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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

JAN–FEB 2013
VOLUME 105, NUMBER 3



Testing bioweapon vaccines on children presents a classic bioethics dilemma. See “Needle and Threat,” page 54. Illustration by Jon Reinfurt.

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In 1956, two new PhDs drove a Land Rover from Austria to India to begin the research that would be their life’s work. Notes from their journey. *By Lloyd and Susanne Rudolph*

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Off-Off Campus puts the poster in *preposterous*.



See the full print issue of the *University of Chicago Magazine*, web-exclusive content, and links to our Facebook, Twitter, Flickr, and Tumblr accounts at mag.uchicago.edu.

In December, the College Admissions Office received a mysterious package addressed to Henry Walton Jones Jr.—aka Indiana Jones. Find out the rest of the story at mag.uchicago.edu/indy. Photography by Robert Kozloff.



Henry Walton Jones, Jr.
University of Chicago
1101 East 58th Street
Chicago, Illinois
U.S.A.
60637

WRECKED

Off Eastern Vessels

SINKING!

the storm-swept Atlantic
vessels, and news of the
incursion, from Norfolk
appeals for help early

n Faces and M. U. Girls

University coeds
week's painful ill-
ness from having
life as the result
college fraternity
ation into the

READY TO OPEN TOMB AT LUXOR

*Miskatonic University's
"Pharaoh Scholar" Program
Nearing Completion of Goal*

BY CABLE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH

LUXOR, April 18.—There is every evidence here today that Miskatonic University professor of archaeology Arthur Chapman and his assistants are opening the sealed door leading from the main tomb to that portion where it is hoped the mummy of King Imhotep will be found.

Miskatonic dean Robert T. Hayes and the university's board of regents will arrive tomorrow and everything is being done to give show thru the results of the university program's work.

There remains nothing in the outer recess but the two status guardians of the secret entrance.

Old Idol Found in His Possession Inquiry to Follow

SPECIAL TO THE ADVERTISER
SYDNEY, April 18.—

Morrison Co.'s freighter *Vigilant* bound from Valparaiso, arrived morning at its wharf in Darling Harbour, having in tow the hulk and disabled but heavily armed steamer yacht *Alert* of Dunedin, N. Z., which was sighted April 12th in S. lat. 34 27' W. longitude 152 47'.

one living and one dead man aboard. The *Vigilant* left Valparaiso May 25th, and on April 21 was driven considerably south of her course by exceptionally heavy storms and counter waves. April 12th the derelict was sighted, though apparently deserted, was found upon boarding to contain one survivor in a half-delirious condition and one who had evidently been dead for more than a week.

The living man was clutching a large stone idol of unknown origin, which had evidently been found in the



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EDITOR'S NOTES

Pathfinders

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

It was a journey few would—or could—attempt today. In 1956, new Harvard PhDs Susanne and Lloyd Rudolph, 26 and 28 years old, now UChicago emeritus professors of political science, set out for India. Both had studied political life in the new democracy in graduate school. From England, their first stop that summer, the standard way of getting to India was by Peninsular and Oriental steamer from London to Bombay.

But on shipboard, Lloyd says, “there’s nothing much different [from the West]. Then you get out into the world of colonial society.” Wanting to immerse themselves in the India of Indians, the couple elected a wholly different approach: they drove overland through Europe and the Middle East to the “old princely capital” of Jaipur and other Indian cities with little European presence. The journal they kept from Salzburg to Peshawar, excerpted in “A Passage to India” (page 26), captures their experience of a geopolitical landscape in rapid transition.

A transition in US higher education was brewing too. “All of a sudden,” says Lloyd, “all of these countries began to seek and get their independence, and India ... made the biggest splash. This had no representation in intellectual academic life.” In 1957, when they returned to Harvard as instructors, Sue cotaught the school’s first courses on modern Indian history and on Indian politics. Lloyd secured a commitment from the Rockefeller Foundation to introduce Tamil, Bengali, and Hindi into the curriculum, but Harvard president Nathan Pusey turned it down. “This was all new stuff,” Lloyd says.

In a few years, the National Defense Education Act would pour resources into math and science education, most famously, but also into foreign languages and area studies. Arriving at Chicago

in 1964, the Rudolphs found a better institutional fit. “Chicago already ... had started non-Western civilization studies with Milton Singer [PhD’40] and Robert Redfield [U-High’15, PhB’20, JD’21, PhD’28],” Lloyd says. “Chicago was a perfect place for India studies to land because India studies was strongly interdisciplinary,” Sue adds. “Chicago was that to begin with.”

Three years later, their first book was published by the University of Chicago Press. Still in print, *The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India* showed how Indians were adapting the country’s traditions for the purposes of democracy—for instance, the ancient caste system as a means of political organization on the ground. Seven more books, all cowritten, followed.

The Rudolphs retired in 2002 but continue to write and to spend time each year in Jaipur. “We know the children of the people we knew as adults in the 1960s and try to stay abreast of the generational way of thinking,” Sue says. In 2011 the newspaper *India Abroad* awarded them its Friend of India Award, recognizing their work to make the country better understood outside its borders. In “A Passage to India,” we get to glimpse them at the beginning of their journey. ♦



The Rudolphs in 1971 with Mohan Singh Kanota (center), who worked with them on *Reversing the Gaze*.

LETTERS

I saw that my great, great squirrel/gargoyle joke did not win me a sweatshirt (“A squirrel and a gargoyle walk into Jimmy’s ...,” *Lite of the Mind*, Sept–Oct/12). I cannot handle that rejection; it set my psychotherapy back six months. Also, last night, whilst walking my dog, I sure could have used a sweatshirt. Here in San Diego the temperature was 65 degrees, and the wind-chill factor took it all the way down to 64.

But seriously, folks: it was good to read the rebuttal from Helen E. Hughes, PhD’70, regarding Professor Ward Campbell Halstead (Letters, Sept–Oct/12).

I sure could have used a sweatshirt. Here in San Diego the temperature was 65 degrees.

I, too, was a student of his, first taking his course Higher Brain Functions as an undergraduate, and that course, and his approach, spurred my interest to pursue psychology as a career. It was Halstead who encouraged me when other professors said things like “you don’t need a PhD—you can get a job at the YMCA right now” and “why are you wasting your time auditing courses in Baroque and Renaissance art?”—the latter squelched when I pointed out that I received an A in the professor’s course, and was both his research and teaching assistant.

Halstead must have subscribed to the writings of the anonymous author of ancient India who wrote in the *Panchatantra* about 2,000 years ago of pupils admiring their teacher “whose wisdom had been so clearly marked by his dexterous mingling of amusement with instruction.”

A. M. Charlens, SB’58, PhD’63
San Diego

Jimmy’s to Jalisco

Greetings from south of the border. Just want to let you know how much we appreciate receiving the *University of Chicago Magazine* here in Guadalajara. It keeps us up to date on issues and events and always brings back pleasant memories of our time on campus. The July–August issue reminded me of the Co-op and searching out the many books I had to read (“Shelf Life,”

July–Aug/12). And then there was the touching tribute to Bert Cohler (Letters, July–Aug/12), whom I deeply admired and whose classes I valued so highly. Also, I should mention the photograph of Jimmy’s (Peer Review, May–June/12), reminding me of my many visits to the Woodlawn Tap. We look forward to each new issue.

Albert L. Furbay, MLA’06
Maria A. Tasson, MLA’10
Guadalajara, Mexico

Learning curve

In “Creative Energy” (*UChicago Journal*, Nov–Dec/12), Michael Turner and Philip Glass, AB’56, emphasize that how much or how little you know is a critical factor in how well you can do at something. However, knowledge or lack of it is not really the critical factor. The critical factor is how fast you keep learning new things. If you keep on learning, you’re bound to get new ideas and find fault with old ideas.

As an example of this, for a long time

I neglected to learn as much as I could about the spinor connection, a basic concept in theoretical physics. When I finally got around to correcting that deficiency, I realized that something was wrong. The spinor connection, long thought to be an essential part of physics theory, is optional. It can be eliminated from the theory.

I verified this by publishing articles in the *Journal of General Relativity and Gravitation*. In doing this, I got an opportunity to refer to articles by Michael Turner and Adam Riess on dark energy and particle astrophysics in the expanding universe, where everything is connected.

Eliminating the spinor connection might seem more destructive than creative, but the procedure is reversible. Anyone who has use for this mathematical artifact can reintroduce it at will and use it in the usual way. It just is not the essential entity that it was once thought to be.

When Einstein eliminated the luminiferous aether from physics theory, he replaced it with his far more creative theory of relativity but got the Nobel Prize for his contribution to quantum mechanics, an equally creative but more down-to-earth theory whose predictions are easier to verify than the cosmic conclusions of general relativity. All this occurred in the 20th century, so when *Time* magazine chose Einstein as Man of the Century, they conferred a monumental title upon him.

If Einstein slowed down later on, it was because the rate at which he learned new things slowed down, due to his preoccupation with a unified field theory that still has scientists stymied. Yet, just as Sigmund Freud said that dreams are the royal road to the unconscious, it is generally agreed that Einstein’s dream of a unified field theory is the royal road to quantum gravity and a theory of everything (the El Dorado of modern science).

Kenneth F. Epstein, SM’52
Chicago

Tell me, O Muse

On Mark Eleveld (MLA’10) and Ron Maruszak’s (MLA’10) researches on Homer (“*Iliad* Out Loud,” *UChicago Journal*, Sept–Oct/12), if they haven’t, they should be sure to read up on Milman Parry’s study of the illiterate troubadours of Yugoslavia



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL WADMAN

who sang Homer's two great sagas and how they did it, memorizing not the whole work, or verbatim, but only the oft-repeated catchphrases, like "the wine dark sea," etc., that make up a full third of the *Odyssey* text, and weaving their own versions of the stories around these key phrases, in their own words.

*Andrew Tempelman, AM'66, PhD'72
Nashua, New Hampshire*

Threatened veils

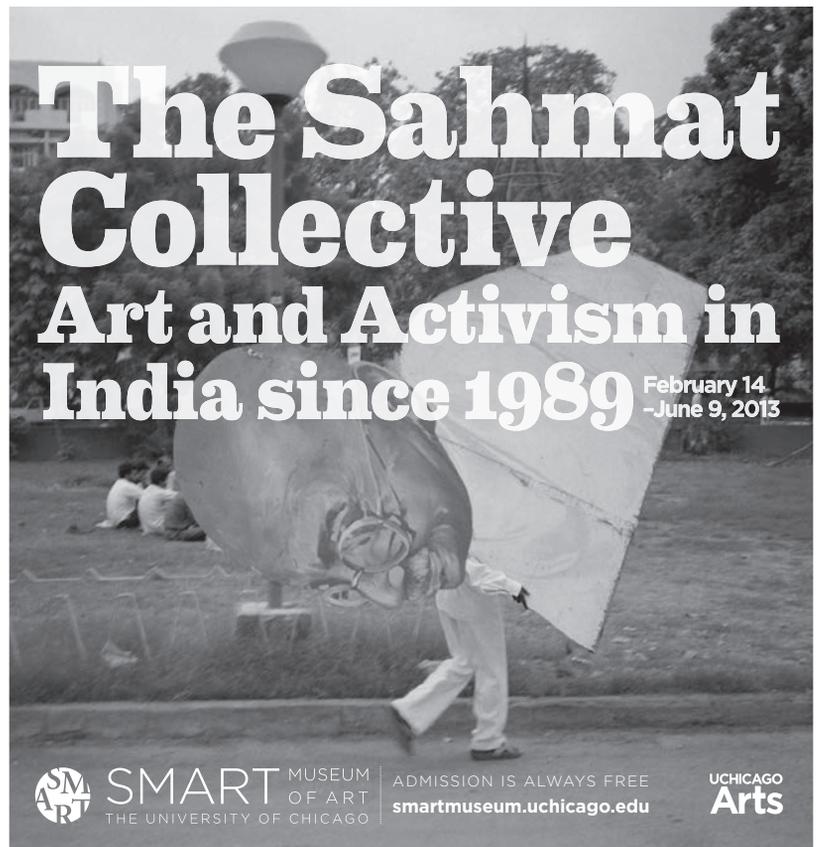
While I agree with and support Martha Nussbaum's advocacy of religious tolerance and diversity ("Faith Healer," *UChicago Journal*, Nov–Dec/12), I have problems with her argument regarding the veiling of women and the introduction of Sharia law in the United States. The United States is based on laws that are applicable to all and, therefore, there is very good reason to ban Sharia law being introduced to only certain segments of the population. In addition, some of the laws disadvantage women. Nussbaum claims that banning burkas is a "denial of Muslims' fundamental human dignity." I think she needs to investigate more deeply the reasons behind the veiling of women. My reading of the Quran, some Hadith, and research among Turkish Muslims in Turkey and elsewhere has revealed that the practice covers over outmoded notions of female sexuality based on an outdated and erroneous theory of procreation. Education, rather than supporting received ideas and practices, is needed.

*Carol Delaney, AM'78, PhD'84
Providence, Rhode Island*

Squirrels and sweatshirts

The University of Chicago sweatshirt arrived, very well packed and in "mint condition." Thank you very much. The contest was fun ("A squirrel and a gargoyle walk into Jimmy's ...," *Lite of the Mind*, Sept–Oct/12); the winner was very creative and clever. Both the winner and the other runner-up were very U of C—intellectually challenging.

May I make one small suggestion? I would like to see with each major article a small photo of the writer and perhaps a bit of information about these authors—nothing personal—perhaps where they went to college, their major, maybe their home state, and what interests them most (music, art, history, politics,



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LETTERS

etc.). In this age of electronic gadgetry and “robo phone voices” when information comes with no intellectual umbilical cord, I, for one, would like to know that a real human being is giving me the information, skillfully written, in the article. Maybe this is just a quirk of an old English teacher who knew her students. And maybe not.

*Judy Culley Rehnquist, AB'54
Downers Grove, Illinois*

Short biographies of the staff are available online at <http://mag.uchicago.edu/masthead>.—Ed.

The plot thickens

“Paper Trail” in the *Core* (July–Aug/12) brought back numerous memories, including of the sometimes hilarious “personals” in the *Maroon* of my time at the University of Chicago. Two memories are of particular note, one motivated by your last story, which fails to provide some necessary context.

The drug bust described was no one-off; far from it. At the end of the 1960s and beginning of the 1970s, the narcotics squad of the Chicago police made a habit of targeting U of C students living in apartments (80 percent of upper-classmen at the time), several friends of mine among them. Memorably, one of my roommates at 5412 Ingleside and I were carted off after such an illegal bust in June 1970 for a rather longer adventure than that described. The rank incompetence of the officers making those busts, the bogus character of the warrants, and the flimsiness of the “evidence” procured resulted in no convictions that I am aware of.

The goonish behavior of police on some campuses against Occupy events last year prompted positive memories of the close relationship of U of C students to the campus police of our era, whose purpose was to protect us as well as the University in a much less corporatist time. Indeed, one friend being busted managed to call the campus cops, one of whom showed up at his request to make sure that nothing was planted on him.

Speaking of illegal acts against University of Chicago students, that same apartment was subjected to a warrantless entry and interrogation of one roommate at home by FBI and Chicago Red Squad agents participating in what must have been a huge, nationwide dragnet in search of Kathy Boudin and Kathy Wilkerson, survivors of the explosion at a Weatherman bomb factory that demolished Boudin’s parents’ New York townhouse on March 6, 1970. Nary a soul in that apartment was involved in organized activities of the student left, so that net must have been cast very broadly indeed. Many of the rich and sometimes strange aspects of student life of the period are unlikely to feature in any University chronicle.

In the wake of the 1969 sit-in, shattering to everyone in the University community irrespective of their views of those events, conventional school spirit (always in short supply in the College of those days) was at a low ebb. Thus the question arose whether a yearbook for 1970 was a viable proposition. The graduating class was polled, and only 36 students could be found willing to commit to buy it, so none was published. As I recollect, Roger Black, X’70, and David Travis, AB’71, of the *Maroon* stepped into the breach, producing the “Yearbox” instead. Images of graduating students were represented as perforated sheets of stamps (one group shot encompassing nine stamps),

plus a memorable suite of photographs by Travis produced in softcover, a Hyde Park game, and President Edward Levi’s (U-High’28, PhB’32, JD’35) mug on a balloon. This was in the spirit of the times, and we had a souvenir far more memorable than the usual yearbook, thanks to the *Maroon*.

*Jeff Spurr, AB’71
Cambridge, Massachusetts*

Early and often

The news that the College received a record number of early action applications does not make me happy (“Early Rise,” UChicago News for Alumni and Friends, November 20, 2012). It suggests to me that UChicago is caught up in the rankings frenzy and trolls for applicants to reject in order to artificially inflate its status. It also tells me that the pressure on high school students is increasing, even beyond the dreadful level of three years ago when my daughter applied. Nothing about this statistic bodes well for education in general, the University, or its students.

*K. A. Pool (parent)
Portland, Oregon*

Booth vs. Booth

The subject line of your e-mail, “Gift lifts Chicago Booth’s entrepreneurial spirits” (“Venture Capital,” UChicago News for Alumni and Friends, December 5, 2012) intrigued me. But then disheartened me. More emphasis on money, not learning.

I was intrigued because I thought you had in mind Wayne Booth (AM’47, PhD’50)—distinguished Chicago scholar and former dean of the College when I was there.

Please watch your language.

*A. B. Paulson, AB’66, AM’67
Portland, Oregon*

Pierce unlamented

As a one-time inmate of Pierce Tower, I applaud the decision to tear down this ill-conceived structure and replace it with something—anything—else (“Pierce’s Replacement,” UChicago News for Alumni and Friends, November 27, 2012). May I suggest that if the University decides to demolish it by explosive implosion, it might earn millions for its endowment by selling grandstand tickets to former occupants? Perhaps you might make it a featured event of a future college reunion.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

In “Milton Regained,” Professor Janel Mueller calls Milton “the author of some of the best writing ever done in English.” Mathematically this is true—and remains true if the word *worst* is substituted for *best*. Milton has probably poisoned more students against poetry than even Coleridge’s “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.” Comparing Milton to Shakespeare is on a par with comparing rap “music” to J. S. Bach.

—John T. Dwyer, PhB’48, August 1994



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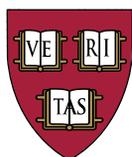
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LETTERS

Shorey House, comprising the top two floors of Pierce, was, in my time in the College, notorious as the crazy, anarchic house where we undergraduates dropped hundred-pound, sand-filled concrete ash stands from three feet off the floor at two in the morning and sat in on the 50-yard line to prevent the University's return to varsity football and blared Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* at 100-decibel volume out the dorm windows for the pleasure and aesthetic elevation of our Hyde Park neighbors. Some practiced prairie mountaineering on the roofs of the twin elevator cabs or climbing around the outside of the ninth-floor bay windows without rope or harness. We had our rat-warren Pierce Tower accommodations to thank for at least some of the manic energy that led us to such ecstatic celebration of the life of the mind.

I would be churlish not to mention the Friday afternoon Shorey Sherry hours and the Coffee Plus evenings, when we managed to persuade the likes of Saul Bellow (X'39) and Bruno Bettelheim and Norman Maclean (PhD'40) to submit themselves to the attention of half-soused male undergraduates, which some did more gracefully than others. Shorey was a state of mind more than a physical dwelling—but Pierce still sucked.

*Martin Lubin, AB'68
Jackson Heights, New York*

Presidential powers

It is nothing short of a dangerous threat to our constitutional democracy that Eric Posner would cast aside the separation of powers as a “historical relic,” that he believes that the “erosion of checks and balances has promoted national welfare,” and that existing law is “neither here nor there” (“OctoPO-TUS?,” Sept–Oct/12).

Posner is all too willing to replace fundamental judicial and legislative restraints on unbounded presidential power with the influence of public opinion. If “the public generally approves unilateral executive action,” that's good enough for Posner, regard-

less of whether such actions violate individual constitutional rights. In Posner's world, all that matters is whether presidential actions are “popular.”

But slavery and segregation were once popular. And torturing terrorists to find ticking bombs is popular. And censoring offensive speech is popular. But just because a majority of people approve of something does not make it legal or constitutional. That's why we have a Bill of Rights.

Posner would do well to heed the Supreme Court's wise holding that “The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections.”

*Stephen Rohde
Chair, ACLU Foundation
of Southern California
Los Angeles*

According to Jason Kelly's story, law professor Eric Posner claims in *The Executive Unbound* that there are “democratic forces constraining the president as much, if not more, than the constitutional framework.”

Are we therefore to conclude that “torture, indefinite detention, warrantless surveillance, targeted killings” are acceptable because they enjoy popular support?

Before we reject the restraints on executive power in the Constitution we ought to consider what Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts said during the Constitutional Convention in 1787 about unbridled popular will: “The evils we experience flow from the excess of democracy. The people do not want virtue, but are the dupes of pretended patriots.”

*John K. Taylor, AB'68
New York*

Equal opportunities

In “Women's Work” (Nov–Dec/12), Lydialyle Gibson lists various areas that restricted women in the '50s and '60s. Sports were certainly restrictive, but when it came to education,

she is mistaken. Top-notch undergraduate education was available for the enterprising woman well before Title IX. She says that Harvard didn't admit undergraduate women in the '50s. Funny, that's where I received my AB in 1956 and my mother before me received hers in the 1920s.

My diploma is signed by Nathan Marsh Pusey, president of Harvard University. Harvard began to instruct women in the 19th century, calling the women students Radcliffe College of Harvard University. Women were always taught by the same faculty as the men at Harvard College of Harvard University, and by the 1940s everything was integrated except the dorms. Famous 19th-century Radcliffe/Harvard grads include Helen Keller, Gertrude Stein, and Josephine Hull of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. I believe that Columbia had the same setup with Barnard, and Brown with Pembroke, and as for Yale, Williams, etc., sure, they were still all male, but why not consider Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke?

I loved my undergraduate years at Harvard, and my graduate years at UChicago.

*Joan Mickelson Lukach, AM'66
Plantation, Florida*

Department of Corrections

Milton Friedman's lecture “Capitalism and the Jews” was given in 1976, not 1978 (Perspective, UChicago News for Alumni and Friends, November 6, 2012). It was moved to the Law School because he had just won the Nobel Prize in Economics, which greatly increased the number of people who wanted to hear his address. In another address-related correction, Jean O'Leary Brown (Letters, Nov–Dec/12) lives in Oakland, California, not Frankfort, Illinois. We regret the errors.

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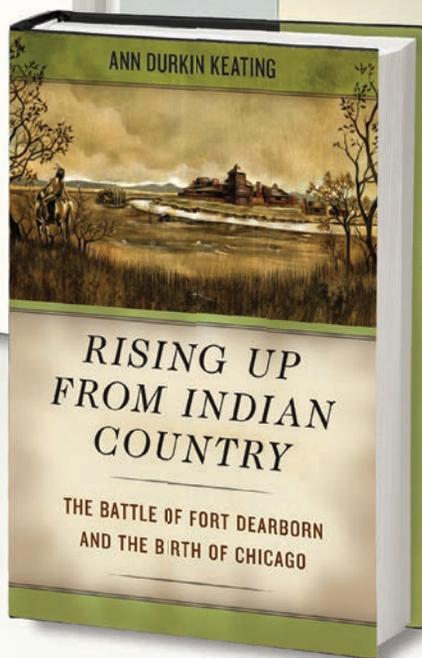
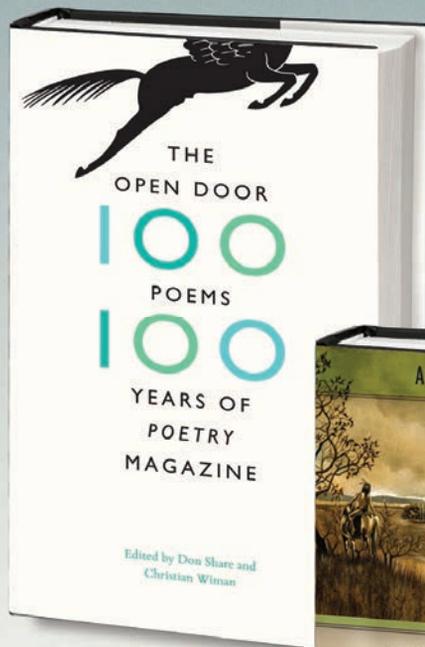
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Boldly forward

BY NIM CHINNIAH, VICE PRESIDENT FOR ADMINISTRATION AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER, AND MARK A. SCHMID, VICE PRESIDENT AND CHIEF INVESTMENT OFFICER

It's been more than four years since the nation encountered one of the most extraordinary economic downturns in its history. At universities and colleges, those years marked significant losses in endowment value, followed by a prolonged slump in philanthropic giving, increased need for financial aid, and unrelenting pressure to limit costs. Not surprisingly, many institutions responded with drastic measures: major capital projects abandoned, hiring frozen, financial aid policies weakened.

At the University of Chicago, the past four years will be remembered, instead, for milestones like these: a historic expansion of the faculty that has attracted outstanding scholars from across the nation, and across disciplines; the opening of the Joe and Rika Mansueto Library, the Center in Beijing, the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts, and, in December, the University's largest capital project yet, UChicago Medicine's Center for Care and Discovery; the creation of a whole new field of study, in the Institute for Molecular Engineering, and a new approach to traditional fields, in the Neubauer Family Collegium for Culture and Society; and substantial increases in financial aid for undergraduates and financial support for graduate students.

Why were University trustees willing to make such bold investments in a difficult economy?

They believed that the ambitious strategic plans developed by faculty and academic leaders would move the University forward in the long run. Leaders across the institution showed financial discipline, making tough decisions about cost cutting and invest-



Chinniah (left) joined the University in 2007 from Vanderbilt University. Schmid arrived in 2009 from Boeing.

ments. And that strategic approach was showing demonstrable results.

Supporting it all was an unusual integration of financial management across the entire institution, at many levels. This integration has allowed the University to be nimble and responsive, mitigating risk even as it pushed aggressively toward its goals. Our investment strategy, debt strategy, and liquidity strategy are closely aligned and integrated for the enterprise and not just for each unit.

As the financial crisis of 2008 unfolded, weekly calls were instituted among a working group of trustees and University officers. That close communication allowed the officers to tap more fully the financial expertise on the board, gave the board a clearer picture of how the University was moving forward, and ensured a unified approach. Out of those calls grew the Liquidity and Capital Resources Advisory Committee, now a standing subcommittee of the board's Financial Planning Committee.

Within universities, cash management, debt financing, and investment

are typically treated as independent endeavors. But during this period, the University of Chicago created a Financial Strategy Group that brings together on a biweekly basis the president, provost, executive vice president, vice president for administration and chief financial officer, vice president and chief investment officer, vice president and chief financial officer of UChicago Medicine, associate vice president for finance, associate provost and University budget director, and director of financial strategy.

A key piece of that partnership is the coordination among University financial managers and their counterparts at UChicago Medicine. Not only has that allowed more coherent planning across the institution, but it has also allowed the University to coordinate operations in areas such as human resources, finance, facilities, risk management, information technology, and legal counsel.

The Investment Office has adopted an approach it calls Total Enterprise Asset Management. While the analyses involved can be complex, the underlying goal is straightforward: to make sure that the University's endowment is invested in the way that best supports the University's strategic needs, in the short and long term. Rather than aiming at an abstract goal for its own sake, we work to make sure our investments have the flexibility and security to provide funds when they are needed by the University. Similarly, the forecasting done by the Investment Office helps inform budgetary planning so that opportunities are maximized and disruptions are minimized. Even as we have refocused our approach, our investment team outperformed our benchmarks.

