s very essence. But it takes no great learning to remind us that much that we think of as distinctively human—love, poetry, martyrdom—can present itself in forms that seem to violate reason—or perhaps to transcend it. We can quote Pascal, who said that the heart can be turned on by reasons that reason cannot dig—or words to that effect. Tertullian is supposed to have said that he embraced his religious belief just because it was absurd. The young student who is impatient with the cautious weighings and probings and refusals of commitment that go on within every university is plainly in one great tradition of mistrust of reason that all of us must feel at one time or another.

Plato said that the worst fate that can befall a man is to become a misologist, a hater of reason; for him it was clear that since man is essentially reasonable, when he ceases to reason he ceases to be a man. I happen to believe this unfashionable doctrine. I also believe that when any society loses its capacity to debate its ends and means rationally, it ceases to be a society and becomes instead a mob, or pack, or a herd of creatures rather less noble than most animals. In America in recent years we have seen far too many of such herds—self-righteous bullying fanatics who know without listening that the speaker is wrong. There are many of our universities, so-called, where Karl Marx, say, or Miss Aptheker would be booted from the platform, even if the administration were to allow them to speak.

And on the other hand there have been some disturbing instances lately of left-wing students in first-class universities booing a speaker into silence. Whatever defenses may be offered for such rhetoric—the rhetoric of shouting a man down—it is not the rhetoric of a student. It is one mark of an honest man, as it should be the mark of an educated man, that he tries not to use a double standard in judging his friends and his enemies. Self-righteous bullying fanatics are self-righteous bullying fanatics, and they are as much a threat to the central values we defend when they bully on our side as when they bully on our enemy’s.

Our hold on reason is precarious; our institutions for giving it a chance are highly fragile. It would not really be surprising if 50 years from now no one in America will even know what I’m talking about tonight—such a transformation would not be greater than many that history has known. Men in that time would know something that most of you do not know—what it feels like never to be able to follow a thought where it might lead, openly, publicly.

Whether we move toward that genuine garrison state, that really total institutionalization of the mind, will depend in part, in very small but very real part, on how many of us here can manage—not in sermons like this, which are easy superficial substitutes for the day by day thinking that counts, but in our life as teachers and students—to reason together about what we care for most.

1 Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater sued Fact magazine over its publication of a 1964 survey of psychiatrists in which half claimed he was mentally unfit to be president. Afterward the American Psychiatric Association issued the so-called Goldwater rule, forbidding psychiatrists from commenting on people they have not examined.

2 Bettina Aptheker (b. 1944), political activist, radical feminist, then member of the Communist Party USA; now a distinguished professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

“We can quote Pascal, who said that the heart can be turned on by reasons that reason cannot dig—or words to that effect.”
After 20 years as a club, women’s lacrosse is finally a varsity sport, and team members (left to right) Veronica Myers, Katie Mott, Maya DeJonge, and Clare Brown are celebrating. The lacrosse team is the first addition to UChicago’s varsity sports program since women’s soccer in 1986. The team will play a heavier club schedule this spring to prepare for a full varsity schedule in 2019.

Second-years DeJonge and Myers and first-year Brown—who has played for England’s youth national teams—will help form the core of the varsity program. Mott graduates this spring.

While all four played in high school, some UChicago players didn’t pick up the game until arriving on campus. Coach Kate Robinson welcomes more of them as she builds for the future.

Speed and athleticism are more important to her than experience. “We need people who can take it from one end of the field to the other as fast as possible,” she says. “Great stick work and stick skills are a plus, but they can pick that up later.”

Robinson’s approach has worked before. She came to Whitman College (Walla Walla, Washington) in 2014 under similar circumstances: as the first coach of its women’s lacrosse team after it had been a club. At Whitman, she was named conference coach of the year in 2016 and 2017.

—Jeanie Chung

Myers (19) and Brown (3) are defenders, Mott (23) is a midfielder, and DeJonge (7) is an attacker (similar to a forward). Coach Robinson says her current team has been a big help recruiting next year’s players. A fall clinic on campus drew 55 high school students from across the country.
Trubetskoy outside the Henry Hinds Laboratory for Geophysical Sciences (N 41° 47'25", W 87° 36'05.9").
How Sasha Trubetskoy tried to break the internet with maps.

On his website, Sasha Trubetskoy, Class of 2019 (statistics), describes himself as an “internet-famous cartographer.” In his spare time he makes maps and posts them on Reddit. Some end up being seen by millions of people.

