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For complete information about the trips, including links to available brochures, please visit alumniandfriends.uchicago.edu/studytrips. If you would like to be added to our travel mailing list, or for any travel-related questions, e-mail alumni-ed@uchicago.edu or call 800.955.0065.

SPACE IS LIMITED—BOOK TODAY!
In mid-April 550 high schoolers converged on the quads for one of several “admitted student overnights.” The University had sent them golden tickets—letters of admission to the College—a few weeks earlier, and now it was their turn to do the choosing: they had until May 1 to pick which school they’d attend this fall.

They came to Hyde Park to immerse themselves (and parents and siblings) in the UChicago lifestyle, culture, environment. They stayed in dorms, sat in on classes, and took architectural and historical tours. They attended sessions on student life, study abroad, financial aid, and how to prepare for a career in a number of fields. The schedule was impressive, and with temperatures in the low 60s and a mix of sun and clouds, it was easy to see how the experience could ensure the right students: this is the place for me.

If only there were overnights for preschool. Choosing a new day care and preschool for our two kids, my husband and I visited the classrooms for a few minutes, exchanged waves and a few sentences with some teachers, and sat down with the director. Hardly immersion. But even though 14 years separate my older child from the prospective Maroons, we are asking questions similar to entering college parents: Will my child learn? thrive? grow emotionally and intellectually? connect with teachers? make friends? eat right? exercise? get enough rest? be happy? Is this the right place, or at least a very good place, for our kids?

Sadie Stein, AB’03, says she found herself, and her friends, at the U of C (read her essay on page 66). My kids don’t need to find themselves yet, but friends would be nice. To feel safe and cared for, and to learn the basics they’ll need for their next step in life.

So yes, in 14 years, I hope and fear, we’ll be going through this process again—immersion style.
LETTERS

Warning: I have found that some of these sights, sounds, and smells (“Visceral UChicago,” Mar–Apr/12) may be time and person specific, but to me they are reminders of my four years (1956–60) at U of C.

1. The night in 1959 the White Sox defeated the Cleveland Indians 3–2 to win their first American League pennant since the Black Sox scandal. To celebrate the event Mayor Daley (a White Sox fan) set off all the city’s air-raid sirens, undoubtedly scaring Chicagoans who were not White Sox fans and causing some survivalists to head to their air-raid shelters.

2. Standing around the piano with classmates, singing Black Friar songs and other Chicago favorites, most notably “C Stands for Cherry Cordial” and “Gaudeamus Igitur.”

3. Listening to Mike Nichols, X’53, and Elaine May do improv at the old Compass Tavern, before they moved their act to Second City on the North Side and altered American comedy history.

4. The monochromatic contrast of the City Gray under a blanket of new-fallen winter snow, watched by gargoyles on Cobb Gate.

5. The smell of books under lock and key in the caged pornography section of Harper Library.

6. And who can forget the savory crunch of a Vienna red hot dog nestled in a sesame seed bun, topped with mustard (never ketchup!), bright green relish, pickle slices, tomato slices, two sport peppers, and celery salt, accompanied by a clear cream soda and arainbow cone (available at the Rainbow Cone Store at 92nd and Western) for dessert.

7. The smell of sweat and chlorine in Bartlett Gym where we sat for our six-hour final exams in Common Core courses every spring.

8. The sound of applause when a play I had worked on was a success.

Jim Best, AB ’60
Kent, Ohio

Dan Dry returns

The Mar–Apr/12 Magazine is fantastic. I am enjoying the new format. Especially pleased to see the return of Dan Dry, if only for one article (“One Door Closes”). His photography was the greatest asset of the Magazine for years.

Richard A. Sachs, AB ’70
Grantham, New Hampshire

Former Magazine staff photographer Dan Dry also shot the Mar–Apr/12 cover and the portrait of Dario Maestripieri in “Bobo Soprano.”—Ed.

We’re blushing, thanks

Please let me congratulate you on a splendid issue (Mar–Apr/12). The Maestripieri article on nepotism (“Bobo Soprano”) was a particular gem. I read the Harvard, McGill, Oxford, and Chicago alumni magazines regularly, so I have some basis for comparison. I am not myself a Chicago graduate (my wife and daughter share that distinction), but I know good writing and good editorial work when I see it.

Irving Massey
Buffalo, New York

Easy on the eyes

Thank you for preserving the readability of the magazine. My 78-year-old eyes do not do well with medium-gray type on a slightly lighter gray background. I know everyone can count, but I have some navigation problems when only one of every four or five pages is numbered. And some of these graphic experiments are more appropriate in an art gallery than in a magazine.

So thank you, your staff, and your designers for avoiding all that and producing a magazine that is both elegant and professional. Elegant yet professional is not an easy target to hit, so again congratulations.

Richard A. Karlin, AB ’55, SB ’57
Pittsburgh

Humble souls

Thank you for your wonderful feature of Professor George Anastaplo, AB ’48, JD ’51, Ph.D. ’64 (“One Door Closes,” Mar–Apr/12). When I graduated from Chicago and attended Loyola Law School, I experienced a little culture shock in being outside of the Hyde Park cocoon of intellectual intensity.

Then I took constitutional law with Professor Anastaplo. He took us through fascinating dissections of pre-constitutional documents and side-by-side comparisons of them, opening my eyes to the impact a single word or phrase could have on the intent of a document, and the resulting basis for a nation. I felt I was home again in his classes, where he encouraged us to think beyond accepted interpretations and to explore literature and philosophy’s impact on law.

In him, there was no grandiosity, no arrogance, just a pure love of teaching. He might have teased or pushed for better answers, but never belittled a student the way many others might.

One of my favorite memories is of driving with him to the U of C campus to hear Fred Korematsu speak at the Law School about his internment camp experience and the resulting Supreme Court case. Seeing these two men meet for a photo, I realized I was witnessing two of the same: humble, strong individuals who would not let the force of popular thought sway their steadfast beliefs in constitutional protections.

I am so pleased Professor Anastaplo has continued to engage, challenge, and energize more generations of law students. I trust he has no idea how significant his contributions as an educator of lawyers have been, because he’s simply too busy going about the business of living and learning.

Jessie Wang-Grimm, AB ’90
Western Springs, Illinois

Principled facilitator

Congratulations on printing the article about George Anastaplo. It was a long overdue tribute to a man who lived and worked his entire life always remaining true to his principles, no matter what.
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**LETTERS**

I first met George in 1951, when he joined our staff at the University’s Industrial Relations Center, headed by Professor Robert K. Burns, PhD ’42. I was working there as a project director developing a supervisory training program to be used by a number of industries. We worked under the direct supervision of Howard Johnson, AM ’47, who later in his career served as president of MIT.

Our first project was to develop a training program for the New York Central Railroad consisting of 13-hourly sessions wherein foremen could lead a discussion examining the free enterprise system. We had an eclectic group of economists, social scientists, and writers. We needed skilled writers who could break down complex economics and put together discussion materials in everyday language. We also had to train the foremen on how to lead discussion groups.

When George joined our group, he immediately went to work, polishing the language of our texts and taking on whatever other duties he was assigned. We later developed similar programs for other companies such as Corn Products and the J. L. Hudson Company.

I left the center in 1955, but George stayed on some time until moving to student housing. In 1962 my father was born while my parents lived in married-student housing. In 1962 my father was hired to teach medieval history at Harpur College, subsequently the State University of New York, Binghamton.

**The delightful paean to the irascible octogenarian contained an editing error.**

The delightful paean to the irascible octogenarian George Anastaplo contained an editing error. Justice Black may have spoken to his colleague Justice Brennan about Anastaplo. However, William Brennan was never chief justice.

*Seymour J. Adler, AM ’58
Twin Lakes, Wisconsin*

**That’s P-R-I-T-C-H-E-T-T**

I found the piece by Richard Mertens on George Anastaplo to be both well balanced and well written. However, I did want to point out that Mr. Mertens misspelled the name (on page 44) of C. Hermann Pritchett, PhD ’37, as “C. Hermann Pritchard.” A small thing but still off-putting. Professor Pritchett, who died in 1995, was a former chair of the political-science department and a distinguished member of the profession who served a term as president of the American Political Science Association, facts that could have been found (along with the correct spelling) by checking his University obituary on Google (under the right spelling, of course).

*Donald B. Rosenthal, AM ’60, PhD ’64
Charlotte, North Carolina*

**More on Pritchett**

Excellent issue (Mar–Apr/12). However, I found an unusual occurrence: a misspelling of the name of one of my favorite professors: C. Hermann Pritchett (page 44).

Pritchett was an astute analyst of the record of the US Supreme Court and of the way that the mindsets of the individual justices influenced its decisions. I hope that, somewhere in eternity, Pritchett reads this article (I am sure he would forgive your misspelling his name).

*Craig Leman, AB ’46
Corvallis, Oregon*

**Brennan: not chief justice**

Outstanding article about a very exceptional man, whom I know slightly and should have known better. However, there’s an error in the article: William Brennan was never the chief justice of the United States.

*Alan L. Seltszer, PhD ’72
Beltsville, Maryland*

**Mystery cover ...**

The Mar–Apr/12 issue is great, and the packet of letters on the front cover is handsome and intriguing. Who is Virginia Darrow? I read the article on Anastaplo twice to try to make the connection.

*Diantha Horton
Roswell, Georgia*

**Ms. Horton and other readers intrigued by our cover can learn more about Mrs. Darrow in the letter below.—Ed.**

... Explained

I was pleased and surprised to see my mother’s name (Virginia Darrow [Og- gins]) on the Mar–Apr/12 cover. But I was also surprised that, apart from a caption on the contents page identifying her as U-High ’44, AB ’48, AM ’59, there was no further mention of her in the story on George Anastaplo, who wrote her the 1948 letter shown on the cover. I am therefore writing with a brief résumé of her subsequent life to, in a sense, round out the picture.

Eight years after the letter’s postmark, my mother married my father, Robin Ogins, AB ’52, AB ’58, AM ’59, PhD ’67. My two sisters and I were born while my parents lived in married-student housing. In 1962 my father was hired to teach medieval history at Harpur College, subsequently the State University of New York, Binghamton.
A squirrel and a gargoyle walk into Jimmy’s...

Send us your best jest.

The University of Chicago Magazine invites you to provide a punch line that’s as UChicago as squirrels, gargoyles, and Jimmy’s.

If your entry tickles our funny bone, we’ll print it in an upcoming issue and send you a UChicago sweatshirt (available in either squirrel or gargoyle gray). Entries must be printable and must be received by July 1, 2012 (send to uchicago-magazine@uchicago.edu with “Joke Contest” as the subject line).

As ubiquitous as campus gargoyles and squirrels, the Magazine offers fresh news and views from campus and alumni | award-winning writing | bimonthly print issues | biweekly e-newsletters | scores of web exclusives at mag.uchicago.edu | daily tweets

Have a few dollars squirreled away? We welcome gifts of any size, and if you give $50 or more, we’ll send you a deck of UChicago-inspired cards (lots of gargoyles but, sorry, no squirrels). See the cards at magazine.uchicago.edu/cards.

mag.uchicago.edu/makeagift
and we moved to Vestal, New York, where, except for two years when we lived in London, my parents have lived ever since.

My mother taught nursery school for a time; edited issues of the journals *Mediaevalia* and *Acta*; coedited, with Paul Szarmach, *Sources of Anglo-Saxon Culture*; published four scholarly articles of her own; and contributed greatly, both in research and in editing, to my father’s work. She has always been a dedicated and passionate lover of the environment, serving for two decades on the Vestal Conservation Advisory Commission and the Broome County Environmental Management Council. In 2009 the Susquehanna Group of the Sierra Club presented her with its fifth Lynda Spickard Environmental Award for her environmental contributions.

As is true for her friend George Anastaplo, she has lived “a life of principle as far as [she] understood it.” She, and my father, can be reached at roqqins@binghamton.edu.

Cy R. Oggins, AB’82
Sacramento, California

In addition to Mr. Oggins’s update on his mother’s life and work, Mr. Anastaplo notes that Virginia Oggins was cleaning out her home and offered to return his long-ago correspondence, which explains why the packet of letters was on his desk when our photographer visited.—Ed.

Sharp memory

Re: “One Door Closes,” your profile of George Anastaplo. I was surprised to see no mention of his mentor and defender, U of C Law School professor Malcolm Sharp. A previous article about Anastaplo (*Chicago* magazine 1982, by Andrew Patner, X’81) notes that among the very few of the Law School’s faculty to support him, “Malcolm P. Sharp was to become his strongest advocate and the two formed a close friendship that lasted until Sharp’s death at 83 in 1980.” It was Professor Sharp who assisted Anastaplo to file his noted appeal in 1953. Sharp was remembered by his colleagues in tributes after his retirement for his long years of “deep concern” with Anastaplo’s case (see Harry Kalven, AB’35, JD’38, *University of Chicago Law Review*, Winter 1966).

I became acquainted with Professor Sharp’s history and accomplishments when I was researching my father’s tribulations as a graduate student at the U of C. A young Army Air Corps veteran, he was trying to support his family by working at the Argonne National Laboratory. When, in 1947, President Truman’s Loyalty and Security Program was implemented, my father was charged by the Atomic Energy Commission with being “an ideological communist,” though never a Communist Party member. Because of his local union leadership, my father was also charged of associating with people who were reputed to be communists, employed by the union at the national level. These charges (of thinking and of indirect association) threatened not only to end his employment at Argonne but also his and his family’s reputation and future livelihood. It was Professor Sharp who defended him (successfully) in a dramatic but secret hearing in June 1948.
Thousands of College alumni have shown their commitment this year* by making a gift. Inspired by this outpouring of support—and to encourage more alumni to give—our University Trustees have posed a participation challenge.

When 5,000 additional College alumni make a gift between March 1 and May 31, the Board of Trustees will give $500,000. Please join with your alumni peers to meet the Trustee Participation Challenge.

*UChicago fundraising year is July 1-June 30.
Anastaplo responds

I appreciate the generosity of your Mar–Apr/12 article about my career, “One Door Closes.” One could not have reasonably anticipated, more than a half century ago when University of Chicago authorities proved so dubious about my bar-admission stance, that there would ever be, in a University publication, this kind of recognition.

It is noticed in your article that our then new Law School dean [Edward H. Levi, U-High’28, PhB’32, JD’35], when my troubles with the Illinois Bar began, proved to be (because of his understandable concern for the Law School’s reputation) quite critical of what I was doing. But there should also be said about him what I said in a May 2011 interview posted on the Chicago Bar Association website: “This man had a career in which the more powerful he got, the better he was. He ended up in a very high position in government [attorney general]—and he was very good at it.”

I found most intriguing the report in your article that an imminent appointment of me to a post in our College, ever so many years ago, was stymied because I was considered by some University faculty to be too much of a disciple of Leo Strauss. What makes this particularly curious is that I have always seemed to have been suspected, by some “official” Straussians, of not being “Straussian” enough.

Even so, my own Leo Strauss credentials do include a two-sentence letter (of June 22, 1961) I received from him after I sent him my Petition for Rehearing to the United States Supreme Court (see anastaplo.wordpress.com). This supposed “neocon” could write me on that Cold War occasion: “This is only to pay you my respects for your brave and just action. If the American Bench and Bar have any sense of shame they must come on their knees to apologize to you.” (An article by me, about Mr. Strauss, appeared in the Winter 1974 issue of your magazine.)

Your article has been, during the past year, one of several gratifying recognitions of my career. These have included, besides the Chicago Bar Association interview already referred to, a Graham School celebration of my 55 years of service with the University’s Basic Program of Liberal Education for Adults, a panel in March 2012 at the John Jay College in New York City about my bar-admission case, and a Midwest Political Science Association Convention panel in April 2012 about my scholarship.

The only lamentable aspect of all this has been that my wife, Sara Prince Anastaplo, AM’49, has “gallantly put up with [him] for six decades.”

Anastaplo’s wife, Sara Prince Anastaplo, AM’49, has “gallantly put up with [him] for six decades.”

Surprisingly honest

Great article (“One Door Closes”). Surprisingly honest for an alumni mag. Makes me more likely to read all the articles from now on.

Ellwood Carter, AM’72, PhD’03

Remarkably honest

The article “Bobo Soprano” is remarkably honest; surprising that the nepotistic professors at the campus didn’t organize to censor it: “At the University of Chicago, many students supervised...
by well-established professors happen to also be the sons and daughters of other well-established professors.”

Michael R. Watson, AB’98
Cottage Grove, Wisconsin

All faculty are mafioso?
Great article. I have certainly known U of C department chairs worthy of the comparison to Tony Soprano. And sometimes even to Al Swearengen of Deadwood.

Jesse Jensen, AB’00
Chicago

From merits to money
[Nepotism] could affect American education quite deeply in a different way. Because the United States has been relatively meritocratic, wealthy and middle-class parents alike who want to give their children better odds at succeeding have poured whatever resources necessary into getting their children a better (or at least an elite) education—including sending their progeny to institutions like the University of Chicago. Once nepotism holds sway, what’s the point? The focus will move away (even more) from learning advanced disciplines to glomming onto wealthy friends and hoping their fathers will vouch for you.

Daniel Niland, AB’91
Seattle

Who gets credit for REM?
I received my PhD in physiology at the time that Dr. Eugene Aserinsky, PhD’53, wrote his thesis on rapid eye movement and its relationship to dreaming in sleep (“Night Shift,” Mar–Apr/12). Dr. Aserinsky was my friend until his death. I served unsuccessfully as a subject for his thesis study. I never fell asleep.

I recall that Aserinsky was assigned by Dr. [Nathaniel] Kleitman [PhD’23] to study the effect of a meat diet on the sleep pattern of infants. While at work on this project, Dr. Aserinsky noted movements under the closed eyelids of the children. All of the immense body of work on sleep and dreaming flows from this observation.

This discovery was Aserinsky’s alone. Dr. Kleitman deserves credit for supporting the continuation of the project. Mysteries surrounded the work as it evolved. ... The myth continues, but the facts support Aserinsky as the sole discoverer of the pattern of eye movement during sleep.

Paul Nathan, PhB’46, PhD’53
Boynton Beach, Florida

Let’s move to Mexico
I read your article “Salud” on the Mexican equivalent of our future national health care called Seguro Popular (UChicago Journal, Mar–Apr/12). If I read the article correctly, it had a budget last year of $12 billion to cover about 52 million Mexican citizens. That equates to a per capita expenditure of $240 for a year of medical care. If Obamacare could help our citizens at the same per capita expense, I am sure it would be welcomed here in the United States. I believe we are trying to cover 36 million Americans, so our budget ought to be about $8.5 billion for the program. Yet I understand it will start at approximately $70 billion and escalate from there.

Can anyone wonder why there is such strenuous objections to this US program and its potential to waste even more taxpayer dollars? Let’s nominate David Garcia-Junco Mach-
Barack Obama’s historic 2008 presidential campaign? Instead, Mr. Gierosky objects to Axelrod’s “support of the policies of” Presidents Clinton and Obama. But supporting the policies of a president—any president—does not disqualify anyone from teaching at a university. If it did, the candidates for faculty positions at the University would be few indeed.

One of the most important lessons I learned at the University of Chicago was tolerance for all opinions, even—especially—those with which I disagreed. It is a shame that Mr. Gierosky has never learned this.

Ezra Deutsch-Feldman, AB’09
Bethesda, Maryland

Wrong

The good news: the new format of the Magazine is great. For whatever reason, I pick it up and read it, as I did with the Mar–Apr/12 issue.

The bad news: as a graduate of Chicago Booth, I was stunned to see the left-leaning nature of the magazine (and the University).

Seriously, David Axelrod is committed to keeping the institute nonpartisan? The evidence thus far is to the contrary. Not only is it laughable with Axelrod as the leader, but if the January 19 panel is representative of what’s to come, then there is little hope for a “fair and balanced” dialogue and students would be better served elsewhere.

Poor Thomas Frank, AM’89, PhD’94 (“Voice of Descent,” UChicago Journal, Mar–Apr/12). Is he asperated because his views and those of the majority of America have been steadily losing, even if admittedly facing a bump in the road with Obama? He traces the financial crisis to free-market philosophy? I guess he’s never heard of the Community Reinvestment Act, originally passed during Carter’s administration and expanded during Clinton’s. Perhaps he needs to be schooled at Booth to grasp the unintended consequences of this foolish legislation. His read on the tea party agenda plays to his leftist audience but fails to accept its prime focus: retaining liberty and fiscal sanity. It is simply factual that trillion-dollar deficits are unsustainable and tax increases are simply not a solution.

“Salud”: a nice story but with a yet-to-be-written tragic ending. Why would Chicago fail to caution of the certain ending? This “system” cannot and will not work. Not there. Not here.

All this said, I look forward to the next issue.

Robert W. Gray, MBA’90
Alpharetta, Georgia
Expressions of dismay about David Axelrod’s appointment are laughable.