Given continuing uncertainty in the nation's and world's economies, the University needs to continue to manage its finances with rigor and unity of purpose, maintaining both the discipline shown in recent years and the ambitions that set it apart from so many other institutions. The years to come will undoubtedly present challenges, but they will just as certainly offer opportunities to support our academic priorities at the very highest level. ♦

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SEMINARY CO-OP

Hooray! Books!

Co-op admirers commemorate its move with a parade honoring the literary labors they love.

As the parade passed 57th and Woodlawn shouts of “Hooray! Books!” greeted marchers carrying, well, books from the old Seminary Co-op to the new. A bagpiper accompanied faculty members delivering copies of their own works and assorted bibliophiles marking the transition from the beloved old basement labyrinth to a new location with controllable heat and natural light.

The distance between the original 5757 South University Avenue site

and the Co-op’s 8,900-square-foot new home in McGiffert House at 5751 South Woodlawn is negligible, but the significance of the move demanded a symbolic gesture. The November parade, two days before the Co-op’s official November 21 reopening, served as both closure and grand opener.

Like honored guests at a state dinner, authors and their books were announced to applause. Then the authors placed the books on the new front table, same as the old front table.—*Jason Kelly*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT KOZLOFF



“Dr. Lucy” is a pediatrician by day and a pastry chef by night.

COMMUNITY

In the night kitchen

Behind the scenes at La Petite Folie restaurant, faculty members apprentice themselves.

On Friday nights at Hyde Park’s La Petite Folie, **Lucille Lester**, MD’72, cuts slices of Belgian chocolate torte, zig-zagging chocolate sauce across a plate,

piping on Chantilly cream, and garnishing with raspberries. She has worked pro bono as a pastry cook at the French restaurant since 2006. By day, Lester is pediatrics professor and section chief of pediatric pulmonary medicine at Comer Children’s Hospital.

“For a long time I sort of considered it my second white-coat job,” she says. “I’d take off that white coat and I’d go to the restaurant and put on the chef’s coat. It’s a world away from coughing, wheezing children and academic craziness. But it can be a different level of craziness.” The chaos of the kitchen, she says, can rival that in an emergency room—and the rigid hierarchy de-

signed to combat it resembles that between medical students, residents, and attending physicians. At La Petite Folie, co-owner and executive chef **Mary Masticola**, AB’93 (Class of 1979), tops the chain of command, with chef de cuisine Juan Muñoz a close second.

Masticola and her husband, **Mike Masticola**, AB’76, opened the Michelin-listed restaurant in 1999 after almost two years in Paris, where Mary trained at Le Cordon Bleu and two restaurants. La Petite Folie hosts plenty of faculty in the dining room, but it has also opened the kitchen to moonlighting academics—Lester as well as Law School professor **Douglas Baird**, who worked as a line cook one night a week from 2001 to 2004. Neither has formal culinary training.

Most restaurant owners don’t allow visitors behind the scenes, says Masticola, but Lester and Baird are unusually passionate and disciplined volunteers who bring something valuable to the restaurant. The “kids” in her kitchen “would otherwise never have an opportunity to meet people like that”—and her young staff in turn get a chance to teach the professors what they know.

A longtime baker, Lester first worked with La Petite Folie after her son, then a waiter at the restaurant, recruited her to help bake Christmas cookies for one of the restaurant’s catering jobs. Since then, Lester has worked a 5 to 10 p.m. shift making desserts most Fridays. Uniformed in coat, apron, and backward baseball cap, Lester arrives with a bag containing her own knife, pens, and timer. She picks up where the full-time pastry chef, **David Stern**, U-High’05, leaves off after his daily shift. In the small dessert area equipped with mixers, pastry tips, and a French maple rolling pin Lester covets for her own kitchen, she follows instructions given to her by Stern, Muñoz, or Masticola.

The instructions might ask her to make 48 mini spinach tarts, two chocolate cakes, two batches of cookies, or whatever she wants. Lester sometimes suggests new dishes for the menu: the chocolate torte recipe was given to her by a chef in Ghent, Belgium, where her son-in-law had a visiting professorship a few summers ago.

Known to the staff as “Dr. Lucy,” Lester’s medical knowledge comes in handy. She’s dispensed nothing strong-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DREW REYNOLDS

er than Tylenol in the kitchen, but waiters sometimes stop downstairs to ask her about diners' food allergies.

Baird spent the first two months of his apprenticeship just chopping vegetables. Working eight- or nine-hour shifts, he was eventually promoted, assembling salads and side dishes on some nights, and finally was trusted to cook meat dishes. "Professional kitchens are really hot places," he says. "It's hard, physical, blue-collar work."

Baird credits the kitchen staff and especially Mary with teaching him how to make an omelet, how to chop and slice correctly ("I just freak out when I see other people holding knives" the wrong way, he says), and—most important—how to season food. The difference between soup in a fine restaurant and soup elsewhere "is often just making sure the seasoning is done correctly." He now uses those skills when hosting large dinner parties at home.

Working at the restaurant spilled over into his academic life too. A specialist in bankruptcy, Baird expanded his prior focus on large corporations to include small businesses, coauthoring a paper with law professor **Edward Morrison**, AM'97, JD'00, PhD'03, about entrepreneurship and bankruptcies that he says he wouldn't have written before working at La Petite Folie.

Beyond culinary skills and business insights, Baird says he enjoyed working with people from backgrounds different than his own and being the novice in the room. "I was treated as, well, here's this person who's coming to work with us. We're not sure why. He doesn't know an awful lot about how to cook, and he doesn't speak the language," Baird says (in most of Chicago's French restaurant kitchens, including La Petite Folie, he notes, Spanish is the language of choice). "I was sort of the outsider who had to earn the trust of the people there."

Echoing Lester's observations, he adds, "Restaurant culture is rigidly hierarchical and academics are anti-hierarchical." That fixed structure is less familiar ground for a legal scholar than a physician. "You can go to a workshop and argue with **Gary Becker** [AM'53, PhD'55]. You can't cook in a professional kitchen and argue with whoever is running the kitchen at the moment."—*Alicia Barney*



This Egyptian jar is inscribed with a gardening agreement in Demotic script.

ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

Text messages

The OI's Demotic Dictionary illuminates life and language in ancient Egypt.

Demotic—a late stage dialect of the ancient Egyptian language—was once used for everything from tax bills and marriage contracts to religious and magical texts. But today, most texts written in Demotic remain unstudied, even after they're discovered. Egyptologists tend to leave them aside because the language is difficult to read and not well understood. "Of the thousands of Demotic texts in museums and libraries, only a fraction have been published, much less than half," says **Brian Muhs**, an associate professor of Egyptology at the University's Oriental Institute. "No one knows what these texts contain."

This may soon change.

After 37 years, the Oriental Institute's Demotic Dictionary is nearly complete. All that remains is to proof-read and cross-check the letter S, and then all 24 letters, totaling 4,700 pages, will be available online.

The project began in 1975 when **Janet Johnson**, PhD'72, then an OI graduate student, proposed to supplement a Demotic glossary, *Demotisches Glossar*, published in 1954 by Danish Egyptologist Wolja Erichsen. Relying in part on his own lexicographical knowledge as a publisher of Demotic writings, Erichsen gathered glossaries from individual texts into a single reference volume. The OI's Demotic Dictionary is based on texts from museums and collections around the world that scholars published between 1955 and 1979. It took nearly four times as long to complete as Johnson expected.

Dictionary entries include photographs of each word in its original context, black-and-white line drawings, the evolving iterations, references to the *Glossar*, and phrases demonstrating each word's use. "Because Demotic is very cursive, the handwriting is an important part of the writing of the word," says Johnson, the Morton D. Hull distinguished service professor in Egyptology.

Oriental Institute scholars also produced the Chicago Assyrian Dictionary, completed in 2011 after a 90-year effort, and the Chicago Hittite Dictionary, which began in 1975 and may not be finished for another 30-odd years.

The eventual next step for their Demotic cousin will be a migration to a searchable online database from its current home in a series of PDF files.

“That’s the pie in the sky that will hopefully get taken care of eventually,” Johnson said.

An abbreviated script, Demotic dates from approximately 650 BC to 450 AD. “Each scribe had his own handwriting and some are less legible than others,” says Egyptologist **François Gaudard**, PhD’05, a research associate for the Demotic Dictionary. “In some cases, depending on the scribe and the time period, writings of the same word can look very different.” Gaudard began working on the dictionary in 1996 as a graduate student. The script is “in itself beautiful,” he says, noting the exquisite examples of calligraphy on papyri. But what makes it beautiful is also what scholars find so confounding.

Demotic evolved from hieratic, a cursive form of hieroglyphs. Removed from the original hieroglyphs, it is a kind of quick, flowing shorthand.

The name “Demotic” was bestowed by the Greeks, because it was a language of the “demos,” the people. Unlike hieroglyphs, reserved mostly for formal and religious inscriptions, Demotic was used for everyday documents: administrative texts, private correspondence, tax receipts, and legal matters. The dictionary will help scholars piece together previously unknown intimate details of Egyptian life.

Demotic also illuminates Egypt’s political context at a time when the country was partly independent and partly ruled by Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Demotic materials have importance not just for Egyptologists but also for scholars of the ancient Near East as a whole. “The history of this period has to be constructed from these different documents, languages, scripts, and viewpoints,” says Muhs. Demotic “provides a unique perspective on how the Egyptians responded to foreign settlers and rulers: sometimes rejecting them, sometimes copying them, and sometimes ignoring them.”

Since 2004 alone, the dictionary’s PDF files have been downloaded 120,000 times worldwide. By providing a resource for Egyptologists to support their translations, the dictionary may help encourage a new generation of scholars to try their hand at publishing Demotic texts—just as Erichsen’s *Glossar* did after it was published in the 1950s.

—Megan E. Doherty, AM’05, PhD’10



Rebounding percentage, Zarren argues, matters more than sheer numbers.

STATISTICS

Through hoops

An unlikely NBA executive, Mike Zarren, AB’99, brings a *Moneyball* sensibility to the Boston Celtics.

Growing up, **Mike Zarren** had season tickets with his father at the old Boston Garden, where they watched the legendary Celtics teams of Larry Bird, Robert Parish, and Kevin McHale.

Almost three decades later, Zarren, AB’99, still catches home games in the balcony with his dad. One small thing has changed: Zarren is now the assistant general manager and team counsel.

“This isn’t a job I ever planned on getting,” says Zarren, now in his tenth year with the franchise. He’s not your typical NBA front-office executive. Zarren is one of the pioneers in the rapidly evolving field of APBRmetrics, which is a fancy way of saying advanced basketball statistics—think *Moneyball* with a squeaking-sneaker soundtrack. “I had been interested in mathematics. But I never used math with basketball before working for the team,” Zarren says. “The most I had done was run a

CITATIONS

THE JUSTICE INSTINCT

Witnessing intentional acts of harm prompts an instinctive, emotional brain response—part of the human “evolutionary heritage” to be sensitive to the pain of others, says neuroscientist **Jean Decety**. Along with **Stephanie Cacioppo**, assistant professor in psychology, Decety mapped the brain activity in adults watching videos of people suffering intentional and accidental injuries. Published in the December 1 *Journal of Neurophysiology*, the study found that intentional harm triggered reactions within 180 milliseconds in the parts of the brain associated with emotion and moral decision making. Accidental harm did not prompt those responses. The brain’s perceptiveness about others’ suffering, Decety says, “constitutes a natural foundation for morality and sensitivity to justice.”

REMISSION: POSSIBLE

Ovarian cancer spreads by generating a vicious cycle of disease: cancer cells send chemical signals that induce nearby healthy cells to become cancer promoters, after which each new cancer cell prompts surrounding cells to modify their production of microRNAs, the strands of

genetic material that regulate gene expression. That, in turn, produces more cancer cells. In the December *Cancer Discovery*, researchers from the University of Chicago Medicine and Northwestern identified three microRNAs associated with this process. UChicago gynecologist **Ernst Lengyel**, one of the study’s lead authors, says that the “cancer-associated fibroblasts” produced by microRNAs are more stable than typical cancer cells, making them a target for treatment and offering “a new way to fight this disease.” By altering the microRNA signals, researchers caused the cancer-associated fibroblasts to revert to their normal state.

STAR SEARCH

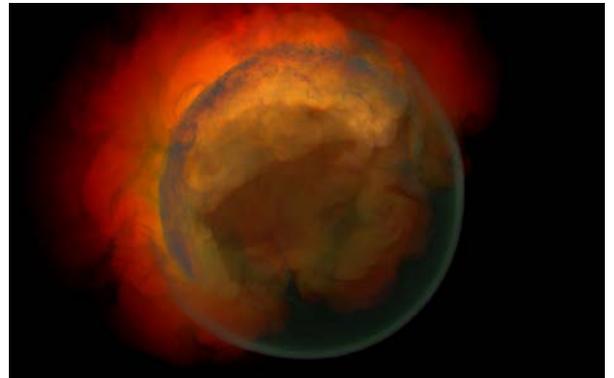
Thousands of exploding stars are classified as type Ia supernovae, used by astrophysicists as cosmic distance indicators, and they demonstrate that the universe is accelerating because of the mysterious force known as dark energy. Most type Ia supernovae resemble each other, but about 20 are “a little bit odd,” says **George Jordan**, research scientist at the Flash Center for Computational Science. Supercomputer simulations have revealed that these dim stars are likely from a class of duds,

but they could still shed light on dark energy. Comparing the odd and normal type Ia supernovae could help astrophysicists more precisely define the nature of the force central to the universe’s acceleration, Jordan says. With simulations on Argonne’s supercomputer Intrepid, which will be detailed in the *Astrophysical Journal Letters*, Jordan and three colleagues defined the class as white dwarf stars that failed to detonate.

INTENDED RECEIVER

It’s the thought that counts? Not really, says Chicago Booth behavioral scientist **Nicholas Epley**. In a study in the November *Journal of Experimental Psychology: General*, Epley and coauthor

Yan Zhang, MBA’09, PhD’09, tested the old adage. In experiments in which subjects recalled past gifts—given and received, good and bad—and participated in a gift exchange, the researchers found that people preferred receiving a gift they’d asked for to getting one that was unrequested but thoughtful. “Even when thoughtfulness leads to choosing better gifts,” the researchers write, “it does not increase gift receivers’ appreciation and gratitude beyond the quality of the gift itself.” The thought does count for gift givers, however: putting in the extra effort and attention made them feel closer to the recipients of their gifts.—*Jason Kelly and Lydialyle Gibson*



An “odd” class of dim stars sheds light on dark energy.

fantasy basketball league” as a teenager.

Zarren never played basketball beyond high school and quiz bowl was his primary extracurricular activity at Chicago. As an economics major, he became a protégé of professor and *Freakonomics* coauthor **Steven Levitt**, who helped him develop a fascination with the value of statistics. Much to Levitt’s disappointment, though, Zarren took his talents to Harvard Law. “I was horrified. It made no sense at all to me, because law would not have rewarded his talents,” says Levitt, the William B. Ogden distinguished service professor of economics. “When he ended up with the Celtics, I was delighted.”

During Zarren’s second year of law school, the team was looking to add

an unpaid statistician. Data-intensive analysis of NBA players beyond the traditional points, rebounds, and assists was still in its infancy, but the Celtics wanted to explore the potential.

Zarren joined the franchise full time in 2005. The novelty of his work and the wariness of traditionalists—Zarren’s boss, Danny Ainge, told the *New York Times* that Celtics coach Doc Rivers was “skeptically receptive” to Zarren’s analysis—made him a front-office curiosity. Celtics star Paul Pierce took to calling him “MIT.”

As long as the NBA establishment wasn’t quite buying this methodology, Zarren could share his point of view without fear of relinquishing a competitive advantage. His Inside the Num-

bers columns on the Celtics website included “Draft Lottery Demystified,” “Offensive Efficiency,” and “How to Measure Rebounding Success.”

On the surface, the last subject seems simple: you measure rebounding success by which team has more rebounds, right? Not so fast, says Zarren. Examining a 2006 game between the Celtics and the Charlotte Bobcats, he explained the flaw in that reasoning.

To Zarren, defensive-rebounding percentage—“Out of all possible defensive rebounds each team could have gotten, how many did they actually get?” Zarren wrote—matters more. Boston won that game against Charlotte, a victory largely credited to its rebounding advantage. In Zarren’s calculation,

Clearing hurdles

A new University program helps Chicago high school students navigate obstacles to college.

Research by **Melissa Roderick**, an urban-education expert in the School of Social Service Administration, has shown that obstacles, real and perceived, prevent qualified students from pursuing higher education. Academic potential often goes unfulfilled for those who lack the resources or support to navigate a complex and expensive application process, let alone to assume the tuition burden of attending college.

Many Chicago high school students fall into that category, and on October 29 University President **Robert J. Zimmer** announced a new program to remove the barriers to their ambition.

though, Charlotte was better on the boards that night—Boston’s more efficient shooting made the difference. “So though each of the major Boston newspapers claimed that a big part of the Celtics’ win was outrebounding the Bobcats,” Zarren concluded, “in fact the Celtics won this game despite being outrebounded.”

Scoring comes under similar counterintuitive scrutiny. Points per possession—as opposed to per game—determine offensive success by the APBRmetrics method. The pace of play varies from game to game, which means a team will not always have the same number of scoring opportunities. In 2006, the methodical Detroit Pistons fell in the middle of the pack in points per game but were the league’s third best in points per possession. The Pistons reached the Eastern Conference finals that season.

That same year, Boston completed a multiplayer trade with the Minnesota Timberwolves. Although its offensive production dipped slightly in points per game, Zarren showed that the Celtics moved up from 19th to 11th in points per possession after the trade—becoming

a better-scoring team despite the per-game decline.

He’s less forthcoming with his analysis now. Zarren wrote seven Inside the Numbers columns over parts of two seasons, his last appearing April 23, 2007. The following year the Celtics won the NBA championship, attracting copycat attention to every aspect of the organization, including the suddenly circumspect stat guy in the stands with his dad. “We just don’t talk about what I do,” Zarren told the *Boston Globe* in 2008.

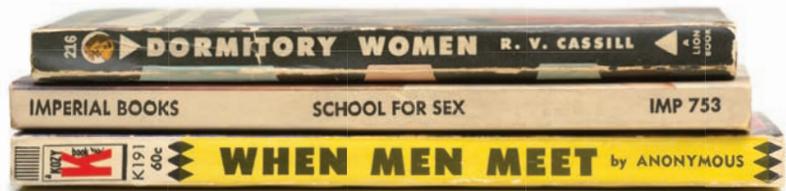
Knowledgeable basketball people have started to notice. *Sports Illustrated* referred to him this past summer as “one of the least-known yet most-influential members of the Celtics’ front office” when Zarren’s name surfaced as a candidate for the Philadelphia 76ers general manager position. He ultimately withdrew from consideration, remaining in Boston, where his career has given new meaning to the term fantasy basketball.

“I’ve been going to games with my father ever since I was a kid. And to think that now I have an NBA championship ring with our last name on it. It’s surreal.”—*Andrew Clark*

ORIGINAL SOURCE QUEER REVIEW

They have campy cover illustrations and titillating titles: *Sappho*, *Dusky Dyke*, *When Men Meet*. Published in the 1950s and ’60s, paperback novels with gay and lesbian themes also hooked readers with back-cover blurbs about conflicted characters. There was Millie from *Dormitory Women*, who “wanted desperately to be like the other girls.” And Jackie from *Male Bride*, who “found himself more attracted to men than to women” and “was led down the aisle into the twilight world of desire and dreams.”

Last spring, undergraduates perused the pulp novels in a history and gender studies course called *Queer on the Quads: Uncovering LGBTQ History at the University of Chicago*. To glimpse lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and queer life in decades past, they



also examined sociologists’ field notes, newspaper clippings, and other primary sources in the Special Collections Research Center.

Sold at drugstores and newsstands around the country, gay- and lesbian-themed paperbacks circulated freely with science fiction, romance, and mystery titles. Instructor Monica Mercado, AM’06, a PhD student in history, explained to students how the popular, inexpensive novels gave small-town readers a window to another world. “We had an

interesting conversation about networks of communication,” she says, “and where people got information—right, wrong, or even ‘trashy’—at a time when gay culture was largely hidden and underground.”—*Elizabeth Station*

The Center for the Study of Gender and Sexuality is collecting oral histories and archival materials to document the LGBTQ experience at the University. For more, see “Desire for History” in the Core, page 26.



UChicago Promise helps keep Emanuel's educational priorities within reach.

UChicago Promise is designed to help students who attend any Chicago public, private, or parochial high school gain admission to, pay for, and succeed in college.

As the centerpiece of the initiative, beginning with the incoming class of 2017, the University will eliminate loans in the financial-aid packages of Chicago high school students admitted to the College, allowing them to graduate without debt. More than 50 students from the city enrolled this fall, including 18 who received full-tuition scholarships through the University's Chicago Police and Fire and Chicago Public Schools scholarship programs—a record number.

Mayor Rahm Emanuel, speaking after the initiative was announced at Kenwood Academy, called UChicago Promise “a creative step that will help many of Chicago’s own achieve their goals and graduate without a financial burden.” Emanuel emphasized post-secondary achievement in his Chicago 2011 Transition Plan for Education, calling for additional support to help the city’s students thrive in college.

According to a 2008 study by the University’s Consortium on Chicago School Research, only 27 percent of Chicago Public Schools students who were qualified to attend a selective college enrolled in a school that matched their academic record. Among those who were qualified to attend a very selective college, only 38 percent enrolled at such a school.

While college enrollment rates have increased, the application process and financial aid complexities still prevent

many Chicago students from pursuing the options available to them.

To help alleviate those pressures, UChicago Promise also includes an Admissions Academy, offering assistance to students, their families, and guidance counselors. The academy, which began this past fall with workshops for families, provides information and advice in applying for college and financial aid. Professional development opportunities for guidance counselors are also part of the academy’s offerings.

Chicago students can participate in the Admissions Academy whether or not they plan to apply to the University of Chicago. For those who do—and for all applicants from Chicago high schools—the \$75 UChicago application fee will be waived.

Zimmer noted that UChicago Promise complements existing University research and programs designed to improve pre-K–12 schooling. For example, the Urban Education Institute operates the four campuses of the University of Chicago Charter School and the Collegiate Scholars Program assists Chicago tenth through 12th graders in their academic preparation for college. Expertise from across the University, including the School of Social Service Administration and the Consortium on Chicago School Research, will help shape the evolution of UChicago Promise.

“The University of Chicago has a long-standing commitment to improving urban education through research, innovative ideas, and practices,” Zimmer said. “That commitment begins here in our own city.”—*Jason Kelly*

WILLIAM HARPER'S INDEX SILVER METTLE

States **Nate Silver**, AB'00, correctly predicted in the 2012 presidential election:

50

Percentage of NYTimes .com traffic attributed to Silver's blog the day before the election:

20

Number of states Silver correctly predicted in the 2008 presidential election:

49

Followers of Silver's @fivethirtyeight Twitter account as of December 14:

444,869

Amount Silver donated to charity after MSNBC's Joe Scarborough refused to accept a bet about the outcome of the election:

\$1,000

Highest ranking for Silver's book *The Signal and the Noise* on Amazon.com:

2

FOR THE RECORD



VENTURE CAPITAL

An \$8 million gift from **Michael Polsky**, MBA'87, will expand the mission of the Chicago Booth entrepreneurship center he established with a \$7 million donation a decade ago. His latest gift makes the Polsky Center for Entrepreneurship and Innovation the University's venture creation engine, extending beyond Chicago Booth to create multidisciplinary programs and to collaborate with existing campus innovation initiatives. Faculty director **Steven Kaplan** and executive director **Ellen Rudnick**, who have been in those roles since the founding, will continue to lead the center.

BELL TOILS AGAINST DIABETES

In February **Graeme Bell**, the Louis Block distinguished service professor of medicine and human genetics, will receive the \$150,000 Manpei Suzuki International Prize for research on the role of genetics in diabetes diagnosis and treatment. With colleague **Nancy Cox**, professor of medicine and human genetics, Bell discovered gene mutations that cause a form of the disease called maturity-onset diabetes of the young. Bell is the second UChicago scientist honored in the award's five-year history. **Donald F. Steiner**, the A. N. Pritzker distinguished service professor emeritus of medicine and biochemistry and molecular biology, received the 2009 prize.

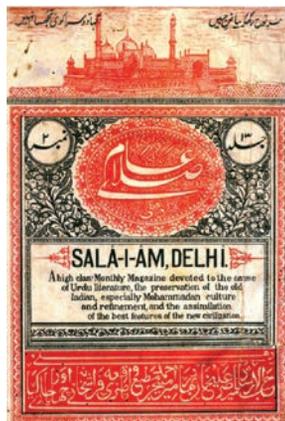
NAMING RITES

On November 29, the Burton Room in Burton Judson Courts was renamed the Bertram Cohler Club Room in honor of longtime UChicago social sciences professor Cohler,

U-High'57, AB'61, who died last May. At the ceremony, BJ resident master **Joshua Scodel** said he imagined Cohler "smiling today at being linked to this place where our students discover and create the richness of life Bert so cherished." In January, the College will rededicate the Judson room for humanities professor Herman Sinaiko, AB'47, PhD'61, who died in 2011.

FINANCIAL ADVISER

Anil Kashyap, Chicago Booth's Edward Eagle Brown professor of economics and finance, has been appointed to the US Department of Treasury's Financial Research Advisory Committee. An expert on banking and monetary policy, Kashyap also studies business cycles, corporate finance, and price setting. A Chicago Booth faculty member since 1991, Kashyap is one of 30 members of the advisory committee, which was established as part of the Dodd-Frank Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act.



THAT URDU THAT YOU DO SO WELL

The British Library's Endangered Archives Programme has awarded the University a €52,247 grant to preserve and digitize 60 rare and endangered Urdu-language periodicals published between the 1870s and the 1940s. **C. M. Naim**, professor emeritus in the department of South Asian languages and civilizations, will be part of a panel selecting the magazines and journals to

be preserved. Digital images of the publications will be made at the Mushfiq Khwaja Library and Research Centre in Karachi, Pakistan, and made available through the University of Chicago Library and the British Library.



(RENAISSANCE) SOCIETY NEWS

Solveig Øvstebø becomes the Renaissance Society's first new executive director in 40 years when she succeeds **Susanne Ghez** in June. Since 2003, Øvstebø has been director of Bergen Kunsthall, an avant-garde contemporary art space in her native Norway. "Solveig has a strong artistic vision along with experience in building an institution," said Ghez, who is retiring from the position she has held since 1974.

A REPLACEMENT FOR PIERCE

A new 55th Street residence hall and dining commons on the site of Pierce Hall and the North Field recreation area will open in 2016. Pierce will close in June and North Field will be replaced with a new space on 61st Street. Maintenance problems at Pierce, including exploding toilets, exposed heating pipes, and elevator outages, made national news last year, increasing calls for a new facility.

THE BEST AND THE FULBRIGHTEST

Ten of this year's 84 Fulbright-Hays grants went to UChicago students, providing a total of \$448,899 in funding for their dissertation research abroad. This represents the 19th time in 20 years that the University

has led the nation in both the number of grants and funds awarded. The US Department of Education grants support research in understudied areas of the world—such as anthropology student **Natalja Czarnecki**'s dissertation about the relationship between the people in the Republic of Georgia and their food supply, and history student **Patrick Kelly**'s dissertation on the rise of South American human-rights activism in response to 1970s violence.