As told to Carrie Golus, AB’91, AM’93

I’ve always been super into atlases, maps, things like that. Other kids would read Harry Potter; I would read the atlas. In high school I’d go on Wikipedia, which has plenty of lists. I would digest those lists and put them on a map—countries by gross domestic product, something like that. When I was a high school junior in January 2014, we had a snow day. In Northern Virginia it takes about three inches of snow. Miami, they get a dusting and they close school. What about the rest of the country? There was no data, so I posted a survey on Reddit. Maybe a couple hundred people filled it out. I plotted those points on a map and eyeballed it, super unscientifically. Since Reddit was how I got my survey information, I was like, thanks, here’s what the map looks like. (continued on page 20)
Some of Trubetskoy’s stations have Anglo-Saxon names. These represent areas where Roman remains have been found, but the Latin names have been lost to history.
Then I went to sleep. I wake up, and my best friend is like, dude. He sends me a link to Atlantic.com. I’m thinking, Oh great, this is going to be some political article. I click on it—wow. The whole thing is dedicated to my little map.

I got an email at one point that was super scary and official sounding, asking for publication rights. I realized this was a book publisher. They paid me $300, which was mind-blowing, and put it in a book called America’s Best Infographics 2015.

My next big map was the one on the United States GDP. I was wondering, how can I split it into two halves that would be the most disproportionate looking, the most shocking? This was before Trump—it was 2014. People online made a lot of comments about the urban-rural divide.

I’m not trying to be political with my maps at all. I think they can be interpreted in a lot of different ways, which I think has helped my appeal. Everyone takes away their own message. For a lot of people, it’s a political message.

I post on a subreddit called Map Porn, the premier place for interesting maps on Reddit. If you post at around 8 or 9 a.m. Eastern time, that hits a critical amount of people who are not just awake but at work. They are not fully working yet, they’re browsing the internet.

I learned from Reddit that if a Canadian sees something that mentions Canada, they will upvote out of solidarity. You can game that. So I made a map of every Canadian province, if every Canadian province proposal had succeeded. Not many people know Jamaica was going to be part of Canada. That map got me on Huffington Post Canada.

I was like, Canada worked, let’s try Australia. Same idea, every Australian state proposal. That worked too.

A very popular recurring theme in viral maps is a fictional subway network of some sort. I can see why people like that. It’s cute, it’s...
FILMED IN VANCOUVER BUT SET IN ...

1. Seattle 22 films/shows
2. New York 15
3. Washington, DC 10
4. Chicago 8
5. San Francisco 7
6. Portland, OR 6
6. Los Angeles 5

Source: movienaps.org

THE 24 STATES OF AUSTRALIA
if all statehood proposals had succeeded

Winter 2018 / 21
“In Europe, red is typically the color of leftist or socialist coalitions, while blue is typically for right-of-center or populist parties,” Trubetskov explains on his website. He made this map in 2015.
“I’m not trying to be political with my maps at all. I think they can be interpreted in a lot of different ways, which I think has helped my appeal.”
—Sasha Trubetskoy, Class of 2019

The orange areas of this map, made in 2014, represent the 23 largest metropolitan areas by GDP.

The first people who came to me were a Spanish newspaper. The Roman legacy is huge in Spain. Then some Italian writers, British, recently some Japanese website. Mental Floss, Citylab, the Atlantic, Design Boom.

I put up a link for people to download it and print it into a poster. I think around 800 or so people did. The Paypal link said $9 by default. It came to around seven, eight thousand dollars. It’s been mind-blowing. And a lot of people sent more than $9. One guy from Germany sent 50 euros.

A handful of people tried to trick me. You can change the currency on Paypal, so they would send me like, nine yen. The best was nine Philippine pesos, which literally didn’t register as a single cent. So I had to decline that payment.
It’s only the second day of Ada Palmer’s history course, Censorship from the Inquisition to the Present. Already the class is deep into the vexed topic of “icky speech.”

Take Suehiro Maruo’s Ultra-Gash Inferno (Creation Books, 2001), from the “erotic grotesque” (“ero guro”) genre of Japanese comics. The first time she read it, Palmer says, she was so disgusted she threw up. The next day, just remembering the experience, she threw up again.

Palmer passes the book—held shut by flimsy, loose rubber bands—around the class. “If you want to take the rubber bands off, you can,” she says, “but I don’t recommend it.” For anyone brave enough to look, she’s included an additional safeguard: a sticky note over the worst part, “which is me censoring it,” she points out.