Alumni and Friends e-newsletter, February 28, 2012 [See “Scalia’s an Original,” page 27.—Ed.]. As far as I can tell, the only ideas he has are stripping the people of the United States of any and all protections of our liberty, and making it possible for corporations to desecrate the planet at will. These are hardly “original” ideas. I am offended at the title of your piece, especially when I have received so many requests for donations from you.

Clearly, the University has changed since I went there. You used to be a staunch bastion of progressive thought. Now you seem to be quite conservative.

James Kenney, AB’68
Kensington, California

Chicago school contributions

To impress upon the distinguished audience attending the Becker Friedman Institute for Research in Economics about the significant contributions to world order made by the Chicago school, particularly Professor Milton Friedman, AM’33, quoting George Will on the fall of communism was both inadequate and inappropriate (“Policy Matters,” UChicago Journal, Mar–Apr/12). Soviet communism fell for several reasons unrelated to free market and private property economics—its resource inability to match the increase of Reagan’s defense expenditures, the realization that its technological innovation program had fallen far behind when 80 of its MIGs supplied to Syria were downed by Israeli fighters without a single loss in the 1982 Lebanon war, among others. Indeed, the period following the downfall is best described as a grab for monopoly power by a new Mafia.

President Zimmer should have quoted premier and general secretary of the Communist Party of China Zhao Ziyang who, even more than Deng Xiaoping, initiated an economic revolution by introducing Chicago-based economic reforms, which significantly changed the pattern of trade and raised standards of living throughout the world. In Zhao’s book Prisoner of the State (Simon and Schuster, 2009), he notes that: “Friedman’s ideas and advice played an important role in shaping economic policies in post-Mao China.” Thirty years ago China was truly backward; now it is testing the United States in both economic growth and size. In 1988 China was on the path to hyperinflation and once again Premier Zhao consulted with the most prominent monetarist and the leading authority on the causes and cures of inflation. “Socialism with Chicago characteristics” would be more apt than the current popular description.

Bertrand Horwitz, AB’49, AM’51
Asheville, North Carolina

Fuller picture of self-injury

“Injurious Behavior” (UChicago Journal, Jan–Feb/2012) seems to imply that there is one unified “psychological model of self-injury,” and that this model “ignores the cultural and social forces surrounding the practice.” The field of psychology is actually much more complex, nuanced, and interwoven with “cultural and social forces” than the author makes it appear. Of its many often competing philosophies, the medical model is just one. Additionally, I cannot fathom that the psychotherapists and psychologists who are my supervisors and professors would ignore a client’s cultural and social context. (I am a first-year master’s student in counseling psychology at Northwestern, and I work with severely mentally ill clients, some of whom engage in suicidal and nonsuicidal self-injury.) In sum, generalizations are nearly always false and are made at the expense of critical discourse, so please keep them out of your stories.

Victoria You Moore, AB’07
Chicago

Yes, Michigan

Thank you for your story about author Bonnie Jo Campbell, AB’84 (“Freedom Writer,” UChicago Journal, Jan–Feb/12). One of the lasting benefits I value from getting a bachelor’s degree in chemistry from the College is a love for reading, particularly fiction.

I fell in love with Michigan’s natural beauty (and my wife, Odette) while earning graduate degrees in chemistry from Michigan State University, and even worked in the Kalamazoo area at the Upjohn Company in between getting MS and PhD degrees at MSU. When I read that Ms. Campbell’s book...
was set in the Kalamazoo area, where she grew up, and that her writing has been compared to that of Mark Twain and John Steinbeck, I knew I had to get *Once Upon A River*. It’s a powerful piece of fiction from an author who truly wraps Michigan’s natural attributes into her work, much like Jim Harrison often does in his Michigan-set novels and novellas. I highly recommend her book, and I look forward to reading more from Ms. Campbell. Thanks too for your efforts to highlight alumni fiction writers.

Tim Rydel, AB’81
St. Charles, Missouri

**Co-op memories**

After 50 years, the Seminary Co-op Bookstore will be moving out of its original space, its cherished home in the basement of the Chicago Theology Seminar. As UChicago alumni who recognize the importance and uniqueness of the Co-op, we will be documenting it before its imminent move late this summer. We will miss the sense of intimacy created by low ceilings and unbroken walls of books, as well as the sense of physical discovery experienced as you walk through the labyrinth of its current space. It’s become clear that a serious attempt to capture the inimitable atmosphere and character of the Co-op must include not only photographs but also stories and videos. We invite you to participate in this project in any way—to have your portrait taken in the bookstore, share your favorite Co-op memory (written or via audio interview), submit any artifacts or memorabilia you have from the Co-op for exhibition/archival in Special Collections, or to submit old photographs that include the Co-op. Please contact Jasmine and Megan at sem.coop.project@gmail.com. We look forward to hearing from you.

Jasmine Kwong, AB’06, and Megan E. Doherty, AM’05, PhD’10
Chicago

**Ad placement**

The back cover of the Jan–Feb/12 issue consisted of an advertisement for the Susan G. Komen Foundation. How can you accept advertising from this group, which has turned from its original purpose into a monstrous regiment in war against women? I don’t care how many resignations and clarifications they make: they should be off the list of acceptable advertisers.

Ellen Karnofsky Hubbard, AB’65, AM’67
Oxford, United Kingdom

**Department of corrections**

In “Night Shift” (Mar–Apr/12), we mistakenly attached the Chicago degrees of sleep expert Gerry Vogel, SB’51, MD’54, to Allan Rechtschaffen, professor emeritus in psychiatry, psychology, and the College. Rechtschaffen earned his doctorate in psychology from Northwestern University in 1956. We regret the error.

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

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**Blast from the Past**

I was amused in the 1960s when I saw myself portrayed in Saul Bellow’s *Herzog*. Must have been I—who else taught comparative anatomy at the U of C in the early ’60s and had a pet monkey? I did not know Bellow, but I used to take exotic animals out to the quadrangles in the early evening to play, and I’m sure I was regarded as a campus character.

Richard A. Spieler, AB’52, PhD’62, in the June 1995 issue
The Pritzker path

**As the Pritzker School of Medicine moves into the US News top ten this year, Dean for Medical Education Holly Humphrey, MD'83, discusses the school’s priorities.**

**HUMPHREY** Taking a rigorous approach to advancing the study of medicine, Pritzker faculty and students instill in themselves and one another a habit of active learning—a skill essential to clinicians and teachers. In turn, students and residents are exposed to and motivated by active and engaged faculty and colleagues. Our students and residents often pursue careers in academic medicine, as evidenced by historically high percentages of those who are members of medical-school faculties across the country. Our educational programs help us work together as a community to support developments in medical education and to ensure that we continue to learn and grow as educators in our own right.

**M** How will the Bucksbaum Institute, meant to improve the doctor-patient relationship, change Pritzker’s culture?

**H** While we have always aimed to provide our students with the tools and the understanding of a potentially transformative relationship, the Bucksbaum Institute provides more in-depth resources to support the patient-doctor relationship. These resources will likely come in an array of means and modes—financial support, shared expertise from medical faculty and from scholars and learners from other disciplines, mentorship, and so on. The Bucksbaum Institute’s creation is a powerful reminder of the deeply meaningful patient-doctor relationship often forged during especially difficult and vulnerable periods.

**M** How does the Bowman Society Lecture Series, named for James E. Bowman, professor emeritus in pathology and medicine and the Biological Sciences Division’s first tenured African American, fit with Pritzker’s overall approach to teaching students about the diverse set of patients they might encounter in their careers?

**H** We believe that students who are aware of, and sensitive to, the prevalence of health-care disparities will better serve their future patients and entire patient populations. The Bowman Society echoes this sensibility by bringing the University community together to focus attention on scholarship that is important to the health care of minority communities and to provide support and career development to individuals at all levels of training in order to support multicultural diversity in the Biological Sciences Division.

**M** Where does research come in?

**H** Each Pritzker student is required to pursue a mentored scholarly project in one of five tracks: scientific investigation, medical education, quality and safety, community health, or global health. We encourage our students to dig deep into an area of scholarship that is both of interest to them and through which they believe they can make meaningful contributions to science and medicine.

**M** What areas of medicine attract the majority of Pritzker students?

**H** The majority of our students pursue residency programs in internal medicine. In the past six years, 21–26 percent of the class has matched into this specialty. While many Pritzker graduates will continue their training after residency by pursuing a subspecialty fellowship, others will work as general internal medicine physicians, both in private practice and in academic medicine.

**M** How will the New Hospital Pavilion, scheduled to open in 2013, improve student learning?

**H** The New Hospital Pavilion will give students the opportunity to engage with sophisticated medical technologies in a digitally connected environment, immersing themselves more fully in the multidisciplinary nature of the practice of medicine. Although our students will be learning and training in a highly advanced and new environment, it is also important to recognize that they will continue to be taught by faculty entirely committed to their education. Regardless of venue, the Pritzker School of Medicine places great emphasis on providing students with a rigorous education supported by invested, accomplished faculty who teach about the broad scope of medicine—both in the basic and clinical sciences.

**M** In 2010 you edited *Mentoring in Academic Medicine*. What’s the most valuable thing you’ve learned about mentoring?

**H** The most important thing that I gained by having extraordinary mentors and then taking a deep look into the scholarly work in the field is the multi-generational impact of strong, effective mentoring. A single mentor can have a profound effect on students and residents for years to come. “Memes” are the cultural analogues to genes, serving as a basis for explaining the spread of ideas, values, and beliefs from one generation to the next. In serving as a mentor, one has the privilege of sharing knowledge, expertise, insight, and experience in a similar fashion, which can ultimately affect generations far beyond the most immediate recipient.
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Rocky Kolb
Professor in the Department of Astronomy and Astrophysics at the University of Chicago.
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Downtown Gleacher Center
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Information Sessions
Wednesday, June 27 or
Tuesday, July 10, 2012
6–7:30 pm
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Her best shot

Taylor Simpson, the Division III women’s basketball player of the year, casts a wide net.

ATHLETICS

A fourth-year aspiring heart surgeon majoring in visual arts, Taylor Simpson has taught art in India and founded the UChicago chapter of a public-health nonprofit providing medical care in Honduras and Panama. She’s also the 2012 Division III women’s basketball player of the year.

Simpson led the Maroons to a school-record 27 wins and a second straight NCAA tournament appearance, where they lost in the Sweet Sixteen to Calvin College, their only defeat of the season. Simpson averaged 12.7 points and 8.1 rebounds per game. Her 3.81 grade-point average also earned her academic all-American honors.

“We’ve had some amazing kids in our program, but in fairness to Taylor, she’s doing things away from athletics that very few others are doing now,” head coach Aaron Roussell says. “She’s getting more out of the University of Chicago than anyone I’ve ever come across here, but she is giving back more than anyone else as well.”
When she arrived on campus from Lee’s Summit, Missouri, Simpson wasn’t sure whether to pursue her passion for visual arts, which seemed to have little connection to her planned medical career. Yet she discovered links between the two subjects. “Majoring in art has actually helped me in my premed classes,” Simpson says. “Being so visual has really helped me in organic chemistry, visualizing models and reactions.”

In her art Simpson uses found objects—car mats, rusty nails, plastic bags—in sculptures and collages to convey what she sees as hidden beauty. Scott Wolniak, lecturer in visual arts, says, “She likes the process of being able to transform the banal and things of low value and bring meaning and worth to those things through her interventions.”

As a first-year Simpson intervened in a different way: she heard about Global Brigades, a nonprofit that sends students, doctors, and medical supplies to Honduras, Panama, and Ghana to set up mobile health clinics. There was no chapter at the University, so Simpson called the national coordinator. “He laughed at me at first,” Simpson says, “I guess because I was so young.”

The following summer Simpson, two dozen other students, and a team of UChicago doctors flew to Honduras, where they spent a week treating 300 to 600 people a day who lacked access to medical care.

A year later Simpson traveled to Varanasi, India, to teach arts to elementary students through Nirman, an Indian NGO. Drawing on her experiences at the Neighborhood Schools Program, in which UChicago students teach in Hyde Park-area schools, she developed a ten-week visual-arts curriculum for grades K–8.

While in India, she found a basketball court at a nearby university and approached some players. Initially shocked that a girl wanted to play, they were soon playing nonstop pick-up games for two to three hours. “They never subbed me out—maybe they didn’t want to hurt my feelings—and I never wanted to come out,” says Simpson. “I was in the best shape of my life.”

Her fitness showed on the court the following season. As a third-year Simpson led the Maroons in scoring and rebounding, as UChicago won the UAA conference championship and advanced to the Elite Eight in the Division III NCAA tournament for the first time. “We have been able to be so successful because we all have this attitude that individual stats don’t matter; it’s all about the team,” Simpson says. “We all get along so well, and I think it really shows on the court.”

Since last season, the Maroons have a 43-game regular-season winning streak. Fourth-years Simpson, Bry-anne Halfhill, Meghan Herrick, Morgan Herrick, and Joann Torres started together in all but five games this year, leading Chicago to another UAA title and NCAA berth. Roussell, who left in April for Bucknell, says the group’s success “surpasses anything that any other class has done.”

Simpson’s personal string of accomplishments is partially a product of her evolving passions. “I didn’t do anything consciously, going down a checklist,” she says. “I just wanted to play basketball and be the best I could be. I wanted to do Global Brigades and do the best I could do. It’s what makes me feel satisfied.”

—Michael Lipkin, AB’11

Republican presidential candidate Mitt Romney addressed a campus policy forum in March. “When the heavy hand of government replaces the invisible hand of the market,” he said, “economic freedom is the inevitable victim.”
An office building at 53rd Street and Lake Park Avenue will be the cornerstone of a neighborhood revitalization.

COMMUNITY

Developing story

A University-subsidized project gives Hyde Park’s Harper Court a new lease on life.

If everything turns out as planned, the new Harper Court development might frustrate a lot of alumni—because they graduated before it opened. Fourth-year Elizabeth Lebling’s mother tells her that she’ll be “annoyed at how they have changed things.”

Hints of the changes to come are already evident at the corner of 53rd Street and Lake Park Avenue. In November construction began on the University-subsidized plan to redefine Harper Court and make the area a shopping, dining, and entertainment hub. When completed in late 2013, the $130-plus million, 3.3-acre Harper Court project will include a 131-room Hyatt Place hotel, an LA Fitness health club, and a 150,000-square-foot University office building.

Dave Cocagne, president and CEO of Vermilion Development and a manager with the project’s developer, Harper Court Partners, LLC, a joint venture of Vermilion and JFJ Development Company. “I think it is working.”

The area already has attracted new businesses: burger chain Five Guys opened in September and the 24-hour Clarke’s diner in February. Akira, a clothing boutique, arrives this fall on the ground floor of the former Borders bookstore building that the University purchased last summer. The University also has leased space at 5226 South Harper Avenue to a Kilwins ice cream and candy shop, expected to open in the fall. And a five-screen movie theater is planned for late this year in the renovated former commercial and theater buildings that the University owns on the northwest corner of 53rd Street and Harper Avenue.

The University and the city have overlapping interests in spurring revitalization—making the area attractive to faculty and students and generating new business in an underserved neighborhood—and worked together to bring the plan to fruition. “The commercial strip seemed to be lagging behind the general economic rebirth in the neighborhood,” Cook County Board President Toni Preckwinkle, AB’69, AM’77, told the Chicago Tribune in February. When she was the 4th Ward alderman, Preckwinkle supported the city’s 2001 designation of 84 acres in the area as a tax-increment financing district. “Neighborhoods that have strong commercial activity are more exciting places to live and to visit.”

Over the past decade, community workshops have helped create a vision for transforming 53rd Street—a process, University spokesman Steve Kloehn says, that resumed in late April to consider other additions to the street. In 2008 the University bought Harper Court for $6.5 million from the Harper Court Arts Council. The mix of restaurants, shopping, and entertainment venues, says James Hennessy, the University’s director of commercial real-estate operations, “will bring added value to Hyde Park that residents have been asking for.”

The $106 million project—not including the hotel, which has a separate developer—could add an estimated 350 retail jobs to the area. Hyde Park’s first new hotel in almost 50 years, the $25 million Hyatt Place, scheduled to open in spring 2013, will add at least 30 permanent positions. Ed Small, president of the developer Smart Hotels, predicts that it will have about 50,000 guests a year, adding “a little bit of energy and vitality to the mix.... If the community
is successful, we will be successful.”

Early interest and investment have been positive, but the changes have caused some disruption to existing businesses. Dixie Kitchen, a Harper Court restaurant that was a favorite of Barack Obama’s when he lived in the neighborhood, closed in 2009 after the University bought out its lease. Other businesses have relocated to maintain foot traffic or parking that the project has reduced, while some have endured declining sales during the construction with the hope that it will pay off in the end. “We’re struggling to stay here so that we can reap the benefits” of the redevelopment, Bonne Santé Health Foods manager Donald Hannah told the Tribune.

The University and its partners remain confident that a thriving commercial district will redefine Harper Court for the better. “It’s creating a completely new experience for the entire corridor,” Vermilion’s Cocagne says, “that will draw people to the area and create a new sense of place.”

—Jessica Tobacman

MEMOIR

Like father

John Snyder recalls his unusual childhood in the Carolinas.

“Well, I thought I would just tell you all some stories,” said author John Snyder, AB’56, hanging his suit jacket on a chair at 57th Street Books and looking up at the dozen or so people who’d come out to hear him read. It was a Tuesday night in late February. On the table in front of him were several crisp copies of his book, Hill of Beans: Coming of Age in the Last Days of the Old South (Smith/Kerr, 2011), a memoir detailing his childhood in the mountains and flatlands of the western Carolinas. “It takes me up to the age of 17, when I came off to the University of Chicago,” Snyder said. With a chuckle, he added, “which is somewhat of a miracle in retrospect.”

Much of the book centers on Snyder’s father, Ted Snyder, a brilliant, impatient man. “He could do anything, and he was incredible at mathematics,” Snyder said. “He took the North Carolina surveyor’s test and made the highest score ever made on it.” The elder Snyder was also a farmer, builder, oil painter, and published poet—the book’s endnotes reprint a poem from his Rustic Tales of the Carolinas. Snyder’s father also gave the book its name: “Daddy was sure none of us would amount to a hill of beans,” Snyder recalled, “which he told us over and over. I think he was so intelligent that by comparison we”—Snyder and his three brothers—“weren’t really in his league.”

Snyder’s father was 50 and living in a mountain cabin he built himself when, in 1931, he married Snyder’s mother, a 32-year-old schoolteacher from the low country. Before the wedding, “they corresponded for ten years,” Snyder said. “My mother kept all his letters, and they’re all signed, ‘Sincerely, Ted Snyder.’ Not your conventional love letters.” Relating one from a week before his parents’ wedding, Snyder said, “He is up in the mountains, and he writes down to her and says that he has sawed off a section of a calf’s horn to make a wedding ring. … He said that was cheaper than reaming out a dime.”

Not unlike his father, Snyder has done a little bit of everything: after his College graduation, he joined the Navy, became a glass and china buyer for Bloomingdale’s, spent 15 years in research and development for a carpet manufacturer—obtaining seven patents—and retired in 2001 as an executive director at Morgan Stanley, where he worked for 21 years. Throughout his career, he’s been a sculptor of found mechanical objects retrieved from junkyards and roadsides and fields. The author of two off-Broadway plays who splits his time between New York City and North Carolina, a few years ago he “finally got around” to writing down his childhood memories.

At 57th Street Books, Snyder recounted stories about summer afternoons and adolescent mishaps and eccentric maiden aunts. He and his brothers spent several school years in Greenville, South Carolina, living with his father’s two unmarried sisters, one of whom carried a .25 caliber Colt automatic pistol. “When she thought she heard people in the garden at night,” Snyder said, “she just went to the window and fired off a few rounds at random into the yard.”

Before Greenville, he and his brothers lived with their parents in tiny Cedar Mountain, North Carolina. “One day a big black LaSalle limousine rolled up at our lake, and out of it
and collective threats with all available means—emigration, assimilation, political organization, violent resistance, and prayer—they engendered only more hatred across the continent. An intimate study that focuses on individual Jews, their communities, and institutions—as opposed to their oppressors—On the Eve argues that acceptance and success in the 1920s sparked jealous hostility across Europe. In response, many Jews tried harder to disguise distinctive traits, diminishing the importance of religious and cultural practices. The loss of those traditions diminished Jewish identity, Wasserstein writes, but not the racist resentment that left them “wholly defenseless, largely friendless, and more and more hopeless” as World War II loomed.

A QUESTION OF SEX
Gynecologists talk to their patients about sex, but many avoid important questions regarding sexual history, which can affect their patients’ overall well-being. In the March 22 Journal of Sexual Medicine, UChicago Medicine researcher Stacy Tessler Lindau, AM’02, surveyed 1,154 ob-gyns and found that 63 percent habitually asked about sexual problems. But less than one-third asked about sexual satisfaction or confirmed sexual orientation. Only 14 percent asked about pleasure with sexual activity, even though evidence suggests a high prevalence of sexual dysfunction among women, affecting physical and emotional health. Lindau found that female doctors were likelier to ask their patients more questions about sexual activity. So were doctors younger than 60 and those whose practices leaned more toward gynecology than prenatal care.