SMART DECISION

On October 30 **Pamela Hoehn-Saric**, MST'81, began a three-year term as chair of the Smart Museum of Arts Board of Governors. A board member since 2009, Hoehn-Saric succeeds her father, **Robert Feitler**, U-High'45, X'50. She also serves on the executive committee and as chair of the academic affairs committee of the Kenyon College board of trustees, and on the board of the *Kenyon Review*.



PROGRAMMED TO SUCCEED

In November the Whiteboard Erasers became the University's first computer programming team to win the Mid-Central USA regional competition, advancing to the summer 2013 world finals in St. Petersburg, Russia. **Naren Hazareesingh**, third-year in computer science; **Bill Waldrep**, fourth-year in computer science; and **Kevin Wang**, third-year in physics, make up the Whiteboard Erasers. UChicago's Conjurers of Cheap Tricks finished second out of 150 teams. This is the fifth consecutive year and seventh time overall that a UChicago team has qualified for the world finals.



Rand, as Janis Joplin in a 2007 routine, explored skating's strict gender rules.

CULTURAL STUDIES

Freestyle skating

A women's studies professor finds glitter, grace, and rigid gender roles out on the ice.

A decade ago, at age 43, **Erica Rand**, AM'81, PhD'89, bought a pair of secondhand figure skates, thinking that a

couple of hours at the rink every week might add a little variety to her work-out. The sport did more than that: it transformed her life.

Rand soon discovered that with its sparkly costumes and strict rules, figure skating also held an embarrassment of riches related to subjects central to her academic work: gender identity, popular culture, class distinctions, and otherness. So the Bates College professor of women's and gender studies and art and visual culture wrote a book of essays about her observations and experiences as a self-identified queer femme in a heavily sequined sport.

Part cultural critique, part personal narrative, *Red Nails, Black Skates: Gender, Cash, and Pleasure On and Off the Ice* (Duke University Press, 2012) contrasts the joy of being on the ice, the wind in her hair, with the ice-skating world's unfriendliness to people who can't afford weekly private "ice time" or don't fit into narrow, "sometimes bizarre and archaic," gender rules.

Competitive moves that favor grace and flexibility for women and athleticism for men can kill the sport's magic, Rand writes. So can limitations on what skaters should wear—women in white skates, short skirts, and plunging necklines; men in black skates and clingy spandex costumes in which they're somehow not to appear gay.

Rand, whose fellow competitors once thought her too daring for wearing a black miniskirt with metal studs and skating to Pink Floyd, would like skaters to be able to express their gender however they see fit. She suggests that the leaders of the skating world "encourage people to dress and move in ways that make them feel happily alive."

Still, Rand fits in better than some, like the dress-wearing man whose appearance at a rink prompted practice-ice contract forms insisting, "gender-appropriate clothing required."

Rand interviewed adult competitive skaters at rinks from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; tried hockey in the hopes of better understanding the appeal of figure skating's hard-driving relative; and traveled to the Gay Games in search of a "queerer rink culture" and skaters unafraid to be their butch selves during competition. She found some—two women acted out a punk butch/femme romance and a male pair performed a *Brokeback Mountain* routine using music from the film—but for the most part, she writes, "sexuality and gender at the Gay Games ice rink were just the same as I'd come to expect at home."

She also set out to make ice-skating more democratic. Having gotten so much joy out of the sport, she says she wants more adults to feel comfortable toddling around on the ice the way she did when she first gave those used blades a spin. "I think that the world of skating needs to pay more attention to people who aren't trying to be the next Michelle Kwan but are also out there skating," she says. "One thing I really

like about my local rink, it always has been really friendly to people who are serious about their own skating but are not going to be winning a national competition.”

Thanks to good coaches, muscle memory from childhood lessons, and lots of practice, Rand, who’s now in her 50s, is no slouch on the ice. In 2008, she competed in the lowest free-style category at the US Adult Figure Skating Championships, “the competition around which many serious adult skaters organize their skating,” she writes. She’s brought her classroom talents to the rink too, helping beginning adult skaters as a volunteer assistant coach.

She marvels that even the greenest skaters “often have some idea of what kind of skating they want to be doing,” she says. “Somehow, they know they want to be figure skating, they want to be speed skating, they want to play hockey. How is it that people who have hardly skated at all show up with some idea of what their fantasy is?” Maybe, she speculates, it’s a combination of how people like to move—which depends in part on things like gender conventions—and what they’ve seen on the ice.

For her part, Rand prefers to twirl around. “I figure skate partly for certain feminine enticements,” she writes in her book. “I love the glitter, the emphasis on grace, and the occasional opportunity to wear a great miniskirt with an apparent purpose other than the pathetic denial of middle age.”

Meanwhile, she struggles to embrace her edginess as well as her femininity within the confines of the sport. For her first five years as an adult skater, she wrestled with the urge to invest in a pair of custom-made black skates; she wanted to be urban and punk rock. (The factory-model skates, sized for male feet, are too ill fitting for her, she says.)

Ultimately, though, she chose white skates, partly because she wasn’t sure she wanted to stand out every single day at the rink. Also, she writes, figure skating brings out her impulse for gender conformity as little else ever has. It’s possible Rand might be better off in roller derby, with its broader sartorial freedom and edgier outfits. But then she’d have to trade in the twirling for shoving. And that’s someone else’s fantasy.—*Laura Putre*



Mark Zuckerberg’s marriage to Priscilla Chan reflects a sociological trend.

SOCIOLOGY

Cultural relations

Two alumni study Asian-Jewish intermarriages like their own.

Growing up, **Helen Kim**, AM’97, was one of very few Asian children in her predominantly white Bay Area town. Her Korean family, she says, wanted her to assimilate as much as possible. The first people in their respective families to immigrate to the United States, her parents did not speak Korean in their American home. Says Kim, “We

didn’t do very much of anything that was culturally Korean.”

She attended an Episcopal school that had a lot of Jewish students. “I felt a connection with my Jewish classmates,” she says, “because, to a great extent, they were outsiders” too: “Even though I would say that we all felt welcomed by the school, we were not Christian.” Throughout her life, she’d seriously dated several Jewish men—and ultimately married one.

Kim’s story is similar to what she and her husband, **Noah Leavitt**, AM’97—raised in a Reform Jewish household in upstate New York—have found in their research on Asian-Jewish intermarriage. Now both at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, the couple started to investigate the topic in part to better understand their own

relationship, as well as to try to fill a gap in sociological literature (Kim is an associate professor of sociology and Leavitt is the assistant dean for student engagement).

Statistics show a higher rate of intermarriage between Asians and whites, compared to Asians and any other ethnic group—for example, the 2000 US Census showed that intermarriages between white men and Asian women surpassed intermarriages between white men and women of any other ethnicity. But Leavitt and Kim, who earned a JD and PhD, respectively, at the University of Michigan saw a dearth of studies on ethnically intermarried couples that factored in religious backgrounds.

Over a year and a half, Kim and Leavitt interviewed 31 Asian-Jewish couples who represented a diverse sample across characteristics including ethnic background and presence of children. They selected the participants from around 250 couples who took an online survey on how ethnicity, race, and religion intersect in their daily lives. The survey was circulated to Jewish organizations in several metropolitan areas, from congregations to interfaith networks, through the Institute for Jewish and Community Research, a San Francisco-based think tank; the researchers also distributed surveys to couples they knew personally and asked them to pass it on.

While many earlier studies have explored interfaith marriage and intermarriage understood as racial difference, says Leavitt, their “exploratory” study expands on that sociological literature—specifically on intermarriage for Jewish Americans and for Asian Americans—by exploring their ethnic, cultural, and religious interactions. Published in the February 2012 *Contemporary Jewry*, their research found that the Asian American partners who had not been born into a Jewish household “often said that from a values perspective”—an emphasis on education, close-knit families, and hard work—“they kind of got Judaism,” says Leavitt.

Regardless of any cultural or ethnic differences or similarities, Kim says, “I think there’s something on an individual level for these couples that makes them fall in love with each other.” For Kim and Leavitt, when they met during their year in the Master of Arts Pro-

gram in the Social Sciences, the attraction didn’t spark from their ethnic and religious identities, Kim says. “What really brought us together were some personal life hardships. Both of our fathers had passed away very unexpectedly when we were young.”

Their shared research has continued to bring them together. For “The Newest Jews? Understanding Jewish American and Asian American Marriages,” Kim and Leavitt looked at a diversity of people in such marriages, from Chinese women to reform Jewish men, to conservative Jewish women to Japanese American men, to gay Asians and Jews. Most of the Jews were from Eastern Europe, and the Asians’ ethnic origins included Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Indian, and Korean. Some of the Asian Americans were raised Jewish or converted to Judaism; on the white Jewish side, there was a range of religious observance.

The stereotype in Asian-Jewish couples, says Kim, is that the Asian American is female and the Jewish American is male. But in the group who took Kim and Leavitt’s survey, there were just as many couples in which the Asian American partner was male and the Jewish partner was white and female.

Over the course of the taped interviews, Kim and Leavitt found that the couples’ shared values, down to the importance of food in the respective cultures, seemed to reduce conflict. Also, while nearly every couple they interviewed had decided to raise their children Jewish, they tried to instill both culturally Jewish and Asian identities in their children, whether incorporating kosher practices in the home or celebrating a traditional Chinese holiday as a family.

While Leavitt focuses on his post as dean, Kim has been working with a research assistant to interview 18–35-year-old multiracial and multi-religious offspring about how they grew up and about how their Asian-Jewish family works. Many, Kim has noticed, identify as white or multiracial instead of Asian. “I think they are really trying to distance themselves from a stigma that still persists,” Kim says, that is wrapped up in the idea of being “foreign.”

Kim and Leavitt are taking the next generation’s responses to heart. In fact, they’re using them for guidance in rais-

ing their own children, four-year-old Ari and one-year-old Talia, whom the couple is raising as religiously and culturally Jewish. But they want to make sure that the children understand their Korean background, even if Kim herself doesn’t know much about it. Once Ari and Talia get a bit older, she imagines the family taking Korean language lessons, participating in holidays, and paying respects to the deceased in a traditional way. In Kim’s family, the most recent death was her father’s. “I haven’t participated in a ceremonial celebration of his passing in a number of years. I can imagine starting to do that as a family.”

—Ruth E. Kott, *AM*’07



Chu and Isaacs were energized about Argonne’s new research hub.

ENERGY

Battery life

A \$120 million award fuels a new Argonne institute to advance energy-storage technology.

Announcing the new Joint Center for Energy Storage Research, Argonne National Laboratory director **Eric Isaacs** outlined its goal: to develop batteries that are five times more powerful and five times cheaper within five years. “Factors of five are what we need to transform both the power grid and transportation,” Isaacs said at a November 30 event.

The institute received a five-year, \$120 million award from the US De-

partment of Energy to create a battery and energy storage hub. It will be a partnership between five national laboratories, four universities (including the University of Chicago), and four private companies. Under the direction of Argonne senior scientist and University of Illinois at Chicago physicist **George W. Crabtree**, researchers will focus on the next generation of energy-storage technology for electric and hybrid cars, smartphones, and the electricity grid.

Construction will begin in 2013 for the center's facility at the Argonne campus in suburban Chicago. Illinois governor Pat Quinn pledged \$5 million through his Illinois Jobs Now! capital

construction plan. Quinn also vowed to work with the General Assembly to provide \$30 million in future capital funding for the building, which will serve as a nationwide focal point for energy storage research.

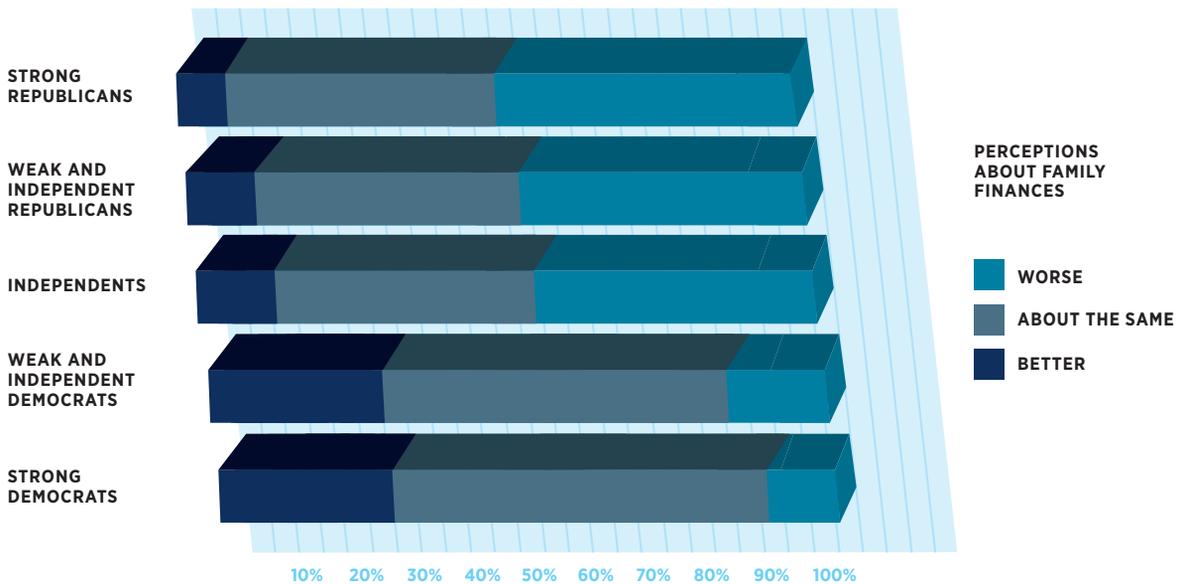
Calling the institute's partners a "dream team," Isaacs said that 120 researchers from around the country would regularly conduct research at the institute with the goal of developing new technologies to be licensed and brought to market. The purpose is to keep the United States at the forefront of rechargeable-battery technology, a \$42 billion-per-year industry with revenues expected to double in the next five years. "Very, very impor-

tant that research be intimately linked with manufacturing in a way that will actually propel the United States forward," energy secretary Steven Chu said. "This is what the whole concept is about."

Argonne's center is the fourth Energy Innovation Hub that the Department of Energy has established since 2010—a sort of Manhattan Project for energy technology. The other hubs focus on the modeling and simulation of nuclear reactors, creating more energy-efficient buildings, and developing fuels from sunlight.

"Now," Chu said, cutting the rhetorical ribbon at Argonne, "the hard work begins."—*Jason Kelly*

FIG. 1 POLITICAL ANIMALS



Partisanship exerts powerful influence over voters' perceptions of reality—and not just on a national scale. In the weeks leading up to the 2012 election, researchers from NORC at the University of Chicago surveyed 2,136 Americans and found that political opinions influenced people's beliefs about the state

of their own pocketbooks. Strong Republicans were 36 percent more likely than strong Democrats to say their economic fortunes had declined over the past year under President Barack Obama. Seventy-eight percent of respondents who reported improved family finances were Democrats; 64 percent of those who

said their economic circumstances had deteriorated were Republicans. "Family finances would seem to be objective facts that are impervious to partisan influences—respondents actually see the income flowing in and the expenses flowing out," NORC researchers wrote. "Not so."

—*LydiaLyle Gibson*

GRAPHIC BY JOY OLIVIA MILLER

Public equity

Sociologist Michael Bennett, AM'72, PhD'88, invests his time in urban development.

A few years ago one of sociologist **Michael Bennett's** DePaul University colleagues called to ask for help on a project. Bennett, AM'72, PhD'88, already had plenty to do. "My work is like a Pez candy machine," he told his would-be collaborator. "Once one thing is completed, there's always something right there that pops right up."

About 15 minutes later the colleague showed up at Bennett's office "with a report on what he wanted to ask me to do," he says, adding with a boisterous laugh, "and a little Pez machine."

An associate professor and faculty fellow at DePaul's Egan Urban Center, Bennett's most recent project examined urban policies in the dire fiscal conditions of the past few years, a follow-up to his 2007 book, coedited with Robert P. Giloth, *Economic Development in American Cities: The Pursuit of an Equity Agenda* (SUNY Press).

Bennett cites the late Chicago mayor Harold Washington's governing philosophy as an inspiration for his academic and civic work. "How do we build housing in the neighborhoods at the same time we're trying to provide support to commercial developments in the Loop?" he says, echoing Washington.

Bennett will be recognized for his efforts toward that end as the alumni recipient of the University's 2013 Diversity Leadership Award. **Kim Ransom** of the Office for Civic Engagement will receive the staff honor at the January 17 Martin Luther King Jr. celebration.

In an interview with the *Magazine*, adapted below, Bennett discusses his career and the current projects in his occupational Pez dispenser.—*Jason Kelly*

Economic roller coaster

I grew up in a small town called Sandusky, Ohio—45,000 when I was growing up—but it had three nodes of the economy: agriculture, manufactur-



ing, and the Cedar Point amusement park. I watched it go from three strong nodes to one—Cedar Point. The manufacturing's gone, basically. The agriculture, as you can imagine, is gone. And I really witnessed what that did to the town and the people in it.

An interest develops

[As an undergraduate at Kent State in the 1960s] I started working in the anti-poverty program—the Community Action Council of Portage County. Once I got into that, I started thinking about my hometown and trying to think about, how do you establish entities, organizations that can initiate and sustain successful community-development activities for lower-income people? So we formed a number of community-development corporations, little CDCs, as we were called. That's how I really got engaged in this kind of work.

Equity agenda, revisited

Our discussions were around how most cities were in a cut mode—cut welfare, cut housing, cut social services to the low income. And Washington had retrenched. There was no major urban agenda, either in the Bush era or, sad to say, in the Obama era.

Father figures

There's a group called Fathers, Families, and Healthy Communities. It has a focus on low-income African American noncustodial fathers. The objective is, without marriage in the picture, to get fathers more involved with their

families and communities. Many of these fathers had been painted as being deadbeat dads, but the real fact was, they weren't deadbeats, they were just dead broke. The process is to network with organizations that already serve these fathers to provide a comprehensive package of wraparound services, mainly aimed at providing economic sufficiency—job training, counseling, entrepreneurship opportunities. As men matriculate through the training, they're more likely to sustain employment if they have these other supportive services. That's the idea. I'm the principal investigator. What we're doing is gathering quantitative and qualitative data from all these moving parts.

40 acres and a school

At the corner of 95th and Cottage Grove, there's 40 acres that Trinity United Church of Christ is developing into a multiuse planned community, so I've been spending a considerable amount of time working on that. We have a school—the title of the project was 40 Acres and a School—and now the plan is for multifamily housing, senior housing, commercial entities, urban food production, both with a garden and with a food center that focuses on nutrition, and a major health-oriented and physical-education facility. We have a limited liability corporation that owns the land and is managing the development process. I serve on the executive committee of the limited liability corporation and now I'm coordinating the family-housing component. Pez, Pez.

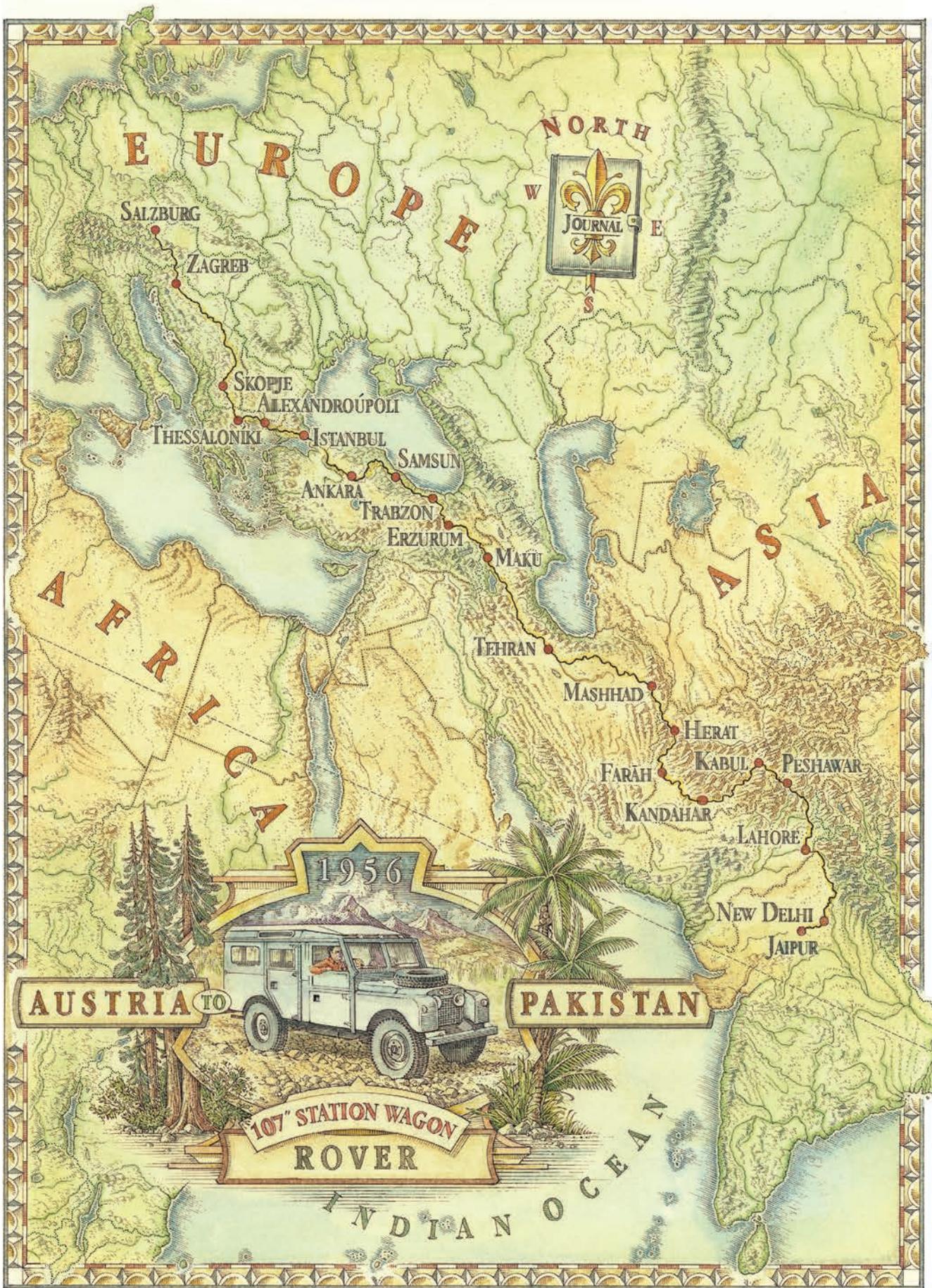
adventure

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

In 1956, new PhDs Lloyd and Susanne Rudolph set out from Austria in a Land Rover to begin the research on Indian politics that became their life's work. Half a century later, the emeritus UChicago professors share notes they kept on their journey east.

BY LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE STEVENSON



E U R O P E

N O R T H



SALZBURG

ZAGREB

SKOPJE

ALEXANDROÛPOLI

THESSALONIKI

ISTANBUL

SAMSUN

ANKARA

TRABZON

ERZURUM

MAKU

TEHRAN

MASHHAD

HERAT

FARAH

KABUL

PESHAWAR

KANDAHAR

LAHORE

NEW DELHI

JAIPUR

A F R I C A

A S I A

1956

AUSTRIA TO

PAKISTAN



107" STATION WAGON
ROVER

I N D I A N O C E A N



SEPTEMBER 1956

Our trip diary was written under challenging conditions. We jotted down the first half while the car was passing from one country to another on moderately respectable roads. But when we reached Persia, we could no longer write in the car—all our attention was devoted to keeping our stomachs below our lungs and not bumping our heads on the car ceiling. So the second half was written at greater leisure from notes as we recuperated from the trip in Lahore, New Delhi, and Jaipur.

We consider Salzburg the official starting point of our trip because we delayed in England and Germany along the way. Our vehicle was a new model of the Land Rover; the 107-inch wheelbase, five-door station wagon seated ten

people and looked like an armored car meant for a battalion. The car was blue grey with a white tropical roof set on top of the ordinary roof.

The Rover made up into a bed. The second seat flattened out, the back of the front seat was laid across the back benches, and the cushions from the front seats made headrests. Since we carried all our luggage with us, we had to transfer it out of the back of the car into the front seat each night before we could make up the bed. We routinized this process enough so that it became quite simple. Lloyd usually made the bed while Sue prepared the supper.

For cooking, we had a Higgins two-burner gas stove, which we set just inside the door in the rear of the car. For breakfast and supper we put up our little wooden tables and folding chairs, set the table with paper napkins and plastic dishes, and tried to keep a gently civilized routine.

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH

After its long journey, the Land Rover gets a rest at Jai Mahal Palace Hotel in Jaipur, India.

After dinner, we washed dishes in hot, soapy water in our folding rubber dishpan; sometimes we washed out a few clothes and hung them on a line tied to a nearby tree. In the mornings, while Sue cooked breakfast, Lloyd propped his mirror on the spare tire screwed on top of the hood, perched the pot with hot shaving water on the fender, and shaved. Keeping house on the road was always some trouble. But it refreshed and strengthened us as no hotel stay ever did. We're not quite sure why this was so, but we think the manipulation of household equipment gave us the sense of being more than mere rootless wanderers upon the face of the earth.

We left Salzburg July 26 and arrived in Peshawar August 20, a matter of 25 days. The mileage was 5,114 miles, and the cost of the trip was about \$300. The pretrip expenses incurred because we wanted to make the trip by car came to another \$384.

Such a trip is an enormously rewarding experience for the strong of limb and stout of heart. The fact that everything is new and strange and possibly threatening creates a chronic underlying strain, a fear of the unknown which one must learn to live with. Such a trip is a calculated risk. But anyone who is in good physical condition, with a balanced psyche, a good car, a bit of luck, and a capacity to improvise can make the trip.

JULY 26 / SALZBURG

Did big laundry on glorious sunny morning at camp outside Salzburg. All the laundry accumulated on the drive down through Germany. Sue reveling in domesticity, Lloyd champing at the bit. Drove into Salzburg with laundry triumphantly flapping on nylon laundry lines in back of car. Money for which we'd been waiting for three days finally came. Ate some kuchen and coffee to celebrate. Did some more quick shopping. Salzburg shops wonderful. Many tempting things. Bought some Landjäger for emergencies, piece of good bacon for outdoor breakfast, peaches, tomatoes, butter. Off at two for Graz.

JULY 27 / GRAZ TO ZAGREB

On the way toward Zagreb we came through Friday evening festivities. Truckloads of country people coming together at an inn garden near Varaždin—violins, dancing, and beer. The army, which we found in evidence throughout the country, was also on the road in companies on trucks. To get through the crowds on the roads, the trucks beeped furiously, and we soon followed

WE WERE ARRESTED. BUT THE ARREST SOON DETERIORATED INTO ABSURDITY: NO ONE COULD COMMUNICATE THE CHARGE TO US.

behind, also tooting noisily and happily. July 28, we later found out, is the date on which the old Croatian government was replaced by the present one, and celebration was already beginning.

JULY 30 / SERBIA TO THESSALONÍKI

Woke up at 5:30. Everybody on the way to Monday morning market. Women with quacking ducks in their baskets, clean white cloths over their heads with roses pinned on. Bullocks, calves, tomatoes, peppers, all on the way to the market. Having no fixings for breakfast, we followed the crowd, after a lengthy discussion with a passing farmer who offered Lloyd a cigarette from a silver case.