(The book demonstrates how censorship’s battleground is often at the margins, she explains later: “Few people would defend nauseating pornography, yet the book contains a protest about the postwar occupation of Japan—the kind of political speech that can be the most important to defend.”)

Palmer has long flowing hair; she’s wearing a long flowing blue cardigan, flared jeans with embroidered stripes down the sides, and chunky boots. The effect is not so much professorial as otherworldly, like a guide you might seek out on a difficult and frightening quest. In contrast, her coteacher Stuart McManus, a postdoctoral fellow at the Stevanovich Institute on the Formation of
"It's very parallel logic."

people who were at risk of damnation already," she says. Currency. "They thought atheism would only appeal to Lucretius than Luther, whose ideas might gain wider

2014), she characterizes the ancient Roman poet's ideas as much in favor of censorship." In the Netflix series 13 Reasons Why, for example, the protagonist kills herself in the final episode. "It's very visual and very direct."

The discussion bounces across centuries—from the Spanish Inquisition to the Parents Music Resource Center, whose campaign in the 1980s and '90s led to parental advisory labels on albums—and back to Seduction of the Innocent. The book claimed to offer proof that comics cause violence, but "Wertham manipulated, exaggerated, and sometimes completely fabricated his very scientific-seeming data," Palmer says. Its publication inspired book burnings across the country.

I don’t think it makes sense as an argument against censorship to say art has no effect," a male student points out. You have to have “respect for the power of art.”

A second male student counters that you can’t claim art causes suicide: such thinking is "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." Only people who had already suicidal thoughts would be affected.

“You remind me of people who wanted to censor Lucretius," says Palmer. In her first book, Reading Lucretius in the Renaissance (Harvard University Press, 2014), she characterizes the ancient Roman poet’s ideas as "proto-atheist."

But Renaissance censors were less worried about Lucretius than Luther, whose ideas might gain wider currency. “They thought atheism would only appeal to people who were at risk of damnation already," she says. “It’s very parallel logic.”

If you were told that reading this book could send you to Hell, would you keep reading?"

That’s the first sentence of Reading Lucretius in the Renaissance. An award-winning novelist as well as a historian, Palmer has managed to make her academic book into a page-turner.

Lucretius’ poem De rerum natura (On the Nature of Things), rediscovered in 1417, lays out the ideas of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, set in verse to make them more appealing. From the perspective of the Catholic Church, it promotes extremely dangerous ideas. There’s no divine plan. The gods don’t hear human prayer; they never intervene in our world. Perhaps most devastating, the soul is mortal and there is no afterlife.

And yet Lucretius was read. By 1600, 30 print editions of De rerum natura had been produced; more than 30,000 people bought it. How did a book with such outré ideas achieve such wide circulation? And what did its readers think?

To find out, Palmer painstakingly analyzed readers’ comments and other markings in 52 handwritten manuscripts and 172 print copies. She traveled to libraries in Berlin, London, Milan, Paris, and Vatican City, among others. Where she looked at the same book. Over and over and over again.

As various commentators have pointed out over the centuries, it’s rather dry reading. “One of the things I rarely confess,” says Palmer, “is that despite having devoted years of my life to it, I really don’t like reading De rerum natura as much as reading what people said about it.”

Based on the marginalia written during the 1400s and 1500s, Lucretius’s earliest readers cared most about Greek and Latin vocabulary, the poetry—especially lines that were similar to other classical authors—and mentions of famous people or places.

Machiavelli’s copy (written in his own hand) was a stark exception: his notes are clustered in the passages on atomism.

Atomism explained how the world could function without gods, laying the groundwork for atheism. It also raised the possibility that nature could operate by its own internal laws, an idea essential to modern science.

Most early readers breezed right past it. “The fact that Machiavelli was exceptional for his day should surprise no one," Palmer writes.

Palmer’s research belongs to a field called reception studies, or, less commonly, transformation studies, a term she prefers. “Reception implies that the object received is unchanged," Palmer says, “as if the Iliad in 1200 AD and the Iliad in 1500 AD, and the same Iliad we pull off the shelf in Barnes & Noble. That just isn’t true. We find new pieces, we take pieces away, we translate, we reinterpret. And the context in which we place and use things changes.”
"If you were told that reading this book could send you to hell, would you keep reading?"