EARTH MOTHER
Scientists have long thought that the moon was created when a Mars-sized object crashed into Earth 4.5 billion years ago, sending into orbit a giant rock that combined material from both. Four Chicago geochemists question that theory in a study published March 25 in Nature Geoscience. Earth alone, they argue, gave birth to the moon. Geophysics PhD student Junjun Zhang, research associate Alexei Fedkin, and geophysical sciences faculty members Nicolas Dauphas and Andrew M. Davis worked with Ingo Leya from Germany’s University of Bern to analyze titanium isotopes in rocks from Earth and the moon. Both had the same composition. “We thought that the moon had two parents,” Zhang said, “but when we look at the composition of the moon, it looks like it has only one parent.” —Christina Pillsbury, ’13, and Jason Kelly

New research questions an old theory of the moon’s birth.
his father about the place. “Well, Daddy divided all people into two classes: either jackasses or double-struck jackasses.” Most schools, he thought, didn’t teach anything useful. But Chicago’s reputation and football ban, and the nuclear reaction under Stagg Field, won him over. “So my brother went after the tenth grade,” Snyder said, “and then I went. And then my youngest brother applied, and Daddy walked over to the fire and burned his application and said, ‘Two communists is enough.’”

Snyder’s audience laughed, and so did he. “Well, that’s enough stories, probably.” —Lydialyfe Gibson

**Intestinal fortitude**

Doctors at the University’s Celiac Disease Center raise awareness about a little-known condition.

During two decades as a pediatric gastroenterologist in Italy, Stefano Guandalini saw 700 or 800 patients with celiac disease, an inherited disease of the digestive system in which consuming gluten causes an autoimmune reaction. But when he joined the University of Chicago’s pediatrics department in 1996, he encountered almost no children with celiac disease.

For Guandalini, now chief of pediatric gastroenterology, hepatology, and nutrition at Comer Children’s Hospital, the dearth of celiac patients was alarming rather than reassuring. He reasoned that because the disease was well documented in Europe, affecting an estimated one percent of the population, it should also be prevalent in the United States, where the majority of the population claims at least some European ancestry. But American medical references at the time gave short shrift to the illness, which manifests itself in a range of maladies from abdominal discomfort to liver problems. Doctors didn’t know to look for it.

In patients with celiac disease, the consumption of gluten, a protein found in wheat, barley, and rye, triggers antibodies that attack the small intestine. The attacking cells destroy villi, finger-like protrusions in the small intestine that perform the essential task of absorbing nutrients for use in the bloodstream. The loss of villi can also lead to symptoms that include fatigue, joint pain, headaches, and unexplained elevation of liver enzymes. Celiac disease has been linked to osteoporosis, infertility, and neurological conditions.

Diagnosis requires a blood test for the associated antibodies. If the test is positive, patients must then undergo an intestinal biopsy to show damage because not all people who test positive for the antibodies have celiac disease.

Once it’s diagnosed, a gluten-free diet is the most effective treatment. “Patients improve dramatically in the vast majority of cases,” says Guandalini. “And if they stay on the diet, that improvement is consolidated for life.” But the diet is not always easy to maintain, and traveling and eating out can lead to inadvertent gluten consumption. “So research is important to find alternative treatments.”

In 2001, with start-up funding from a couple whose child had been diagnosed with celiac disease, Guandalini created the University of Chicago Celiac Disease Center in the hopes of raising the disease’s profile.

A decade later the disease is still underdiagnosed in this country, and Guandalini and his team of researchers, clinicians, and administrators often find themselves straddling the worlds of science, patient care, and advocacy. Funding for celiac research from the National Institutes of Health is hard to come by, says Guandalini; much of the center’s funding comes...
from private individuals and corporations including Thermo Fisher Scientific, a manufacturer of blood tests used to diagnose celiac disease. “I think celiac disease suffers from having been seen for decades in this continent as a minor problem,” Guandalini says, “mostly involving people in Europe and not in the US.”

Each year the center conducts more than 500 free celiac screenings for people known to be at risk for the condition: those with a family history, European ancestry, or certain other autoimmune disorders. About 5 percent test positive. Meanwhile, lead researcher Bana Jabri is working to reproduce the disease in mice, to study the pathology and to develop vaccines and treatments. In a 2011 Nature study, Jabri and her research team identified a protein called IL-15 that may play a role in gluten intolerance.

Guandalini, who sees patients regularly, sets aside two hours every Monday to answer questions about celiac disease that arrive through the center’s Facebook page. He has crisscrossed the country giving talks two to three times a month, and he has advocated for a new FDA rule that would require products labeled gluten-free to have less than 20 parts per million of gluten, a miniscule amount.

Every December the center brings in 20 physicians, nurses, and dietitians for a two-day “full immersion,” as Guandalini calls it. The participants visit patients, present their own cases in interactive sessions, view biopsies in pathology, and listen to dietitians discuss real-life stuff like the challenges of sticking to a gluten-free diet. When it’s all over, they return to their own clinics and offices “on fire” to increase diagnoses and do “the right thing for celiac,” enthuses Guandalini, who’s feeling a little less the lone wolf these days.

With 300,000 Americans diagnosed with celiac disease but an estimated 3 million who have it, Guandalini encounters patients “on a weekly basis” who have suffered for a long time.

Doctors often miss the disease because they look for only the classical gastrointestinal presentation, not realizing that in the 1980s researchers found that it could manifest in a variety of symptoms, including mouth sores, fatigue, depression, and stunted growth in children.

Parents with celiac disease often bring their children to Guandalini, “and they very often report a history of … being minimized by their doctors who never run the right tests,” he says. “They become very vocal advocates for their children. They want the tests to be run, and many times, they are right.”

Things are changing, Guandalini adds. Much more celiac-disease research is done in the United States than just five years ago, not only at Chicago but at the University of Maryland and the University of California, San Diego. “I think I can say immodestly that due in part to our own efforts, the situation is much improved.” —Laura Putre
FOR THE RECORD

Another Cycle

In March John W. Boyer, AM’69, PhD’75, was appointed to an unprecedented fifth term as dean of the College. Highlights of Boyer’s 20-year tenure include innovations in the Core curriculum, the expansion of international study programs, student-life improvements, and a fourfold increase in financial aid. Boyer, the Martin A. Ryerson distinguished service professor of history, also has written 17 monographs on the University’s history.

Gender Studies

The University’s Women’s Leadership Council issued a report in February quantifying the status of women on the faculty. Between 2001 and 2010, the report showed, tenure-track faculty as a whole increased 11 percent, and the number of women increased 31 percent. In 2010 women made up 25 percent of the 1,092 tenure-track faculty members. Women had the largest presence in the School of Social Service Administration (38 percent of tenured and pretenured faculty) and the humanities (30 percent), with the smallest at Chicago Booth (13 percent) and in the Physical Sciences Division (10 percent). From 2001 to 2010, women held 25 percent of deanships, 15 percent of departmental chairs, and 8 percent of College master positions.

Gift Fuels Energy Research

With a $1.5 million gift from the Fuel Freedom Foundation, the Energy Policy Institute at Chicago will establish the Future of Transportation Fuels Initiative. Funding research on the economic and policy implications of oil and alternative energy sources, the gift also will support PhD students, a visiting professorship, and public outreach programs.

Winning Team Sleeps on It

A team of second-year Chicago Booth students won the $75,000 first prize in the Wake Forest University Marketing Summit. The group, led by Christina Maria DesVaux, who received the event’s MVP award, had 36 hours to create a marketing plan for Hanes. Among their strategies for success: sleeping on the first night to be fresher than competitors who worked around the clock.

Historic Appointment

Kenneth Pomeranz, a leading scholar of modern China, joins the faculty July 1 as University Professor of History. Coming from the University of California, Irvine, Pomeranz becomes the 18th person to hold the title of University Professor and the sixth on the current faculty. Pomeranz received the 2000 John K. Fairbank Book Prize in East Asian History for The Great Divergence: China, Europe, and the Making of the Modern World Economy (Princeton University Press).

Plumbing the Depths

Exploding toilets, hot-water outages, exposed heating pipes, and elevator outages were among maintenance problems in Pierce Hall that the University spent much of March working to fix. First-year Michelle Rodriguez detailed the problems in a video for Student Government. “On the floor, there were just rivers of excrement, urine, and pieces of porcelain” after two plumbing explosions in 24 hours, Rodriguez says in the video. In addition to repairs and upgrades that included a new water pump, pipe wrapping in all student rooms, and elevator maintenance, residents received $500 each to spend at the campus bookstore, the Seminary Co-op, and the campus computer store. Each of Pierce’s four houses received $25,000, and $10,000 went to the Pierce Tower Council.

A Library Blockbuster

“Scan & Deliver,” the library’s pilot program to e-mail researchers requested photocopies from its books and journals, sounds like a movie title—and the reviews have been enthusiastic thumbs up. The service “has revolutionized my work!” history PhD student Patrick Kelly wrote. Committee on Jewish Studies graduate student James Jacobson-Maisels called Scan & Deliver, which received 2,381 requests in its first month, “the most amazing innovation of the Library ever.”

A Third for Eighth Blackbird

Contemporary classical sextet eighth blackbird, the University’s ensemble in residence, won its third Grammy Award in February. The wind, string, piano, and percussion group won in the small-ensemble-performance category for its recording of Steve Mackey’s Lonely Motel: Music from Slide. The ensemble won two Grammys in 2006 for its recording Strange Imaginary Animals.

Strier’s a Renaissance Man


Logan Center: Now in Previews

With the start of spring quarter in March, the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts began a six-month preview period. The first classes in the building and more than 40 performances, exhibitions, and conferences were scheduled before the grand-opening celebration October 11–13. Designed as a “mixing bowl for the arts,” the 11-story, 184,000-square-foot Logan Center includes classrooms, studios, rehearsal space, and exhibition and performance venues for academic and extracurricular programs. “Nothing quite like it,” Chicago Tribune arts critic Howard Reich wrote, “ever has arisen in the Chicago area.”

Degrees by the Dozen

Beginning in 2013–14, doctoral students who do not complete their degrees within 12 years will be withdrawn from their programs. A two-quarter grace period will follow the withdrawal, maintaining students’ access to the University’s IT resources, which will then be gradually eliminated over the following year. Students who get permission from their department and school or division may be allowed to graduate past their 12th year.
UNIVERSITY NEWS

Where we stand

President Zimmer outlines a University agenda of continuity and change.

Alumni, parents, and friends gathered in eight cities this spring for conversations with President Robert J. Zimmer about how Chicago’s founding impetus—William Rainey Harper’s vision of a great university whose work would benefit its city and the world—will inform the University’s agenda for the next decade and beyond.

Reporting on the University’s strategic initiatives—the outgrowth of a planning and priority-setting process that began soon after he was named president in 2006—Zimmer often began with the University’s “resonant” history, talking about what hasn’t changed since the 1890s. Chicago’s “enduring emphasis on rigorous inquiry” has made the University, through the contributions of its faculty and alumni, “an important institution to the world.” Speaking to a Chicago-area audience on April 4, Zimmer then asked and answered the question, why change? Evolutions in academic fields, the nature of world problems, and student needs all prompt institutions to change, he said. So does the need to avoid the dangers of complacency: “Awareness about what it is you’re doing well and what it is where you might need to make some major improvements is also a reason that universities need to change.”

In each city Zimmer focused on recent “major departures” that illustrate “the nature of change and why it is so important to what we do,” creating new knowledge with the potential for real-world impact. In Chicago, he described the Institute for Molecular Engineering (“From the Ground Up,” page 38), spurred by blurring boundaries between science and engineering; College efforts—such as the Chicago Careers program—to offer more ways to connect what students learn in the classroom to their future; and partnerships, like the Urban Education Institute, that stem from the question, “How does a great research institution, located in a great city, best interact with that city?”

Besides Chicago, the series took the president to Beijing, Hong Kong, London, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, and Washington, DC.

—Mary Ruth Yoe

ART

Moving pictures

Dance and Soviet film inspired curator-artist Sarah Best’s installation at the Hyde Park Art Center.


Best, X’03, cheerfully welcomed the five visitors to the March 14 film screening and live performance. It was usually
busier, she said—for other screenings, the small room had been packed.

Maintaining a steady flow of visitors over a three-week festival dedicated to obscure dance films was not easy. But the Hyde Park Art Center, where Best spent the festival as an artist in residence, had marketed the event well, she says. A former student in UChicago’s Master of Arts Program in the Humanities, she worked with local organizations, including the Chicago Cultural Center and performing-arts venue Links Hall, to preview screenings over the past year. The artist curated a lineup of films around three themes—Revolutions and Revelations, Women and Men, and Utopias and Dystopias—and scheduled more than a dozen live performances and talks about dance on film.

Films about dance are often confined to one-off screenings and four international festivals, Best says. “It doesn’t have the biggest audience.” For Dance Films Kino, Best showed experimental works in an environment that was “friendly and safe.”

That safe space was the small room in the Hyde Park Art Center, Best’s residency studio. She painted it a deep red and arranged cabaret tables and chairs, adding candles, art deco works, and palm trees that lent an intimate, Casablanca-like ambiance. One of her favorite decorations, which she found on craft and vintage website Etsy, was a Bakelite switchboard phone with a Soviet symbol on the rotary dial.

The festival was originally inspired by kinos, avant-grade Soviet art clubs of the 1920s and ’30s. Best learned about them from Yuri Tsivian, a UChicago professor of art history, Slavic languages and literatures, comparative literatures, and cinema and media studies. Without film distribution methods but not without censorship, Soviet filmmakers created underground communities where they watched movies. Best’s kino, she is quick to point out, is inspired by that period but is not a literal expression of those Soviet clubs.

The March 14 screening featured artist Mikey Rioux’s Richard Rioux July 4, 1926–July 11, 1995 (2007). The 22-minute silent film shows Rioux dancing blindfolded on a Sharpie and black oil painting of his grandfather’s face, taking a shot of vodka every two minutes to represent a wake ritual. Experimental music by the Spooky Action Ensemble accompanied the film. It was the second time the musicians had played together as a quartet, and, in honor of Rioux’s performance, they wore blindfolds while performing a haunting improvisational piece. Best had met the singer and harmonium player, Dan Mohr, in a dance class she had observed.

Meeting dancers was how Best—not a dancer herself—found the art in the first place. When she moved to Chicago for graduate school, she volunteered for Links Hall and befriended some dancers there. “I saw more and more work,” she writes in an essay for Chicago Artists Resource. “I asked questions; I developed a sense of what I liked and didn’t like; I fell into conversations.” She reviewed dance performances for Time Out Chicago and emceed the 2011 Chicago Dancing Festival’s inaugural program of dance films. In July she curates the festival’s dance-film programming.

With Dance Films Kino, which drew more than 300 visitors from all over the city, New York, and Minneapolis, Best says, she put together “an anti–film festival.” Festivals can be intimidating for people with no film background. “I wanted to create a more communal and social experience.”

—Ruth E. Kott, AM’07

For her dance-film festival, Best created a space inspired by the avant-garde Soviet kinos of the 1920s and ’30s.
Scalia’s an original

The Supreme Court justice returns to the Law School and makes his opinions heard.

Traditionally, US Supreme Court justices have preferred to be read and not heard, confining their thoughts on specific cases to their official opinions. In his book *The Supreme Court: How It Was, How It Is* (William Morrow, 1987), for example, former Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist noted that he would “avoid any discussion of the cases and doctrines in which any of my present colleagues have played a part.”

Current Justice Antonin Scalia took a different approach during a February visit to the Law School. Scalia advocates “originalism,” the notion that justices should adhere to the meaning of the Constitution at the time it was written. Because of his rigorous application of the concept, Scalia has been a conservative icon on the court since his 1986 appointment by President Ronald Reagan and unanimous (98–0) confirmation by the Senate.

His campus appearance came just three years after Scalia, a law professor at the University from 1977 to 1982, criticized the Law School at a Chicago gathering of the Federalist Society for what he called an abandonment of its rigorous conservative ideology. During this visit he happily accepted a gift from Law School Dean Michael Schill—an early edition of Benjamin Franklin’s autobiography—and called the University “one of two or three of the most formidable intellectual institutions in the world.” His interactions with law students ranged from the serious (a spirited but respectful back-and-forth over whether his originalist view about the Second Amendment is consistent with his First Amendment perspective) to the light-hearted (an inquiry about whose idea it was for him and fellow Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg to take an elephant ride together—it was hers).

Scalia’s Law School lecture addressed arguments about the virtues and vices of using history to discern the meaning of the Constitution, a bedrock component of Scalia’s theory of jurisprudence. A student asked Scalia about his opinion in the 2008 case *District of Columbia v. Heller*, in which a Washington, DC, resident challenged portions of the Federal Control Regulations Act of 1975, including a blanket ban on handguns not registered before the bill’s passage. Writing for the majority, Scalia confirmed that the Second Amend-
In 1933 William E. Dodd, Chicago’s history department chair and half the namesake for Dodd-Mead House, became the US ambassador to Germany—President Roosevelt’s fifth choice for the post. *Fortune* magazine called Dodd, pictured in his Berlin home, “a square academic peg in a round diplomatic hole.” Erik Larson’s 2011 book *In the Garden of the Beasts* (Crown), out in paperback in May, chronicles Dodd’s unlikely tenure. He vowed never to host Hitler at the US embassy or his home. “I have a sense of horror when I look at the man,” Dodd wrote in 1934.
Interview

Culture of play

Tech writer and law student Julian Dibbell tackles the problem of virtual property.

In 2004 Julian Dibbell reported to the IRS that his primary source of income came from the sale of imaginary goods. A first-year law student who has written for Wired, the Village Voice, and the New York Times Magazine, Dibbell quit writing and attempted to earn a year’s living buying and selling virtual commodities within the world of Ultima Online, one of the earliest multiplayer online games. Slaying worgs and lizardmen by day and selling the monsters’ virtual loot on eBay by night, Dibbell set out on a quest to test the boundary between work and play—and made some serious real-world cash. “I tried to expand into other games, but [eBay] brought the hammer down,” banning the sale of virtual weapons, characters, and currency in 2007.

In nearly two decades covering Internet technology and digital media, Dibbell has written about online communities, the open-source movement in Brazil, and Chinese gold farmers, who play games as a job to acquire virtual currency to sell to other players. His subjects exist somewhere between virtual reality and real life; he writes that “meaning lies always in that gap.”

Last fall Dibbell embarked on a new quest, enrolling at the Law School. After stopping by D’Angelo Law Library to return a couple books from winter quarter, he spoke with the Magazine about property rights in the virtual world. —Mitchell Kohles, ’12

What interested you about games? I got to it more through the Internet. I started writing about hackers and bulletin-board culture. These bulletin boards where these geniuses of, like, thrash metal were holding forth about what was their favorite stuff.

What was it like to watch the Internet become commercial? It was suddenly this idea that everyone has a printing press. Before, freedom of the press was for anyone who could afford a printing press, and then suddenly anyone could. So I tore off in that direction, writing about hackers, free software, and particularly online communities, these virtual places that bordered on games. And they were completely text based, and that was great too, because as a writer you’re like, “Wow, this is awesome.” To be able to build incredibly rich, complex worlds out of words and code, it was great.

How does law come into play? People invest time and energy into these games, and they acquire things that are virtual, that reside on these gaming servers, but that are treated within the game as their property and actually, from a Lockean property-theory perspective, they have earned with the sweat of their brow. The game companies create this world, but then it’s an arena in which gamers themselves acquire and create wealth. I had a blog post a few years ago that asked, “Who owns my virtual sword?” That’s sort of the nut that needs cracking.

What did you see when you went to investigate gold farms in China? There is a big production base in China now where people play games like World of Warcraft in basically factory settings, big warehouses full of Internet-connected computers, and these guys are working 12-hour shifts, literally punching a clock to go play World of Warcraft every day to acquire items that their bosses then resell to players in the West. It’s a huge industry. Millions and millions of young Chinese men, mostly, working for 30 cents an hour playing games.

What will you do after you graduate? I would like to be doing something not too far from what I’ve been thinking and writing about. One of the frustrating things I find, though, and what I would like to be working on fixing, is the assumption that Internet and technology law is all about intellectual property—whichever it’s not. … The thing about the virtual sword is that it’s not intellectual property as we’ve come to understand it. … Of course, it’s shot through with intellectual property—it’s made of intellectual property—but once it’s there, how do you deal with that? People who try to understand it in the ways that they’ve tried to understand movies and music online don’t really get it.

Do you still find time to play games? Officially, I still am in a World of Warcraft guild that had a lot of really major researchers in the game-studies world. It was really a guild, and one of the rules is that we’re not allowed to research each other. So you were there to play; you’re not there to do research. But I don’t have much time for games these days, sadly.
For 50 years Robert Silvers has expertly paired writers and subjects at the New York Review of Books.