As we headed south during the day, the farmland decreased and the herding of sheep increased. Finally, as we came out of the relatively flat farmland of Serbia into the arid, wild, and lonesome hill country of Macedonia, even sheep became rare.

On the way toward Thessaloníki, we began to encounter a strange phenomenon, so strange that we thought we'd had too long a day of it. Small trees moved silently across the road in front of us. Huge bushes slowly growled down the highway toward us. Agitated flora enlivened the roadsides. The bushes, we eventually realized, were heavily camouflaged troop transports with their lights out, the lively greenery camouflaged men. We, of course, had our lights shining brightly, essential if we were not to annihilate a donkey and his guide every ten yards. But the transports became more frequent, their drivers signaled to us to put down our lights, and eventually an armed sentry stepped into the road and halted us. For five minutes before that, we had been reviewing the recent history of Greco-Yugoslavian relations and

theorizing that the Yugoslavian troop movements we had seen on the other side of the border and the Greek troops we saw on the move now might have some mutually antagonistic aim. But our sentry, who made us pull off the road and join a group of donkeys, farmers, and Italian motorcyclists, which he had already collected there, quickly eased our minds. War games, big ones, and ones to which Turkey and England had, incidentally, not been invited. [*As it turned out, the English, French, and Israeli invasion of Egypt began soon after President Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal on July 26, 1956. Yugoslavia and Greece were mobilizing against each other just in case.*—L.R.]

Our detainee spoke French and had studied political science at the University of Athens. He and his colleagues fed us and the Italian motorcyclists fresh watermelon, and when we got tired of waiting after an hour and proposed to park somewhere and spend the night, they found a place for us behind their own bivouac.

JULY 31 / THESSALONÍKI TO ALEXANDROÚPOLI

We left Thessaloníki about 10 a.m. and drove to Alexandroupoli by 8 p.m. In the meantime, we made the extensive acquaintance of the Greek police—a snappy corps, with their well-kept green uniforms and uniformly large black mustaches. At about 1 p.m., a mile outside the beautiful city of Kavála on the Aegean, we were arrested. But the arrest soon deteriorated into absurdity: no one could communicate the charge to us.

Our policeman called in a passing army officer for consultation. The officer was no help, but he used the word “Russki” frequently enough that we tentatively concluded this had something to do with (a) last night’s maneuvers and (b) we were suspected of being Russkis, spying no doubt. This impression was confirmed when the policeman got into our car and directed us to a nearby army encampment.

A few moments later a noncom emerged from one of the red corrugated iron Quonset huts that sat among the trees. He spoke English and informed us that we were charged with killing a cow with our car. Someone had seen us do it and taken down our number.

The long and the short of this story is: it wasn’t a cow, it was a horse, and we didn’t do it. Fortunately we saw the accident, or the confusion would have lasted much longer. The horse had run into the path of a defenseless Volkswagen, knocking in the VW’s nose and one light and killing itself. We stopped to see if we could help, because we had met the Iranian driver and his young German bride at the Greek customs. While we were explaining this story to the police, the VW drove up, looking duly bashed. The Iranian, one of the tensest men we have ever met, was all for telling the police that his wife was pregnant with

quintuplets and they couldn’t stay to answer questions, but his calmer wife dissuaded him. We translated their story to our interpreter who translated to the police. When we last saw them, they were returning to the site of the act, where they were to argue their case before the local police. We felt sorry for them—it would be awkward arguing with an irate Greek farmer and the Greek police in German and Persian.

We arrived in Alexandroupoli via worsening roads, after dark, in time to see people flocking through the main streets in the evening cool.

AUGUST 2 / ISTANBUL

The traffic here is very thick, and the trolleys carry crowds of people including always a contingent of five or six little boys who jump on the back and hold on to god only knows what with their bare toes and hands. The Istanbul police wear snappy white coats (wool!) and blue trousers and are very helpful. As far as traffic in Turkey in general is concerned, there are many American cars in the big cities and some in the country. People rely on brakes rather than on a generally accepted conception of the right of way. Lloyd was always fit to be tied after an hour’s driving in any city. In the provincial towns the automobile has not yet received recognition of its rights on a par with cows, donkeys, people, and other users of the right-of-way.

We still haven’t killed a chicken—a truly glorious record.

AUGUST 4 / ANKARA

On to Ankara. The city itself is very attractive with its parks, boulevards, and public monuments. At four in the afternoon we plunged back into the forbidding, arid country. No appealing campsites appeared anywhere, and the people looked unfriendly when we slowed down to inspect a possible site. Finally, near Sungurlu, we saw a village in the distance on a hillside. We turned off the road that

**WE STILL HAVEN'T
KILLED A CHICKEN—
A TRULY GLORIOUS
RECORD.**



The Rudolphs in 1990 with Ramaswamy Venkataraman (center), the eighth president of India, and his wife. At left is Gandhi's grandson Gopalkrishna Gandhi, then secretary to the president.

led to it and parked in a dry streambed which looked promising. But before we got very far in unloading the car, four farmers arrived and investigated our arrangements. They gave us to understand that the mosquitoes were bad at our site, and one farmer motioned toward a nearby house where tractor-powered machinery was thrashing some crop.

There we parked and started supper. Pretty soon the word got out, and more farmers started assembling, sitting in a large half circle around us, watching every move of the preparation. Evening show! Good instinct of showmanship required to survive such an experience. The prosperous though quite unshaven farmer who had asked us there soon brought out an enormous plate of curds. Lloyd had no trouble with this unsolicited gift, but Sue, who can scarcely face even milk, turned a little pale. But everyone was watching—not a chance of disposing of it by any manner other than eating it.

When the daylight finally faded, the helpful farmers brought over the tractor, turned its lights full on us, and critically observed our bedtime ablutions. Nothing like brushing your teeth with 20 men watching intently! Late show! We were pretty tired by this time and most troubled about how we'd tell our audience that the show was over. We made up the bed, drew the curtains, came over to face our audience directly, bowed in unison, and said good night. The farmers murmured a friendly return greeting, lumbered to their feet, and went away, avidly discussing the evening's events among themselves.

The trip from Samsun to Trabzon was magnificent. The view from the heights, across green hazelnut groves and red tile roofs, fell to the Black Sea. We arrived in Trabzon after dark and, after some inquiries, were directed to headquarters of a US military group. These were in a large house behind the usual wall at the top of a narrow, steeply pitched alley that led at a 45-degree angle to closely set buildings and walls. Five or six men were lounging in T-shirts in a large room next to a pantry where our furtive looks could catch glimpses of Campbell's tomato soup and corned beef hash.

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH

They appeared to be not at all surprised to see visitors from the States and were cordial and immediately responded to our inquiries about a place to camp with a suggestion of the local radar installation. We slept that night on top of a mountain immediately outside the barbed wire of the radar installation. *[We assume that the radar installation was part of a missile site whose weapons were aimed at the Soviet Union. These are the missiles that President Kennedy had covertly agreed to remove as a condition of solving the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962.—L.R.]*

AUGUST 6 / ERZURUM

Glorious drive from Trabzon to Erzurum, through mountains reminiscent of the Salzkammergut. Slow driving because of many curves. Apricot country. The dry lowlands were relieved by rows of tall poplars, obviously planted by someone anxious to add greenery. Above Erzurum, at a number of small towns, we began to notice a proliferation of the army installations which were prominent throughout Turkey. All appeared in a high state of readiness: hundreds of trucks lined up in apple-pie order, jeeps, half-tracks, and all in great quantity. Before Erzurum itself we passed the climactic one of these establishments.

We were just remarking to each other that for a determined spy the situation around Erzurum would be sheer duck soup, when we were flagged down by an armed soldier. Our passports were demanded and swiftly borne off. A half hour later a junior officer returned with them, and in his sparse German cheerfully indicated that he would now climb into our vehicle and accompany us elsewhere. Fifteen miles later we entered Erzurum. Eventually our passports were left at the police station, after being registered in immense, painfully written record books at two guard houses on the way. We were told we might pick them up in the morning, and where, please, did we plan to spend the night? In the car! Well, then our companion would arrange to find a place to park the car in the garden of the city jail.

AUGUST 7 / ERZURUM TO MAKU

After breakfast we picked up our passports and a soldier who escorted us 40 miles beyond Erzurum, through extended training areas which Lloyd identified as engineering, artillery, armor, and transportation.

The reason for the large concentration of men and equipment in this area is plain on the map. Erzurum is the closest major city to the Russian border along the main overland route from Russia into Turkey. As far as we could see, the Turks have much more equipment than the Yugoslavs.

Their soldiery is not nearly as spiffy in appearance as that of the Greeks but approximates that of the Yugoslavs. But we were impressed with their apparent preparation.

Just inside Iran, we arrived at the small town of Maku.

AUGUST 9 / MAKU TOWARD TEHRAN

Another grueling day of dull driving. Hills and plains all equally dry. Our one amusement was the camels which we now began to encounter in large numbers. They are great, lumbering, pompous beings, who peer along their noses with an air of contempt while chewing with their big, soft, fuzzy lips. Their gait is loose and uncoordinated looking when they run, though they have a fine swaying and dipping rhythm when they walk. They are led by a rope attached to a pin in their noses, a necessary device since they are often ornery. They are still a very important means of transport in these parts, though more so east of Tehran than west of it.

We hoped to get to Tehran that night, but the last 60 miles turned out to be the worst we had yet encountered—dusty, with potholes, washouts, and dangerous places everywhere. Yet this road was the busiest we had seen in all of Persia, buzzing with the incredibly high, overloaded trucks which are the bane of its roads and which here and there lie toppled by their load into ditches. To stay behind these trucks on the road was death, because the diesel smoke and dust would blind and poison you. To pass was disaster, because if the black diesel smoke came from a left-hand exhaust all view was obscured, even of bright oncom-

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ing headlights; if you got through the smoke the chances were a washout on the left would catch you. After two hours struggling, in which we covered 30 miles, we gave up, pulled off the road into the desert, which bore only a prickly, unkind weed on its dry face, and made camp in the dark. We ate more dried fruit, but we were so tired we had almost no appetite. Our ritual ablutions—washing the face and brushing the teeth keep men human—comforted us and we instantly fell asleep.

AUGUST 11 / TEHRAN

At 6:30 we met with Hugh Carless, the new secretary of the Tehran Embassy. Laughing, we told him of a story Lloyd had heard from a warrant officer who had served at the embassy in Kabul. The story concerned a diplomatic car held up by bandits on the road from Kabul to Peshawar. The car had been robbed and diplomatic files scattered over the Afghan hills. We said we realized that this was just another one of those popular horror stories people like to tell prospective travelers. Carless laughed agreeably and added conversationally, “Yes, I was in that car.”

When we had recovered, he related the following tale: it seems that a disaffected tribe had contrived an ambush on this road, which goes in part through steep canyons and is quite vulnerable to attack. Carless’s car had been the first stopped, and its occupants were put in a nearby canyon and guarded, while for the next three hours other cars and lorries were held up in the same ambush. One lorry was accompanied by two soldiers, seated on top. One soldier, either through extreme courage or extreme stupidity, fired his gun. He was instantly shot. The other soldier sought to jump down to surrender, but his motives were misunderstood, and he too was shot.

AUGUST 13 / MASHHAD

On to Mashhad. We stopped at Sabzevār to take a picture of a funny mosque with aluminium-topped minarets. The crowd that gathered to watch us was rude, and the children very fresh. We drove off quite angry. In the medium-sized cities after Tehran where we stopped this was often the case. A batch of just prepuberty males would gather around, stick their heads in the window unless Lloyd growled, and make remarks which sounded no less fresh for being in Farsi. We had the feeling, although no evidence, that the extraordinary sight of an unveiled, bare-legged woman led them to suppose that such an immoral phenomenon invited disrespect. The women became increasingly more veiled as we moved east—the large black



Picnicking in Rajasthan, India. Most of the photos from the trip were destroyed in a flood in Chicago.

or dark blue cotton shawl, worn as a cloak over the ordinary Western-style clothes which all the city women and many provincial women wear, is rarely drawn over the face in Tehran, where women even use lipstick. But eastward, the face is more rarely seen, and the casual gesture of hiding the face becomes more purposeful, until finally women squat down, turn away, and draw the veil when a car passes. By the time we arrived in Mashhad, Sue was feeling self-conscious about her face showing—if people look at it as though it were naked, then gradually the supposition arises that it is naked.

While we were looking for the way to the consulate, four young Iranians accosted us and offered their help. Two of them, it turned out, were taking English lessons several nights a week and were very anxious to practice it. They were perhaps 17 or 18 and eager to hear about America and Western habits in general. The brighter one of the two was the son of a Persian rug merchant. The other, an engineering student, told us that Mosaddeq [*deposed by the CIA in 1953—L.R.*] was very popular still, though he had little chance for a comeback because he would not be permitted to hold public office. They invited us for tea and apple juice at a little ice cream parlor and escorted us safely back to the hotel.

AUGUST 14 / MASHHAD TO HERAT

We met the consul, Robert Schott, at the consulate. The day of our trip preceded by only one day the great and sorrowful feast day of the Shiite Muslims commemorating the death of Hussein, a descendant of the prophet and, according to the Shias, his true heir. Mashhad, with its great shrine containing the tomb of Imam Reza, is a famous pilgrimage center for the Shias, and the death day of Hussein is the culmination of months of sorrowing, comparable in a sense to Lent and Good Friday. Foreigners are not welcome at these times of great religious significance.

We went to the bazaar with some trepidation, after Sue had modified her wanton appearance with a scarf over her head. Because of the impending feast, all money changers in the bazaar were closed. We were about to give up, when our Iranian consulate guide came back from some inquiries and announced: “One Jew is open.” Apparently the ancient profession is still practiced in these parts by the people of the Book, and they are not bound by the Muslim rules. The money changer quoted us an acceptable rate and then went off to see if he could round up enough Afghanis to cover the deal. He told us the transaction would take another 20 minutes.

By this time a crowd was beginning to gather, and while the men seemed mostly curious and not unfriendly, an inordinate number of little boys were accidentally taking running starts and bumping into Sue, without being chased off by the adults. Schott suggested we leave the consulate servant there to finish the transaction and start back to the consulate. Halfway through the bazaar we heard chanting ahead and caught glimpses of black prayer flags. Schott hastily shepherded us into a nearby bake shop, and only just in time. The chanting signaled the approach of a mourning procession on its way to a shrine in the bazaar. Men bearing the flags came first, followed by a slow-moving array of mourners—men with shaven heads wearing loose, black, sleeveless gowns cut out to expose the shoulder blades. They carried short clubs to whose heads were attached some 20 thin metal chains, and with these they beat their exposed backs rhythmically as they walked—the self-flagellation was not violent, but steady and ritually patterned. As they passed we huddled toward the rear of the bake shop and watched the bakers at work.

We left Mashhad around 1 p.m. after equipping ourselves with tire patches. We were guided to the road to Herat by a boy from the local Land Rover agent. Night fell as we passed through the no man's land between the frontiers, past the Persian border guards with their fixed bayonets gleaming in the early moon. After half an hour's driving, a border barrier loomed out of the darkness, and on the right rose the shadow of an old fort. The Afghan border guards cheerfully pumped Lloyd's hand in greeting, glanced at our passports, and indicated that one of them would now climb in to take us to some unknown destination ahead.

Though Afghanistan imposes a stricter purdah on its women than any other Muslim country we passed through, the men were relaxed in their greetings to Sue. Since she was plainly not of a category with their women, they apparently treated her in the only other plausible way—as a man.

THEY CARRIED SHORT CLUBS ... AND WITH THESE THEY BEAT THEIR EXPOSED BACKS RHYTHMICALLY AS THEY WALKED.



Before the journey: the Land Rover being washed in Germany, July 1956.

AUGUST 15 / HERAT

The mile markers which had guided us through Persia now disappeared. They had served their function: teaching us Persian numerals, which we had to know for the financial transactions—we usually bargained by having a vendor write the amount on the dusty surface of our car door, and then writing the bargaining figure underneath.

The land from the Afghan border to Herat did not differ greatly from the last part of Persia. One difference was the road, which immediately announced that in Afghanistan we should not expect to travel more than 20 mph, and that the bouncing we had gotten on some Persian roads was insignificant.

Another difference was a powerful hot wind, or *loo*, which began to blow when we were not far into Afghanistan. It whipped up the dust and sand from the arid land and chased it over the road. When we stopped, as we had to four times that morning to readjust and eventually completely reload the equipment in the back, it blew so strongly that we had trouble moving about. Once it tore the wooden folding table from Sue's hands. This is the "wind of 120 days" for which the area is famous—or infamous. Its unhesitating persistence tires the body and irritates the spirit. We were almost spitting at one another after an hour of it.

The terrible, uneven road where even 15 mph was no guarantee against bounces that would send us flying out of our seats, produced several disasters. The new aluminium water container, bought in Tehran, was crushed to an octagonal shape, and eventually the metal side gave way and the back of the car was flooded. We had six large book packages, wrapped in heavy paper, lying under the middle seat where the water could reach them. So 20 miles out of Herat

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH

we had to stop, rush around to save the packages, and mop up the back. But the wind had its virtues: it dried the book packages off quickly. Subsequently we discovered that only one book had been hurt, but that unfortunately was Lloyd's thesis (the binding).

We arrived at Herat around 12:30. We saw its smokestacks—what industry could Herat have that requires four smokestacks?—rising in the distance some time before we reached the approach avenues, which, though still uneven and graveled, are lined with beautiful coniferous trees of a kind we had not met before. The weary traveler from the countryside must find these a great relief as he goes to the city market to sell his goods. We certainly did. As we entered the city, we discovered that the smokestacks were broken-off minarets, the remains of an ancient university that dominated the East when Herat was a great center of culture and learning in the 16th century.

Everywhere frantic decorating was in progress in preparation for the Jeshyn, or Independence Day Celebration, which would begin August 24 and last a week. It marks the successful end of the last Afghan war, which finished British influence in Afghanistan. The man who won this independence for the Afghans, the former King Amānullāh, was apparently cut of the same cloth as Atatürk. He sought to modernize his country and among other things to take the women out of purdah. On this ground and others he incurred the wrath of the conservative elements, especially the mullahs, and was ousted.

We heard more talk of history and politics in Afghanistan than in any other land en route, both from Afghans and foreigners. We knew little more of the country than that it had traditionally been the invasion (and trade) route to India; that therefore the British and Russians had spent a substantial part of the 19th century meddling in Afghan politics trying to create a situation favorable to themselves; that Afghanistan, though drawn into the British sphere of influence as far as its foreign policy was concerned, had resisted any real colonization and that the old game of seeking influence was not over, but had gotten some new players—notably the United States.

Afghanistan was plainly the wildest country we visited. The absence of even a rudimentary communications system, as well as of other evidence of Western impact, led us to speculate on the virtues and vices of colonialism. The Afghans were totally unapologetic about their lack of knowledge of Western manners and ways. (Kabul may be an exception.) Elsewhere we had found people apologizing if they couldn't speak English. Here there was some surprise that we couldn't speak Farsi or Pashto. An Indian acquaintance who spent time in jail as a nationalist has told us that he is often unintentionally resentful of Westerners because "I forget that we are free."

AFGHANISTAN WAS PLAINLY THE WILDEST COUNTRY WE VISITED.

This outlook has its negative side. Afghanistan presents an example of 16th- and 17th-century-style Oriental autocracy caught up in 20th-century power political problems. Like the autocracies of an earlier era, Afghan politics are family politics uninformed by any regularized determination of popular will—though elaborate claims of constitutional monarchy are made.

The atmosphere in Kabul breathes intrigue, largely because speech, communications, and political decision making must flow through subterranean channels—they are by no means free and open. The Westerners to whom we spoke in Kabul, almost to a man, referred to Afghanistan as a "police state." To us the term seemed a misnomer—it conjures up visions of highly rationalized, bureaucratized, technologized Western-style dictatorship. What exists in Afghanistan seemed to us more an ancient arrangement which had never heard of the liberal tradition and didn't want to hear of it, than a modern arrangement seeking to suppress it.

AUGUST 16 / FARĀH

We reached Farāh around 1 p.m. and set off at 5 p.m. to tackle the desert road. We had been told that no one tackles it in the daytime, and we agree that no one should. This night's driving was a sheer endurance run. The road was not just rough but downright treacherous. About 11 p.m. we came to a village. The tea house looked inviting: two winking lamps strung up above a huge copper samovar standing in the open shop front, nearby a dark wooden rack with bright-colored teacups and teapots, some small Persian rugs on the floor near the samovar, and on one side five men in turbans sitting in a circle sipping tea. We parked and came over, requested "chay." The proprietor, a young man, quickly brought the round pot (known as china in these parts, a splendid Persian word) and cups, a little bowl to put in tea leaves when you finished a cup, and a container of rough-grain sugar. When we were ready to leave, Lloyd opened negotiations for payment, but one of the turbaned men rose and dismissed the possibility of payment.

At Gereshk the road changed—suddenly at 4 a.m., when the darkness was lifting and we were tired to death of the



In 1990 the authors received the Colonel James Tod Award, recognizing foreign nationals who have contributed to the understanding of the Indian state Mewar.

driving, there appeared before us a well-graded, freshly graveled smooth road with new bridges. This is the road that the Americans are said to have helped with, and we blessed American materialism with all our hearts as we sped along the next 60 miles to Kandahar at 50 mph.

AUGUST 17 / KANDAHAR

We found the Kandahar hotel, another gaily painted stucco structure, and were received by a rather inept manager in Western bush shirt and trousers, with Western pretensions but no real feeling for hospitality. Our ruder hosts at Farāh and Herat were much nicer. He couldn't make up his mind for a while whether he could really serve us lunch already at 11 a.m. (We had had no full meal since the previous afternoon.) Once he made up his mind to do so, the food was unattractively served—even by our now modest standards. Sue met three people in the lobby, all of whom spoke German. They asked if she and Lloyd would take one of them, a tall Austrian young man with a fish-belly-colored, unappealing appearance, to Kabul. He was a professional world traveler, on the road one year already and financing himself with the proceeds of lectures and slide shows. Subsequently he brought out a large scrapbook in which were displayed pictures of himself with “significant” personalities around the world: “Here I am

with the chief police inspector of Baghdad.” “Here I am with Ibn Sa‘ūd’s son.” “Here I am on Radio Cairo.”

We had discovered, by the way, that there are numerous types of world travelers. But there seems to be one kind that makes all embassies from Yugoslavia to Kabul flinch. He is the fellow on his way around the world on \$15, and here he is in Mashhad, halfway round, and he still has \$13. There are surely some fine men among these, but the typical example seems to feel that because he has been brave or harebrained enough to attempt this extraordinary adventure, he can expect all Europeans along the way to meet all his demands, outrageous and otherwise. The embassies further east, where the going is tough, seem to have had their fill of such types. We found some consular and embassy officials very wary when we first met them to ask for local advice. They all relaxed and turned out to be warm and helpful eventually, but only after they found we were not expecting them to supply food, lodging, gas, and guide service free of charge. The Yale group which came through last summer, though they were probably not of the \$15 variety, made a poor impression by insisting on gas at the Kabul embassy as a matter of right and not paying for it (or not paying adequately, we are not sure which).

In any case, Sue put off the world traveler, hoping for Lloyd’s return and a bolder refusal. We picked up riders several times on our trip, but except for the Turk who went with us to Trabzon, we never took anyone for long distances. It

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH

would be a good man whom one could like after a day of heat on those terrible roads. The ride to Kabul was overnight besides, and we didn't relish the prospect of having to search for accommodations for a third person, when we could simply stop anywhere. Meanwhile the Austrian further endeared himself to Sue by some authoritative lecturing on the atrocities which the Americans had committed against the Germans during the Second World War.

AUGUST 18 / KABUL

After a day in Kandahar, we set out for Kabul, reaching it after dark. The marine guard at the embassy told us that possibly the International Cooperation Administration (ICA) staff house might have some room, but he couldn't raise them by phone. We were already getting ready to pull the curtains and sleep in the streets of Kabul, when it occurred to us to ask for directions to the staff house. We got some rather general ones and started prowling up and down alleys looking for it. Just as we were about to give up in a new burst of desperation, we heard laughing and English voices down the street—a somewhat entwined Western couple, who turned out to be young UNESCO personnel. They knew where the staff house was and took us there.

The UNESCO girl, who turned out to be endowed with limitless brass, commanded the Afghan who opened the door to admit us all. "Where was the manager?" she inquired. "Miss Poindexter is asleep." (It was then 8:30 p.m.) "Wake her up!" "Oh no, Madame. Miss Poindexter would kill me." "Well then, which of your rooms is empty? Where can these people sleep?"

The servant reluctantly allowed that one room was empty. Our intrepid friend inspected it critically and conceded

JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO GIVE UP IN A NEW BURST OF DESPERATION, WE HEARD LAUGHING AND ENGLISH VOICES.

that it might be all right for us. (Best place we'd seen since Tehran.) She then ordered the servant into the kitchen to prepare tea sandwiches and, after having quieted our misgivings about crashing the house this way, swept off gaily with her more diffident young man.

AUGUST 20 / PESHAWAR

We had promised ourselves that the arrival in Peshawar would be considered the official end of our journey. The last lap was easy. The road from Kabul to Peshawar is much better than roads anywhere else in the country. The last stretch is very attractive—instead of the flat, high plateau we finally found mountains. We followed the roaring Kabul River, a joy to our eyes after the dry 2,000 miles before.

We reached the Pakistan border at seven, when it legally closes, but border officials gave us sweet green tea and let us go on, along the marvelous blacktop road which starts immediately on the other side of the Afghan border. They provided us with a guard from the border constabulary, a tough-looking Pashtun in khaki shorts and shirt, a decorated turban, bearing a rifle with fixed bayonet. Since the car was full, he had to climb in next to Sue, which he accomplished after a first attempt to climb with his heavy boots on the seat and into the back. Through the Khyber, which takes a half an hour to cross, and into Peshawar, he kept his heavy foot resolutely on Sue's sandaled foot oblivious of her kicks at his ankle.

The Khyber is still not entirely safe, and frequently constabulary checkpoints have been erected to assure that no traveler is picked off by a roaring frontier tribe.

Out of the pass we emerged into the flatlands below, which looked more rich and fruitful in the dark than anything we had known since the Black Sea. Here and there, we saw signs of a highly organized society, compared to those we had left: the cantonment signs, the Civil Lines, the sign "Government High School," the blacktop roads, the sign to the railway retiring room, the little officialisms in language that showed the English stamp. We almost had tears in our eyes and did not condemn completely the colonialism which had left such comforts.

We drove straight to Dean's Hotel, a hotel in the British-Indian tradition, with fans, and dressing rooms, and flush toilets that worked, and a six-course menu. We were received into the gentle arms of a colonial-influenced civilization by five white-turbaned hotel servants. When the dessert, an English sweet, was brought on, and the tea was served with a pitcher of hot milk, we drank to England and to Pakistan and celebrated our emergence from the underdeveloped areas into the developed Indian subcontinent. ♦



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Isaac Tobin's designs for University of Chicago Press books
provoke readers to take a deeper look.