—Ada Palmer, Reading Lucretius in the Renaissance
On the wall of Palmer’s office in Stuart Hall hangs her great-grandmother’s diploma. Ada Louise Wilcox, PhB 1913, studied education and went on to teach home economics at Northwestern. Palmer is named after her. Students who come to her office hours, she says, are often gratified to learn “how early women attended this university when they were excluded from so many.”

Palmer began her own career in academia by quitting high school. At 16 she enrolled in Simon’s Rock College of Bard in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Like the Hutchins College of the 1940s and early 1950s, Simon’s Rock admits precocious 16-year-olds lacking high school diplomas. She studied history at Bryn Mawr and Harvard, earning a PhD in 2009, then taught at Texas A&M University. She’s been at UChicago since 2014.

In addition to the censorship class, which was new this fall, Palmer teaches Italian Renaissance, Renaissance Humanism, Patronage and Culture in Renaissance Italy and Her Neighbors, and the Core course European Civilization I. This winter she’s teaching History of Skepticism.

Palmer is known for teaching through quirky yet studious play. “I play a lot,” says Palmer, who’s partial to board games and historical costumes; last spring she coorganized a Renaissance banquet (see recipe on page 32). “It’s a form of immersive recreation, after which you return refreshed to other things that you’re doing.”

Her course on the Italian Renaissance, for example, includes a live-action role-playing game: a papal election circa 1490. She gives each student a packet about one of 50 historical figures, along with each figure’s background, political allies, marriage alliances, coat of arms. The students negotiate, make alliances, trade money and titles, and compete to elect a pope, whose influence and military strength determine the outcome of a war.

If they had to memorize the material for a quiz, she says, they would struggle. But since it’s for a game, they know it inside out within a few days. She’s run the game four times, and the outcome is different every single time.

A sampling of the kind of evaluations she receives:

“Her lectures are like listening to someone tell really good stories.”

“I left the class feeling like I’d had a religious experience.”

“She got rounds of applause after the first and last days of class.”

“She’s literally the patron saint of the Italian Renaissance, Lorenzo de Medici reborn.”

Palmer’s driving passion is to understand
how ideas change over time. After early obsessions with World War I and the Enlightenment, she settled on the Italian Renaissance, a period when “ideas about science, religion, and the world which had developed in the Middle Ages suddenly met those of the ancient world,” she writes on her website. “All at once many beliefs, scientific systems, and perceived worlds clashed, mixed, and produced an unprecedented range of new ideas.”

Palmer brings the same set of preoccupations to her creative work, which she describes as “future historical fiction.” She’s written three books in the Terra Ignota series: Too Like the Lightning (2016), Seven Surrenders (2017), and The Will to Battle (2017), all published by Tor Books.

The fact that she’s published three novels in two years—while teaching, researching, and working toward tenure—is deceptive, Palmer says. She began writing the books in grad school; it took years to find a publisher.

In a talk at 57th Street Books last spring, Palmer described the world she’s created. The novels are set in the 25th century. In the same way that people of the Renaissance were fascinated by ancient Greece and Rome, the people of her imagined 25th century are fascinated by the Enlightenment.

Because of a system of flying cars, “you can go anywhere in two hours. The whole world is commuting distance. Socially speaking, that collapses the world into the neighborhoods of a city.” With geographic nations no longer important, children choose which nongeographic nation (called a “hive”) to join once they come of age.

Palmer came up with the idea while living at an academic institute in Florence, Italy, together with researchers from all over the world. Many of them had children, who very quickly “created their own pidgin language out of the 15 different languages they spoke.” The children had connections to two, three, sometimes four countries. The notion of citizenship to their country where they were born seemed arbitrary: “Citizenship was language, culture, connections, not geography.”

Contrary to the dystopian trend in recent fantasy and science fiction, Palmer’s world seems to be a utopia—but it’s underpinned by censorship. To prevent another Church War, all public talk of religion is banned. The books themselves begin with a page of censor’s permissions, warning the reader that the book “discusses religious beliefs of real and living persons and therefore is a particularly dangerous text that should be approached carefully.”
For the October 24 class on continental vs. British censorship practices, Palmer has brought a copy of the Catholic Church's 1948 Index Librorum Prohibitorum (Index of prohibited books).

The index was first published in 1559; the edition she's displaying on the overhead projector was the last. “Who still uses this in 1948?” someone wants to know.

“Pious people,” says Palmer.