To hear Robert Silvers tell it, the story of his journey—from working on a Long Island chicken farm to cultivating one of America’s most prestigious publications—might seem unremarkable. On a spring Tuesday afternoon, Silvers, AB’47, momentarily relaxes on a plush blue couch and gazes off into the West Village loft that houses the New York Review of Books, the paper he has edited for nearly half a century. To his right, neatly organized, are the hundreds of books that make up the complete library of Barbara Epstein, his longtime coeditor, who died in 2006. In front of him lies open office space, broken up by islands of bookshelves and streams of midday sunlight.

Silvers’s voice is giddy as he remembers the three years he spent in Hyde Park, which began in 1945 at age 15. Silvers took Social Sciences II from Daniel Bell, a forefather of postindustrialism. He learned Freud from the Pulitzer Prize winner Sebastian de Grazia, AB’44, PhD’48. Anthropologist Robert Redfield, U-High’15, PhB’20, JD’21, PhD’28, was his professor for Social Sciences III, and he learned physics from Enrico Fermi himself. His classmates included not only burgeoning young intellectuals like George Steiner, AB’48, and Robert Bork, AB’48, JD’53, but also bomber pilots and GIs attempting, through literature and introspection, to understand the horrors they had witnessed on the battlefields of Europe and in the fiery jungles of the Pacific. The quads were active both artistically and politically. Meetings were held by Trotskyites and World Federalists. As Silvers recalls, “There was a spirit on the campus at that time of extraordinary openness, experimentation,” an atmosphere that incubated and inspired his appetite for ideas.

After graduation, and without an inner calling for any specific vocation, Silvers briefly attended law school at Yale. When he received an invitation from Connecticut governor Chester Bowles—whom he’d met in Chicago as an undergraduate—to work on his 1950 reelection campaign effort, it would become one of many opportunities in Silvers’s life that he could not pass up. Although Bowles lost the race, Silvers served for several months as a press secretary before he was drafted at the onset of the Korean War by the Army and sent to Paris to do intelligence work at the NATO military headquarters for the Supreme Allied Commander.

There Silvers fell into the industry he would later help to define. With enough freedom to both wander the city and study, Silvers learned French and took classes at the Sorbonne and the Paris Institute of Political Studies. Meanwhile, two friends from Chicago who were running a small publishing house asked Silvers if he could scout for books worth translating and selling to an American readership. In doing so, he met George Plimpton, who offered him another irresistible opportunity: “When I was going to get out of the Army,” Silvers says, “we made a kind of deal that I would join the Paris Review,” which he did in 1954.

From assigning stories to reshaping what had already been submitted, editing was a natural fit for Silvers. It wasn’t long before Harper’s magazine proposed a generous relocation package to return to New York. Silvers had spent six “marvelous” years in Paris. He was in love with the city, but this was another opportunity he simply could not refuse. Besides, as he once told his former assistant and longtime New York Review of Books writer, Mark Danner, “If you’re an editor, you should probably have a crack at editing in your own language, in your own country, rather than being an expatriate forever. So, I thought I would try it.”

In New York Silvers began preparing for a special issue of Harper’s on the general state of writing in America. He tapped writer Elizabeth Hardwick, who produced her famous essay “The Decline of Book Reviewing,” an incendiary diatribe in which she took the establishment review culture to task for being too “sweet” and “bland.” The October 1959 article attracted widespread attention and indignation, and it created, as Silvers recalls, “the possibility of a new book review, but every-

C VITAE

MILESTONES

1945 At age 15, Silvers enrolls at the University.

1954 George Plimpton, whom Silvers had met while in the Army, makes good on a promise and hires Silvers at the Paris Review.

1958 After moving to New York and Harper’s, Silvers enlists Elizabeth Hardwick to write “The Decline of Book Reviewing.”

1963 Silvers becomes founding coeditor, with Barbara Epstein, of the New York Review of Books.

2006 Epstein dies, and Silvers carries on, adding her workload to his own.

2012 Silvers earns lifetime achievement awards from the National Book Critics Circle and the Paris Review.

Photos courtesy Robert Silvers; Newsweek/Robert R. McElroy; Morgan Collection/Getty Images
one thought it was impossible because there would be no advertising.”

Three years later a newspaper strike opened the door. At a small dinner party that winter, Jason Epstein—the Random House editor extraordinaire who first sensed the commercial potential of paperbacks and went on to publish American classics and to create a precursor to online bookselling—suggested that, because of the strike, there had never been a more opportune moment to found a revolutionary book review. With the New York Times, the Herald Tribune, and the Saturday Review shuttered, publishing houses were desperate for a place to advertise their books. By dessert, Epstein; his wife, Barbara; poet Robert Lowell; and Hardwick had conceived the New York Review of Books. Their choice to coedit the Review with Barbara was the young Harper’s editor people had been chattering about: Robert Silvers.

Because no one expected Silvers to accept the position, the founders were surprised when “he came over in a minute and just pitched right in,” Jason Epstein recalls. “He really was born for this job ... and was enormously confident in every respect, not just as an editor but putting things together and even setting up furniture.” Within three years the Review was profitable and had an office in the Fisk Building on West 57th Street, right off Central Park.

With a corporate structure that allowed Silvers and Barbara Epstein complete editorial control, the Review, from its first issue, exactly reflected the interests and tastes of its editors. Both writers and readers quickly took notice of one of Silvers’s patent talents. Like a chemist pairing ingredients to induce a specific reaction, Silvers has built his career matching the right author and subject, in hopes of generating an exciting and illuminating result. “Part of the genius of Silvers is that he puts a writer together with material that even the writer might not have thought was appropriate,” says Daniel Mendelsohn, a critic who has written for the Review for more than a decade.

When Silvers asked Harper’s for a leave of absence to start the Review, they said yes, convinced that Silvers would be “back in a month.” It’s been more than 50 years, and the Review now boasts a circulation of 135,000. The renewal rate is among the highest of any national publication, and because it is independently owned, Silvers has never had to sacrifice the Review’s founding principles. He has become perhaps the most lionized figure in the industry, and also one of the most private and fabled. His work ethic is legendary. Although he and his longtime companion, Grace, Countess of Dudley, are part of the city’s social whirl, Silvers often can be reached at his office after midnight. When asked why he logs so many hours, he responds with a perplexed look, as if the answer should be obvious.

“It’s a question of an opportunity to find brilliant, interesting writers and give them a chance to reach an audience that will appreciate them. I find enormous pleasure in doing that.” And, he adds, it’s “often not at all easy.”—Philip Marino, AB’07

Philip Marino is an assistant editor with Liveright Publishing, a division of W. W. Norton & Company. He lives in Brooklyn, New York.
A Law School graduate and administrator seemed to have a storybook family and career. His secret life, however, could undo it all.

by James Hormel, JD’58

For the first several years of our marriage, Alice and I lived a picture-perfect life in Chicago, complete with beautiful, affectionate children and an expansive social circle.

I attended and graduated from the University of Chicago Law School, clerked at the Illinois State Appellate Court, and worked in a small general practice firm of about 30 lawyers. Alice, meanwhile, contended with the many challenges of motherhood; chased after our runaway dog, Barkley P. Drinkwater; and still found time to finish her bachelor’s degree at Lake Forest College. We eventually moved to Winnetka, a northern suburb of Chicago graced with regal old homes and mansions along the lakefront.

In 1961 I went back to the Law School to work as its first full-time dean of students. Like many American colleges and universities, the school was starving for students as the GI Bill, which sent millions of war veterans to college, expired.

The Law School dean, Edward Levi [PhB’32, JD’35], a smiley, balding man who wore horn-rimmed glasses and bow ties, was determined to continue the school’s tradition of excellence. He oversaw construction of a spectacular new campus designed by Eero Saarinen, the architect of the day, and created the dean-of-students position to ensure classes were filled with the highest caliber students.

The happiest periods of my life have most always been at the beginning of something new, and being at the Law School was definitely a novel experience. I had never dreamed of working at one of the country’s major research institutions and was swept up in the magic of the unexpected. The school had all kinds of notable jurists and academic stars, including a former Nuremberg prosecutor and two future US attorneys general.

Among the Law School’s 400 students were just eight women and a handful of students of color—two statistics I hoped to change. En route to my office each morning, walking past a large rectangular pool reflecting the pleated-glass facade of Saarinen’s building, I carried a tremendous sense of mission. I felt that I owned a small share of a glamorous, exciting world.

About that time, word on the cocktail circuit was that the four-term congresswoman from my district, Margue-
rite Stitt Church, planned to retire. At an after-work event, Ned Jannotta, a North Shore native who worked in a prestigious investment-banking firm [and who would become a University of Chicago trustee], chatted with me about his involvement in the search for a new candidate. This is my recollection of our discussion:

“Say Jim, have you got any interest in running?” he asked. “It’s a very safe seat for a Republican.”

“Well, gee, I don’t know,” I replied casually, as if the concept was completely new. The idea, however, had occurred to me. I did not lie around dreaming of running for Congress, but I was small-minded enough to think that I was from the right kind of family, and that it was the sort of thing that people, like Ned, might expect me to do.

“You’re associated with the University, you’re on the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations—you’ve got the right background and qualifications,” he said.

As he spoke, my excitement grew. Ned was much more connected than I was. If he thought the seat was within my reach, then it must be.

“Give it a thought and let me know if you have any interest,” he replied, shaking my hand and moving on to his next conversation.

“I’ll certainly do that,” I said, with all the grace and calm I could muster.

*What an opportunity,* I thought.

I was not one of those gung-ho people who ran for student-body president and then spent the rest of his life climbing the electoral ladder. But I always had an eye on politics. My interest started when I was a little boy, observing my father’s [Jay Hormel, then president of Geo. A. Hormel & Co.] interactions with governors, congressmen, and cabinet secretaries, and grew when I got to Swarthmore. In Chicago I started to connect with local Republicans.

In 1960 I volunteered for ten minutes at the Republican National Convention in Chicago. When Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. was nominated as Vice President Richard Nixon’s running mate, I paraded across the convention floor with a small crowd, hoisting a “NIXON-LODGE” placard, as if there were a massive groundswell of support for the ticket. I was not enthusiastic about Nixon, but my service earned me a convention floor pass.

Hormel and his bride, Alice, leave the Charlottesville, Virginia, church where they were married in 1955.
I was a Republican because my father was a Republican. Still, certain aspects of the party line rang true to me: Free enterprise made the country great. Labor had too much power. I was too idealistic then to catch the nuances of real life; the fact that enterprise in America was not so free, or that the problem with labor was not about power per se, but about union leaders who rested on their laurels and aspired to be like business moguls. The Republican Party was right for me because it still reflected the individualism of Teddy Roosevelt. It had not yet been overtaken by southern bigots disappointed with Lyndon Johnson and the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Like many dwelling in the privileged confines of academia, I felt a psychological proximity to the events of the day. Riled by the Cold War, the Cuban missile crisis, and our stare-downs with Khrushchev, I naively thought that a term in Congress was an opportunity to right some wrongs. I saw myself as a conciliator, someone who could bring people together on issues. That seemed to be exactly what the country needed.

I left the event and drove my white Volkswagen beetle toward Winnetka. I couldn’t wait to talk to Alice. Just 30 years old, I was puffed up with the possibility of a dream coming true. The halls of Congress did not seem far away. The only problem was my other life.

In those days, I might have joked at a student-faculty softball game about faggots, or imitated a lisping, limp-wristed fellow to get a few laughs, while going out that same evening to seek an assignation with another man. Encounters with men, infrequent as they were for me then, gave me the kind of adrenaline rush you get when you know you are defying society’s mores. I learned, almost instinctively, which area of a given city to visit, which bar, which beach, which truck stop. It was surprising to me that I often met someone in a “legitimate” place during the coffee break at an academic conference or on an airplane. There were code words and signs. You might slip the word “gay” into a conversation, or ask someone if they knew so-and-so, who was a “friend of Dorothy.” You caught on to the code very quickly, because if you made a mistake, your life could be ruined.

I lived in constant fear of discovery.

Over the years of my infidelity, I agonized about what I was doing to my marriage—the vows I made to Alice truly meant something to me. I never lost sight of the fact that I violated my commitment to her, or that I was a lawyer breaking the law (homosexual acts were illegal in all states back then). I lied to myself so many times: I’m never going to do that again. It wasn’t worth it. I didn’t feel any kind of satisfaction. It was anonymous sex with someone who couldn’t even tell me his real name. And certainly, I could not not tell him mine.

Still, I never considered the acts themselves to be immoral. I was a human being, interacting with another human being, who had feelings and an urgency to express them in a world that offered us nothing but castigation.

A private civil war raged inside me as I struggled to come up with an answer for Ned Jannotta. I found myself alternately daydreaming about campaign strategies and Washington gay bars. A seat in Congress sounded fantastic. My mother would be thrilled. But was I setting myself up for a horrible situation? These were the days of the Lavender Scare, when official Washington actively hunted down and fired gay and lesbian civil servants. Allen Drury’s Pulitzer Prize–winning novel *Advise and Consent* (Doubleday, 1959) was made into a wildly popular movie that ended in an outed gay senator’s dramatic off-camera suicide. Bang. Dead. Life over. My mind turned toward fearsome fantasies of newspaper headlines, suicides, homicides—all kinds of devastating potential outcomes.

No, no, I can’t do this, I thought. I cannot risk ruining my life or humiliating my entire family.

I dialed Ned in covert despair. I thanked him graciously for his confidence and told him that Alice and I had decided to move out of the district, which happened to be true. We wanted to be closer to the University in a neighborhood with more diversity and less of Winnetka’s air of privilege.

I later read in the *Chicago Tribune* about the Republican Party’s candidate for Mrs. Church’s seat. He was an energetic young man, my age, with all the right North Shore credentials. He won easily. His name was Donald Rumsfeld.

In 1962 we moved into a well-worn Edwardian town house in Hyde Park with an easy-to-remember address: 1234 East 56th Street. Alice and I threw a housewarming on New Year’s Eve attended by more than 200 people, many of whom were eager to see our new renovated home. We loved to entertain and were good at it.
I suppose many who came by that evening left feeling they had shared in the lives of a perfect couple and a perfect family. What they saw was not a false life—it was real life. I was doing my best to follow the paths that I knew, striving to be a strong, caring husband and father on an upwardly mobile career path. I was not faking it; I was trying to be that man.

Our reality was to the contrary, however: even as the wallpaper went up, our marriage frayed. Alice always sensed that I kept some part of myself isolated from her, and we often argued about it.

Yet, uncontrollably, perhaps even unconsciously, I laid clues for her. I encouraged her to read *Advise and Consent* and took her to see a British movie called *Victim* about a closeted gay lawyer, and *The Children's Hour* about two women accused of a lesbian relationship.

Over time the hints got more specific. One day Alice returned from our new summer house—a breathtaking home on a cliff overlooking Lake Michigan—to find that a male friend from the Law School had slept over—in our bed. I could have gone into the guest room and rumpled the sheets before she got home, but I didn’t.

I had a seething cauldron of sexual energy inside me and couldn’t keep a lid on it. I had an increasingly greater need to let the feelings out but didn’t know how to do it in a way that would not wreak nuclear havoc on my life. There were no resources, no role models. Even Truman Capote, as openly gay as he seemed, always appeared in public with a woman on his arm. Forget any concept of “coming out.” The only eventuality was brutal discovery.

As near as I could see, the revelation of my homosexuality could only be destructive: the end of my perfect family, the loss of love from a woman I truly cared for, and the complete and total blockade of all pathways to professional success. I would not be a congressman, or a prominent businessman, or any other sort of pillar of the community. I might even lose the job I had.

PUBLIC
BY CHOICE

James Hormel spoke at the Law School in January about how he began a new life.  
BY ELIZABETH STATION

Photography by Edward Caldwell

After his 1966 divorce and his wife’s remarriage, James Hormel, JD’58, felt his ties to Chicago loosening. With trepidation, he told his two brothers he was gay; they took the news in stride. Soon after, he stepped down as the Law School’s dean of students and moved to New York to begin a new life. “While not so direct in coming out to other people, I started to conduct myself in a way that would let them make assumptions about me,” Hormel writes in his memoir, Fit to Serve. “I tiptoed out of the closet and found that the more open I was, the more confident I became, and the easier it was to be out.”

Hormel left New York for Hawaii and later San Francisco. In 1978, spurred by a proposed ballot initiative that would have barred gay people from teaching in California schools, he threw himself into the nascent movement for gay rights. Two years later Hormel helped launch the Human Rights Campaign Fund and began to raise and donate funds for civil-rights causes.

As a scion of the Hormel Foods family—the makers of Spam—he had formidable financial resources to give. At first his contributions were anonymous. But at the height of the AIDS crisis, Hormel realized that public philanthropy could attract other donors to projects he supported, so he attached his name to gifts and a pink triangle pin to his lapel. “It felt good to let people know who I was and what I stood for,” he writes. “It took away the power of others to define me.”

As the one-time Republican deepened his involvement in Democratic Party politics, Hormel was determined to blaze a trail for gay public servants. He won two United Nations appointments during the Clinton administration and actively sought an ambassadorial post. After a bitter two-year battle with conservative opponents to his nomination, Hormel was sworn in as US ambassador to Luxembourg in 1999. His children, grandchildren, brother, and ex-wife—all of whose support, he says, was “unwavering”—attended the ceremony.

At 79, Hormel is proud to have served as the first openly gay US ambassador, but he regrets not going public sooner with his orientation. As dean of students at the Law School, he says, “I felt very constrained to keep my sexuality from being known, … and I look back at that and think it was a mistake.” If law students struggling to come to terms with their own sexuality had known they could confide in him, he believes, he could have provided support.

Returning to the Law School this past January, Hormel got the chance to share his experiences with a new generation. Students packed a lecture hall for his lunchtime talk and peppered him with questions about his past, present, and future advocacy. How, for example, was he received in Europe as an openly gay diplomat? What did he think could be done about bullying of lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender youth? How did he reconcile his view that every gay person should come out with the idea that one’s sexual orientation is essentially private?

“If you want to move forward on social issues, you have to endure a certain amount of exposure,” Hormel replied. Sexual orientation is “nobody’s business, but we’ve made it our business because of our laws and attitudes.”

Looking ahead, Hormel plans to focus his activism on public-education efforts, because he believes that cultural attitudes must change along with laws that extend equal rights to minority groups. Even if same-sex marriage were legal in 50 states, he says, intolerance and discrimination would persist. Gay or straight, “we need to understand and accept each other as fellow human beings. And until we do that, then all of the laws in the world aren’t going to make our lives a great deal better.” ♦
With the new Institute for Molecular Engineering, the University fills a historical void and hopes to shape the scientific future.

BY JASON KELLY

Matthew Tirrell studies micelles, collections of lipid molecules that form spontaneously in water. The founding Pritzker director of the Institute for Molecular Engineering, Tirrell has developed a type of micelle that, when injected into mice, migrates to the location of artery-hardening plaque. Using that homing capability, he says, scientists could tailor micelles for diagnostic or therapeutic uses—dissolving blood clots, for example, or delivering medication to treat a tumor. Designing structures to achieve such ends involves a process called molecular self-assembly. “When you put things together in a beaker, they don’t chemically react,” Tirrell says, “but they spontaneously organize into structures that are useful.”

He wants the Institute for Molecular Engineering to operate with similar spontaneity and utility. Faculty members will be encouraged—expected, really—to organize themselves into problem-solving teams. As of mid-April Tirrell was the institute’s only faculty member, devoting most of his time to recruiting more. As many as five professors could be named by the fall, and over the next several years the faculty will grow to about 25.

Tirrell, who arrived at Chicago in July 2011, hopes to attract researchers who think beyond their specific expertise. As chair of the University of California, Berkeley’s bioengineering department—and before that at UC, Santa Barbara, where he spent a decade as dean of engineering—he showed “incredible intellectual breadth,” says Provost Thomas F. Rosenbaum, attracting talent from across disciplines.

Tirrell’s group of four postdoctoral researchers at Chicago, along with a handful of graduate students, illustrates the range he values. “Chemists, physicists, engineers, and biologists, all in a relatively small group,” says Matthew Kade, one of the postdocs who came with Tirrell from Berkeley. “The idea of molecular engineering is, it’s all of these different fields coming together to do the whole bottom-up solving of problems. If you look at the diversity of Matt’s group, he’s kind of been doing that for a long time.”
With the new Institute for Molecular Engineering, the University fills a historical void and hopes to shape the scientific future.

Matthew Tirrell studies micelles, collections of lipid molecules that form spontaneously in water. The founding Pritzker director of the Institute for Molecular Engineering, Tirrell has developed a type of micelle that, when injected into mice, migrates to the location of artery-hardening plaque. Using that homing capability, he says, scientists could tailor micelles for diagnostic or therapeutic uses—dissolving blood clots, for example, or delivering medication to treat a tumor. Designing structures to achieve such ends involves a process called molecular self-assembly. “When you put things together in a beaker, they don’t chemically react,” Tirrell says, “but they spontaneously organize into structures that are useful.”