Above: A selection from a sketchbook Tobin
kept during a summer 2001 trip to Japan.

design
**UNDER THE
COVERS**

BY JASON KELLY
IMAGES COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

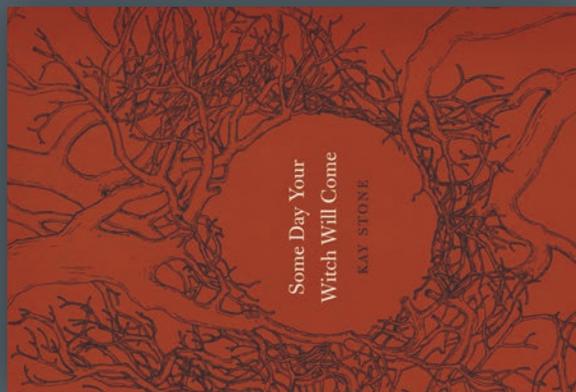
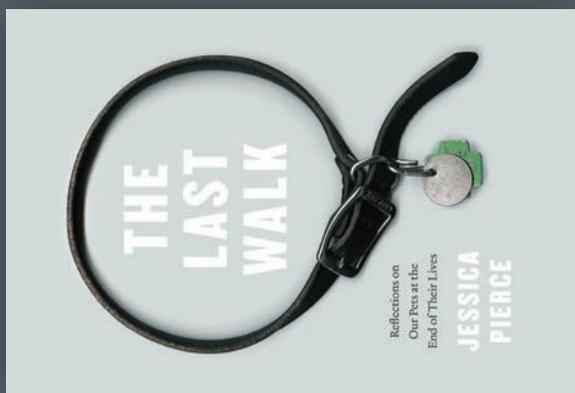
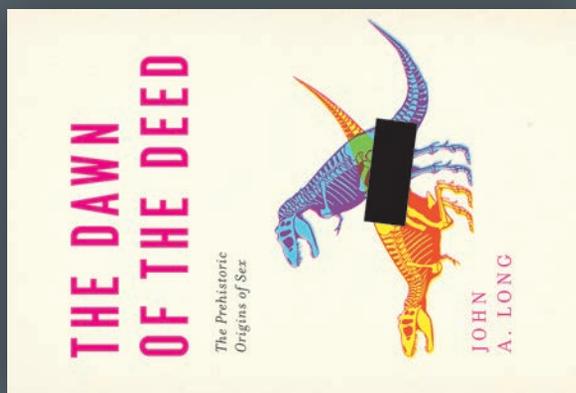
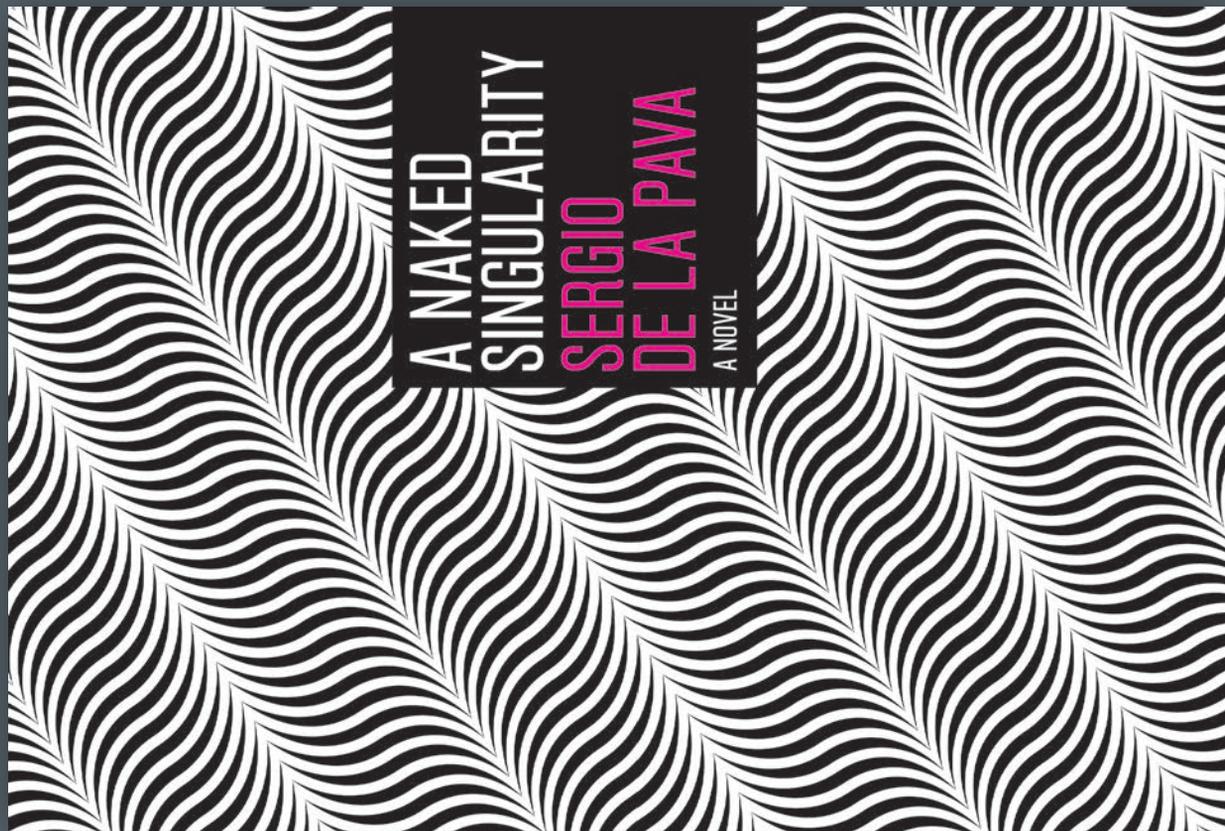
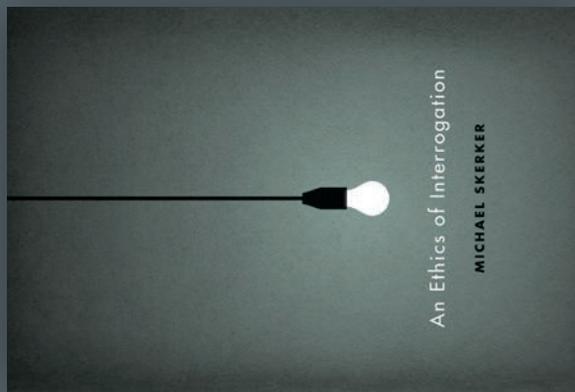


IMAGE COURTESY WAYNE STATE PRESS



n the original Australian edition, paleontologist John A. Long's book about the prehistoric origins of sex was called *Hung Like an Argentine Duck*. The University of Chicago Press chose a more demure title, *The Dawn of the Deed*, but its cover illustration went all the way.

Senior designer **Isaac Tobin**'s graphic depiction of *Tyrannosaurus* sex—familiar skeletons arranged in a way that suggests a fossil *Kama Sutra* within—exposed the book's scientific content and wry tone in a single image. It was almost even more revealing.

As the deadline for the cover design loomed, Tobin's wife, illustrator Lauren Nassef, suggested that he add a black censor bar to conceal the pertinent bones. There wasn't actually anything to hide; the illusion that there might be just added to the temptation to peek under the cover. "It gave it a little more depth that then invites the reader to think, what's behind that bar? In this case, that's kind of a funny thought," Tobin says. But, he adds, "that really is the question of the book—what's going on behind that bar?"

The covers that Tobin designs for the press usually lack the sex appeal of *The Dawn of the Deed*, but he always has the same objective: to turn a voyeuristic impulse into deeper curiosity. But conveying dense academic detail in an arresting and attractive way can be a challenge.

Since he joined the press in 2005, Tobin's covers have met that challenge with noteworthy style, earning honors from the Art Directors Club and the Association of American University Presses, and recognition in annual anthologies. In 2010 *New City* named Tobin, also a prolific freelance designer, one of Chicago's Lit 50, saying he "proves there's hope yet for print media."

Tobin strives for a design that is "unexpected ... even sometimes a little bit challenging for the viewer, that kind of causes you to stop even just for a few seconds to reconsider." That strategy often results in covers that are simple and approachable on the surface, with layers to sift through on closer inspection.

For *The Subversive Copy Editor*, Tobin created an actual rubber-banded, binder-clipped, ink-stamped

manuscript, Post-it noted with the subtitle in author **Carol Fisher Saller**'s handwriting. On the cover of *Wasted World*, about the ecological damage of population growth and consumption, a plastic shopping bag wrinkles into a ghostly specter. *An Ethics of Interrogation* sets a noir mood with a light bulb dangling from a wire, illuminating darkness into something no brighter than gray. And a marble bust smudged with the eye black that modern athletes use to reduce the sun's glare illustrates *Contemporary Athletics and Ancient Greek Ideals*.

One of his best known covers, Tobin says, was a tough sell. Lennard J. Davis's *Obsession* traces the social and medical history of behavior that can be a clinical pathology, but also an admired trait in, for example, great athletes or artists. Because of that paradox, Tobin could not reduce the subject to an image that would allude to one connotation or the other. "So I had this idea that the cover should be a product of obsession," he says, "rather than a depiction of it." Nassef suggested an obsessive process she had used before, making pinpricks through thick card stock. "What made it kind of hard to pitch this idea was that you couldn't really see what it looked like until it was done," Tobin says. He presented a one-inch sample for approval with an appeal to imagine the finished product. After getting the OK, "we just kind of went for it."

Prick by painstaking prick, Nassef spelled out the word OBSESSION, which runs vertically the length of the cover. A pin rests just to the left, a clue to the

YOU TAKE ANOTHER LOOK, AND KIND OF LEAN IN EVEN, TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

labor-intensive technique. "You can't quite tell on that first glance what's happening," Tobin says, "but hopefully it's intriguing enough that you take another look, and kind of lean in even, to see what's happening."

Tobin considers himself an obsessive designer, and he also focuses his intense attentions on a book's interior. "It's really important work and it both aesthetically creates an impression in the reader that this is a book that is professional and trustworthy and smart," he says, "but also can really help, just in a very practical way, make the text readable and usable."

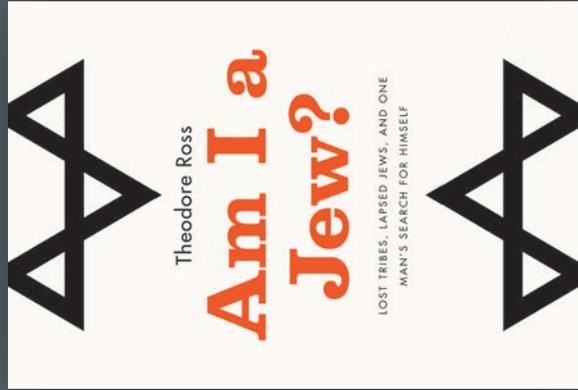
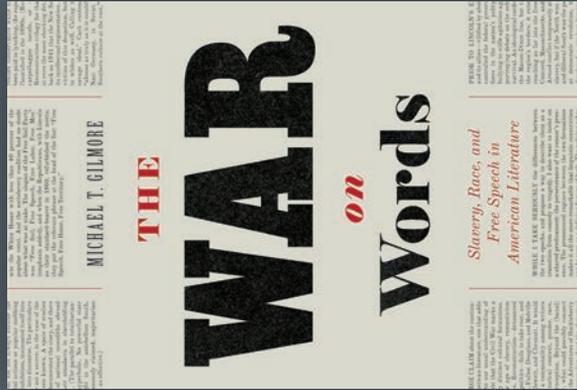
Tablets and e-readers cede those decisions to the user, who can often choose a typeface and size. The flexibility is useful, Tobin acknowledges, but it fundamentally alters the experience that he works to create in print.

His approach to cover designs, on the other hand, hasn't changed even as Kindles have sparked an ink and paper bonfire. Book covers always have had to work at reduced size, to be appealing from afar on a bookshelf or to make attractive catalog displays. "Things like color and shape," Tobin says, "can do a lot to work from a distance or in a thumbnail."

Tobin developed his aesthetic sensibility at the Rhode Island School of Design, graduating in 2002. Before that he went to Barack Obama's Honolulu high school—his parents, educational anthropologist **Joseph J. Tobin**, PhD '83, and English and women's studies scholar **Beth Fowkes Tobin**, AM '74, PhD '85, were University of Hawaii professors.

A couple of Tobin's favorite teachers at the Rhode Island School of Design happened to be book designers. Their influence led him to pursue it as a career—although he wonders if the impulse took root long before that.

As a kid, Tobin visited Hyde Park with his parents in the summers. Their luggage would include an empty suitcase to fill up at the Seminary Co-op. More of an artist than an academic, he saw something different in the books than his parents did. But he has come to believe that they found shared inspiration on the store's shelves. "They were trying to write books that would end up in that bookstore, so what could I do?" Tobin says. "In my case, that's making the covers for them." ♦



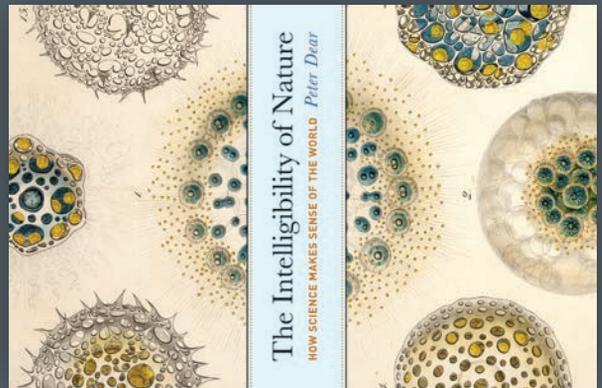
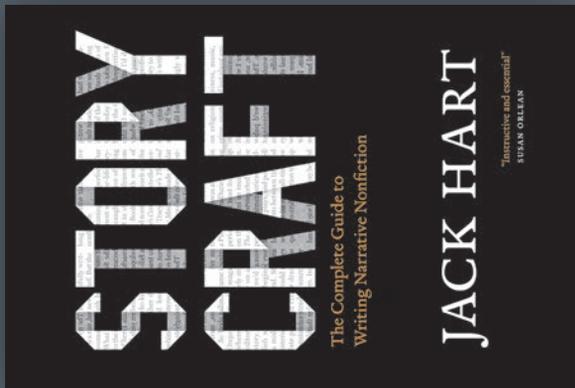
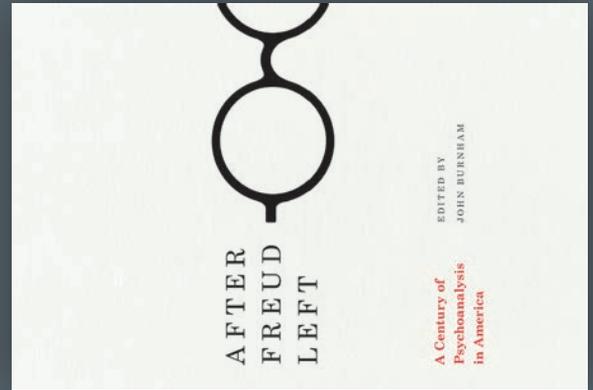
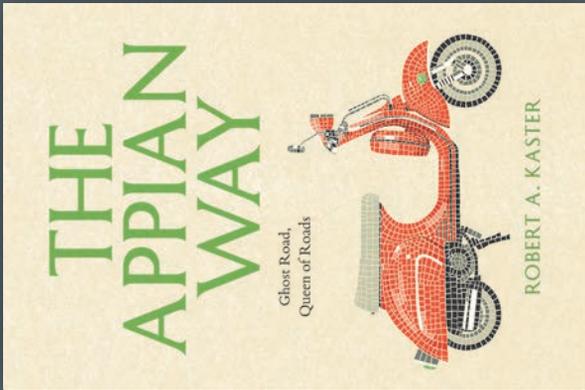
Tobin estimates that he works on 30 to 40 University of Chicago Press books a year, and several more as a freelancer. He develops many potential cover designs for each title but ultimately presents only one for approval. A key element of the design process, he says, is “making decisions. It’s tempting to not take the responsibility to make the decision in the end. Sometimes I have trouble deciding, but I feel like it’s important.”

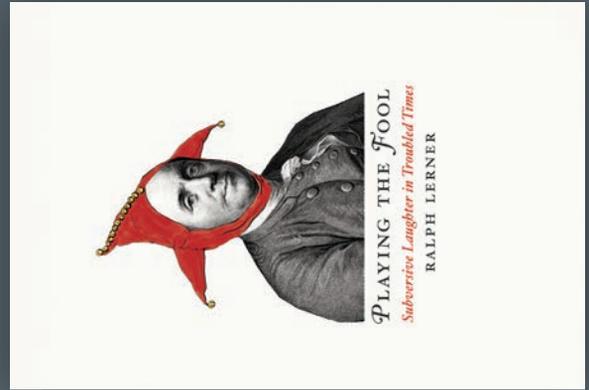
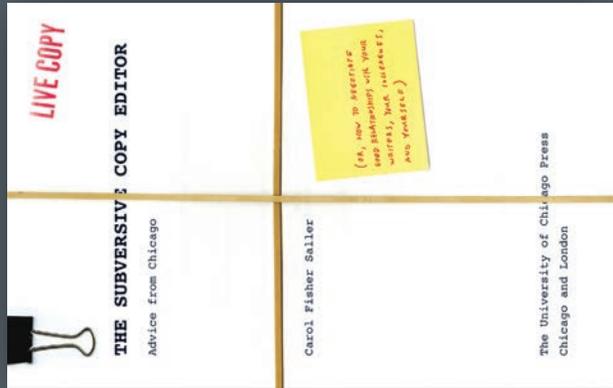
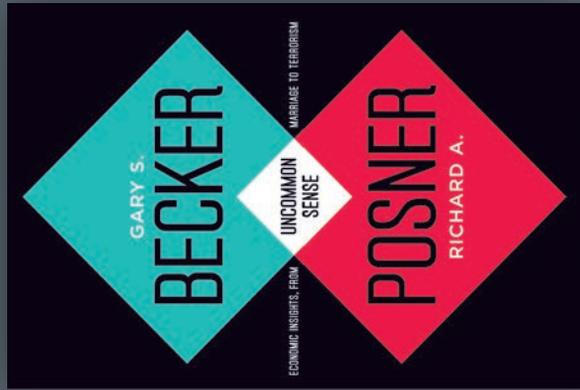
IMAGE COURTESY PENGUIN PRESS

OBSSESSION

A History

LENARD J.
DAVIS

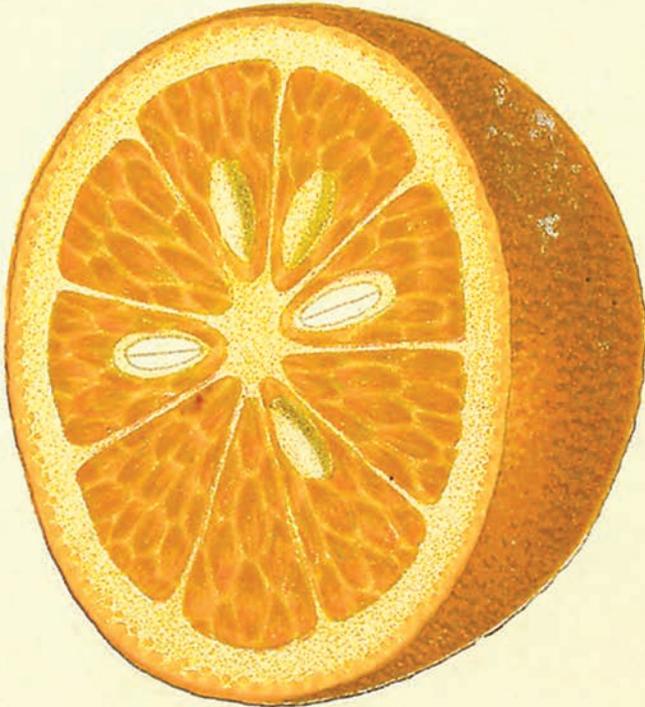




L.O.
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Vladimir Nabokov

IMAGE COURTESY VENUS FEBRICULOSA / PRINT BOOKS



Citrus

A HISTORY

Pierre Laszlo

"A delectable marmalade of a book." OLIVER SACKS

collaboration

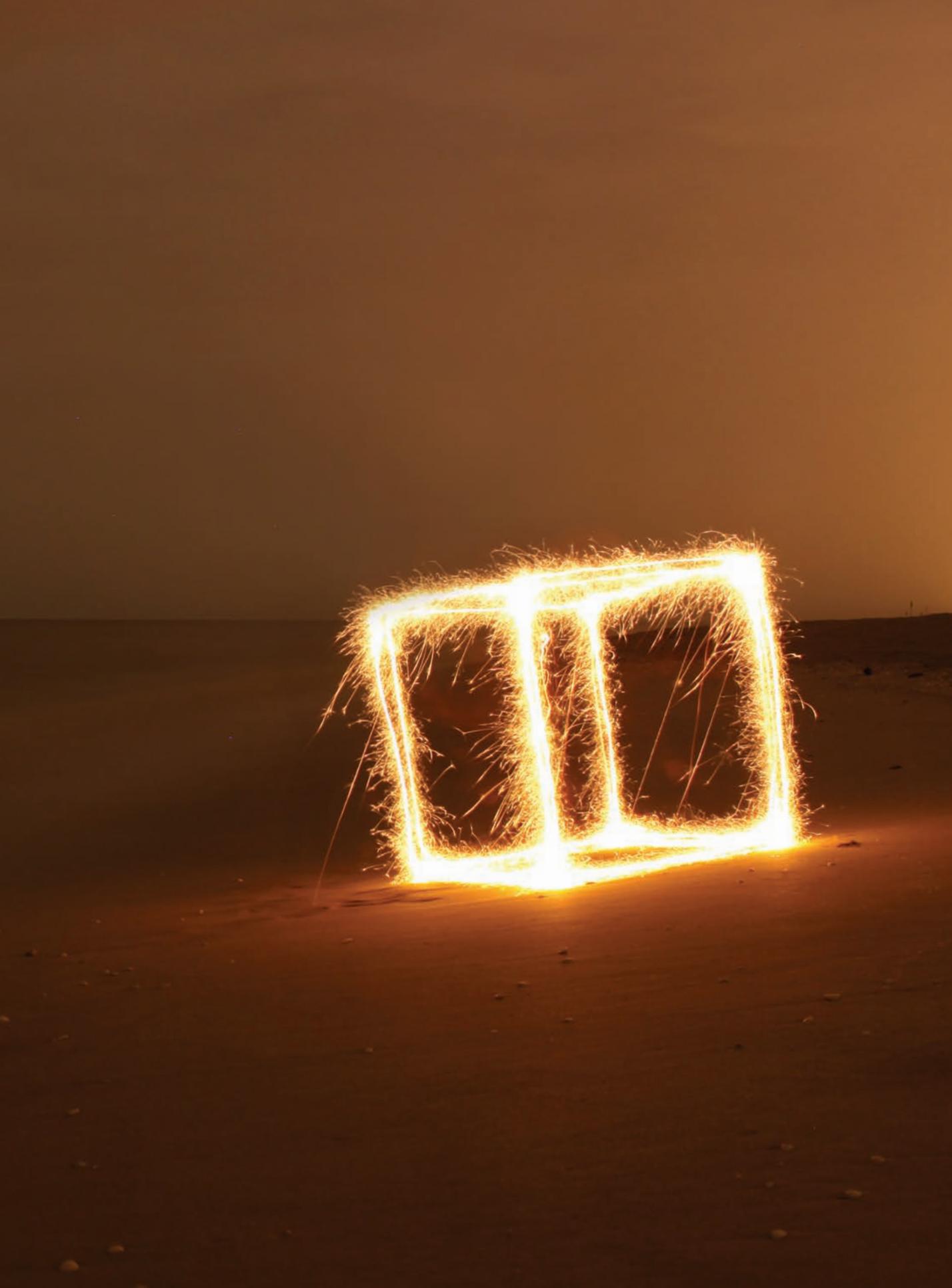
TWILIGHT ZONE

*Exploring the attributes of low light, an architect and a physicist
try to cultivate a dim awareness.*

BY LYDIALYLE GIBSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JASON D. PAGE

JASONDPAGE.COM





Using candles, smoke, and LEDs, students in Nagel and Carpenter's class created installations exploring low light.

You could feel the room shift as soon as the lights went dim. It was the middle of fall quarter, and in a basement classroom of the Logan Center for the Arts, **Sidney Nagel** was starting off his students' morning in a shroud of not-quite-total darkness. All fall, in teams of three or four, they'd been working on projects—an installation, an image, a device—meant to explore the particular qualities of low light. This was the class's only assignment, and Nagel worried that the students might be getting caught up more in the idea of light itself: their works in progress so far showed more sunshine than moonlight. "Everyone seems a little bit unsure of what you're supposed to be experiencing," Nagel said, heading for the light switch. "If I say low light, what's the first thing that comes to mind?" The room went dark.

There was a murmur, and then a pause. "It's more intimate," offered one student. "Quiet," said another. Someone mentioned feeling solemn, another relaxed. Another felt uncertain, his words suddenly seeming "less true," his surroundings less concrete. For half an hour, students tossed out thoughts and observations, sometimes almost whispering as they spiraled deeper into the question of light within darkness: the gloom and stillness of winter, the beauty and impermanence of twilight. Even shadows, one woman said, are "there and moving and gone." Nagel noted the graceful ephemerality of leafless trees silhouetted against a low-lit, heavy sky. Recalling certain rare daybreaks back home in LA and the particular slant of Chicago's fall sunsets, one student concluded, "There's this magical thing that happens when the sun sinks low and sneaks into our lives, almost."

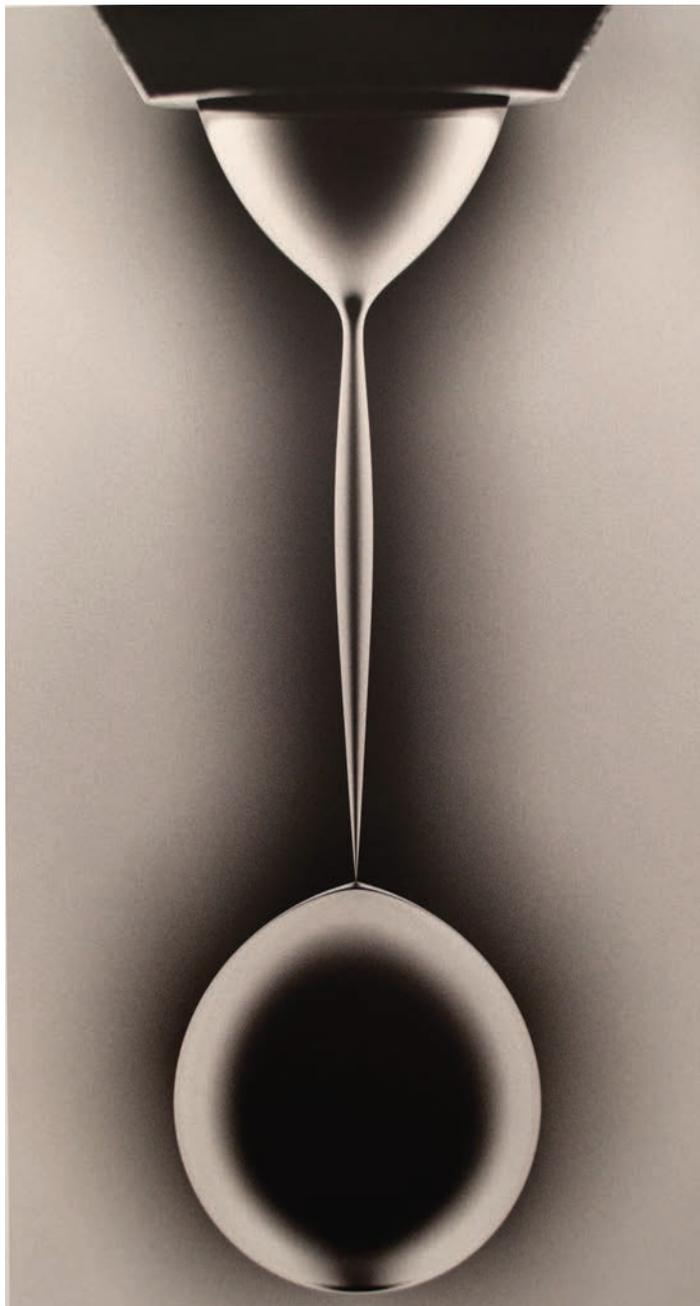
"OK," Nagel said a few minutes later, as the classroom fell back into silence. "So these are things we'd like to see

you struggle and experiment with."