After the Second Vatican Council, which brought far-reaching reforms to the church in the 1960s, the index was no longer produced. Nonetheless, “the Vatican still maintains a list of ‘discouraged’ films,” Palmer says. “The Avatar movie made it on.”

Today's assigned readings include the pamphlet Areopagitica (1644), subtitled A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicenc’d Printing, to the Parliament of England.

One student summarizes Milton's argument: “If you're a good person, a bad book isn't going to corrupt you. If you're a bad person, a good book isn't going to do anything.”

“In the context of his most famous work, knowledge of good and evil is inherent in humans,” another student adds. “The free exchange of ideas—good ideas and bad ideas in books—allows people to come to a greater understanding of good and evil.”

Palmer, who is prone to historical digressions, explains how itinerant pamphlet sellers—often on foot—brought printed news and sermons to even the smallest hamlets. Her description is so vivid, it's like she has traveled to Reformation England by TARDIS and observed such sellers personally.

Books were sold as “naked pages,” she continues; you had to take them to a bindery and choose the binding yourself. “Wealthy people have fancy covers. Poorer people have simple parchment, enough to protect the pages,” she says.

“When you go into a rare books library, you can tell at a glance: there's an aristocrat's copy, there's a scholar's copy.”

Did people who owned books read the entire thing? a woman wants to know.

“Great question,” says Palmer. “No. Even as far back as the 1560s, people were already complaining that wealthy people fill their houses with books and never read them.”

Another woman has a related question: Did you have to own a book to read it?

“Around universities there were book rental shops,” Palmer explains. “You were encouraged to write notes in the margins because it increased the value for the next reader.”

It also left a priceless written record for Palmer and other historians: an insight into what centuries-dead readers were thinking about as they read.

Like her Terra Ignota characters, who are not allowed to discuss religion or gender, Palmer has kept certain aspects of her life quiet over the years. In her previous teaching job, she told just one colleague that she wrote fiction. Her colleague's advice: don't tell anyone else, and publish under a pseudonym, or you won't be taken seriously in academia.

By the time Palmer was interviewing at UChicago, she had a book deal. She had not used a pseudonym. So she asked Tor not to make an announcement until her job search was over.

The success of those books brought her to the World Science Fiction Convention in Helsinki last August. Palmer was a finalist for the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, while Too Like the Lightning was a finalist for the Hugo Award for Best Novel.

When she won the Best New Writer Award, Palmer wrote in a blog post, she “mounted the stage with difficulty, leaning heavily on my cane.” She hadn't intended to, but she gave a speech about invisible disability.

“I have never discussed my invisible disability in public before,” Palmer wrote. But sometimes, like the night before the awards ceremony, “the pain sets in ferociously, too much to hide.” The cause of her chronic pain, Palmer explained, is complicated: Crohn's disease, polycystic ovary syndrome, and other factors.

In the same post Palmer, who was diagnosed during graduate school, explained why she self-censored for more than a decade. “Being public about disability (especially for women) so often results in attacks from the uglier sides of the internet, a dangerous extra stress while I'm working hard to manage my symptoms,” she wrote. She also worried that it might affect her academic future. (Palmer was awarded tenure this past December.)

On her “pain days,” she can't do anything except lie down. If she feels up to it, she watches Shakespeare DVDs. She estimates she lost 80 days to pain last academic year. In her blog post Palmer lists all the things she wanted to do, but couldn't: promotion for her second novel, a new CD with her folk band Sassafras, the fourth Terra Ignota book, more academic publications, more blogs.

Two years ago, she thought she might have to miss class to have surgery. For the first time, she told her students why.

This led to a long class discussion about invisible disability, mental illness as an invisible disability, how invisible disability is political. Afterward 12 different students came to her office hours to talk more and thank her for having the conversation.

The students’ “incredibly warm reaction” gave Palmer the strength to have similar conversations with her colleagues and department chairs. Since then, she’s told her students about her disability during the first meeting of every class. “It's been a very powerful experience,” she says, “beginning to talk about it openly.”
On November 28, the final class, an undergrad named Olivia has a censored text to share. It’s *Breaking Dawn* (Little, Brown, 2008) from the Twilight series, with the sex scene redacted by her mother. The class laughs uproariously.

“I really loved *Twilight* and wanted to read *Breaking Dawn*,” Olivia explains. “But my sister ratted me out to my mother. She half whitewashed, half Sharpied the book, so I could read it in the sixth grade.”