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Matthew Tirrell, a chemical engineer by training, studies micelles (left), assemblies of lipid molecules that have potential biological applications—the kind of cross-disciplinary work he intends to make the hallmark of the University’s Institute for Molecular Engineering, where he is the founding Pritzker director.
A chemical engineer by training, Tirrell spent 22 years at the University of Minnesota, where his work included adhesion, friction, and lubrication for 3M, studying the surface properties of polymers. “About ten or 15 years ago, my interest within that domain shifted more toward biological interaction,” he says. “If you put a synthetic material—such as an implantable medical device—into a physiological environment, how does it interact with the physiological environment?” That question led him to the micelles he studies now.

In Tirrell’s vision for the institute, scientists will likewise follow their interests wherever they lead. Molecular engineers doing biological research, for example, will not focus on health care to the exclusion of other potential uses for their work. The variety of applications for molecular-level research all but demands such wide-angle vision. Chicago chemistry postdoc Dimitris Priftis, another former Berkeley colleague of Tirrell’s, studies polyelectrolyte particles that can be used in cosmetics, food products, and also to make the display for the Amazon Kindle. “I want people that are broad and versatile enough to think about applications not only in health care but energy, environment, maybe even in computing: how does biology transform information? Stuff like that,” Tirrell says. “That’s going to mean that we’re going to have people skilled in biology working with people skilled in electrical engineering—unusual combinations.”

The combination of the University of Chicago and engineering research is unusual in itself. Contrary to local myth, though, University administrators have not dismissed the field in the past, they’ve just failed in their attempts to incorporate it into the curriculum.

William Rainey Harper’s Official Bulletin No. 1, issued in January 1891—before his acceptance of the University’s presidency had been made public—proposed a graduate school of engineering in the same breath as law and medicine. In Harper’s University (University of Chicago Press, 1966), Richard J. Storr wrote that, the winter before the University opened, Frederick T. Gates told John D. Rockefeller that “we can do all our work in applied sciences through this school. It will be the greatest thing of the kind in the world.”

Civil engineer Elmer L. Corthell, a trustee of the new University, visited six European universities in 1891 to study their engineering programs as potential models. But Harper never had an answer to Corthell’s ultimate question: “Where is the money to come from?” Frustrated in his attempts to create an engineering school, Harper pursued partnerships, including one with the Armour Institute of Technology. “The contemplated end was an equivalent of MIT,” Storr writes, “connected with the University and financed by Armour.” But no agreement could be reached with Philip D. Armour or his heirs.

Decades later Robert Maynard Hutchins also considered opening an engineering school. Robert C. Michaelson, SB’66, AM’73, the former head librarian at Northwestern University’s Seeley G. Mudd Library for Science and Engineering, recounts meetings and correspondence about a proposed grant from 1930s Chicago industrialist and philanthropist Walter P. Murphy. In Tech, the Early Years, an anthology about the history of Northwestern’s Technological Institute, Michaelson writes that Chicago’s dean of faculties E. T. Filbey told Murphy’s intermediary that the University “would be interested if there would be support of research and training in engineering that was as distinctive as work done there in other fields, not just another engineering school.” Filbey promised an enthusiastic commitment to make all the necessary investments to succeed in the field. Eventually, though, Murphy’s money—a $6,735,000 gift announced in March 1939—went to Northwestern, and Chicago’s pursuit of engineering lay dormant. Until now.

Today, University President Robert J. Zimmer says, the traditional distinction between science, as the study of the natural world, and engineering, with its focus on man-made inventions, no longer exists. “The evolution of technology has blurred this boundary,” Zimmer says. “The ability to manipulate and design at the molecular scale opens a huge new set of questions in science and at the same time huge new opportunities.” In the modern scientific environment, he adds, the lack of an engineering program had caused the
University’s research potential to “feel oddly restricted.” In his 2006 inaugural convocation address, the president foreshadowed the importance of engineering in removing that constraint: how, he asked, could the University “participate in and lead the remarkable ongoing transformations in science?” Two faculty committees, convened over the past five years, provided the answer.

Under the direction of chair Steven J. Sibener, the Carl William Eisenbrath professor in chemistry and the James Franck Institute, the committees determined that molecular engineering represented fertile territory to “yield the added benefit of increasing creativity and the strength of scientific inquiry.” Noting an “explosion of activity in nanoscience,” the 2009 committee report cited three institutes—the Smalley Institute for Nanoscale Science and Technology at Rice University, the California NanoSys-

tems Institute, and the London Centre for Nanotechnology—as models. “The success of these institutes can be clearly linked to two key ingredients: a visionary, world-renowned leader and substantial institutional investment.” Not just a call to action for a new Institute for Molecular Engineering, the report also warned that “inaction in this area of endeavor may well abdicate activity in some of the most promising new directions of physical, biological, and medical research.”

The Institute for Molecular Engineering is a micro-cosm of its own discipline—new and exciting, with far-reaching potential, but difficult even for its own scientists to define. “Molecular engineering, what does that mean?” asks chemical engineer Sarah Perry, one of Tirrell’s postdocs, answering with a shrugging blur of phrase meant to say, I don’t know. She prefers it that way. “With all this idea of collaboration and bringing people together, that little bit of ambiguity and that lack of prejudice is probably really, really helpful.”

Even the name Institute for Molecular Engineering carries implications Tirrell feels compelled to explain. “The most important one is that we’re going to be doing engineering that connects with molecular-level science in chemistry and physics and biology. The flip side of that implies what we’re not going to be doing. We’re not going to be building 747s or bridges and dams. We’re not going to have civil engineering or aerospace engineering.”

That explanation, he insists, is not a definition of the field, a narrow view he resists in favor of considering its expansive potential. “This is not distinctly different from what many people would call nanoscale engineering or nanotechnology,” Tirrell adds, but “we’re not going to be talking about, in the early stages, what the discipline is as much as we are what the disciplines can do together.”

Chicago’s molecular engineers will work together in a building visible now only in an artist’s rendering. In 2015 faculty and staff will move from temporary space into part of the 265,000-square-foot $215 million William Eckhardt Research Center, under construction on the site of the Research Institutes building at 57th Street and Ellis Avenue. For now, Tirrell works on his own construction project from an administrative office on the second floor of Jones Laboratory.

An undergraduate degree program in molecular engineering, he says, remains two or three years away, although he expects the first group of graduate students to start in fall 2013. In the meantime, with a handful of new professors, Tirrell hopes to offer courses this fall to current College students that “cover some of the differences between engineering and science—design, even economic analysis,” he says. “There are all kinds of failed businesses
Looking back, Hormel regrets not coming out while he was dean of students at the Law School.
R
deporting to the provost, the Institute for Molecular Engineering is the University’s largest new academic program since the Harris School of Public Policy Studies opened in 1988. And although Tirrell estimates that 30 or 40 scientists on campus already do research that could be defined as molecular engineering, the institute’s proposed 25 faculty members will be new hires. Some current Chicago researchers eventually will have a role with the institute, perhaps as fellows, and a partnership with Argonne National Laboratory will offer additional potential for collaboration.

The institute’s independence was an attraction for Tirrell, who welcomed the rare and invigorating opportunity to build an academic unit, to create a new identity in an established research culture. The novelty is a selling point to others as well, but he believes researchers have an additional incentive to be interested: “Being able to help create an engineering department that sheds a lot of traditional baggage and aims really at optimizing the possibilities to tackle big societal problems is what attracts people.” By “baggage” he means any specific category of engineering—electrical, mechanical—that restricts the work done under the institute’s roof.

He also means the freedom that comes from tapping into the collaborative potential that the University encourages—Tirrell often walks across the street to meet with colleagues at the medical school or the Gordon Center for Integrative Science—while developing an independent agenda. “The IME will have a kind of license to do things together the way a research institute does and a license to acquire faculty the way an academic unit does,” Tirrell says. “That doesn’t exist elsewhere as far as I know.”

With the ability to both collaborate and stand apart, the institute will contribute to molecular-level research in the basic sciences while advancing the specific role of engineering—and vice versa. “It will stretch people at both ends,” says Provost Rosenbaum, the John T. Wilson distinguished service professor in physics, the James Franck Institute, and the College. Despite the increasing similarities between scientists and engineers, Rosenbaum notes that each still has a “different sensibility” that informs and pushes the other’s research.

Many researchers echo Zimmer’s description of disciplines that have blurred to an almost indistinguishable point. “I don’t dispute that,” Tirrell says, but he believes there’s still an important philosophical distinction. “Science discovers the world as it is; engineering creates the world that never was,” he adds, paraphrasing Caltech aerospace engineer Theodore von Kármán. “My distillation of that is, ‘Science is about why, and engineering is about why not?’” He chuckles. “These are things that deans make up when they’re taking a shower.”

At this point, Tirrell doesn’t concern himself much with distinctions. He’s 61 and figures he’ll retire in 15 years or so. Maybe then, he says, he’ll write a book that draws disciplinary boundaries around molecular engineering, but he believes the institute should be free of imposed constraints. In the chemical-engineering departments where Tirrell worked, questions often arose about whether a certain topic belonged under their umbrella. “We’re never going to have that discussion here.”

He wants the biggest tent molecular engineering can build. “What we’re going to end up with is not going to be some kind of smaller-scale homogeneous mimic of a traditional engineering school. We’re not going to have departments, we’re not going to divide ourselves up; we’re going to emphasize coming together to solve big problems.”◆

**SOLVING BIG PROBLEMS, TIRRELL SAYS, DEPENDS ON BREADTH THAT BREAKS DISCIPLINARY BOUNDARIES.**
Telegrams and photographs from artist Suzanne Lacy’s *International Dinner Party* are just one exploration of hospitality and welcoming gestures in the Smart Museum of Art’s exhibit *Feast*.
Suzanne Lacy’s *International Dinner Party* map had not been on display since 1979, when it was part of a performance piece at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Lacy had sent letters and telegrams to thousands of women around the world, inviting them to host their own dinner parties that March 14, in honor of women important to them. She received more than 200 telegrams in response, as well as photos of women from Europe, Africa, and the United States participating in the cross-continental meal.

In the Smart Museum’s exhibition *Feast: Radical Hospitality in Contemporary Art*, the 20-foot map, with inverted red triangles marking the location of each dinner party, nearly fills an entire wall. The original telegrams sit in albums nearby. The 1979 event occurred on the eve of Judy Chicago’s famous *Dinner Party* exhibition opening, a tribute to the feminist artist (one of Lacy’s mentors). Chicago’s installation, on permanent display at the Brooklyn Museum, features a triangular table with place settings for 39 women from mythology and history. Her goal, the artist said, was to end “the ongoing cycle of omission in which women were written out of the historical record.” In *International Dinner Party*, Lacy explains in a video on the Smart’s website, she examines hospitality as a political or radical gesture, as a kind of “kitchen-table diplomacy that’s enacted in the art world.”

Hospitality is on display and up for discussion at the Smart exhibit, which runs through June 10. Organized by the Smart’s deputy director and chief curator, Stephanie Smith, the show looks at the origins of participatory and performance art surrounding meals and presents different ideas of the duties of a good host. In the Smart’s lobby, for example, a silver tray holds a jar of preserves. A 2011 piece by Serbian artist Ana Prvacki, it’s called *The Greeting Committee*, a literal welcome to museum visitors. Each day between 1 and 2 p.m., a Smart staff member or student worker offers *slatko*, a sickly sweet strawberry jam traditionally served to guests in Serbian homes. You would be given a spoonful of the jam at the thresholds, Smith says, meant “to sweeten your visit and to sweeten your tongue so you don’t gossip. So it’s very genuine and also kind of controlling.”

Before *Feast* opened, Prvacki came to the Smart to lead a hospitality workshop for students and staff. “It got them thinking about body language and open kinds of posture,” Smith says, “ways that you can make eye contact.” Smith hopes that the lessons can help make the Smart a more “hospitalable institution long term,” including how to greet people stopping in for a coffee and make them feel welcome. “We were initially just going to do this a couple times a week,” she said, but they expanded the jam service because visitors responded so well.

Inside the exhibit, the food art, at once familiar and unexpected, invites viewers to ask questions about the works. A three-dimensional still life by Daniel Spoerri—in which the Swiss artist affixed a meal’s remains to the surfaces on which they had been served and then hung the tabletop sideways on the wall—is a recent addition to the Smart’s permanent collection. The meal it documents was consumed June 17, 1972, at Spoerri’s Eat Art Galerie in Düsseldorf, Germany. With ashes and cigarette butts piled in an ashtray and plates nearly scraped clean of a hearty gravy, “on one level it’s totally beautiful,” Smith says. “On another, it’s totally disgusting.”

At the exhibit’s February 15 opening, the tableau, which Spoerri calls a “snare picture,” sparked a half-hour discussion between a Smart board member and her guests about why it was considered art. “It was left unresolved,” Smith says, but the group later attended a talk where Smith established “some of that larger context,” she says—“the fact that this piece came from the Eat Art restaurant,” a café that attracted both members of the European avant-garde and everyday Düsseldorf citizens looking for a meal.

As a contemporary-art curator, Smith takes the art/non-art conversation with a grain of salt, she says. The question doesn’t really concern her. But it does open up a conversation, both about where the work fits into a long history and also “about whether or not it’s good art and what terms we’re using to assess that.”

In *Feast*, part of the artistic experience comes from the blurred line between public and private. Meals, often a private experience, are open for public consumption here. Artist Marina Abramović’s *Communist Body/Fascist Body*, a video shown on a screen behind two tables and a mattress, depicts an original 1979 performance in Abramović’s and collaborator Ulay’s shared apartment. She doesn’t feel that her work is complete without the public, the Belgrade-born artist says in a complementary video. Her performance art is all about hospitality: “You actually open yourself to the public and show vulnerability, your contradictions, and be there in the full sense for them.” As Smith explains, the works in *Feast* sit at “the edge of art and life.”

To see more images from the exhibit *Feast*, visit mag.uchicago.edu/feast.
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**Uchicago visual-arts professor Laura Letinsky’s photograph** of the aftermath of a feast opens the exhibit; a viewer gets up close to Daniel Spoerri’s “snare picture” of a 1972 meal eaten at his Eat Art Galerie in Düsseldorf; artist Ana Prvacki offers *slatko*, a sweet strawberry jam served in Serbia, to welcome guests to *Feast’s* preview celebration.
Feast starts with material from the Italian futurists, who "launched the artist-orchestrated meal as an idea," curator Stephanie Smith says. In 1930, they published a manifesto of futurist cooking (at right), which included "light modern food to support a light modern body." For Marina Abramović’s 1979 performance piece *Communist Body/Fascist Body* (top right), she and collaborator Ulay planned a party on their shared birthday and invited friends to their apartment. When their friends arrived, the two were asleep on a mattress; at the Smart a video of the piece plays behind the recreated set. A butter sculpture of Poseidon (above) by Sonja Alhäuser was part of her *Flying Buffet*, based on one of her ornate recipe drawings. Below is Suzanne Lacy’s *International Dinner Party* map; the triangles represent places women held their own dinner parties.
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Museum goers can watch Julio César Mora's Interrupted Passage (right), a 2008 two-channel video installation showing the history of California through the lens of food and social exchange. The Smart also has hosted several off-site meals and events, including soul-food dinners with Thaddeus Gaddes (below right), where diners discuss the history of African American foods while they eat them. Gates serves the meals on Japanese pottery, in part to “celebrate our similar cultures and traditions,” Gates writes on his Rebuild Foundation blog. Below, Gates and Japanese master potter Koushi Ohara make soul-food ware. Mella Jaarsma’s I Eat You Eat Me (next page), an ongoing project that began in 2002, is a wearable table for two or six people, where guests order the food for and feed the people with them. Says Jaarsma, “It’s very intimate.”
Museum goers can watch Julio César Méndez’s *Interrupted Passage* (right), a 2008 two-channel video installation showing the history of California through the lens of food and social exchange. The Smart also has hosted several off-site meals and events, including soul-food dinners with UChicago’s director of arts and public life Theaster Gates (below right), where diners discuss the history of African American foods while they eat them. Gates serves the meals on Japanese pottery, in part to “celebrate our similar cultures and traditions,” Gates writes on his Rebuild Foundation blog. Below, Gates and Japanese master potter Kouichi Ohara make “soul-food ware.” Mella Jaarsma’s *I Eat You Eat Me* (next page), an ongoing project that began in 2002, is a wearable table for two or six people, where guests order the food for and feed the people with them. Says Jaarsma, “it’s very intimate.”

Photography by Peter Hoffman Photography by Sara Pooley
Believing that fairy tales have lost their magic, Renaissance scholar Armando Maggi calls for a new kind of happily ever after.

BY LYDIA LYLE GIBSON
ILLUSTRATION BY JODI HEWGILL
Believing that fairy tales have lost their magic, Renaissance scholar Armando Maggi calls for a new kind of happily ever after.

by Lydia Leibig Eibson

Illustration by Jodi Hewgill
We are, in a sense, beating a dead horse. We feel like this horse could still ride us somewhere, but it can’t. We need to find another vehicle.

Last October Armando Maggi, PhD’95, began his Humanities Day lecture with a clip from the opening scene of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Released in 1938, it was the first fairy tale to be turned into a feature-length Disney cartoon, and Maggi hoped the two-minute sequence would prove a point. “This is a clip you know very well,” Maggi told his audience, as the classroom went dark and the large screen above the blackboard lit up. After Disney’s familiar gilded storybook flapped open, a seaside castle came into view, and then the wicked queen in her chamber, interrogating her mirror and receiving the unpleasant news of Snow White’s beauty.

Then Snow White herself appeared, a scullery maid in a tattered dress, scrubbing the castle steps and singing into a stone well, her own echo warbling the accompaniment: “I’m wishing (I’m wishing) for the one I love to find me (to find me) today.” Doves fluttered around her. Suddenly, a passing prince, hearing her voice, leapt over the castle wall and sidled up beside her, lending an unexpected harmony. Snow White gasped. The audience chortled. Maggi raised the lights. “I’m glad you laughed,” Maggi said.

A scholar of Renaissance and contemporary culture and early-modern Italian literature, Maggi believes fairy tales have lost their magic. “Exhausted,” is how he describes it. The glass slippers and poison apples, the evil stepmothers and fairy godmothers and princes charming—and the kisses that lead to happily ever after—these things no longer exert much imaginative or intellectual force, he says, no longer offer symbolic truths or respond to real-life anxieties and aspirations. “You laughed when you saw Snow White singing, with the prince showing up all of a sudden,” Maggi said. “I’m not sure that the audience when the film came out had the same reaction.”

And not only because times and audiences have changed in the past 75 years. Fairy tales themselves have lost resonance, Maggi said, have calcified into fixed flat story lines, internalized but not really instructive. “We can understand reality only through a mythic lens,” he said, and fairy tales once provided that lens. Now the view is narrower.

Yet we can’t move on, as demonstrated by countless literary interpretations, both satirical and straight, as well as an annual tide of movie remakes and television shows with titles like Grimm and Once Upon a Time. “We are not satisfied with these stories,” Maggi said, “but we go back to them. Why? Because in our unconscious, we perceive these as ‘natural’ stories, stories that precede us,” stories that have existed forever.

They haven’t. “The reality is, these stories were constructed,” Maggi said, poking the air with a pen as his voice,
at first reedy and tentative, swelled with urgency. “They were invented. And they are very recent stories.” But, like the queen returning every morning to her mirror, Maggi told his listeners, we cling to them, because we have nothing else to take their place.

“And so,” he said, “we need a new mythology.”

Later, in his Weiboldt Hall office, a tiny elbow of a room where stacks of books rise from the floor like stalagmites and a single Gothic window looks out toward the Midway, Maggi explains further. “We cannot live without mythology,” he says. “It’s the way we reason, the way we survive, the way we make sense of our world. It’s just that the stories we’ve been using—mythic stories, fairy tales, legends—they’re not working anymore. We need something new. What we long for is a remythologization of reality.” He leans back in his chair. “This is an important moment.”

That’s the argument—and the frustration—that drives his current work, a book in progress called “Preserving the Spell.” “We are, in a sense, beating a dead horse,” he says. “We feel like this horse could still ride us somewhere, but it can’t. We need to find another vehicle.” Seven years ago, Maggi, a professor in Romance languages and literatures and the Committee on the History of Culture, taught a seminar called Renaissance and Baroque Fairy Tales and Their Modern Rewritings. Exhuming the 500-year-old origins of contemporary fairy tales was a project only slightly afield of his usual research on baroque poetry, Renaissance philosophy and demonology, and female mystics channeling voices from heaven, whose visions carried them from the depths of purgatory to the tomb of Christ.