For Nagel and his coteacher, James Carpenter, the class itself was an experiment. And, not unintentionally, a bit of a struggle too. The *Interaction of Light and Matter: Art and Science* was listed in the course catalog under physics and the arts, drawing students from both and neither. It was part of a yearlong collaboration, sponsored by the University's Gray Center for Arts and Inquiry, between Nagel, a physicist and Chicago professor, and Carpenter, an artist and architect from New York. The two have been friends for several years, ever since Carpenter, by an odd coincidence, got invited to speak at a conference marking Nagel's 60th birthday. His presentation offered a description of his design work, which is based in light. For Carpenter, light—its shape and scope, its abundance or scarcity, its clarity or cloudiness—can be worked and honed and put to use almost like any other building material. His birthday talk was called "The Structure of Transparency." "Absolutely splendid title," Nagel says. "The whole thing blew me away."

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PHENOMENA ARE
SO FAMILIAR THAT
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THEY DEFY OUR
NORMAL INTUITION.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARTIK PRABHU



Studying splashes, Nagel photographed a glycerol droplet breaking apart. “Aesthetic beauty,” he says, is “part of what makes me human.”

beauty and elegance of physical phenomena. His black-and-white photographs of falling glycerol droplets and oil-and-water emulsions cover the walls of his office, and some are in the Smart Museum’s permanent collection. “I want to make sure that what I do is important to the physics, but if I can bring out the aesthetic beauty of it, that’s equally important to me,” he says. “It’s part of what makes me human.”

Both men have also centered their professional lives around the close observation of everyday events, mining new meaning from experiences the rest of us take for granted. “Many complex phenomena are so familiar that we hardly realize that they defy our normal intuition,” reads the homepage of Nagel’s laboratory website. An experimental condensed-matter physicist, he studies the “cascade of structure” contained in the drizzles from a spoonful of honey, the molecular disarray concealed in a pane of glass, how droplets form and fall and splash, and why sand sometimes flows like liquid.

For two whole years Nagel stared at coffee stains, trying to figure out why spills dry with a dark ring around the edge. Shouldn’t they evaporate more evenly, he wondered, or with the darkest spot in the center? And yet, every liquid Nagel tried—milk, blood, ink, paint, oil, alcohol—dried this same way, with an emptied-out center and a thick, dark edge. “This is a piece of nature that is confronting us every single day,” he told his students the first week of class. In a simple observation, he had found

“a new piece of physics.”

If Nagel’s work looks at the everyday and asks why, Carpenter’s looks at it and asks what else might be seen there. “There’s this huge wealth of information that’s always in front of us,” he says, and people only perceive the narrowest sliver of it. In his work he tries to capture and “re-present” what often lies just beyond our attention: a leaf, a sky, a shadow, a splinter of light. For a 1978 film installation called *Migration*, Carpenter set up cameras along a small river flowing into Puget Sound and recorded the movement of salmon from one camera to the next.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIDNEY NAGEL AND ITAI COHEN

From the beginning, their collaboration pushed the scientist and the artist into an uneasy exploration of territory neither quite knew how to navigate. But in a way, it seems only natural that Nagel and Carpenter would wind up working together. For one thing, each has a toe in the other’s field: with a background in chemistry and biology, Carpenter creates artwork with a scientific disposition, using mirrors and prisms and lenses to manipulate sunlight and atmospheric effects. “The best visitor in my lab we’ve ever had,” Nagel says. “He asked the best questions.” Nagel, meanwhile, finds himself drawn to the

Carpenter designed the skin of Seven World Trade Center to attract and reflect light in its dense neighborhood.

Projecting the whole film onto a gallery floor, he slowed down the speed, holding the images a little longer. “As soon as you do that, you see that the same piece of film has another layer of information in it,” Carpenter told an audience at the School of the Art Institute during a talk he and Nagel gave in October. “You realize after a few moments that you’re also looking at a perfect reflection of the sky overhead.”

Carpenter’s projects often prompt that kind of realization, the sudden awareness of something visible but unseen. In college he studied architecture and sculpture, emerging with a degree in the latter, but his true fixation was the study of light and how it defines the experience of place. With his firm, James Carpenter Design Associates, he constructed a window for a seminary chapel in Indianapolis that casts silhouettes from the landscape outside—clouds, trees, birds in flight—onto an interior wall; bars of light, shifting as the sun moves from one horizon to the other, shimmer across the chapel’s cross. For a private home in Minneapolis, Carpenter transformed a window looking out on a neighbor’s fence into a “periscope” that collects its view instead from the sky and the canopy of a nearby tree. Designing the outer envelope for Seven World Trade Center, the first building to go up at Ground Zero, Carpenter embedded stainless steel prisms in the surface to attract light that wouldn’t otherwise reach the densely surrounded building, drawing it out of the shadows.

Carpenter also designed the three Midway crossings to light pedestrians’ paths between the north and south ends of campus. As the sun sets, tall masts of LED illumination gleam upward from widened sidewalks. The “light bridges,” as they’re commonly called, evoke Edward Law Olmsted’s 1871 plans, never realized, that envisioned the Midway as a Venetian canal connecting the lagoons of Jackson and Washington Parks. At night, the bridges seem almost to be floating above a dark sea.

Nagel and Carpenter’s collaboration is one of several under way or upcoming between artists and academics—a choreographer and a group of music PhDs, a filmmaker and a film historian—sponsored by the Gray Center, an initiative launched in 2011 to expand the pursuit of the arts on campus. Like the Logan Center, the Gray Center emerged in part as a response to a 2001 report on the future of the arts at Chicago. As Gray Center director **David Levin** puts it, the report “noted that historically at the University, the arts had been marginalized, not just to their discredit, but to the University’s discredit.” Largely, the arts were considered “something that was

unnecessary and a distraction from the real task at hand, which was taken to be intellectual scholarship. And I think a number of us on the faculty,” says Levin, who teaches in Germanic studies and cinema and media studies, “felt that art was not marginal to our work, but absolutely essential.” Part of the Gray Center’s purpose is to bear out that claim, to show that “transformative, experimental thinking” takes place between scholars and artists. Levin calls Nagel’s collaboration with Carpenter an “encapsulation” of the center’s project: a partnership between two accomplished professionals that is “unfamiliar and risky” for both. “That’s fundamentally the charge of the Gray Center,” Levin says, “to bring about collaborations that are scary for both parties.”

Beyond that, the rules are minimal. Jettisoning what Levin calls the “bottom-line pressure” to produce a performance or publication or conference, the Gray Center doesn’t require its collaborators to come up with any of those things, though many of them have and will. “We felt that collaborations like the one between Sid and Jamie don’t operate at their best when they’re under pressure to produce,” Levin says. “I really don’t know what they will produce, and I don’t want to force that question prematurely. They have interests that they share, and where that takes them is the job of the collaboration.”

The first place it took them was to Greenland. In December 2011, around the time of the winter solstice, the darkest period of the year, Nagel and Carpenter spent four days in Nuuk, Greenland’s capital city. Carpenter was there to research a future project; an admirer of winter’s gray, Nagel came along for the exploration. “To look at light when there wasn’t much of it,” Nagel says. There was never much of it—and what there was was mostly gray. Daybreak came at around 10:30 a.m. each day, and within four hours the sky was dark again. They tromped through snowdrifts and watched the sun tilt along its tiny arc at the base of the horizon. At night they could see slabs of ice slipping out to sea in the darkness beyond the fjords. Nagel noticed that the light seemed more polarized than in Chicago. Carpenter noticed that the sky seemed brighter up toward the North Pole. “Which you would assume would be darkness,” he says.

One day, the two of them borrowed a car and toured around the city, to explore the light from different angles. “The people said, ‘Here’s a car; you won’t get lost,’” Nagel recalls. “And that’s absolutely true, because there’s no way of getting outside of Nuuk.” All the roads turn back on themselves. “You can’t go from Nuuk to someplace else,” he says; beyond the city it’s ice and wilderness. Another





The tall silver masts of Carpenter's pedestrian "light bridges" on the Midway glow as the sun sets.

day, they hiked up a hill away from town and took a photograph that Nagel is still trying to figure out. It's a picture of a hole in the snow. "We put the tripod leg into the snow this deep," Nagel says, holding his fingers a couple of inches apart, "and then we look in, and it"—the snow—"is absolutely blue. Nuts. Pale blue. And it was unmistakable."

"Yes, it wasn't subtle," chimes Carpenter.

"No, it wasn't a subtle effect."

"Totally blue."

But why? Nagel doesn't know. "Well, water is blue," he says. "This is what we're told." And to some extent that's true. "Water is slightly blue. It absorbs a little bit of red, because of the vibrations in water and the infrared, ... and what comes back is more blue," Nagel says, unspooling. "But I can look through a glass of water that same thickness and it's not blue." He believes something else must be going on. "There's also this thing," Carpenter offers, "that there's more blue light available at that high latitude." On the southwestern coast of Greenland, Nuuk is just 150 miles from the Arctic Circle. Nagel notes that the underbellies of glaciers are deep blue, but adds that that's partly a function of intense compression. "It's a mystery."

By the time Nagel and Carpenter arrived home, the idea for the class was starting to take shape: a course exploring the physics and aesthetics of low light, especially natural light. They'd ask students to make close observations, to pay attention to their senses and perceptions. And they'd teach it in the receding light of fall.

THE SCIENTISTS SHOULD BE TRYING TO THINK IN TERMS OF THE ART, AND THE ARTISTS SHOULD BE TRYING TO THINK IN TERMS OF THE SCIENCE. THIS IS NOT EASY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ROSSITER

None of you should be inside your comfort zone right now," Nagel said, calling the class to order on the first day. "The scientists should be trying to think in terms of the art, and the artists should be trying to think in terms of the science. This is not easy." About 20 people signed up for the course—MFA students, physics PhD students, undergrads studying science, math, art, English, psychology, public policy—none of them quite knowing what to expect. Week after week, while Carpenter and Nagel offered lessons on refraction, interference, polarization, and the behavior of what Carpenter calls "volumetric light," interdisciplinary teams of students toiled away on their final projects. They experimented with candlelight, underwater illumination, LEDs, infrared light, sodium lights, and smoke. Nagel and Carpenter kept urging them to dig deeper, to loosen their imaginations and hone their observations, to move beyond science projects and artistic concepts.

As the quarter wound past midterms, Nagel asked students a question he and Carpenter had been asking themselves for almost a year, and for which they had not yet found an answer: had they found common ground? Was there any? For some the answer was yes. Science and art are both extensions of philosophy, one student said, of human attempts to answer the oldest questions, to discover something new about the world—and report back. To one physics graduate student, an arts-major classmate describing his improvisation with a paint canvas sounded very much like a scientist in the lab. "Scientists also improvise," he said. "They brainstorm, they stumble around, they make inspired leaps that have no rationale in the beginning."

Others, though, had struggled. Science students found themselves sometimes mere engineers of their arts classmates' brainstorms; artists found themselves intimidated by the enormous complexity of the science. "We catch ourselves talking past each other," said one physics PhD student of his teammate, a sculptor. A film MFA student said he and his team had found difficulty in "moving beyond phenomena and taking that next step" into art. "That whole process of thinking and rethinking is interesting. And kind of a struggle." There was real frustration in their voices, and real effort. You could sense them reaching beyond themselves, leaving the comfort of their expertise. "There's no clear path," someone said.

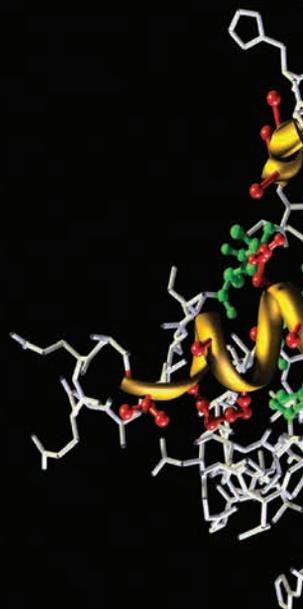
Perhaps not, but there is always the journey ahead, the exploration. "Some of you talk about science as this certain process," Carpenter, who'd been listening to the discussion, finally said. "I think it's closer to art, where you're trying to arrive at an understanding, the exploration of a concept." In both, "there are many, many false starts, and then eventually ... you cast away your immediate ideas and arrive at something that's more coherent—a solution, a resolution." The light. ♦

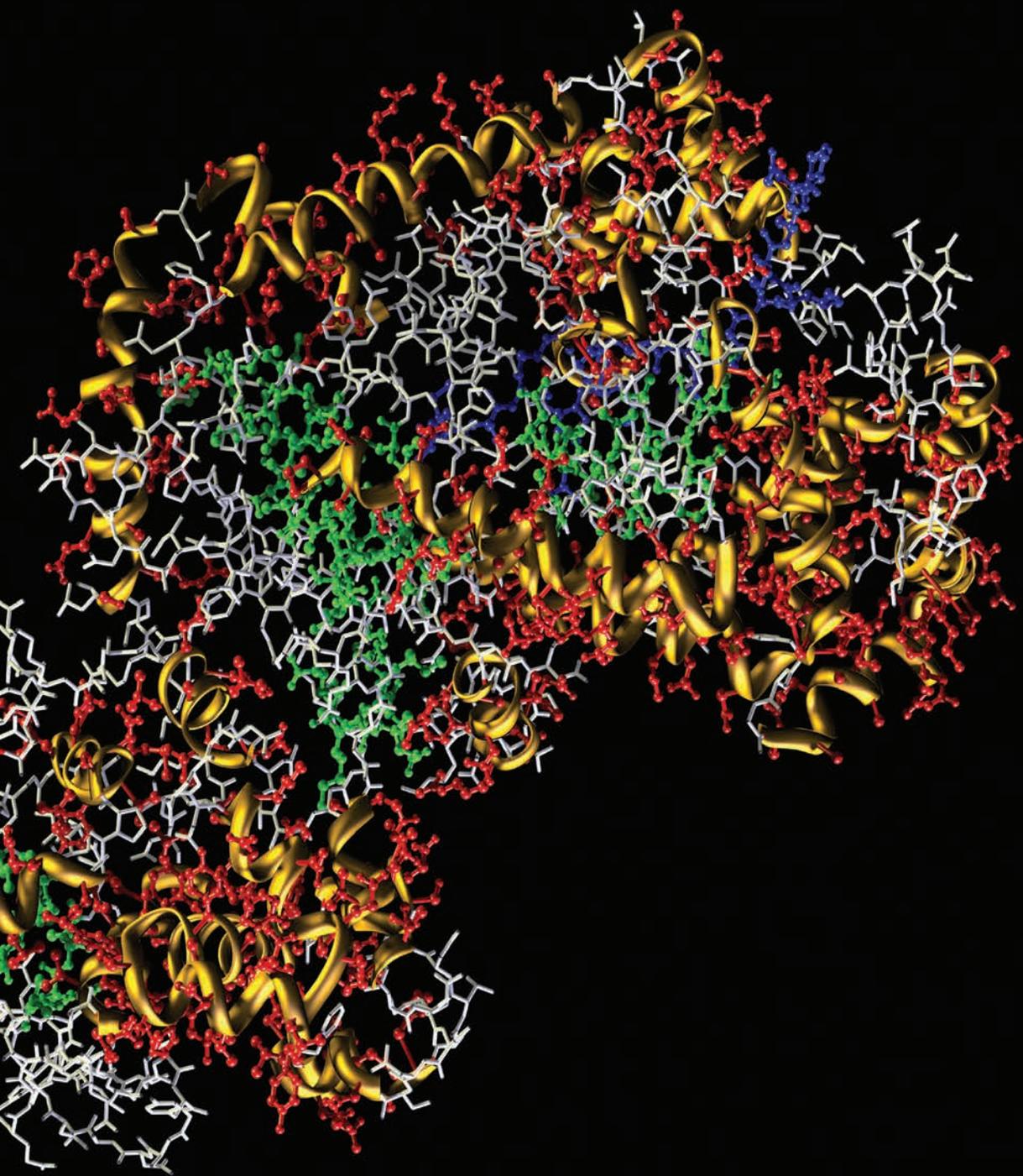
ethics

NEEDLE AND THREAT

The road to safe, reliable bioweapon vaccines for children is fraught with ethical peril. On campus last fall, experts began to plot it out.

BY RICHARD MERTENS





On October 2, 2001, a 63-year-old Florida man who worked at a media company in Boca Raton arrived at a local hospital with a fever and what health officials later described as an “altered mental status.” He was given antibiotics but died three days later. An autopsy revealed that the cause was anthrax.

Anthrax is a bacterium that most often infects animals, both domestic and wild, and people who live or work around animals. Cases in the United States are rare. Occasionally, workers are exposed to anthrax from animal hides. Anthrax is not contagious, but in some forms it is extremely deadly. When inhaled by humans, anthrax spores lead to death about 75 percent of the time.

Four more people died that autumn after inhaling anthrax spores that appeared to have arrived in the mail. The investigation was closed in 2010, two years after the FBI’s chief suspect committed suicide, but the attacks thrust bioterrorism into the national consciousness. They inspired new government efforts to find ways to protect the American people—and persistent criticism that the government was not doing enough. In its 2010 report card, the Commission on the Prevention of Weapons of Mass Destruction Proliferation and Terrorism, a congressionally appointed group that has been among the loudest in sounding the bioterrorism alarm, gave the US government an F in developing medical countermeasures, noting “the lack of US capability to rapidly recognize, respond, and recover from a biological attack.”

In the past two years, federal efforts to prepare for such an attack have raised ethical concerns about how to protect children. In case of an attack, the Department of Health and Human Services has plans to distribute an anthrax vaccine that provides protection against the deadly bacteria. Millions of doses are already stockpiled. The vaccine has been approved for use by adults—it has already been given to more than a million members of the armed forces—but has never been tested on children.

Now the government is considering testing the anthrax vaccine on a small group of children in the hope that, should an attack occur, doctors, public-health officials, and parents will know that the vaccine is safe and effective for children. But the proposal has raised the concerns of ethicists who question whether the risks posed by such research would meet decades-old guidelines, some of them unclear and open to interpretation, for safeguarding the subjects of medical research. Such concerns are heightened when subjects are unlikely ever to need the vaccine that is being tested on them and when subjects cannot consent.

“There are two goods,” says **Daniel Sulmasy**, the

Kilbride-Clinton professor of medicine and ethics in the medical and divinity schools and a member of the Presidential Commission for the Study of Bioethical Issues. “One of them is to help children and protect them from these kinds of harms, which can only go forward through research. The other is to protect children from the possibility of being exploited by research. In both cases we want to protect children. The question is how to balance the two.”

This dilemma was confronted at the University of Chicago in early November, where the commission gathered for its third public meeting about trials of biological countermeasures on children. It is, in many ways, the ultimate exercise in applied ethics. In October 2011, the National Biodefense Science Board recommended that the government go ahead with the trials—but only after seeking guidance on whether such research was ethical. Kathleen Sebelius, secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, asked the commission to make a recommendation, not only for testing anthrax vaccine, but also for other methods of treating children who may be at risk from bioterrorist attacks or naturally occurring epidemics.

It’s a tall order. National advisory committees on bioethics have existed for almost 40 years and have exerted a profound influence on federal policy. Under George W. Bush, the President’s Council on Bioethics, whose members included University of Chicago professors **Leon Kass**, U-High’54, SB’58, MD’62, and **Janet Rowley**, U-High’42, PhB’45, SB’46, MD’48, took up highly controversial issues, including the ethics of research on embryonic stem cells. Under Barack Obama, the commission has steered clear of beginning-of-life controversies. It has instead tackled problems such as privacy and genomic research, synthetic biology and new technology, and the ethics of research into sexually transmitted disease in Guatemala by the US Public Health Service in the 1940s. This anthrax testing issue, said Sulmasy, who is also associate director of the University’s MacLean Center for Clinical Medical Ethics, is especially “thorny and ambiguous.”

The problem came into sharp focus in 2011 when federal, state, and local officials tested what would happen if terrorists released airborne anthrax in San Francisco, a metropolitan area of 7.6 million people. The results of the exercise, called Dark Zephyr, alarmed them. According to the National Biodefense Science Board, “The health effects of the hypothetical attack overwhelmed hospital resources over a large area, and produced many cases of disease and many deaths, including children.”

Officials were especially shaken by the degree of vul-

nerability of children. At the bioethics commission's first meeting on the subject last May, member Alexander Garza, chief medical officer in the Department of Homeland Security, spoke about Dark Zephyr. When the question arose of how to protect children after the simulated attack, he said, "there was no answer, which for us as decision makers in the US government, is not a good answer."

What makes anthrax so worrisome to the government is that it is relatively easy to obtain, weaponize, and deploy. Spores can travel hundreds of miles in the air and remain dormant in the soil for years. An anthrax weapon requires little advanced equipment or knowledge. "Any country with basic health care or a basic pharmaceutical industry has the expertise to produce anthrax," according to *The Encyclopedia of Infectious Diseases*. If the spores were spread over a populated area, the government says, the results would be devastating.

Anthrax is treatable, but only through a grueling 60-day course of antibiotics. And because the spores can linger for months or even years and are easily stirred up again into the air, antibiotics offer only partial protection. People at risk of exposure need the protection of a vaccine.

One vaccine has been available since the 1950s. Since 1998 it has been administered to American soldiers. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, there is no evidence that the anthrax vaccine causes long-term health problems in adults. Its side effects are familiar to anyone who has received a flu shot: a sore arm and maybe temporary fatigue and headaches. In fewer than one in 100,000 cases, the vaccine produces a severe allergic reaction.

A vaccine would only be used in the event of an attack. But as of now, there's no way of knowing whether the vaccine would be effective for children, or at what doses. Nor is it known whether the vaccine would be safe, although

experience with adults suggests that it would be. Answering these questions requires research.

Modern ethical thinking on the protection of research subjects dates to the Nuremberg trials. A response to the experiments of Nazi doctors, the Nuremberg Code sought to prevent testing on research subjects without their voluntary consent. In the 1970s, the National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research established principles that still guide biomedical research. Three stand out above all: respect for persons; beneficence, or promoting the good of others; and justice, or ensuring that the risks and benefits of research are apportioned fairly.

Medical research on children is also addressed in federal regulations. But the regulations on this subject are spare and sometimes confusing. They speak of following "ethical principles" without identifying those principles, and use ambiguous terms—for example, "a minor increase over minimal risk"—without defining them. In the Divinity School's vaulted third-floor lecture hall last November, the commissioners parsed those regulations like Talmudic scholars, trying to discover their meaning. The commission has traditionally met in Washington, but under its new chair, Amy Gutmann, president of the University of Pennsylvania, it has taken its meetings on the road. "It is important to make it clear we're not an inside-the-beltway commission," she said.

The thirteen people on the commission come from diverse backgrounds, including the military, academia, and government. Several are doctors and public-health officials; two are university presidents. Members include professional bioethicists like Sulmasy, lawyers, and activists. Lonnie Ali, wife of Muhammad Ali, is an advocate for victims of Parkinson's disease. Over two days, the commission heard from experts in public health, homeland security, medicine, and research ethics as they grappled with what current guidelines might mean in the context of anthrax and other biological weapons.

Federal regulations "are completely unhelpful when it comes to actually figuring out what questions to ask and how to approach them," complained John Arras, a professor of philosophy and biomedical ethics at the University of Virginia. Still, the commission was determined not to try to supplant the regulations but to build an ethical framework that might expand and clarify them.

One point on which the regulations are clear: they recognize two fundamentally different kinds of research. In one, the subjects are likely to benefit from the research. Many vaccines fall into this category, such as those for common

THERE WAS NO ANSWER, WHICH FOR US AS DECISION MAKERS IN THE US GOVERNMENT, IS NOT A GOOD ANSWER.

illnesses like the flu. But in some circumstances the law does allow children to participate in research that is unlikely to benefit them. In such cases the research must be “of vital importance” and expose children to only a “minor increase over minimal risk.”

At the commission’s first meeting on anthrax in May, several experts told the commission they would not recommend testing an anthrax vaccine on children now—at least not until more was known about the risks involved. One of them, **David DeGrazia**, AB’83, a professor of philosophy at George Washington University, urged commissioners to avoid the temptation to simply weigh the risks to child research subjects against the potential benefits to millions of children who might be helped by the research. “I continue to resist the image of rights as something just to be balanced against goals,” he said.

But members had also heard powerful appeals to do more to protect children from potentially devastating attacks and epidemics. “I think that we have an obligation to keep America’s children safe,” said Michael Anderson, a pediatrics professor at Case Western Reserve University, medical officer of the National Disaster Medical System in the Department of Health and Human Services, and representative of the American Academy of Pediatrics. “What’s concerning to me about the hypothetical ‘God forbid’ scenario ... is, yeah, we’ll give out vaccine and antibiotics based upon what we know. We don’t know anything. What dose do we give to a six-year-old? Is it 1/70th per kilo? Is it 1/18th per year?”

These two contrasting positions were revisited in many forms at Swift Hall as commission members looked for ways to reconcile them. They expressed concern for the need to encourage more medical research on children and worried lest they be overly protective. The challenge was twofold. First, to decide what amount of risk might be allowed in biomedical research in which the children being

tested would not benefit from the research. The second was to determine what circumstances might justify such testing—under what conditions would it be ethical to ask parents to place their child at some risk? Through long and sometimes technical discussions, the commissioners kept circling back to these two fundamental questions.

Sonja Rasmussen, deputy director of the Influenza Coordination Unit at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, suggested a reason for testing the anthrax vaccine on children now. In the case of an attack somewhere in the United States, she said, “I think it would be really hard to convince people to give their children a vaccine that you can say had never been tested in children at all.”

Alan Fleischman, a clinical professor of pediatrics at Yeshiva University’s Albert Einstein College of Medicine, traced the history of ethical thinking about research on children, then outlined a set of principles under which research might proceed—including a slightly higher threshold of risk, what he called “a little more than a minor increase of minimal risk.”

“I might move that line just a little bit,” he said, “if I really thought that there would be thousands of children dead because of an attack in New York City. But I wouldn’t move it all the way to a likelihood of death in the trial or the likelihood of disability. ... I certainly would allow for the potential for some pain, a potential for some redness, a potential for significant swelling, potential for the child not going to school for a few days. ... And, we always know that with proteins we may have a specific child who has a specific reaction to the protein, and, therefore, I would want to set up the trial so that pediatricians and nurses were with those children.”

Behind much of November’s debate lay important philosophical issues. At one point the philosophers on the commission, including Sulmasy, led a discussion of Kant’s ethical imperative to treat persons as ends, not means, and what implications that directive might have for injecting children with an anthrax vaccine. Indeed, commissioners had tentatively included a statement of that principle in the masthead of the recommendations they were developing. But several worried that focusing too much on individual rights would slight other ethical principles that might motivate a parent to allow a child to participate in a trial. Various communitarian principles might do so, they suggested: patriotism, altruism, and community solidarity, for example. Bruce Lockwood, the deputy director of emergency management in Hartford, Connecticut, told commissioners that, in his view, first responders would be willing to allow their children to take part in anthrax research.