The pages, spread open on the overhead projector, have a sloppy mix of white and black over the offending lines. McManus picks at the tiny, uneven remnants of pages that were ripped out in their entirety.

(In the exhibit, Palmer explains later, the book will be displayed next to a Renaissance astronomy treatise that also features blacked-out text and missing pages, courtesy of the Inquisition.)

“It’s such a perfect example,” Palmer says with enthusiasm.

“I’m glad it can be put to use,” Olivia says.

One of the men in the class asks how Olivia felt. “I was like”—she shrugs. “I knew she was going to do it.”

The discussion circles around the claim that the same censorship act can feel less offensive if it’s done by a parent rather than a teacher or the Board of Education. “The closer to power, the sketchier the same book act can feel,” says Palmer.

“There’s a sense of care with a parent,” a woman student agrees. “That they’re doing it for your own good.”

Near the end of the class, Palmer returns to the notion of parental love. “In that context I wanted to talk about Diderot a bit.” Denis Diderot, the chief editor of the *Encyclopédie* (1751–72), was driven to preserve humanity’s achievements in case a new Dark Age should ever come.

Privately, he was an atheist who wrote “beautiful, subtle, intimate, magnificent pieces,” Palmer says. “The most philosophically sophisticated atheist of his time.” Yet he published nothing about atheism—not even anonymously. His work was not published until after the death of his daughter.

Her voice catches unexpectedly; Palmer is weeping. “His daughter was a devout Catholic,” she says. “He didn’t want her to be sad that he was going to hell. It’s one of the most touching cases I’ve found in the historic record.”

Diderot also wrote letters to the other intellectuals of the Enlightenment, asking them to self-censor: “Don’t criticize the king too much yet, don’t criticize the Church too much yet. We have to be silent until the Encyclopedia is done,” Palmer says. “In a sense Diderot is the person who most slowed down the Enlightenment” with his own self-censorship.

“How can we feel about that moment of complex tenderness and love?” she asks the class. “It challenges how we think about censorship. It’s another profound part of this conversation.”

Examples of marginalia and illustrations in copies of *De rerum natura*, reproduced in Palmer’s book. The sketches on the far left page depict possible shapes of atoms.
Recipe

RENAISSANCE COOKING

How do you make gnocchi without potatoes?

Last June more than 130 students, faculty, staff, alumni, and community members gathered at International House for a Renaissance banquet, organized by Daniele Macuglia, AM’10, PhD’17, and history associate professor Ada Palmer. The guests wore period costumes, feasted on period food (see banquet fare), and listened to lectures on Renaissance cuisine as well as live performances of polyphonic music.

The banquet recipes were adapted from Opera dell’arte del cucinare by Bartolomeo Scappi (1500–1577), who served as chef to two popes. Published in 1570, Scappi’s cookbook—which includes the earliest known illustration of a fork—collects 1,000 recipes from Renaissance Italian cuisine, before it was transformed by such New World additions as the tomato and the potato. The book was first translated into English in 2008.

—Carrie Golus, AB’91, AM’93

Banquet fare

Bread, olives, cheese, nuts, and figs

Prima portata:
Zuppaccia alla preboggion
(onion soup with parsley, cheese, and chard)

Seconda portata:
Coscette finocchiate
(chicken thighs with fennel, crushed almonds, parsley, cinnamon, and nutmeg)

Vegetarian:
Gnocchetti rivoli bianchi
(gnocchi cooked in butter sauce with fresh sage)

Frutta e formaggi:
Frutta a volontà
(apples, pears, grapes, figs, and cheeses)

Porta finale:
Sformatino croccante di canella
(crunchy cinnamon cake served with honey)
**Gnocchi recipe, 1570**

**Several ways to make and cook macaroni for a day in Lent.**

Get a pound of fine flour and a pound of grated bread that has been put through a fine sieve, and make up a dough with boiling water and olive oil mixed with a little saffron. On a table make the dough so it is not too firm, but well mixed together. When it is warmed up make the gnocchi—that is, macaroni—on the cheese grater and put them to cook in lightly salted boiling water. When they are done, take them out and put them into an earthenware or wooden vessel, putting on them a garlic sauce made with ground walnuts, cloves of garlic, pepper, and breadcrumb that has been moistened in hot water. Mix everything together and serve it garnished with pepper and cinnamon.