The class came and went, but fairy tales stayed with him,
gnawed at him. He began to wonder, he says, about “the end, the exhaustion of certain narratives, and the struggle to replace them.” He taught the course again in 2010, and then last year embarked on the book for the University of Chicago Press, which he’s on leave this year to finish. It’s a sprawling study of several centuries’ worth of fairy-tale evolution, and at its center is his call for a new mythology. But, as he said in his Humanities Day lecture, the concept goes deeper than fairy tales. It’s about storytelling as a whole and what stories mean, about why we tell them again and again, how they feed a hunger inside us.

As a six-year-old boy growing up in Rome, Maggi used to look forward every week to the latest copy of Fiabe Sonore—“literally,” he says, “tales with sound”—a children’s book and record with a narrated fairy tale. “We would buy it in the kiosk,” Maggi says, “and then my mother would just park me in my room, and I would listen to the beautiful voice of this narrator telling a story”: Sleeping Beauty, Rapunzel, Cinderella, the Three Little Pigs, Puss in Boots, Aladdin’s Magic Lamp, and dozens of others. “I can hear him now, a father-like voice, so pleasant and warm.” Maggi still keeps a stack of those records back home in Rome. “At the time I didn’t realize where the stories came from,” he says. “But they came from all over the place, really diverse origins—Arabian Nights, the brothers Grimm, Charles Perrault. And Basile.”

The earliest written versions of some of the Western canon’s most famous fairy tales appeared in 1634, in a collection called The Tale of Tales, or Entertainment for Little Ones, by Giambattista Basile, a poet and courtier who studied Petrarach and Boccaccio and wrote in the vernacular Neapolitan dialect. Not actually intended for little ones—children’s literature didn’t yet exist as a genre—the book is structured as an oral performance, in which a series of storytellers offer up one tale each over five days, to satisfy the craving of a prince’s pregnant young wife. Among the contemporary stories that have their debut in Tale of Tales are Snow White, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, and Hansel and Gretel.

Scholars argue over how much of Basile’s stories are his own invention and how much they derive straight from oral folktale the poet picked up on his Mediterranean travels. Almost certainly, he transformed and added to the stories, Maggi says, but “we don’t have any evidence.” It’s also true that fairy tales had existed as a form, both oral and literary, for thousands of years, in collections like the Middle East’s Arabian Nights and India’s Panchatantra. In Italy, the oldest written fairy tale is Cupid and Psyche, which the Latin writer Apuleius folded into his second-century novel The Golden Ass. Maggi calls Cupid and Psyche an important “narrative engine” whose metaphors and motifs became a wellspring for later fairy tales.

But Tale of Tales holds particular interest for him because it contains the earliest recorded iterations of so many fairy tales now buried deep in the Western psyche. Those early iterations are almost unrecognizable today, full of complex, unpolished narratives and moral ambiguities, shocking vulgarities and gruesome violence. In Basile’s version of Cinderella, the heroine murders her first stepmother in order to help her governess become her new—and, as it turns out, wicked—stepmother. There are no dwarfs in Basile’s Snow White. The beautiful girl, named Lisa, is awakened from her seeming death by a jealous aunt, who drags her by the hair from her seven crystal caskets, beats her until her mouth “looked like she had eaten raw pigeons,” and forces her to work as a slave. Lisa is finally rescued by her uncle, who throws her a banquet and finds a nice husband for her, “just as her heart desired.”

Meanwhile, Basile’s Sleeping Beauty offers no Prince Charming and no kiss. Instead the sleeping princess, Talia, pricked by a piece of flax, is impregnated by a king who, searching for an escaped hunting falcon, happens upon her house. Unable to wake her, he nevertheless picks “the fruits of love” before riding home to his kingdom. The spell breaks nine months later, when one of her newborn twins, searching for her breast, instead sucks the enchanted piece of flax from under her fingernail. The story ends happily ever after.
but only after the king’s wife—who, plotting her revenge, becomes the story’s villain—tries to kill Talia and cannibalize her children, only to find herself condemned to a fiery death. “So,” Maggi says, “this is Sleeping Beauty, but at the same time, it is not Sleeping Beauty. It is a different story.”

Over the next two centuries, the brothers Grimm and their contemporary Clemens Brentano, a German poet and novelist—and before them, French fairy-tale collector Charles Perrault—rewrote Basile’s stories, adapting them to their own cultural moments. Shortening and simplifying them, combing out the moral uncertainties and narrative imprecisions, they turned the tales into children’s stories. “So the version we remember,” Maggi says of Sleeping Beauty, “is a much shorter, sharper version that leaves out the babies and all that other stuff. In the brothers Grimm version, the story ends with a kiss.” Maggi claps his hands. “And that’s it. That’s the moment when you have Sleeping Beauty.” What today seems like an eternal narrative is in fact, he says, “a creation of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm rewriting the story.”

But already, Maggi says, something was being lost. The messy elements of those original stories, the opaque references and narrative miscues, the murky morals and complex characters, were essential to the fairy tales’ magic.

More than a century and a half after the Grinms published their Children’s and Household Tales, the Grimms stories themselves have been retold and resimplified again and again, by Disney and others, until they become fossilized. Few people these days read the actual text of the Grinms’ fairy tales, let alone Perrault or Brentano or Basile. “If you go to the bookstore, the brothers Grimm are in folklore,” Maggi says. The children’s section offers fairy tales that are thinner, simpler summaries, often of Disney movies. Meanwhile, the stories have been reproduced and parodied in books and films, their abstract outlines used in countless artistic manifestations: poetry, video games, comic books, children’s books, pornography, and commercials.

Postmodern writers like John Barth, Angela Carter, and Robert Coover, AM’65, have wrestled with these inherited versions of fairy tales, twisting and reshaping them in ways that, Maggi says, “exposed them, unveiled the anxiety, the despair that lies within these stories that need to change.” In his 1996 novel Briar Rose (Grove Press), Coover resurrects narrative elements from Basile’s Sleeping Beauty and embeds them within his story of a sleeping princess who will never wake, while her doomed prince hacks away at the briars surrounding the castle, which he will never reach. “I have great admiration for these works,” Maggi says. “They are important; they are often brilliant. But what postmodern authors do not do is present an alternative.” Like other variations on existing fairy tales, postmodernist retellings, he says, remain “anchored to these atrophied fairy-tale formations.”

Perhaps paradoxically, the quest for a new mythology has turned Maggi into an archaeologist of the fairy-tale past. By reconstructing the origins of contemporary stories and tracing their evolution from century to century, he hopes not only to dispel the notion of fairy tales as “natural,” eternal stories but also perhaps to locate a few bread crumbs in the forest, which may help lead the way to new, responsive, robust narratives. The contrast between our familiar fairy tales and their unruly ancestors, Maggi says, is not unlike the academic dichotomy between literary and oral storytelling. “In the bowdlerized versions of the brothers Grimm, everything has to make sense, everything has to be explained.” And the idea that fairy tales should be moral? “This is also questionable,” he says. “This is also the brothers Grimm legacy.”

Basile’s stories, laid out to mimic an oral performance, are “full of gaps, contradictions, obscure allusions, and misleading innuendos that make his tales immensely fascinating,” Maggi says. Like The Tale of Tales, oral stories are traditionally considered “incomplete, inconsistent, redundant, what verges on nonsense.” An oral storyteller may, for instance, introduce details or characters and forget to incorporate them into the plot, or describe a dramatic scene without first laying the groundwork. All these things, in a way, keep the story more alive, mutable. “The spell of a fairy tale, what the famous fairy-tale scholar Max Lüthi calls the ‘miracle,’ is linked to the oral origin of the story. There lies the original vitality of the tale.”

Toward the end of his Humanities Day lecture, closing in on the allure of oral storytelling, Maggi paused. “We must be able to dream,” he said. “We do not dream anymore when we watch this Disney Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella.”

He has given several talks on his fairy-tale research, and invariably, he says, someone from the audience will ask, “So, where are the new stories?” It’s a question he can’t yet answer. “What I say is, ‘It has to be a cultural change. It can’t be one person who saves fairy tales.’”

Still, he can’t help asking that same question: where are the new stories? He wonders if part of the answer may lie in the popularity of memoirs and reality television—fictions bearing the illusion of reality—and the extras that come with DVDs. “Movies are not enough anymore; we want to see interviews, behind the scenes, the making of the film,” Maggi says. “There is a longing for reality that has something to do with our frustration with fairy tales. We want stories that we can relate to, stories that seem real, that seem complicated, that are messy, but also stories of confronting danger or difficulty, as memoirists do, and overcoming them. Stories of triumph.” Happily ever after.
A

rmando Maggi, PhD’95, sees postmodernist writer Robert Coover, AM’65, as the end of a storytelling era that began with Giambattista Basile. “In a sense, what he has accomplished is the undoing of these stories,” Maggi says. “He debunks our old mythologies and calls our attention to the need for something new.” The author of 14 books, Coover, a literary-arts professor at Brown University, has been parodying and reinventing traditional stories and popular myths since the publication of his first novel, The Origin of the Brunists, in 1966.

His work often engages fairy tales. In short-story collections such as A Child Again and Pricksongs and Descants, he reshapes the familiar stories, upending long-established metaphors and traditional expectations. His 1996 novella Briar Rose complicates and subverts the contemporary Sleeping Beauty story by resurrecting elements of the original Basile tale. His 2004 Stepmother offers the story of a wicked witch fiercely protecting her stepdaughter from mortal danger. In an essay for Brothers and Beasts: An Anthology of Men on Fairy Tales, Coover lays out the distinction he draws between “tale” and “myth”: “Tale is the underbelly of myth,” he writes. “Myth is head, tale body; myth power, tale resistance; myth nice, tale naughty; myth structure, tale flow; myth king, tale fool; myth sacred, tale profane.”

What makes tales—not only fairy tales but all kinds of folk and popular tales—endure? For one thing, they respond to raw human needs and appetites—the desire for happy endings in an unhappy world, for justice where there is none, for fairness, love, comedy, for the playful exercising of the imagination. But of course the tale also plays to the baser instincts, to racism, sexism, greed, fear, to the appetite for revenge, for bringing down, as cruelly as possible, not only the high and mighty but also misfits and fools. The very earliest tales we have, creation stories, religious fantasies, nation-building myths—the ancient Sumerian tales, for example, from which the Akkadian Gilgamesh epic was stitched—all tend to exhibit these same characteristics, emerging as if irresistibly from the pooled mess we call human nature. Their parts are interchangeable and can be constructed and reconstructed to tell a vast range of stories that can migrate through diverse cultures, the morals changing from one telling to the next.

So they provide a universal commonality of language, of discourse, of narrative. The opportunity for a ceaseless remythologization. And they enjoy a kind of immortality that we, the tellers, lack. They may disappear for a long time—we don’t hear the tales of Little Black Sambo anymore, or some of the more gross misogynist tales; Sut Lovingood has largely dropped out of the curriculum—but they linger under the surface and return in new guises from generation to generation, century to century. We are, for example, an allegedly democratic society that has thrown off royalty and the naive awe of bloodlines, yet we flock to see something as blatantly royalist as The Lion King and grovel before political and commercial dynasties, as though somehow their seed might be magical, able to save us all only if we give them what they want. These grand patriotic, religious, and cultural myths and tales have been a personal target all my writing life. They are not truths, though they may contain truths, and they need to be told and retold, over and over, played with, reinvented, moved into strange places, so that what’s valuable in them for our own times can be celebrated and what’s wicked or stifling mocked.

How did fairy tales become a part of your work? The summer before starting grad school at Chicago, I holed up in a remote cabin on an island in Minnesota with the intention of trying to understand this vocation of writing. I’d thought of myself as a writer since I was about three years old, but my notions about it were vague and ambivalent. I was working my way at the time through all the fairy tales provide a commonality of language and enjoy an immortality that we, the tale-tellers, lack.
tales I’d been brought up with, including the patriotic and religious ones, and consequently was reading a lot by historians and theologians. I ran into an argument between the theologian Rudolf Bultmann and the philosopher Karl Jaspers. Basically, Bultmann wanted to de-mythologize Christianity, to rid the Bible of the folk and fairy tales and its dubious histories, and reduce the Christian story to its so-called facts, its indisputable essence, its indispensable dogmas. Jaspers felt that was a kind of false rationalism, that the stories that Bultmann wanted to keep had no more validity than those he wanted to throw out, but each had equal mythic or tale-telling value. Bultmann’s way of critiquing the tales from the outside with a set of orthodox standards was the very opposite to that of Jaspers’s notion of living inside stories to search out their potential insights, free of any dogma. This notion of invading stories experientially on their own turf appealed to me, if Jaspers’s transcendental aims perhaps did not, and I began that summer to work my way into the kind of writing I’ve been doing ever since.

How do you find a place to grasp a tale from within and retell it? Usually the tale takes hold of me. I often don’t understand myself why I’m suddenly attracted to a certain element. I tend to launch forth by way of a particular image or phrase or curious metaphor. This seed of a tale often sits germinating in a file drawer for years before it begins to open itself up to me. For example: *Briar Rose*. One day many, many years ago, I had a passing thought about a sleeping beauty who never woke up and an aspiring hero who never escaped the briars, and who somehow dreamt into being their lives together. I wrote a couple of paragraphs, but that was as far as it went. Years went by, though I attempted several times to return to it. For a while I was using “briar rose” as a password to my computer, because I wanted to keep telling myself to go back to it. And then one day I found myself thinking about the bad fairy who put Beauty to sleep: why did she do that? She did not appear because I thought her into being; she simply popped up and made a wisecrass remark which I chanced to overhear. And suddenly I had my story. When she intruded upon the tale, it took off and was done within weeks.

The characters in your books and stories often seem frustrated with their traditional fairy-tale roles. Each of these characters is trapped in a story not entirely their own that they’re struggling against, and that’s meant to be a kind of metaphor for everyone’s personal existence. We are all caught up in tales dreamed up by others long dead. Most people accept these imposed narratives; it’s easier to get through life that way. But that mindless surrender to one’s mythic environment is what these characters are resisting, and they might show the way for readers to recognize and resist their own entrapments. Thus my book *The Adventures of Lucky Pierre*. Lucky is a pornographic film hero who has no life outside the footage that he’s in. He has no continuity beyond that provided by montage, no memory unless a flashback is given him, no “character” beyond that scripted for him. Yet, within that fixed rigid role in life, he strives for freedom and understanding, a comic effort to be sure, like all our strivings, but hopefully an exemplary one.

So many of your stories resist a clear resolution, let alone a happy ending. The princess in *Briar Rose* will never awaken; Stepmother will always try to save another daughter from the Reaper. But they have another kind of ending, if not always a conventionally happy one, and that’s one in which the whole—including the sources and the inventive transformations of those sources—becomes apparent to the attentive and absorptive reader. This accession of the whole by the assembly, not necessarily linear, of the parts and their variations, their potential, is characteristic of much electronic or computer writing.

Take, for example, the famous sonnet by Raymond Queneau, “Cent Mille Milliards de Poèmes,” in which each of the 144 lines has ten variations. In its original form, ten bound pages of poems were sliced between each line, allowing the reader to create variations by turning lines instead of pages. This cumbersome procedure was upgraded on the computer by way of random-selection generators, providing the reader with potentially a hundred trillion different sonnets simply by hitting a replay or shuffle button. It is probably impossible, in one lifetime, to read this poem in all its combinations.

But in actuality there are only 140 lines arranged in 14 sets of ten lines each, and the reader can grasp something of the sonnet’s entirety, its intentions, its content, by reading these lines and sorting them mentally into their sets. Then, calling up any randomly shuffled version, the reader is in effect rereading and listening to the particular music of that version, but with the whole of the poem more or less in mind.

It’s similar to complex narratives that resist linear interpretations and have no easy or singular conclusions. The very arbitrariness of bringing a story to a clean ending—this happened and then that happened, and here’s the inevitable result—can be reassuring and momentarily delightful, but it’s too unlike life itself to be ultimately satisfying. Being left, instead, with a larger vision of the whole, with all its paradoxes and potential, is or can be more fulfilling than simply knowing that they killed the wolf and put stones in his belly.
Jessie Taft, PhB 1905, PhD 1913, belonged to a generation of women hindered by a society reluctant to accept them as scholars, thinkers, and public figures. Taft, the precocious daughter of a Des Moines fruit merchant, earned a doctorate in philosophy under the great U of C pragmatist George H. Mead. But no university job awaited her. Reason and intellect, it was thought, belonged properly to men; women should concern themselves with maternal care and domestic virtue.

And so, like many other talented young women of her day, Taft turned to social work—seen as an extension of maternal care and thus open to women—pouring all her energy and intelligence into it. Social work was never the same. As a psychologist, feminist, writer, and educator, Taft was a prominent Progressive Era reformer who exerted a profound influence on social work in its formative years. She became an authority on child placement and pioneered a therapeutic approach that focused on helping patients solve everyday problems. A tough-minded yet compassionate social worker, she was also a courageous thinker who brought a philosophical and humanistic spirit to a vocation struggling to establish itself as a legitimate profession.

Taft grew up the eldest of three daughters in a comfortable if uninspiring household; her mother’s progressing deafness limited social life at home. She took quickly to books, was always first in her classes, and learned to play and love the piano. She also worried about her weight, suffered crushes on a trolley driver and her principal, and sampled local churches before settling on the Unitarians. Her biographer and lifelong companion, Virginia Robinson, wrote that, “in retrospect, adolescence flattened out into a long desert waste marked by evenings of boredom spent on the porch in the intense heat of an Iowa summer.”

After high school Taft studied at Drake University in her hometown, earning a bachelor’s in 1904. Then she spent a year at the University of Chicago, where she earned a degree in philosophy and psychology. But she felt guilty about leaving home and returned to teach Latin, mathematics, and German at West Des Moines High School.

Her life changed dramatically in the summer of 1908, when she returned to the University to work on a doctorate. She moved into a house belonging to James Tufts, a professor of philosophy and one of the founders of the Chicago school of pragmatism. Among her housemates that summer was Robinson, who herself went on to a distinguished career as a social worker and educator. The two became fast friends. They reveled in the intellectual excitement of a busy campus, an excitement heightened, Robinson wrote, by the presence of “crowds and crowds of people of every type and nationality eager to grasp a little knowledge, school teachers from rural districts, country preachers intent on getting a modern idea or two.”

Passionate, long-term partnerships were common among professional women in the early decades of the 20th century. Robinson, a year younger than Taft, had grown up in Louisville and earned a bachelor’s and a master’s at Bryn Mawr, and later a doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania. She described Taft as “large and ungainly, and Western but with the kindest eyes I’ve ever seen. There is no escaping the appeal of her good, straightforward common sense and understanding of things.” Taft also possessed other qualities that would later help her succeed in social work: “She is so frank and sincere and free from conventionality that she compels you to a like frankness, and you find yourself telling her things in the most natural, matter-of-course manner.”

Taft wrote her dissertation under the heavy influence of pragmatists such as Meade, William James, and John Dewey. Titled The Woman Movement from the Point of View of Social Consciousness, the dissertation was Taft’s attempt “to establish for herself her worth as a woman in the world of men,” Robinson wrote. It reads as a deeply felt examination of the predicament of American women at the dawn of the 20th century, which Taft described as “a peculiarly unhappy position” that offered women a “sorry choice of a limited sex and maternal expression or a doubtful and hazardous attempt on the economic side.” Mary Jo Deegan, PhD ’75, a feminist scholar at the University of Nebraska–Lincoln, calls Taft’s dissertation “the best testament of feminist pragmatism that’s ever been written.”

In the summer of 1912, Taft put her dissertation on hold to pursue real-world experience; she and Robinson were
A matriarch of modern social work

Jessie TafT (1882–1960)

by legacy and German at West Des Moines High School. Leaving home and returned to teach Latin, mathematics, philosophy and psychology. But she felt guilty about a year at the University of Chicago, where she earned a degree in philosophy and psychology. She laid down her daughter, wrote that, “in retrospect, adolescence flattened out into a long desert waste marked by evenings of boredom and love the piano. She also worried about her weight, deafness limited social life at home. She took quickly to the University to work on a doctorate. Taft grew up the eldest of three daughters in a comfortable home in Flourtown, Pennsylvania, in 1954 (top); Taft and Robinson pose with their adopted children, Martha and Everett, in 1923 (middle); Taft’s 1908 faculty photo from the West Des Moines High School annual (bottom).

The professional self is the real self, the self that carries value, the immortal self.

—Jessie Taft
recruited as investigators to interview inmates at the New York State Reformatory for Women. After the summer she returned to Chicago to finish her degree, then returned to work at the reformatory. Neither experience nor education had prepared Taft for prison work, Robinson wrote. Nonetheless, she “accepted the function of assistant superintendent without rebellion.” She learned to respect the rules and regulations critical to prison life. After handcuffing a young woman who had “smashed out” and accompanying her to solitary confinement, she visited the woman each day to try to help her with her problems. Years later one inmate wrote to Taft, “You were very kind to me in my unruly childishness, and above all you never lied to me, so you have always remained in my memory.”