Beyond the central philosophical questions, other dif-

**YEAH, WE’LL GIVE
OUT VACCINE AND
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UPON WHAT WE KNOW.
WE DON’T KNOW
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NOT EVERYTHING IS GOING TO WORK OUT THE WAY YOU EXPECT IT, AND YOU HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR THAT.

difficulties arose. Federal regulations allow the nontherapeutic testing of children when knowledge is of “vital importance.” But what are matters of vital importance? And who decides? Commissioners were also concerned that researchers recruit subjects for an anthrax vaccine study fairly and not take advantage of the poor or other disadvantaged groups; that they test older children first and only gradually shift their focus to younger children; and that they allow children—not just parents—the right to assent or withhold their assent.

In part the commission was confronting not just new circumstances posed by weapons of terror but a decades-long reluctance of medical researchers to test any new medicines on children. May Faith Marshall, director of the program of biomedical ethics and a professor in the schools of medicine and nursing at the University of Virginia, told the commission that the majority of the medicines doctors prescribe to children were not tested on children, including commonly used drugs like Ritalin and albuterol. “We need to begin thinking in a new way,” said Georges Benjamin, executive director of the American Public Health Association. “We have historically left children behind, even in our current research approach, and I think that we need to stop doing that.”

Several commission members wanted to know what would happen with a vaccine intended for children. How would it be distributed and administered? Suzet McKinney, deputy commissioner of public-health preparedness and emergency response at the Chicago Department of Public Health, gave sobering testimony on the resistance in low-income African American and Hispanic neighborhoods to vaccination campaigns for meningococcal disease and the H1N1 flu virus. These groups, she said, often view vaccination efforts with “high levels of false perception about government intent and consequentially, mistrust.” During the discussion later, several commission members argued for education and

community engagement as a part of any ethical framework for testing and deploying vaccines.

Some of the uncertainties surrounding the anthrax vaccine, the commission noted, are less ethical than epistemological—some basic facts aren’t known to them. What, for example, is the real risk of an anthrax attack? “Homeland Security knows but it’s not sharing anything with us,” Arras said later. “It’s kind of a shot in the dark there.”

Garza, a former battalion surgeon who commanded special attention for the practical perspective he offered, said the risk of an attack is difficult to quantify; the likelihood is low, but the potential for harm is enormous. Moreover, he said, such threats are by their nature unpredictable. He noted during a break that the H1N1 pandemic had caught officials by surprise; they were expecting an epidemic of avian flu. “Not everything is going to work out the way you expect it,” he said, “and you have to be prepared for that.”

The commission expects to finish its work in January and send its recommendations to Sebelius. Judging from this meeting, it will not attempt a definite yes or no on the question of whether to test the anthrax vaccine on children, but will leave that decision to officials in the government and experts convened to evaluate a specific research protocol. The commission will try to offer those officials and experts more detailed guidance than is yet available on how they ought to make the decision: what sort of questions they should ask, what they need to know, and on what principles they should stand.

The deliberations resume January 14 in Miami. For now, the central question remains unresolved. “The main issues that remain are the main issues,” said Arras. “Are we prepared to give the green light to research on children with no benefit to them, when risk is more than a minimum? It’s a classic bioethics dilemma.” By vaccinating children for anthrax, he said, we could do “a lot of good, but we could do harm by giving the wrong dose, either too strong a dose or too weak a dose. There’s a strong moral case for doing research.” But what amount of risk, and how much uncertainty, should be tolerated?

Finding answers to these and other questions is not only a philosophical and practical problem for the commission. It is also a test of how ethical principles framed decades ago and codified, however imperfectly, in American law can be made to serve challenges not imagined by those who crafted them. “We’re kind of in no man’s land here,” Arras said.

In this age, that may go for all of us. “The American public doesn’t want to tolerate much risk,” John Parker, chair of the National Biodefense Science Board, told the commission in May. “But as we look to the future, I think ... we’re going to have to engage not only ourselves but the American public and others into measured risk. And they’ve got to get used to that.” ♦

THE SOUL OF MEDICINE

*For ethicist and doctor Daniel Sulmasy,
medical progress is about more than the body.*

BY RICHARD MERTENS

Daniel Sulmasy is no stranger to the intersection of ethics and public policy. Before President Obama named him to the Presidential Commission for the Study of Bioethical Issues in 2010, Sulmasy served on the New York State Task Force on Life and Law and on the Ethics Committee of the Empire State Stem Cell Board. Now the Kilbride-Clinton professor of medicine and ethics at the University, he is also associate director of the MacLean Center for Clinical Medical Ethics.

Sulmasy is a medical doctor and philosopher who for almost 27 years also lived as a Franciscan friar. More a thinker than a clinician, he has devoted much of his professional life to writing about problems in medical ethics. He is especially concerned about decision making at the end of life.

“We’re all going to die,” he told *U.S. Catholic* in 2010. “Continuing to deny that gets in the way of coming to grips

with our humanity and all the important things that we need to do during that period, which can be incredibly rich. Sometimes I enter the room of a patient, and they’re dying in faith and hope and love. I want to take my shoes off before I go into the room. It’s holy ground that I’m treading.”

His writings also explore the connections between spirituality and medicine—connections he believes lie at the heart of the latter but that the medical profession

**PATIENTS FEEL
ALIENATED NOW BY THE
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“If everything becomes about policy, then we’ve lost the connection to the more basic theological questions and philosophical questions that ought to undergird the policy discussion,” Sulmasy says.

has increasingly neglected. “I think both patients and clinicians are experiencing a kind of spiritual bottoming out,” he told *U.S. Catholic*. “The soul seems to have gone out of medicine. Patients feel alienated now by the very progress they were looking for; they feel they’re being treated like machines.”

Sulmasy grew up in Queens, the son of a police officer. In medical school he envisioned himself as a missionary in an inner city or Appalachia. After he joined the Franciscans he went to Thailand to work with Cambodian refugees. He liked what he was doing but not the heat and eventually realized he would flourish best as an academic.

Before coming to Chicago, Sulmasy taught at Johns Hopkins University and Georgetown University. He has written scores of articles and four books, and he is editor in chief of the journal *Theoretical Medicine and Bioethics*. He is also a football fan, rooting for the Green Bay Packers, and likes to read poetry, especially T. S. Eliot.

Sulmasy left the Franciscans last January after falling

in love and deciding to marry—something he could not do and still remain a friar. But his faith and religious training still deeply inform his thinking. “The Catholic way of doing ethics for centuries has been largely philosophical, following a natural law approach,” he says. “The arguments are designed to appeal to people of reason and good will.”

As the sole member of the presidential bioethics commission with a background in religious studies, he brings to its debate a special sensitivity to spiritual perspectives. In a setting that resembles a cross between a congressional hearing and a graduate seminar, he is quick to raise basic philosophical issues, as he did often during the commission’s November meeting.

Sulmasy is wary of ethicists getting too much caught up with policy questions. “There is a tendency for people who do policy work [to think] that balancing outcomes is the sole way to answer ethical questions,” he says. “It all becomes sort of risk-benefit analysis. It can take on sometimes a far too utilitarian flavor.” ♦

BENJAMIN ELIJAH MAYS

(1894–1984)

The conscience of the civil rights movement.

BY JASON KELLY

Benny Mays was four years old when a mob of white men came for his father. They were on horseback, brandishing rifles, and a tearful Benny took cover under a neighbor's porch. From there he watched as the vigilantes forced Hezekiah Mays at gunpoint to remove his hat, salute, and bow.

He was fortunate to survive. Friends of Hezekiah's were among 12 black men killed in South Carolina during the 1898 unrest known as the Phoenix riot, a terror campaign intended to frighten African Americans into political submission. "Negroes were hiding out like rabbits," the younger Mays recalled his father saying.

Even as a boy confronted with the worst in racist violence and rhetoric, said Randal Maurice Jelks, the author of *Benjamin Elijah Mays: Schoolmaster of the Movement* (University of North Carolina Press, 2012), Mays took his mother's words to heart. "Benny," Louvenia Carter Mays used to say, "you is equal to anybody."

Mount Zion Baptist Church, part of the religious lattice that gave southern African Americans a common foothold, reinforced his sense of worth. The Bible was Mays's first textbook, an introduction both to theological principles and his own cultural heritage. "Early in his life—this is a kid who is really smart—he assesses that the Bible is a foundational document in the shaping of black American identity," Jelks, associate professor of American studies and African American studies at the University of Kansas, said in an October lecture at the Divinity School. "It's the grammar and the language that many black people use in his Baptist-dominated South Carolina."

The church's role in affirming his humanity and in providing social support for its members convinced Mays that the institution could be a catalyst for political change. For Mays, the motivation came from an abiding but earthbound faith, rooted in an understanding of the historical Jesus that could wrest the Bible back from those who would use it to oppress. "Jesus, in Mays's mind, is the God-centered ethical leader who challenges the Roman state with a new set of ethical concerns about God and humanity," Jelks said.

Some of his earliest prayers were for the education that would help him shape that worldview. Hezekiah Mays, a

tenant farmer, cared only about his son's ability to work. But Louvenia believed that, along with religion, education would be his salvation. "She literally takes the plow from his hands," assuming Benny's place in the cotton fields, Jelks said, freeing Mays to leave his hometown of Epworth in 1911 for the equivalent of high school at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg. He paid his train fare with a ten-dollar bill that Hezekiah threw at him in anger as he left.

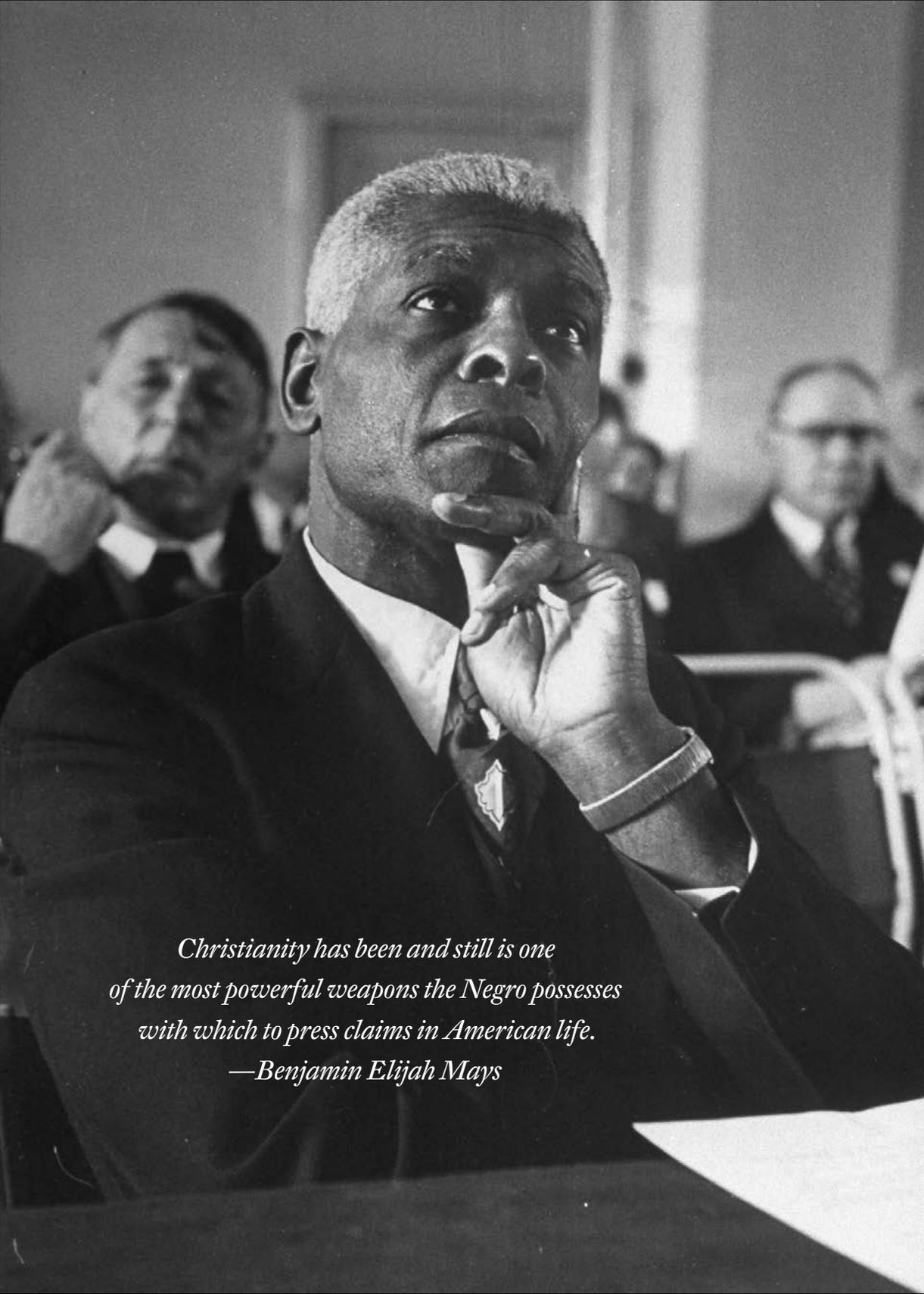
Mays validated his mother's intuition. Becoming a divinity scholar, a Baptist minister, a dean at Howard University, and president of Morehouse College from 1940 to 1967, Benjamin Elijah Mays, AM'25, PhD'35, helped to bend the arc of American history away from the segregation and mob injustice that seared his memory. He achieved such stature as both a preacher and a teacher that he became Martin Luther King Jr.'s intellectual and spiritual conscience.

As a young man, Mays felt the need to prove himself against white people, an ambition that shamed and inspired him. "It was wrongheaded of me, but I thought if I were able to compete with white people, I would be just fine," Mays later said. "I would know that the stain of segregation would be off me." He succeeded, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1920 from Bates College in Maine.

After less than a year at the Divinity School, Mays and his wife, Ellen Harvin, left Chicago so he could teach at Morehouse College. While there, he became an ordained minister at Shiloh Baptist Church. "Those three years were golden," Jelks writes, but the period ended in tragedy. In 1923 his wife and their baby died in childbirth.

The next year, Mays returned to Chicago to complete his master's degree. He interrupted his doctoral work to teach at South Carolina State, where he met and fell in love with Sadie Gray, PhB'24, AM'31, his second wife.

Off and on, Mays spent 14 years at Chicago. During that time he also worked for the Tampa Urban League and conducted sociological research with Joseph William Nicholson on the black church in America. In 1933, they published *The Negro's Church* (Institute of Social and Religious Research). The book argues that traditional attention to "life after death" themes—a necessary focus for slave congregations to endure bondage on earth—generated insufficient "spiritual force" for the contemporary cause of equality. Instead, Jelks writes, Mays believed the church and its clergy



*Christianity has been and still is one
of the most powerful weapons the Negro possesses
with which to press claims in American life.*

—Benjamin Elijah Mays

should “empower black people to make immediate claims to their rightful civic freedoms.”

In the final year of writing his dissertation, Mays became dean of Howard University’s School of Religion. Working to the point of exhaustion, he had to be “forcibly bedridden” for months in 1934 and 1935. Still, Mays defended his dissertation with honors, insisting to his friend Howard Thurman that he wouldn’t have wanted the degree otherwise. “His manner was always humbled,” Jelks said, “but the bro had an ego.”

Mays considered himself a spiritual and intellectual leader, a voice *for* his people, but always *of* them. He wrote columns for black newspapers—the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, the *Baltimore Afro-American*, the *Pittsburgh Courier*. “He thinks that ordinary black folk can know what he’s talking about,” Jelks says. “That he can translate to them this great historical moment.”

He had firsthand experience to relate. In 1936, Mays traveled to India and interviewed Gandhi. His principles of nonviolence, echoing the gospel of love that Mays considered Christianity’s only constant, provided a rhetorical bridge from the pulpit to the public square. “Long before Martin Luther King is thinking about it—he ain’t even born,” Jelks said, Mays began to shape the ideas that would define the civil rights movement in the United States.

As president of Morehouse College, Mays became forever intertwined with King, who was a student there in the 1940s. By the time King enrolled, Mays cut a regal figure on the Morehouse campus and in the wider African American community. Tall, lean, and stylish in his pinstripe suits, “he was camera ready,” says Morehouse alumnus **Russell Adams**, AM’54, PhD’71. Mays’s oratory, Adams adds in *Schoolmaster of the Movement*, elevated the black struggle with “precisely selected words lovingly and rhythmically enunciated.”

His voice resonated even in white society. In 1955, Mays was invited to address the Southern Historical Association about the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision on a panel that included William Faulkner. A featured speaker addressing the cause of black equality, Mays had to enter the Peabody Hotel in Memphis through the kitchen. Faulkner’s soft-spoken talk—later adapted as a *Harper’s* es-

say, “On Fear”—dominated the media coverage. But Mays, Jelks writes, “stole the moment.”

His speech articulated a theme that connected Lincoln to King. “Make no mistake—as this country could not exist half slave and half free, it cannot exist half segregated and half desegregated. The Supreme Court has given America an opportunity to achieve greatness in the area of moral and spiritual things just as it has already achieved greatness in military and industrial might.”

King, only in his mid-20s when he became the nation’s most famous civil rights leader, relied heavily on Mays’s leadership example. “He also needed Mays for spiritual support as he faced the burden of being perceived as the personification of black America’s hopes and dreams,” Jelks writes. “It was Mays who held the job as King’s consigliere over the next fourteen years as the death threats against him grew more ominous and the public battles more dangerous.”

Those battles also grew more fruitful in the cause of freedom. Where they were won, victories could be traced to the social theology Mays had advocated for decades. But casualties continued to mount, so the war raged on against the forces of discrimination and, increasingly, within the civil rights movement itself. “Some activists viewed nonviolent strategies as being unrealistic in light of the outright terror that had been organized against them,” Jelks writes.

Mays suffered the toll of that violence; it had terrorized his father and, on April 4, 1968, killed his “spiritual son.” King’s assassination, Jelks notes, became “the proverbial last straw for critics of nonviolent religious social activism.” Called upon to deliver the eulogy for the man he had hoped would give his own, Mays held firm to his belief in the futility of retribution.

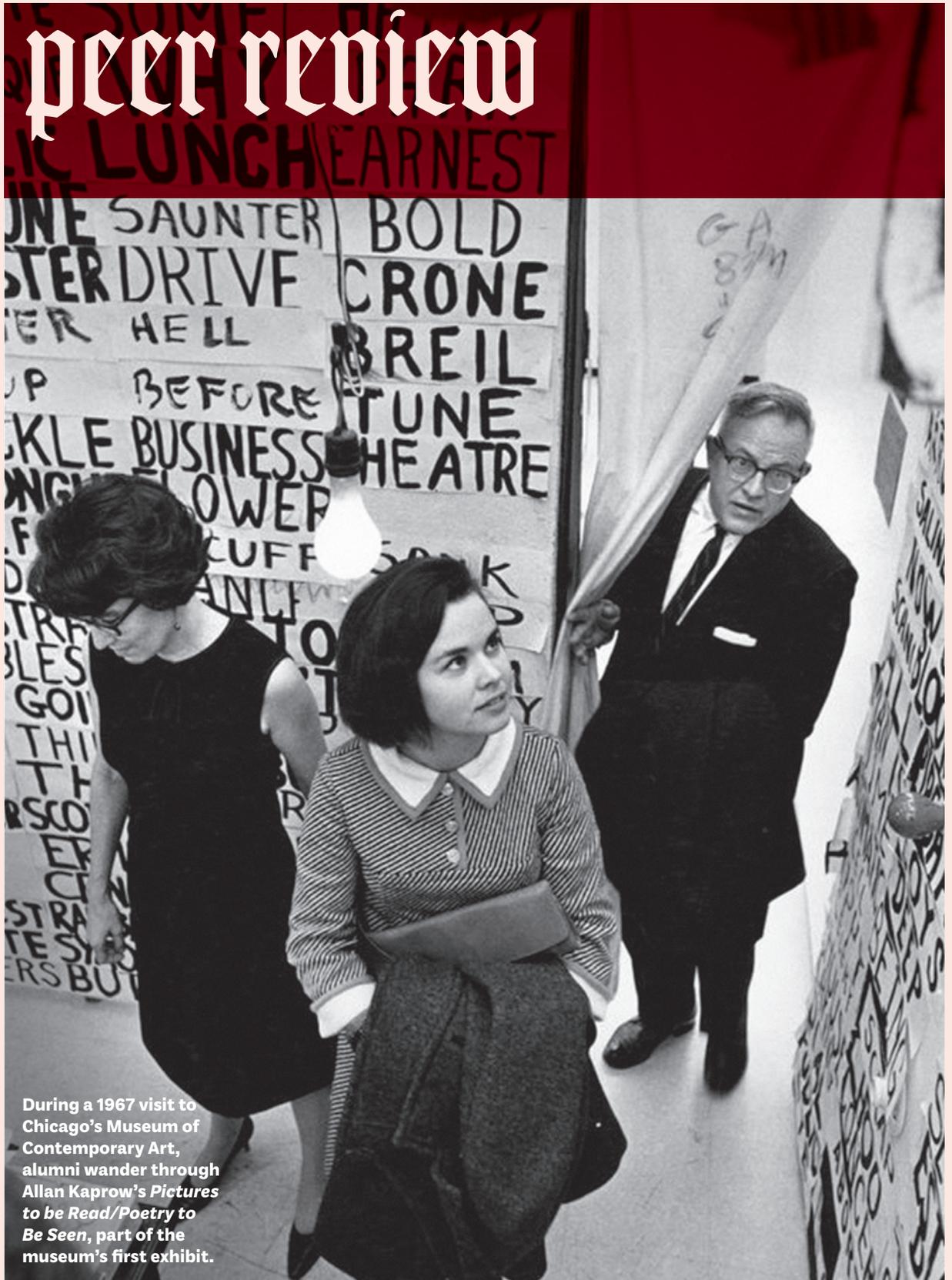
Inside Ebenezer Baptist Church he urged an audience of mostly white dignitaries—the black members were left to stand outside in sweltering Atlanta heat—not to “dishonor [King’s] name by trying to solve our problems through rioting in the streets.” If they could turn their sorrow into hope for the future and use their outrage to invigorate a peaceful climb to the mountaintop, “Martin Luther King Jr. will have died a redemptive death from which all mankind will benefit.”

King advanced the cause of equality beyond what Mays might have imagined possible, an undeniable validation of his example. But his devastation over King’s death, a tragic reprise of the white-supremacist rage he witnessed as a boy, tempered any pride in the progress he inspired.

Although African American life and liberty were not yet fully accepted civil rights, Mays found comfort in the resolute claim to freedom that the movement asserted against a society that would not grant it. “No man is really free who is afraid to speak the truth as he knows it, or who is too fearful to take a stand for that which he knows is right,” Mays said. “Every man has his Gethsemane.” ♦

**NO MAN IS REALLY
FREE WHO IS AFRAID
TO SPEAK THE TRUTH
AS HE KNOWS IT.**

peer review



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE STRANDBERG, ARCHIVAL PHOTOGRAPHIC FILES, APF3-00192, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS RESEARCH CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

During a 1967 visit to Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, alumni wander through Allan Kaprow's *Pictures to be Read/Poetry to Be Seen*, part of the museum's first exhibit.

Trying to capture moonlight in a jar: The problem with metadata

BY MARK ATHITAKIS, AB'95

ILLUSTRATION BY NICOLE JO MELTON

You're reading a novel. "What's it about?" somebody asks. What do you say? The question grates; there's no good answer. Book reviewers are trained to avoid all but the briefest sketch of a novel's story line, because we know that plot summary tends to bore people ("Well, there's this couple, and they have three kids, and it's 1986, and they're unhappy because ..."). Talking about themes and ideas instead doesn't improve matters. Done wrong—and it often is, in conversation—it comes off as highfalutin ("Well, it's about this couple, but it's really about how globalization, particularly when it comes to personal technology ..."). Maybe it's best to just answer the question with a grunt about setting and characters ("It's about an unhappy couple. In rural Oregon ...").

I imagine this struggle going on among the world's librarians and metadata experts whenever I look at the Library of Congress cataloging information for a work of fiction. For instance, here's the complete listing for an acclaimed 2006 novel celebrated for its verve, wit, and sprawl:

1. Young women—Fiction.
An older novel, a National Book Award winner by one of American literature's signature 20th-century authors, reads:

1. Americans—Mexico—Fiction.
2. Failure (Psychology)—Fiction.
3. Chicago (Ill.)—Fiction.
4. Depression—Fiction.
5. Young men—Fiction.
6. Mexico—Fiction.

And, back to the present again, a relatively recent Pulitzer Prize winner:

1. Greek Americans—Fiction.
2. Detroit (Mich.)—Fiction.
3. City and town life—Fiction.
4. Suburban life—Fiction.

If you keep up with fiction at all, you can probably take a good guess at the last two books. (No need to prolong the mystery: in order, they're Marisha Pessl's *Special Topics in Calamity Physics*, Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*, and Jeffrey Eugenides's *Middlesex*.) But few people would discuss what those novels are about in the Library of Congress's terms. Indeed, the information for *Middlesex* seems to avoid the book's most relevant plot point (Hermaphroditism—Fiction).

For better or worse, my obsession with the limitations of cataloging information has only expanded. On a weekly basis, I'm amused and baffled by the metadata attached to the short stories on the *New Yorker's* website; for a little while last year, I got in the habit of logging examples at my Tumblr (markathitakis.tumblr.com). The task of trying to reduce the ineffable qualities of fiction to streams of keywords feels at once charming and childish, like trying to capture

moonlight in a jar.

New stories on the *New Yorker's* website are keyworded with an entertaining profligacy, as in the case of the Jonathan Lethem story that inspired me to start logging them in the first place:

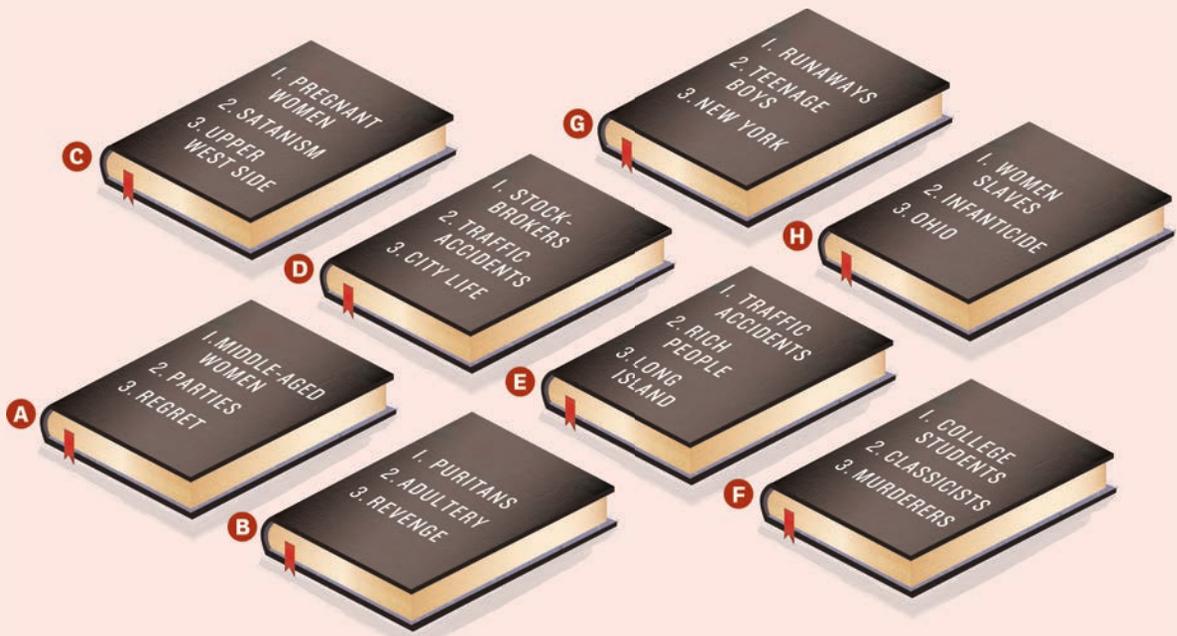
Pornography. Clerks. Stores. Threesomes. Sex. Videos. New York City. Critics. Reviewers. Transsexuals. Sex Machines. Vomit.