If, however, you want to make macaroni spread out with a rolling pin, make the dough a little firmer and let the sheet of it sit on a table a short while. Cut it with a pastry wheel into rectangular strips or some other way, however you like. Cook them in salted water and serve them like the ones above. Anyone who wants to can also cover them with green sauce.

*From Opera dell’arte del cucinare*

---

**Gnocchi recipe, 2018**

**Ingredients**

- 2 12 oz packages potato gnocchi
- 2 tbsp fresh sage leaves, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 c butter
- 1/4 c Parmesan cheese, grated
- 1/4 tsp salt
- 1/4 tsp fresh-ground black pepper

**Directions**

Cook gnocchi according to package directions. Melt butter in a skillet. Add garlic and sauté until soft and golden brown. Stir in the sage and salt, then add cooked gnocchi. Toss gently with the Parmesan cheese and the pepper. Sprinkle with additional Parmesan to serve.

Adapted from allrecipes.com
What is that outfit called?

I work in the Pritzker Nanofabrication Facility for a physics group that is working toward making a quantum computer. I fabricate circuits that are really tiny, on the scale of microns. Having a clean environment gives the circuits you’re making a better chance of working. If you get dust on them, or fuzz, or little particles of dirt, it can contaminate your process. So we wear these suits—we call them bunny suits—to keep anything that’s on us inside the suit and not in the clean room.

Is it a pain to put on? And don’t you get hot?

There are two stages to getting gowned up. In the first stage, you have to put booties over your shoes and a hairnet on. You also put on a beard cover, which is like a hairnet for your face. We use them because if you get spit on what you’re making—if you cough or something—that can ruin it.

Then you move into the next room, and you have this white zip-up jumpsuit that you get into. It’s really fibrous, like normal clothing but papery, similar to the gowns you’d get in a doctor’s office. You have a hood that goes over the hairnet. You have a pair of boots that go up to your knees, and then you put gloves on and tuck the ends of your suit into the gloves. Sometimes, depending on what you’re doing, you have to wear two pairs of gloves. The temperature and the humidity inside the clean room are monitored in order to keep all the processes the same, and it tends to run a little cold, so no, you don’t feel hot.

When all your coworkers are wearing the same thing, how do you tell anyone apart?

Some people write their names on the back of their suits. Eventually, if you’re in there a lot, you get to know everyone, and you can recognize them by their height, or you can walk up and awkwardly try to see their face underneath their mask. It’s weird; it starts to feel like a normal work space. Someone will be like, “How was your weekend?”

What’s up with the yellow light?

The clean room is divided into bays, and in some bays the lights are yellow. That’s because when we build our circuits, we start by evaporating metal onto an entire wafer. To make the circuit itself, we pattern the wafer and remove some of the metal. To do that, we coat the wafer with a viscous liquid called resist, and then we bake it, and it forms a soft plastic. Then we pattern the resist using either lasers or an electron beam. The yellow light makes the resist last longer.

Isn’t it difficult to work with small things when you’re wearing gloves?

Yeah, the stuff in the circuits can be smaller than the wavelength of light, which is trippy to think about. You do lose dexterity, but you get used to it. I haven’t dropped anything. I know people who have, though, and sometimes it’s surprisingly OK. I know someone who dropped his circuit facedown on the ground, and he cleaned it off, and it still worked.

Have you ever had to leave for something while you were still gowned up?

Once I was in the middle of cleaning the evaporator in our lab, which deposits metal onto wafers. I didn’t have to be fully gowned up, but I did have to wear a hair net, a mask, and gloves. I had to run out to get someone, and I stepped on an elevator that was full of 10 people. They looked at me like, “Oh my God, what is that?” I was like, “This is the science building. This can’t be the weirdest thing you’ve seen.”

—Edited and adapted by Anne Ford, AM’99
“An old sample that I helped to fabricate”: niobium on a sapphire wafer, Shearrow explained by email. This one wasn’t used because the circuit design was changed.

If the sample had been finished, “it would have been diced into 24 chips. Normally these circuits would be cooled down in the lab’s dilution refrigerators to 20 milliKelvin (past the temperature at which niobium goes superconducting) to be tested. For reference, outer space is about 2.7 Kelvin, so the fridges reach a temperature that is 100 times colder than outer space.”

Ordinarily Shearrow would use wafer tweezers, “so as not to contaminate the sample with anything that might be on my gloves. Since this sample won’t be used, it was all right to touch this one.”
"Segregation" and University Life

Of all the questions considered in the University since the last Autumn quarter, the proposed separation of the men and women students in the Junior College is without doubt much the most important.