Two years later she joined the State Charities Aid Association of New York as director of the Association’s Social Service Department. Her work involved speaking at institutions and community gatherings about “mental hygiene,” now more commonly called mental health. It was an emerging field, and Taft was excited for the opportunity to promote what she called “a new philosophy of life.” Some of her talks were published under titles like “Is There Anything the Matter with Your Child’s Mind?” and “Fortifying the Child Against Mental Disease.”

Taft also worked as a social worker once a week at the Cornell Clinic of Psychopathology, the first mental-hygiene clinic in New York City. There she grappled with the need to help patients when contemporary psychiatry offered little but a diagnosis. Sometimes she visited patients in their homes because, as she wrote, “it is impossible for the patient to be abandoned.” She took one girl, who was diagnosed with dementia and refused to talk, on walks until the girl finally began communicating with her. The girl later married and kept in touch with Taft, sending her letters and Christmas gifts. Taft brought a suicidal girl out of her depression and helped arrange for her to go to college. Her work at Cornell led her to conclude that a change of environment and not just individual treatment might help children. So she established a small experimental school, called the Farm School, in New Jersey, close to New York City. The school operated until its consulting psychiatrist was called away to serve in the Great War. “There was one thing we found out,” she wrote in a report, “and that was that it is not as difficult as we thought to change children.”

In 1918 Robinson took a job in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania School of Social Work, whose staff had been reduced by the war. Taft followed, becoming head of the Seybert Institution’s Department of Child Study, where she was in charge of children kept in temporary shelter while waiting for the Children’s Bureau of Philadelphia to place them in foster homes. To this work she brought not only an expertise in psychological testing but also experience in understanding troubled children and in promoting mental hygiene. One of her first acts was to start a school. Although the school closed after a year—it proved too difficult to operate with a constantly shifting population—it taught her valuable lessons. “If we had been impressed by anything in our year’s experience, it is this: how little anyone really knows about children; how seldom we stop to see them as they are, rather than as objects to be changed by us into something easier to manage; and how pitifully easy it is in the majority of cases to get immediate response and magical transformations as soon as a little understanding and encouragement is provided.”

After the school closed, she devoted herself to developing the mental hygiene service of the Children’s Bureau. She trained and supervised mental-health workers and oversaw every aspect of work with troubled children. She also wrote for professional journals and popular magazines, spoke at conferences and other gatherings, and consulted with social-work agencies that wrote to her for advice. She was increasingly a national authority on social work, especially on the care and placement of children.

During this time, child placement became more than a professional issue for Taft. In 1921, through a social-work contact in New York, she and Robinson adopted a foster child, an eight-year-old boy named Everett, who was still in touch with his father. A year later they took in a five-year-old girl named Martha, who also had existing family connections. Eventually they adopted the children. “We feel very much like a family and some times wonder whether we are going to live through it,” she wrote in 1923. It was not uncommon for lesbian couples, especially social workers, to adopt children. In Flourtown, Pennsylvania, where Taft and Robinson lived, they were part of what has been described as a “close-knit community of like-minded women” who lived near each other, spent meals and holidays together, and supported one another. But adoption brought its own troubles. When he was a junior in high school, Everett ran away to live with his paternal grandmother in Kansas. One of his
I KNEW THAT I HAD NOT THE BASIS FOR HELPING PEOPLE, HOWEVER DEEP MY DESIRE.

children, Frances Taft Plunkett, AB’62, says Everett respected the women who raised him but “wasn’t particularly interested” in them: “Jessie and Virginia were just folks who had adopted him.”

As powerfully as Taft believed in the value of social work, she anguished over its inadequate methods. By the mid-20s it had become clear to her that existing approaches to helping children were insufficient, in part because they focused too much on testing. She felt a “deep awareness of being stopped in professional development,” she wrote later. “I knew that I had not the basis for helping people, however deep my desire.”

In 1926 she met a man who revived her hopes. Otto Rank, a Viennese psychoanalyst, had broken with Freud and so became a pariah among American psychoanalysts. Taft turned into his greatest champion. Her desire to help the mentally troubled, joined with Rank’s ideas about human psychology—he believed, for instance, that the birth trauma could lead to adult anxiety and that human will guided personality development—changed her thinking about social work. Much of the change came from her experience undergoing psychoanalysis with Rank, who practiced what he called “here-and-now” therapy. “It took only two weeks,” Taft wrote, “for me to yield to a new kind of relationship, in the experiencing of which the nature of my own therapeutic failures became suddenly clear.”

Taft became the leading theorist of the “functional” school of social work, contrasted with the Freud-inspired “diagnostic” social work, which focused on diagnosing mental illness and tracing it to its sources. The functional school was pragmatic. It allowed patients to identify their own problems. It aspired to equality between therapist and client. Most of all, it considered the therapist-client relationship the key to improving mental health. Yet the diagnostic school dominated the field, and social workers trained at the University of Pennsylvania—the largest school advocating the functional approach—had trouble finding work in agencies allied with the diagnostic school.

Taft began teaching extension courses at the Pennsylvania School of Social Work in 1919; in 1934, more than two decades after receiving her doctorate, she became a professor there, and the school became affiliated with Penn a year later. She retired in 1952, after helping to make the school a center of functional social work. In addition to teaching, she edited several issues of the school’s journal of social work, contributing essays that laid out the principles of functional social work. She died in 1960.

Today Taft is little remembered, even within her field. But she is deeply admired by those familiar with her life and work. “What comes through is a woman of strength, smarts, compassion, integrity, devotion, and humility, along with intolerance for trivia, hucksters, bigots,” says E. James Lieberman, a biographer of Rank who knew several of Taft’s former students in the 1970s.

Taft played an important, if neglected, part in Progressive Era reforms as a feminist, social worker, and thinker. She is perhaps best known as Rank’s translator and biographer. And yet more important were the books, articles, speeches, and teaching that helped lay the theoretical foundations of social work as it struggled for professional recognition. Some of her ideas, such as the importance of the therapeutic relationship, have become an established part of social-work practice and research. “She was ahead of her time in thinking about that,” says Martha Morrison Dore, PhD’86, a research associate at Harvard’s Department of Psychiatry.

At the same time, Dore and other critics say social work has strayed from the path that Taft blazed. The drive toward specialization and scientific legitimacy, they argue, has eclipsed the broad, humanistic outlook and reforming spirit that Taft exemplified and that characterized the first generation of social workers. “The work of Jessie Taft is perhaps more important today than it has been at any time in the history of social work education,” writes Rich Furman, professor at the University of Washington, Tacoma. “At its core, social work is a profession rooted in humanistic, progressive values.”

Taft avoided the “sorry choice” she foresaw as a young graduate student. She succeeded in two realms, the male world of reason and inquiry and the maternal world of helping others. Starting out as a philosopher, she found her way into social work and spent her career thinking deeply about what social work could and should do. She also responded to those who needed her with a powerful sense of mission. In a letter to Robinson, she described meeting an old acquaintance who hoped “to make something of herself.”

“I went away feeling very solemn inside and very much under obligation to be the kind of person these people need since I seems to be able to reach them,” Taft wrote. “Don’t laugh at me. It isn’t conceit but a tremendous reverence for this thing that seems to have been given to me.”

Richard Mertens is a freelance writer in Chicago.
“This is a book of genuinely global sweep, traversing continents and millennia of human history. Yet it is also a wonderfully detailed and nuanced work of archivally based history, particularly in its later chapters, which offer fine-grained accounts of the elaboration of segregationist ideology and practice in two specific cities, Chicago and Johannesburg. This is a terrific book: original, important, and astonishingly broad-ranging.”

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In 1982—the year this photo was taken—Jimmy’s Woodlawn Tap proprietor Jimmy Wilson was named an honorary UChicago alumnus. He ran the Hyde Park watering hole from 1948 until his 1999 death.
**Cover to cover**

**by Sadie Stein, AB’03**

People who make it their business to classify such things call them “malt shop books”—the numerous young-adult series written in the 1950s and 1960s. I inherited a few of my mother’s Betty Cavanna books; by age 12 I was hooked, scanning library sales and thrift stores for the tiny patch of tartan that denoted a vintage Scholastic paperback or the telltale words that suggested a title targeted at the teenage reader.

I learned how varied the genre was: the serious and introspective Betty Cavanna books; Janet Lambert’s series, which take place in military families; the more frivolous Rosamond du Jardins; the slightly odd Lenora Mattingly Webers, which center around the independent-minded Malone family.

Many of these books deal with “issues”—teen drinking, peer pressure, fast crowds. But the overall picture of teen life is wholesome and comforting. Parents tend to be supportive and families functional; the occasional sibling rivalry generally gives way to mutual understanding.

I was an awkward teenager. And my New York City school—full of wealthy, sophisticated teenagers whom I found terrifying—was a far cry from the suburban utopia of the malt shop books. A late bloomer who was painfully shy and painfully aware of not looking right in the clothes my mom bought me, I dreamed of a world in which virtue was rewarded; boys fell for the smart, quiet girls and were happy with wholesome dates; and everyone knew exactly how to dress for every occasion. I recognized that the books were idealized, but my interest was more than ironic or curious: I found the fictional universe of my collection a true refuge.

I enjoyed all the series, from Candy Kane (a precocious singer on an Army base) to Marty Smith (a gutsy journalism undergrad), but one series became my favorite: Anne Emery’s Dinny Gordon books. Emery is better known for other series—the Sally and Jean Burnaby books, the 4-H centric Jane Ellisons, the Pat Marlowe stories, the Sue Morgan series. But Dinny Gordon was, and remains, my favorite.

Born in Fargo, North Dakota, Emery moved as a child to the area that would feature as the setting of most of her books: Evanston, Illinois, where her father was a professor. After attending Northwestern herself, Emery traveled extensively with her parents before becoming an elementary-school teacher in the Evanston system. She and husband John Emery would go on to have five daughters, and after retiring from teaching Emery launched a long and successful writing career.

Emery brought an unusual sensitivity to her writing for teens, which is never condescending and pays more than passing attention to real issues and problems. Yes, the universe is basically safe and comforting, but the characters feel real, and their problems aren’t solved overnight after one talk with an omniscient parent.

In Dinny Gordon, Emery created a heroine who, strange name aside, rang particularly true. When we meet Dinny, she’s starting her freshman year at Rosemont High in a bucolic college town that’s a stand-in for Evanston. Unlike her pretty and popular older sister, Roxy, Dinny is small, plain, shy, and resolutely uninterested in boys. She hangs out with other misfits: the awkwardly tall Blythe, the overweight Melinda, and Sue, who suffers from acne.

None of these is a tragedy, of course, but enough to damage a young teen’s fragile self-confidence.

Dinny is also brainy. Her passion is for archeology, and she’s a diligent student. When her school hosts a science competition, Dinny wins accolades for her model of Pompeii—even as her friends begin to abandon her for the lure of dating, much to the disgust of the independent Dinny. I related to Dinny’s defensive disinterest in romance and her unwillingness to grow up. I also related to the book’s other plot point: Dinny’s inability to discourage the attentions of an awkward nerd, Clyve, who’s new in town and whom her parents urge her to befriend. Kindhearted and awkward herself, Dinny doesn’t want to hurt the older boy’s feelings, and she even goes so far as to invite him to a turnabout dance. That she gets the flu at the last minute and has to pawn him off on Melinda is a happy resolution for everyone.

Sophomore year finds Dinny at odds with her friend Sue, who’s dating a charming southern boy with an interest in classics. He and Dinny develop a strong connection. Sue’s complexion problems behind her, she has emerged as a popular butterfly, and the girls have increasingly little in common. After Dinny too begins dating (Curt, the charming southern boy), things remain tenuous between.

Yes, the universe is basically safe and comforting, but the characters feel real, and their problems aren’t solved overnight after one talk with an omniscient parent.
the former friends—the book does not see a neat resolution to what are real problems.

_Dinny Gordon: Junior_ is in many ways the most serious of the series, dealing with a subject I’d never seen broached in a young-adult book: anti-Semitism. After a Jewish family moves to town, Dinny becomes friends with Debbie Goldman, while Melinda starts dating Debbie’s brother, Mike. Debbie is a talented artist with an interest in ancient history, and Mike is a popular scholar and athlete. However, they quickly run into prejudice, including from Dinny’s boyfriend. Ultimately, Dinny and Curt break up over the issue.

And that, for years, was all I knew: Dinny was left, as far as I was concerned, alone and principled after her junior year. I could not find the fourth book in the series. Fifteen years ago, it was not simply a question of going to AbeBooks or Amazon, and all my foraging in bookstores and at library sales was for naught. I wanted—no, needed—to know that Dinny ended up OK, pursuing a satisfying career, and with a boy who appreciated her.

It wasn’t until my own senior year at the U of C that I found a copy—or, rather, my mother did, at a lucky tag sale. I couldn’t wait to dig in and see what had become of my favorite fictional friend, and what I found did not disappoint: the book opened at the Oriental Institute. Dinny had gone to UChicago to study for the summer with a prominent Israeli archeologist, who encouraged her interests. Back home, she falls in with an older boyfriend: a college boy whose only interests are contemporary politics and who makes Dinny feel guilty about her passion for the ancient world. It takes almost the whole of the book to dispense with the somewhat tiresome Steve, but the ending is all one could have wished for. Not only do things look good for Dinny’s future with grad student Brad Kenyon, but, following a trip to the Mediterranean that’s been her goal throughout the series, she plans to start college, studying archeology at the University of Chicago.

Older and happier, having found myself and my friends at the same place, I couldn’t help but smile—Dinny and I had ended up together after all.

Sadie Stein is a deputy editor at the Paris Review.
PREPPED FOR SUCCESS
In August PrepMe, a Chicago-based test-preparation software company founded by Karan Goel, AB’04, MBA’06, and profiled in a 2005 Magazine article, was acquired by Providence Equity, the same group that purchased Blackboard.

HIGHER-ED HIGHER-UP
Retired University of California system president Richard C. Atkinson, PhB’48, is the subject of a 2012 biography, The Entrepreneurial President: Richard Atkinson and the University of California, 1995–2003 (University of California Press). Atkinson, who won the UChicago Alumni Association’s Alumni Medal in 2003, became the 17th president one month after the UC Regents voted to end affirmative action, and the book details how he dealt with the consequences, as well as how he cultivated the university’s research programs to increase California’s productivity and economic growth.

ANALYZE THIS
Google’s people analytics manager for global sales, Neal Patel, AB’01, AM’07, gave a 2011 talk at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology’s business school about his research, which quantifies the effects of having a good boss. Called Project Oxygen, the research, according to a New York Times article, found that the most effective managers make time for one-on-one meetings, help employees solve problems by asking questions instead of dictating, and take an interest in employees’ lives and careers.

HIGH-VOLTAGE HUMOR
A physics joke about the Higgs boson was made famous in the New York Times and on The Colbert Report, thanks to Michael Barnett, PhD’71, a senior physicist at Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory. “I had dinner with [Times] science writer Dennis Overbye, and after a few glasses of wine mentioned this quasi joke about the status of the search” for the so-called God particle at the Large Hadron Collider. The joke: “The Higgs boson has not been discovered yet, but its mass is 125 billion electron volts.” Colbert’s audience did not seem to get it.

BURYING CAT
Since 1996 archaeologist Lawrence Straus, AB’71, AM’72, PhD’75, the University of New Mexico’s Leslie Spier distinguished professor of anthropology, and his team have been excavating El Mirón Cave in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain. In 2010 they discovered a partially complete human burial—the first burial ever found from the Magdalenian age on the Iberian Peninsula. The body was a young adult’s, and four stones were arranged on top in a way that suggests the person may have been significant. After publishing a 2011 paper about the burial in Antiquity, Straus coedited a book, El Mirón Cave, Cantabrian Spain: The Site and Its Holocene Archaeological Record (University of New Mexico Press, 2012).

FOCUSED ON SCATTERING
Daniel J. Auerbach, SB’64, SM’66, PhD’74, a professor in the University of California, Santa Barbara’s chemistry and biochemistry department, has won a Humboldt Research Award from the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation to recognize his lifetime research achievements. A physical chemist, Auerbach is a pioneer in using laser-spectroscopic techniques to understand the microscopic details of chemical dynamics. Spending the first six months of 2012 doing research in Germany, Auerbach is developing a new approach to high-resolution-beam surface scattering.

CONSCIOUS SCIENCE
Nancy Ellen Abrams, AB’69, shared the 2012 Chopra Foundation’s Spirit of Rustum Roy Award with her husband, Joel Primack, and a third recipient, honoring their scientific contributions to understanding consciousness. For the award, Adams and Primack were keynote speakers at the March Sages and Scientists Symposium. Together the couple has published two books about cosmology.
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.

ALIEN VS. PREDATOR
By Michael Robbins, AM’04, PhD’11; Penguin, 2012.
Alluding to modern culture—Guns N’ Roses, Star Wars—as well as the English canon, the poems in this volume make up Michael Robbins’s first collection. Robbins has been published in the New Yorker, Poetry, and the London Review of Books.

STRINGS ATTACHED: UNTANGLING THE ETHICS OF INCENTIVES
By Ruth Grant, AB’71, AM’75, PhD’84; Princeton University Press, 2011.
Incentives can be a form of power, says Duke University philosopher Ruth Grant. They can influence people’s financial decisions or child-rearing choices, so if they are used to manipulate or exploit rather than as an exchange for a desired behavior, the ethics of incentives become complex. Presenting a history of incentives in the 20th-century United States, Grant examines their use in four areas: plea bargaining, recruiting medical-research subjects, International Monetary Fund loan conditions, and motivating students.

FORGOTTEN COUNTRY
By Catherine Chung, SB’01; Riverhead Books, 2012.
In her debut novel Catherine Chung weaves together Korean mythology with contemporary issues of immigration and identity. The night Janie’s sister, Hannah, is born, her grandmother tells Janie that, ever since the Japanese occupied Korea, their family has lost a daughter in every generation. As she grows up, Janie’s parents also tell her vague tales imbued with warnings—in one, girls jump off cliffs and drift into the sea. Years later Hannah disappears without warning or explanation, and Janie sets out to find her sister and discover the reasons behind her family’s silence.

MISSING LINKS: THE AFRICAN AND AMERICAN WORLDS OF R. L. GARNER, PRIMATE COLLECTOR
R. L. Garner was a self-taught zoologist during the Progressive Era, famous for his study of African primates in Gabon, who influenced contemporary debates about evolution. Maywood University associate professor of social sciences Jeremy Rich examines Garner’s life (1848–1920) and work, as well as the race-dominated thinking of the time. Missing Links explores the effect of colonialism on Africans, the complicated history of buying and selling primates, and the popularization of biological racism.

HALLEY
By Julio Chavezmontes, AB’05; Mantarraya Producciones, 2012. A Spanish-language horror movie, Halley is screenwriter and coproducer Julio Chavezmontes’s first feature-length film. A dead man who works as a 24-hour-gym night guard starts to show signs of decomposition. He had been covering it up with makeup and perfume, but he’s having trouble hiding the smell. Deciding to become a hermit, the guard, Alberto, first forms a friendship with Luly, the gym’s manager.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF STOCK MARKET PROFITS: THE BEST STRATEGIES OF ALL TIME MADE EVEN BETTER
By Mitch Zacks, MBA’99; Wiley, 2011. There are no foolproof investment strategies. But in this guide Mitch Zacks, senior portfolio manager at Zacks Investment Management, identifies techniques based on valuations, seasonal patterns, and price momentum, as well as when particular strategies work best.

CROSSING THE BORDERS OF TIME: A TRUE STORY OF WAR, EXILE, AND LOVE RECLAIMED
By Leslie Maitland, AB’71; Other Press, 2012. Journalist Leslie Maitland, AB’71, tells the story of her mother’s life. In 1942, Janine, an 18-year-old German Jew, boarded a boat from Marseille bound for New York City, leaving the Catholic Frenchman she hoped to marry. Five years later Janine married an American man, but she never stopped thinking about the man she loved in France.

OUR BLACK YEAR: ONE FAMILY’S QUEST TO BUY BLACK IN AMERICA’S RACIALLY DIVIDED ECONOMY
By Maggie Anderson, JD’98, MBA’01; PublicAffairs, 2012.
On January 1, 2009, Maggie Anderson and her family, who live in Oak Park, IL, pledged to buy only from black-owned stores for the full year. The subject of a 2010 Magazine feature, Anderson and her husband, John, both African American professionals, wanted to support black businesses, which lag behind those of other racial groups. Hoping that their year of “buying black” would encourage other African Americans to do the same, Anderson, CEO and cofounder of the Empowerment Experiment Foundation, traces her family’s yearlong experiment, including their struggles and a call to action to support the black economy.

THE GOLDEN ASS OF LUCIUS APULEIUS
By M. D. Usher, AM’94, PhD’97; David R. Godine, 2011. M. D. Usher, a classics professor at the University of Vermont, has adapted a Latin novel from the second century AD. His children’s book tells the story of Prudentius, a boy obsessed with magic who accidentally turns himself into a donkey.
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DEATHS

FACULTY & STAFF

Jean Allard, JD’53, the first female vice president at the University of Chicago, died January 29 in Chicago. She was 87. One of two women in her Law School class, Allard was an antitrust attorney and general counsel and secretary at Maremont Corporation before joining the University in 1972 as President Edward H. Levis’ (U-High’28, PhB’32, JD’35) vice president for business and finance. In 1976 she became the first female partner at Sonnenschien Carlin Nath & Rosenthal. Named one of the city’s most powerful women by the Chicago Tribune in 1987, she later served as president of Chicago’s Metropolitan Planning Council and was the first female board member at Commonwealth Edison and Marshall Field & Company. Survivors include a son and a granddaughter.

Paul Gitlin, of Evanston, IL, an associate professor emeritus in the School of Social Service Administration, died January 23. He was 85. After a stint as a child social worker, Gitlin joined UChicago in 1964, helping to create the SSA’s group-work program and the Families, Individuals, and Communities course graduate sequence. Survivors include two daughters, a son, and two grandchildren.

Emmet Larkin, professor emeritus of history, died March 19 in Chicago. He was 84. Starting his career at Brooklyn College, in 1966 he joined UChicago’s faculty, retiring in 2006. An Irish history scholar, he helped to found the American Committee for Irish Studies and was a Guggenheim Fellow. His book Historical Dimensions of Irish Catholicism (Arno Press, 1976), examines the relevance of the Catholic Church in Ireland after the potato famine. Larkin is survived by his wife, Dianne, a retired Laboratory Schools teacher; daughters Heather Larkin, U-High’86, and Siobhan Kates, U-High’88; and two granddaughters.

James W. Moulder, SB’41, PhD’44, of Vernon Hills, IL, professor emeritus in the Department of Microbiology, died May 6, 2011. He was 90. Moulder taught at UChicago for more than 40 years, leading research on infectious and parasitic diseases. He chaired the microbiology department, was a Guggenheim Fellow, and edited the Journal of Infectious Diseases for 11 years. After retiring in 1986, he moved to Tucson, AZ, where he advised the University of Arizona’s microbiology and immunology department. In 1999 Moulder received the Bergey Medal for lifetime contributions to microbiology. Survivors include a daughter, a son, and five grandchildren.

Michael Mussa, AM’70, PhD’74, a former chief economist at the International Monetary Fund, died of heart failure January 15 in Washington, DC. He was 67. After teaching at the University of Chicago Booth School of Business for 15 years and spending two years as a member of the US Council of Economic Advisers under President Ronald Reagan, Mussa joined the IMF, serving as chief economist from 1999 to 2001. He then became a senior fellow at the Peterson Institute for International Economics, where he remained until his death. Mussa is survived by a brother.

Peter Novick, professor emeritus of history, died February 17 in Chicago. He was 77. Joining the UChicago faculty in 1966, Novick retired in 1999. Over his career he published two controversial landmark books: That Noble Dream: The “Objectivity Question” and the American Historical Profession (Cambridge University Press, 1988) and The Holocaust in American Life (Mariner Books, 2000). The former received the American Historical Association’s 1989 Albert J. Beveridge Prize for the best American history book of the year, and the latter’s awards include the Phi Beta Kappa Ralph Waldo Emerson Award. He is survived by his wife, Joan, and a son.

H. Anne Plettinger, a longtime Argonne National Laboratory employee, died February 9 in Zachary, LA. She was 94. Plettinger joined the University’s Metallurgy Lab in 1943, working on the Manhattan Project. After 30 years as a technical specialist in Argonne’s physics division, she retired to her native Louisiana. In 1996 she won the West Feliciana Civic Club’s Citizen of the Year award for her public-safety activism. She photographed West Felician Parish extensively, and her work was featured in a Chicago Public Library exhibit. Survivors include two nieces, a nephew, and grandchildren.

Gerson “Gus” Rosenthal, of Towanda, IL, an ecologist and associate professor emeritus in the Biological Sciences department. In 1999 Moulder received the Bergey Medal for lifetime contributions to microbiology. Survivors include a daughter, a son, and five grandchildren.

Frederic John “Jack” Mullins, X’39, died September 3 in Rancho Santa Fe, CA. He was 93. Mullins began working for American Airlines as a reservation agent while in the College and retired in 1972 as the company’s vice chair. During his career he launched routes to Mexico City and direct-ed operations for the Southwest region. After retiring he spent the next three decades as a housing contractor and served on the local fire-district board. He is survived by his wife, Jane (Anderson) Mullins, X’39; a daughter; a sister; three grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

1940s

David Levitan, PhD’40, died November 21 in New York City. He was 95. Levitan was special assistant to the War Production Board chair, chief of the Foreign Economic Administration’s property-control division, and editor in chief of the first United Nations manual of operations. A partner at law firm Hahn & Hessen, he hosted the ABC broadcast On Trial and Perspectives. Levitan chaired the Roslyn Harbor Zoning Board for more than 30 years. Survivors include a daughter and a son.

Elizabeth (Herlinger) Groot, SB’42, died February 10 in San Jose, CA. She was 90. Groot joined Union Oil Company in 1942 as its first female chemist. She then moved to Richland, WA, and was active in the League of Women Voters while raising her family. She later worked at Schenectady Chemicals as a typist and chemical librarian. Groot participated in international photography tours in retirement. Her husband, Cornelius “Kees” Groot, SB’40,
SM’42, died in 1992. Survivors include a daughter, two sons, and two grandsons.

Allan M. Goldberg, PhB’45, MD’52, of Evanston, IL, died November 15 in Chicago. He was 84. A WW II veteran, Goldberg ran an internal-medicine practice and also served as chief of medicine at Ingalls Hospital, where he built a coronary care unit. He retired in 2005. Goldberg funded a neurology professorship at UChicago and made other major gifts in memory of his wife, Gretchen Goldberg, AB’47, SB’51, MD’52, who died in 1993.

H. Everett Van Reken, MD’45, of Downer’s Grove, IL, died November 28. He was 93. An Air Force veteran, Van Reken ran an Oak Park, IL, medical practice and served on staff at West Suburban Hospital, where he chaired the family practice department until his 1989 retirement. He is survived by his wife, Rozena; two daughters; three sons, including Calvin Van Reken, AM’72, PhD’86; 16 grandchildren; and 23 great-grandchildren.

Alan Garber, U-High’42, PhB’47, died January 28 in Chicago. He was 86. Garber was board chair and owner of the Crawfords Stores, which operated for more than 70 years. His wife, Beatrice (Bilsky) Garber, SM’38, PhD’51, died in 1980. He is survived by his son, Dale Garber, U-High’68; a sister; four granddaughters; and three great-granddaughters.

Barney Rosset, PhB’47, longtime head of Grove Press, died February 21 in New York City. He was 89. After buying the press for $3,000 in 1951, Rosset introduced authors including Samuel Beckett and Eugene Ionesco to US audiences and challenged censorship laws with the publication of Henry Miller’s Tropic of Cancer and D. H. Lawrence’s Lady Chatterley’s Lover. Honored in 2008 by the National Book Foundation with its highest achievement award, Rosset also courted controversy when he bought the rights to the 1967 Swedish film I Am Curious (Yellow), banned in ten states. Rosset sold Grove in 1985 but continued to publish his literary journal, Evergreen Review, as well as books under new imprints. He is survived by his wife, Astrid Meyers; two daughters; two sons; four grandchildren; and four step-grandchildren.

Ellsworth D. Schmitz, PhB’47, of Springfield, VA, died January 15. He was 88. A WW II Army veteran, he began his 30-year career with an analysis of the US Naval Training Center in Great Lakes, IL, before being assigned to Washington in the early 1950s. He then became chief of the Defense Department’s Office of Drug and Alcohol Abuse Prevention, retiring in 1979. He is survived by his wife, Betty; two daughters; two sons; and six grandchildren.

David Levinsohn, X’48, died January 2, 2010, in Chicago. He was 83. A WW II veteran, he was a reporter for Chicago’s City News Bureau before doing public relations and development writing for the Shedd Aquarium and the Field Museum. He later founded Health Education Publications. He is survived by his partner, Nancy Perzin; two daughters; a brother; and three grandchildren.

Shale Baskin, PhB’49, died January 10 in Chicago. He was 84. With his sons, Baskin opened clothier Mark Shale and built it into a nationally recognized brand. He retired in 1995. He is survived by his wife, Judith; four sons, including Steven Baskin, JD’82; and seven grandchildren.

William Heirens, X’49, died March 5 in Dixon, IL. He was 83. While a 17-year-old University student, Heirens was arrested and confessed to three unsolved murders in Chicago. Known as the Lipstick Killer, he spent the rest of his life in Illinois state prison, later recanting his confession and becoming the first Illinois prisoner to earn a four-year college degree.

1950s

Eiji Suyama, MD’50, of Sebastopol, CA, died June 8, 2009. He was 88. A WW II veteran, Suyama was part of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. Primarily comprised of Japanese Americans and the most decorated unit in US military history, Suyama’s team received the Silver Star for gallantry in action. He later was chief of surgery at the Maine Coast Memorial Hospital until joining the veterans hospital in Fort Meade, SD. He retired in 2008. In 2011 he, along with his combat team, posthumously received the Congressional Gold Medal, Congress’s highest award. He is survived by his wife, Virginia; three daughters; and three sons.

Nancy Haas, MFA’51, died November 13 in Fort Collins, CO. She was 81. A volunteer for the League of Women Voters, Haas was a founding board member of the Irons Museum. There Stanley helped to launch the National Festival of American Folklife. In retirement he continued to do photography tours in retirement. Her photography works were recognized with a lifetime achievement award, the National Medal, Congress’s highest award. She is survived by her husband, Will Haas, MFA’51; four daughters; two sons; 13 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Herbert Paper, AM’48, PhD’51, of Mason, OH, died January 23. He was 87. A WW II veteran, he was among the first US professors to offer university-level Yiddish courses. A Near Eastern languages specialist, Paper helped create the Jewish-studies program at the University of Michigan, where he taught for 24 years. In 1977 he joined Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion’s center for Judaic Studies, and he spent more than two decades there. Editor of the Hebrew Union College Annual, Paper was an early president of the Association of Judaic Studies. He is survived by his wife, Bess; a daughter; a son; a sister; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Ethel Hall, AM’53, died November 12 in Birmingham, AL. She was 83. Hall taught in Alabama high schools and universities before becoming the first African American woman elected to the Alabama Board of Education and its longtime vice president. Survivors include a daughter, a son, two foster daughters, two sisters, and two grandsons.

Patricia Canzoneri, AB’54, died January 5 in Fort Mill, NY. She was 82. Canzoneri married her husband, Nino, in 1956; raised two children; and was the office manager for the family’s real-estate appraisal firm. Survivors include two sons.

Peter G. Gaal, PhB’50, SB’54, MD’54, of Santa Paula, CA, died January 23. He was 81. A Navy veteran and a cardiovascular surgeon, Gaal was an assistant clinical professor in thoracic surgery at the University of California, Los Angeles, for more than 20 years. From 1979 to 1995, he was a commissioner of the Medical Board of California. Gaal also practiced at Ventura County Medical Center and Ventura’s Community Memorial Hospital, where he was chief of staff and on the board of trustees. Gaal is survived by his wife, Sandy; three daughters; two sons; and eight grandchildren.

William L. Lyon, X’54, of Claremont, CA, died November 3, 2010. He was 86. A WW II veteran, Lyon worked in hospital administration. Survivors include four sons; brothers Bayard Lyon, MBA’60, and Edward Lyon, U-High’44, PhB’28, SB’30, MD’33; and three grandchildren.

Paul D. Clasper, X’57, died October 29 in Claremont, CA. He was 88. Clasper taught theology and religion in Asia and North America and was vice president of the Burma Divinity School. Author of a memoir, Theological Ferment (New Day Publishers), he taught at Drew University Theological School and in 1975 joined the Chinese University of Hong Kong as a senior lecturer. Clasper was later ordained an Episcopal priest and became the first American dean of Hong Kong’s St. John’s Cathedral. Survivors include two daughters, two step-children, four grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

LeRoy Palmer, MBA’58, of Clearlake Oaks, CA, died July 4. He was 99. Palmer was a production manager for electrical manufacturing companies before moving into aerospace and defense work. During the 1960s he was part of the team that created antennae used to transmit pictures from the first lunar landing. He retired in 1977. He is survived by his wife, Elsa; a daughter; a son; and two grandchildren.

Samuel L. Stanley, PhD’58, an anthropologist, died November 26 in Seattle. He was 88. A WW II veteran, Stanley taught at California State College before being invited by Sol Tax, PhD’55, to create the Center for the Study of Man at the Smithsonian Institution’s National History Museum. There Stanley helped to launch the Handbook of North American Indians and founded the National Festival of American Folklife. In retirement he continued to do research. Stanley is survived by his wife, Janet; two daughters, including Sarah Ellen Stanley, AM’92; son Samuel L. Stanley Jr., AB’76; and nine grandchildren.

Richard J. Burke, PhD’59, died February 14. He was 79. A philosophy professor at the University of Chicago, Burke authored and edited several books on medieval philosophy, including The Greek and Roman Stoics and The Importance of Being Original. In 1992 he received the University’s Distinguished Service Award. Survivors include his wife, Patricia; a daughter; two sons; and five grandchildren.
emeritus at Oakland University in Rochester, MI. Burke was the first faculty member hired at the public institution. He spent his career there, retiring in 2005. An expert in ancient Greek philosophy, ethics, and philosophy of religion, in 2005 he made a gift to establish the school’s Richard J. Burke Lecture Series in Philosophy, Religion, and Society. Survivors include two sisters and a brother.

Augusta H. Moldawan, AM ’59, a nurse, died January 17 in Safety Harbor, FL. She was 104. Moldawan worked in hospitals and as a teacher-nurse for the Chicago Board of Education. She retired in 1976. She is survived by her daughter, Kathryn (Hanke) Stevens, AM ’70; two grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Jacques J. Rambaud, MD ’59, died November 11 in San Diego. He was 77. An Army veteran, Rambaud was emergency-services director at Pennsylvania’s Lancaster General Hospital and New York’s Phelps Memorial Hospital. In 1984 he joined Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, CA, where he was the urgent care center’s division head and senior consultant until retiring in 2008. An inaugural member of the American College of Emergency Physicians, Rambaud helped designate emergency medicine as a board specialty. He is survived by his wife, Sheila Guerrazzi; two daughters; three stepchildren; a brother; and 15 grandchildren.

James Q. Wilson, AM ’57, PhD ’59, a social scientist, died March 2 in Boston. He was 80. Pioneer of the “broken windows” theory that eliminating markers of community decay such as vandalism would create safer neighborhoods, Wilson received the 2003 Presidential Medal of Freedom. After 25 years at Harvard, Wilson joined UCLA’s Anderson School of Management and the University of Pennsylvania’s School of Engineering and Applied Science, helping to found the School of Urban and Environmental Planning. In 2006, Wilson joined the University of Chicago’s Harris School of Public Policy. Wilson is survived by his wife, Sheila; two daughters; and three grandchildren.

Terrance A. Nosanchuk, AM ’62, PhD ’64, died January 17, 2010, in Ottawa, Canada. He was 74. Nosanchuk taught at the University of British Columbia and Harvard before beginning a 30-year career in the anthropology and sociology department at Ottawa’s Carleton University. He is survived by his partner, Janet Carson; a daughter; and a stepdaughter.

James R. Murphy, AB ’65, died December 21, 2010, in Denver. He was 66. Murphy worked at the University of Colorado and then joined National Jewish Health as a professor and head of the division of biostatistics and bioinformatics. Under his leadership, the division won the Clinical-Translational Science Award from the Colorado Clinical and Translational Sciences Institute. Murphy is survived by his wife, Mary.

Ralph Scott Jr., AB ’76, a community organizer, died of kidney cancer January 12 in Washington, DC. He was 58. An environmental health specialist, Scott cofounded Chicago’s Lead Elimination Action Drive, was a project director for New Jersey Citizen Action, and was community projects director at Alliance for Healthy Homes. Recipient of the Childhood Lead Action Project’s 2010 National Hero Award, most recently he was policy and outreach coordinator at Parents for Nontoxic Alternatives, where he led a project to improve national policy on lead in drinking water. He is survived by his wife, Eun Mi Yu; his parents; a brother; and a sister.

Janet Speck, AB ’76, a Foreign Service officer, died of breast cancer October 29 in Washington, DC. She was 58. Speck worked with the State Department for 29 years and received honors for her work in debt reduction and economic reconstruction in Iraq and food-price policies. Survivors include her mother, Betty A. Speck, AB ’40; a daughter; and two sisters.

1980s

Lynn D. Gordon, AM ’74, PhD ’80, of Rochester, NY, died of cancer February 9. She was 65. A women’s studies scholar, Gordon was associate dean and director of graduate studies at the University of Rochester’s Warner School of Education. She later joined Rochester’s history department and helped create programs at the Susan B. Anthony Center for Women’s Studies. She retired in 2011 as professor emerita. She is survived by her husband, Harold Wechsler; a daughter; and a son. Eleanor J. Grainy, AB ’80, of Verona, PA, died August 4. She was 53. An attorney, Grainy most recently served as director of the Allegheny County Bar Foundation’s Juvenile Court Project. Survivors include her parents and three brothers.

Joanne (Oliver) Anania, MST ’75, PhD ’81, a reading specialist, died February 2 in Austin, TX. She was 72. Anania taught at public schools in Nebraska, New York, and Illinois before joining Governors State University, retiring as distinguished university professor emerita. Recipient of the Illinois Humanities Council’s Lawrence W. Towner Award for launching a humanities-based adult literacy program in Chicago, she directed graduate reading programs and developed graduate-student chapters of honor society Alpha Upsilon Alpha. She is survived by her husband, Michael, and a grandson.

Joseph Mullan, AM ’78, PhD ’81, died of colon cancer December 23 in Berkeley, CA. He was 62. Mullan taught at the University of California, San Francisco, where he was an associate professor in the social and behavioral-sciences department and an associate adjunct professor in the nursing school. An expert in how people adapt to stressful life circumstances, Mullan studied grieving among Alzheimer’s patients’ families. He is survived by his wife, Sandra Grayson, PhD ’84; and a son.

1990s

Patrick O’Neill, MBA ’90, a technology consultant, died of bone cancer November 24 in Wilmette, IL. He was 51. O’Neill became a partner at Accenture before joining JP Morgan Chase as a managing director. He is survived by his wife, Joann; a daughter; a son; and a sister.

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will interface with an in-house team of professionals, as well as physicians, medical researchers, and consultants (in academia and otherwise) to ensure delivery of highest-quality medical care to family members. Considerable weight will be given to unusual academic distinction and other intellectual achievements. This is a full-time position with a highly attractive compensation package and significant upside potential. Please e-mail résumé to pmrrecruit@gmail.com.

Research associate/personal assistant. New York City. Highly intelligent, resourceful individuals with exceptional communication skills sought to undertake research projects and administrative tasks for a successful entrepreneur. We welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or others who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. $50–110K/year to start (depending on qualifications). Résumé to rapany@gmail.com. Please note that, due to the high number of respondents, we will unfortunately be unable to reply to every inquiry.

RENTALS


REAL ESTATE

Private Communities Registry. Tour the top retirement, vacation, and golf communities at privatecommunities.com.

Real-estate investment: Chicago Booth alum can help you purchase investment properties in Arizona and lease them to generate positive cash flows. investinarizonare.com. 480.261.8822.

EVENTS

Line up behind your College, division, or school banner at the Bartlett Quadrangle and process behind the University bagpipe band to Rockefeller Memorial Chapel for the 2012 Alumni Awards Ceremony. This 71st annual celebration of alumni achievement takes place on June 2 in conjunction with Alumni Weekend.
LITE OF THE MIND

What’s in a meme?

Crowdsourcing and creativity connected on campus during winter midterms when students started a UChicago-themed memes repository on Facebook. If a concept has gone viral, it’s there: Condescending Willy Wonka, Awkward Penguin, Sad Keanu, and more. The reimagined “Hey Girl” featuring Ryan Gosling and 1939 British propaganda poster are two of our favorites.

—Joy Olivia Miller

To see more of our favorites, download meme-inspired desktop wallpapers, and watch UChicago’s viral cat video, go to mag.uchicago.edu/memes.

Hey Girl,
I know you’re focused on the life of the mind, but you know I wouldn’t mind more of you in my life.

KEEP CALM AND STUDY ON

ryan gosling: photography by albie905, cc by-sa 3.0; copy by asher klein, ab’11
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To learn more about what the Writer's Studio can do for you, join us for an upcoming event:

Information Sessions

Creative Writing Certificate Program
Tuesday, May 22, 2012 or Wednesday, July 11, 2012
6–8:00 pm
Downtown Gleacher Center
450 N. Cityfront Plaza Drive

Open Enrollment Courses
Tuesday, August 21, 2012
6–8:00 pm
Downtown Gleacher Center
450 N. Cityfront Plaza Drive

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