If the separate instruction plan is carried out, it will mean that there will be a Junior College for men in a quadrangle on the Midway west of Cobb Hall, and a Junior College for women in a quadrangle on the Midway in the other direction.

In general a majority of the men seem to favor the change. But in a jocose manner they say seriously: “If they don't take the girls away from the University it will be all right.”

But most of the young women seem to be opposed. The alumnae are bringing pressure to bear on the trustees in the hope of causing the board to reject the plan. One trustee says they are indulging in hysteria. We believe that the fundamental cause for their fight is the fear that by some hidden scheme they are to be deprived of equal opportunity for higher education, which they are sure of when in the same classes as the men.

But we believe there is no doubt that in college life the girls of the U. of C. will make wonderful gains from the creation of a woman's college in the University. Many a girl in the halls has listened almost with envy to another tell of a year at a woman's college, and the delights of the college life of college girls together.

While the men want the virile life which comes from the comraderie [sic] of manly men together, and the girls that charm and character from daily life with live, womanly young women, we all want the university life, the feeling of partnership in the whole University of Chicago. The plan of the University administration seems to provide for the realization of all these desires in balance.

Beginning in 1902–03, the University briefly offered separate instruction for men and women during the first two years of undergraduate study. The experiment ended a few years later. The Chicago Maroon, the independent student newspaper since 1892 (known as the Daily Maroon until 1942), is 125 years old this academic year. Browse archival issues online at campub.lib.uchicago.edu.
A selection of small ads from
The Daily Maroon, October 1, 1902

Collage by Michael Vendiola

---

Spalding's Official Foot Ball Supplies
are used by all colleges and
athletic clubs, because they
stand the test.

Spalding's Official Intercolligate Foot Ball
is used in all championship games. Price $5.00.

Spalding's New Attachment for Foot Ball
Tackling Machine was invented by Mr. John
McMains, trainer of the Harvard team. It is
the best appliance of its kind ever invented. Price $5.00.

Spalding's Fall and Winter Sports Catalogues mailed free.
A. G. Spalding & Bros.,
New York Chicago Denver Portland Buffalo

---

E. BURNHAM
HAIR GOODS
ELECTROLYSIS
Office 70 and 72 State st.

UNIVERSITY
Home Restaurant
424 1/2 East 59th street

Light Breakfast 10 and 15 cents

Monday Lunch 10 and 15 cents

Full Dinner and Supper 25 cents

Meal tickets 21 meals $5.00
Commutation tickets $3.50 worth for $3.00

---

If You Are Sick
you will require
PURE MEDICINES
If you are well you will wish the best of
GENERAL SUPPLIES

Obtain these at
Avery's Pharmacies
55th and Monroe ave. 57th and Cottage Grove ave.

---

$23.30 Chicago to New York and Return
via Nickel Plate Road, on October 1, 4, 5, and 6, with return limit leaving New York October 14, 1902. Three trains daily at convenient hours. Vestibuled sleeping cars. American Club Meals, ranging in price from 35c. to $1.00 served in dining-cars on Nickel Plate Road; also meals a la carte. Chicago Depot, Harrison st. and Fifth ave. City Ticket Office, 711 Adams st. Phone Central 1657. Write John Y. Calahan, General Agent, 113 Adams st., Chicago, for particulars.

---

Dissecting Gowns, Sleeves, Aprons
AT RIGHT PRICES.

SHARP & SMITH,
Surgical Instruments and Hospital Supplies
92 Wabash ave., CHICAGO. 2 Doors north of Washington st.

---

"I'M LOOKING FORWARD"

WITH MUCH PLEASURE TO A CALL FROM THE READER, WHEN I WILL, WITHOUT DOUBT, CONVINCE YOU OF THE SUPERIORITY OF NOT ONLY MY LINE OF WORK, BUT THE GENERAL HIGH QUALITY OF MY WORK, WHICH HAS PLACED ME IN THE LEAD IN THIS BUSINESS IN CHICAGO.

YOU KNOW ME.

The Original 33 33 33 33 33
The Man 33 Adams st. 33 Cent. Letters in Hand and Phone Address 33 Dollar "Good Business" Suit

MY LEADER.

CARROLL S. McMILLEN, TAHLOK. No. 33. ADAMS ST.
Time drives everything before it, and is able to bring with it good as well as evil, and evil as well as good.

—Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince* (1513)