George Saunders's "The Semplica-Girl Diaries" is tagged with a series of keywords that reads like the exploded id of postcapitalist America:

Lottery Winners. Poor People. Illegal Immigrants. Yards. Hoisting. Daughters. Wealth. Birthday Parties. Diaries. Rich People. Arrangements. Girls. Credit Card Debt. Microlines. Economic Classes.

Though the trains of words seem silly when strung together, keywording is serious business. Editors are now constantly logging, tagging, keywording, categorizing, metadata-ing. It is tedious but essential work. The Great God CMS must be pleased. Because there is no telling how articles—sorry, "content"—will be used in the years to come, those words are the necessary toeholds for future databases. And because nobody knows what information we'll need years (centuries?) from now, the more keywording the better. The *New Yorker* has done its bit to make

Editors are now constantly logging, tagging, keywording, categorizing, metadata-ing. It is tedious but essential work. The Great God CMS must be pleased.



When fiction is cataloged, keywords never tell the whole story—but they can be suggestive. Above are selected Library of Congress keywords for eight well-known novels. Can you identify the books? Answers appear below.

sure that anybody researching the role of sex machines, or vomit, in the first decade of the Tea Party era won't miss the chance to reckon with Jonathan Lethem's short story "The Porn Critic."

Older *New Yorker* stories are keyworded much more parsimoniously. Perhaps this is because the responsible party is concerned only with finding the essence of a story, but more likely it's because the work is being done in a hurry. **Philip Roth's** (AM'55) *New Yorker* debut, "The Kind of Person I Am"—published in 1958, when he was teaching English at the University of Chicago—is keyworded thusly: Analysis of Habits & Tastes; Parties.

The keywording for "Unguided Tour," a 1977 story by Susan Sontag, AB'51, is likewise short and sweet: Love; Travel.

Even so, a few classics are so well known that a handful of words are enough to identify them. If you studied English in high school, you know this one: Lots; Mob Violence; Small Towns; Stoning.

This one too: Adolescence; Bathing

Suits; New England; Supermarkets.

And any inveterate *New Yorker* reader can guess this one: Bullet Park; Drinking; Swimming Pools.

Those scattered terms can be enough to let you know what's *in* Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery," John Updike's "A&P," and John Cheever's "The Swimmer." But they're not enough to say what the stories are *about*. Emotional states don't get keyworded at the *New Yorker*. There's nothing in the metadata for Vladimir Nabokov's "Symbols and Signs" (Insane; Birthdays; Children; Parents; Russia, Russians; Gifts: New York City; Immigrants) that gets at its tone of emotional devastation, the despair in its line about "neglected children humming to themselves in unswept corners." The three keywords for Alice Munro's "A Wilderness Station" (Canada; Letters; Murder) are comically insufficient at summarizing a story about guilt, accusation, and suppression that stretches across decades.

So be it. If fiction could be summarized in a series of nouns it would stop being fiction; its abstractions render

abstracts meaningless, or at least beside the point. Still, I was disappointed to see how shabbily James Thurber has been treated by the keepers of the *New Yorker* archives. "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," for instance, is entirely bereft of relevant keywords. (Just "The New Yorker, magazine, subscription"—when in doubt, pitch a subscription, apparently.) If you want to know what "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" is about, you're going to have to read it—which, in a perfect world, is just as it should be. ♦

Mark Athitakis is a magazine editor and book critic living outside Washington, DC. His reviews have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Barnes & Noble Review*, and other publications, and he serves on the board of directors of the National Book Critics Circle. Since 2008 he has maintained the literary blog *American Fiction Notes*, where a version of this essay originally appeared.

(A) Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*. (B) Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*. (C) Ira Levin, *Rosemary's Baby*. (D) Tom Wolfe, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. (E) F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*. (F) Donna Tartt, *The Secret History*. (G) J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*. (H) Toni Morrison, *Beloved*.

NOTES

REMEMBERED ON MARS

Jacob R. Matijevic, SM'70, PhD'73, spent two decades working as an engineer on three Mars rover projects, including *Curiosity*, which landed on the red planet in August. Two weeks later, Matijevic, who suffered from asthma and other upper-respiratory ailments, died of a traumatic lung event (Deaths, page 94). In his honor, NASA colleagues assigned the name "Jake Matijevic" to a pyramidal basalt rock that the rover encountered. Another site on Mars that a previous rover, *Opportunity*, is investigating has been dubbed "Matijevic Hill."



HIGHBROW LOWBROW

Bewitching video, thoughtful essays and fiction, photography, and poetry find a home in *Colloquium*, the new online journal of the Master of Arts Program in the Humanities. Seven founding editors solicited contributions for the debut issue, published in October. "The work being done in MAPH interacts with real-world problems but at the same time retains a critical academic attitude," said **Chaz Oreshkov**, AM'12, one of the editors. "*Colloquium* succeeds because it's both a lowbrow academic journal and a highbrow general reader's magazine." The journal will be published in the spring and fall, and the editors welcome submissions from anyone with a connection to MAPH. Find *Colloquium* at colloquium.uchicago.edu.

UCHICAGO ADDS TO ITS FOSSIL RECORD

Gene Hunt, PhD'03, became the 13th faculty member or alumnus from the University of Chicago—more than any other institution—to receive the Paleontological Society's Charles Schuchert Award, presented annually to a paleontologist under age 40. **David Jablonski**, the William R. Kenan Jr. professor in the department of geophysical

sciences and a former Schuchert recipient, introduced Hunt at the society's November meeting, recalling an "almost frighteningly precocious" talk he gave as a new UChicago student in the mid-1990s. Now a curator at the Smithsonian Institution, Hunt has become "a leader in evolutionary paleontology," Jablonski added, "skilled at turning challenging problems into crisp questions that can be addressed in the fossil record in creative and rigorous ways."

YOUTHFUL ENERGY

Allison Hannon, AB'05, and **Daniel Schnitzer**, AB'07, have been named to the *Forbes* magazine 30 Under 30 list in the energy sector. Hannon worked for Tony Blair's the Climate Group, establishing its North American operations, and has since cofounded Root3 Technologies to develop software for cities, schools, hospitals, and universities—including the University of Chicago—to harness data to improve energy efficiency. Schnitzer, codirector of the Washington-based EarthSpark International, distributes cheap solar-charged lamps and energy-efficient stoves in Haiti and develops pay-as-you-go microgrid electric systems.

HIRE EDUCATION

Nicholas B. Dirks, AM'74, PhD'81, has been named chancellor of the University of California, Berkeley, effective June 1, and **Santa Jeremy Ono**, AB'84, became the University of Cincinnati president in October. Dirks, an anthropologist and author of three books about India, has served as Columbia University's executive vice president for arts and sciences since 2004. Ono, a biologist, served as Cincinnati's provost and vice president for academic affairs since 2010, becoming the University's interim president in August after Gregory H. Williams resigned.

A FLOOR PLAN FOR THE WHITNEY

Anthony Elms, MFA'95, will be one of three guest curators for the Whitney Museum of American Art's 2014 Biennial. An associate curator at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art, Elms will be one of three guest curators, each responsible for a floor in the Whitney. One of seven finalists asked to submit speculative proposals to the museum's staff, Elms was selected along with Stuart Comer, film curator at the Tate Modern in London, and Michelle Grabner, professor and chair of the painting and drawing department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The editor of independent publisher WhiteWalls, which is distributed through the University of Chicago Press, Elms's group exhibition *White Petals Surround Your Yellow Heart* opens February 6 at the ICA.

SILVER'S PROMOTION A SLAM DUNK

Adam Silver, JD'88, will become the National Basketball Association commissioner in February 2014, succeeding the retiring David Stern. In 20 years with the league, Silver has served as deputy commissioner, president of NBA Entertainment, and chief of staff. Peter Holt, chair of the NBA Board of Governors, called Silver's promotion a "no-brainer" and ESPN dubbed him "the man with the command of seemingly every issue."

RELEASES

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

MEDUSA'S GAZE: THE EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY OF THE TAZZA FARNESE

By Marina Belozerskaya, AM'92, PhD'97; Oxford University Press, 2012. A masterpiece of classical antiquity, the *Tazza Farnese* has a tangled past. A libation bowl carved from banded agate, its interior shows an assembly of Egyptian gods, while an image of Medusa's head glares out from the bowl's exterior. Dating to Ptolemaic Egypt, where it belonged to Cleopatra, the *Tazza Farnese* traveled to Rome and Constantinople and the Holy Roman Emperor's court at Palermo; it was there for the aftermath of the French Revolution and at the birth of the modern Italian state. *Medusa's Gaze* traces the bowl's journey through history, in and out of the hands of Roman, Byzantine, and Mongol rulers; popes and duchesses and Renaissance artists; spies and thieves and crusaders. Finally the *Tazza Farnese* made its way to the Museo Archeologico Nazionale in Naples, where a deranged guard nearly destroyed it.

HOME FRONT GIRL: A DIARY OF LOVE, LITERATURE, AND GROWING UP IN WARTIME AMERICA

By Joan Wehlen Morrison, U-High'40, AB'44; Chicago Review Press, 2012. Chicago schoolgirl Joan Wehlen was 14 in 1937 when she began keeping a journal. Smart, funny, and with an eye for detail, she recorded events from her daily life—friends, classes, movies, books, boys—and thoughts about the world around her, ruminating on the Great Depression and FDR's fireside chats, the Lindbergh kidnapping, Pearl Harbor, and the lead-up to World War II. She kept the diary until 1943. After her death in 2010, it was discovered by her daughter, Susan Signe Morrison,

who edited the collection, which also includes poems, sketches, and photos from the time.

EUROPE AND THE ISLAMIC WORLD: A HISTORY

By John Tolan, AM'86, PhD'90, Gilles Veinstein, and Henry Laurens; Princeton University Press, 2012. Politicians and reporters characterize the relationship between Islam and the West as a clash of civilizations, but historian Tolan and his coauthors argue that this narrative is too simplistic. Covering 15 centuries of shared roots—and coexistence, competition, and cooperation—the authors offer a richer and more complex exploration of the historical, political, and economic causes of today's conflicts.

MARIPOSA'S SONG: A NOVEL

By Peter LaSalle, AM'72; Texas Tech University Press, 2012. Offering insight into the lives of undocumented workers and the difficult choices they face, LaSalle tells the story of Mariposa, a 22-year-old from Honduras living in the United States illegally. Serving drinks and dancing with customers in a shabby nightclub in Austin, Texas, she meets an out-of-towner named Bill and learns that even far from the border, there are dangers greater than drug traffickers and immigration police.

PRACTICING MILITARY ANTHROPOLOGY: BEYOND EXPECTATIONS AND TRADITIONAL BOUNDARIES

Edited by Robert A. Rubenstein, Kerry Foshier, and Clementine Fujimura, AM'87, PhD'93; Kumarian Press, 2012. The relationship between anthropologists and the US military is often controversial, especially regarding the Human Terrain System, an army-led initiative to embed anthropologists with military operations in Iraq and Afghanistan. In heated discussions in academic journals and conferences, military anthropologists have been called unethical and unprofessional, accused of being war criminals and spies. A professor of anthropology at the US Naval Academy, Fujimura and her coeditors offer personal accounts from anthropologists who have worked with the military or teach

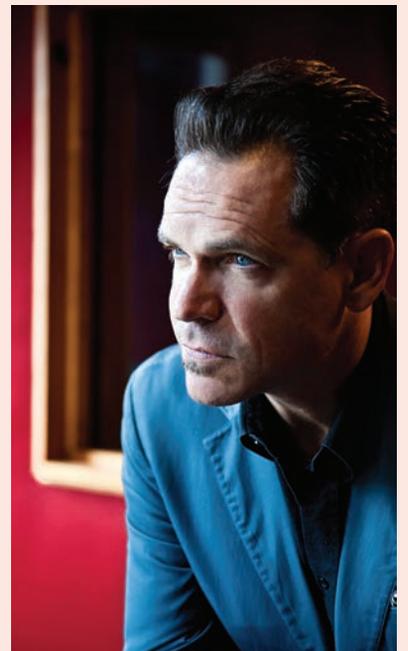
in military service academies. They argue that the discipline's links to the armed services are complex and multifaceted, defying reductionist critiques and easy assumptions.

SOMETHING NEW

By Thomas Flippin, AB'05; Vellini Publications, 2012. In his debut album, classical guitarist and composer Flippin draws influences from dreams, the post-9/11 world's "endless war," and his peripatetic American upbringing. Also featuring works by Haitian guitarist Frantz Casseus and selections by Cuban guitarist Leo Brouwer and Catalan pianist Federico Mompou, the album is by turns contemplative, playful, and dark.

1619 BROADWAY: THE BRILL BUILDING PROJECT

By Kurt Elling, X'92; Concord Jazz, 2012. The title of jazz singer Elling's most recent album refers to the Manhattan office building where songwriters churned out some of the most popular tunes in American music, from the Big Band era to rock 'n' roll. Elling offers up 11 of them—"Come Fly with Me," "An American Tune," and "Tutti for Cootie" among them—reimagining harmonies and reinterpreting melodies in his baritone-to-tenor voice.



Kurt Elling.

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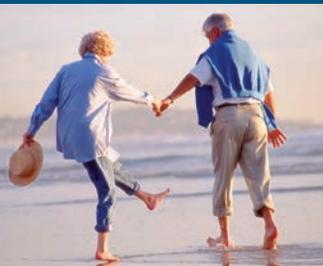
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DEATHS

FACULTY AND STAFF

Susan M. Fisher, SB'59, of Chicago, died June 21. She was 74. A former clinical professor in psychiatry and comparative human development, Fisher was known for her work to understand and relieve the suffering of others. One of her first posts was as a psychiatrist at Massachusetts Mental Health Center in Boston. She also held faculty positions at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis and Rush, Tufts, and Harvard medical schools before joining the University in 1979 as a lecturer and consultant in psychiatry. In 1999 she was named a clinical professor. Fisher published two books, including *Talking with Young Children About Adoption* (Yale University Press, 1995). Her husband, Herman Sinaiko, AB'47, PhD'61, a longtime UChicago professor, died in 2011. Survivors include a daughter; son **Benjamin Sinaiko**, U-High'99; and a granddaughter.

Michel-Rolph Trouillot, professor of anthropology, died July 5 in Chicago after a long struggle to recuperate from a 2002 aneurism. He was 62. Trouillot grew up in Haiti and came to the United States in 1969. Before beginning his scholarly career, he was a songwriter and activist, protesting Haiti's Duvalier dictatorship and the US government's treatment of undocumented Haitian immigrants. Founding director of the Institute for Global Studies in Culture, Power, and History at Johns Hopkins University, Trouillot joined Chicago's faculty in 1998. He studied the dynamics of power across cultural boundaries and wrote several influential books, including *Silencing the Past: Power and the Production of History* (Beacon Press, 1995) and *Haiti, State against Nation: The Origins and Legacy of Duvalierism* (Monthly Review Press, 1990). The Caribbean Philosophical Association awarded him the 2011 Frantz Fanon Lifetime Achievement Award "for the originality of his interrogations in the human sciences."

Leonard Linsky of Chicago died August 27. He was 89. A professor emeritus of philosophy, Linsky taught at institutions including the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign before arriving at Chicago, where he served as philosophy department chair. Linsky published several dozen articles and five books, including the landmark publications *Referring* (Routledge & K. Paul, 1967) and *Names and Descriptions* (University of Chicago Press, 1977). Both books explored how names and descriptive expressions can be used to talk about real-world objects and phenomena. After he retired, Linsky continued to teach classes and direct workshops on Ludwig Wittgenstein. He is survived by his companion, Alexandra Below; two sons; and three granddaughters.

Ira Wool, MD'53, PhD'54, the A. J. Carlson professor of biochemistry and molecular biology, died October 23 in Chicago. He was 87. Wool was a pioneer in the study of the structure and function of the ribosome. A demolition specialist during WW II, he then attended Syracuse University on a football scholarship. Wool joined the faculty as an assistant professor of physiology in 1957; he maintained his laboratory for more than 50 years. Wool authored more than 260 papers and contributed regularly to standard textbooks. Survivors include his wife, **Barbara Mirecki**, AB'71; sons **Christopher Wool**, U-High'72, and **Jon Wool**, U-High'75; and a brother.

1930s

Jerome Sachs, SB'36, SM'37, PhD'40, died October 12 in Chicago. He was 98. Starting his career at what is now Chicago State University, where he taught mathematics to prospective Chicago Public Schools instructors, Sachs joined Chicago Teachers College-North (now Northeastern Illinois University) in 1962 as dean. He became the school's first president in 1966, leading its transition from college to university. An administration building at the school was named in honor of Sachs, who retired in 1973. Survivors include a daughter, a son, a grandchild, and two great-grandchildren.

Clarence S. Siegel, AB'38, of Chevy Chase, MD, died October 15. He was 95. A WW II Army veteran, Siegel was an economist with the Department of Commerce. At retirement, he was a member of the Federal Executive Service. Survivors include a brother, **Gordon S. Siegel**, AB'49, SB'54, MD'54.

Franklin Miller Jr., PhD'39, died October 4 in Mount Vernon, OH. He was 100. Miller started his career teaching physics and astronomy at Rutgers University, and then joined Kenyon University in 1948. The co-writer of the textbook *College Physics* (now in its sixth edition), Miller produced a series of physics-demonstration films, including preserving a famous film clip of the collapse of the Tacoma (WA) Narrows Bridge. Recipient of the 1970 Millikan Award of the American Association of Physics Teachers, Miller retired in 1981 from Kenyon, where he was honored with an observatory, a lecture hall, an award, and an endowed scholarship in his name. Survivors include a son and two grandsons. His wife, Libuse L. Miller, SB'37, died in 1973.

Jerome "Jerry" Sivesind, AB'38, died July 30, 2010, in Ashland, OR. He was 95. The captain of UChicago's baseball team, Sivesind was drafted by the Cincinnati Reds and the Chicago Cubs. A WW II veteran, Sivesind retired from the Army Reserves at the Presidio as a lieutenant colonel after 35 years of service. Living in the San Francisco Bay Area, he was a trans-

portation executive for companies including UPS and Consolidated Freightways, where he started a division. He is survived by two daughters, two sons, 12 grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren.

1940s

Walter Nudenberg, PhD'41, of Newtown, CT, died September 22. He was 98. During WW II Nudenberg worked at the University on a collaboration among rubber companies, the petrochemical industry, and academic research laboratories to replace natural rubber with a synthetic substitute. He later worked for Chemtura Corporation, where he created many processes still used in rubber and polymer processing and manufacturing. He retired in 2011, the same year that Chemtura's Nudenberg-Wheeler Technology Center was named in his honor. Survivors include two sons and a great-grandson.

Jeanne DeNovo, AM'43, died October 1 in Madison, WI. She was 95. DeNovo taught history and English at a Park Ridge, IL, high school, later serving as a history instructor at Pennsylvania State University. She is survived by a daughter and a son.

Richard Pettengill Gosselin, SB'44, PhD'51, of Hartford, CT, died October 1. He was 91. A WW II veteran, Gosselin taught mathematics at the University of Connecticut until his 1982 retirement. He is survived by his wife, Maria; a daughter; three sons; a brother; and eight grandchildren.

Aileen Harrison Grumbach, AB'45, AM'49, died December 24, 2011, in Roslyn, NY. She was 85. An English professor for four decades at Nassau Community College, Grumbach was also a poet, publishing in the *New York Times* and *Paris Review*. She is survived by her husband; three daughters, including **Diane Selinger**, AB'77; and four grandsons, including **William Selinger**, AB'08.

Ernest Hillard, AB'45, AM'47, died October 14 in Columbia, MO. He was 90. Hillard taught Spanish and French at institutions including DePaul University and Westminster College in Fulton, MO, where he worked for 33 years. He eventually became the government-documents librarian at Westminster's Reeves Library, and continued there part time in retirement. Survivors include a son, three grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

E. Earl Baughman Jr., SB'46, PhD'51, died September 29 in Chapel Hill, NC. He was 90. A WW II Air Force veteran, Baughman joined the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1954, teaching in the psychology department for almost three decades. In 1969 he was a corecipient of the Anisfield-Wolf Book Award for his pioneering research on southern rural children, and he received the 1972 Standard Oil Foundation Award for undergraduate teaching. He retired as professor emeritus in 1981. Survivors include two daughters, a sister, and two grandchildren.

Daniel John O'Connor, AM'47, of Exeter,

UK, died August 12. He was 98. A philosopher, O'Connor held chairs at Liverpool University and then Exeter University, where he worked until 1979. He published ten books, including *The Correspondence Theory of Truth* (Hutchinson, 1975) and influential works on John Locke, and he compiled *A Critical History of Western Philosophy* (Free Press of Glencoe, 1964). O'Connor also served as president of the Mind Association and of the British Society for the Philosophy of Science. He is survived by his wife, Maureen.

William E. Hummel, MD'49, died July 16 in Everett, WA. He was 89. A WW II and Korea veteran, Hummel practiced orthopedic surgery in Everett, specializing in trauma and reconstruction. He also was on the staff at Seattle's Shriners Hospital. Survivors include his wife, Doris; two daughters; and two sons.

Dwight Raymond Smith, SB'46, MD'47, died October 18, 2011, in Silver Spring, MD. He was 87. An Air Force veteran, Smith started a surgical practice in 1959, where he worked for more than 40 years. Smith also served on the staffs of three local hospitals until his 2002 retirement, including Washington Adventist Hospital, where he chaired the surgery department for a term. He is survived by his companion, Marilyn; a daughter; two sons; and a sister.

John Hermanson, AM'49, died February 29 in Houghton, MI. He was 93. A WW II Air Force veteran, Hermanson taught mathematics at Evanston Township High School [IL] until age 55, with a one-year leave of absence to study at Stanford University as a National Science Foundation Scholar. Hermanson also spent more than 40 years as a Christian foreign missionary in Finland, Russia, and Estonia. He is survived by three brothers and two sisters.

1950s

Walter Chizinsky, SM'50, died October 1 in Burlington, VT. He was 85. A Navy Hospital Corps veteran, Chizinsky taught and held administrative posts at institutions including Bennett College, Stephens College, and Bergen Community College. He retired from academic life in 1992. He is survived by his wife, Marta; a daughter; two sons; and four grandchildren.

Keith Fowler, MBA'50, died September 15 in Northbrook, IL. He was 90. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran, Fowler was a civil engineer for Allstate Insurance Company. Survivors include his wife, Margaret; two daughters; a brother; four grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Maurice S. Friedman, PhD'50, of Solana Beach, CA, died September 25. He was 90. An expert on philosopher Martin Buber, Friedman, who taught at Sarah Lawrence College and Temple and San Diego State Universities, published *Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue* (University of Chicago Press, 1955), now in its fourth edition, as well as a three-volume biography of Buber

in the early 1980s. He retired as professor emeritus of religious studies, philosophy, and comparative literature at San Diego State. Survivors include his wife, Aleene; a daughter; a son; a sister; and a granddaughter.

Joseph H. Callender, JD'51, of New Rochelle, NY, died October 9. He was 90. A WW II Army veteran, Callender practiced law for more than four decades, including 25 years as arbitrator in the New Rochelle City Court. Survivors include his wife, Ersaline; two daughters; and three grandchildren.

Etha "Bea" Fox, MBA'51, died September 8 in Chicago. She was 98. An international and military law specialist, Fox was a lawyer for the Coast Guard for three decades, retiring with the rank of captain in 1974. Fox also helped to establish the Women's Bar Association of Illinois. In 1962 the National Council of Jewish Women and the YWCA recognized her contributions to peace and international understanding. Fox spent 20 years volunteering for the American Red Cross.

Joanne Holden, AM'51, of Three Rivers, MI, died April 17. She was 84. The proprietor of the Long Lake Food and Book Shop from 1968 until her retirement in 2011, Holden was a connoisseur of beers from around the world.

Norman Johnston, AM'51, a sociologist, died October 6 in Ambler, PA. He was 91. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran, Johnston joined Beaver College (now Arcadia University) in 1962 as an associate professor and chair of the sociology department. The author or editor of eight books on criminal justice and prison architecture, he also served on the boards of the Pennsylvania Prison Society and of the Eastern State Penitentiary Historic Site, which he helped develop. Johnston retired from Arcadia as professor emeritus in 1992 but continued to teach part time. Survivors include his cousins.

Herbert Kondo, AM'51, of Saratoga Springs, NY, died May 6. He was 88. A WW II Army veteran, Kondo served as senior science editor at Macmillan Company and then as editor in chief of Grolier/Scholastic Publishing's science department. He was the author of several books, including *Adventures in Space and Time: The Story of Relativity* (Holiday House, 1966) and *Albert Einstein and the Theory of Relativity* (Franklin Watts, 1969). Survivors include a daughter, a son, and six grandchildren.

Earl McKinley Lewis, PhD'51, died October 13 in Houston. He was 92. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran, Lewis was head of the political science department at Prairie View A&M College before joining Trinity University in San Antonio, TX. At Trinity, Lewis directed one of the country's first urban-studies graduate programs and was the school's first tenured African American professor. Lewis retired in 1990 as professor emeritus. His many awards include the 1976 Award for Service

to the State of Texas from Texas Ministers for Social Progress. He is survived by his wife, Hazelyn; a daughter; two sons; and a granddaughter.

Robert H. Nanz Jr., PhD'52, of Houston, TX, died May 20. He was 88. The first geologist hired for Shell's Exploration and Production Research Laboratory, Nanz spent 36 years in research and operations positions at the company, including as vice president of exploration and production for the western region. He also chaired the American Petroleum Institute's exploration affairs committee and government lands task force. Survivors include a son, a brother, four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

Thomas H. Wood, PhD'53, of Merion Station, PA, died July 5. He was 89. An experimental biophysicist, Wood worked to map the *E. coli* genome decades before DNA sequencing. After serving in the Navy during WW II, he became a full professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania in 1963, chairing the physics graduate group from 1971 to 1976. He retired as professor emeritus in 1989. Survivors include three sons and three grandchildren.

Corinne Murphy Lee, AB'54, died October 8 in Minneapolis. She was 79. A homemaker, Lee was known for her lively conversation and sense of humor. Survivors include her husband, Stuart; a daughter; a son; a brother; two sisters; and four grandchildren.

Sol Henry Krasner, PhD'55, died September 27 in Waterford, CT. He was 89. A WW II Army veteran, Krasner started his career in the Office of Naval Research. He then joined the University of Chicago as dean of students in the Physical Sciences Division and assistant to the chair of the physics department. He worked at the University for 25 years. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis; two daughters; two sons; 14 grandchildren; and 16 great-grandchildren.

Ethel Spector Person, AB'56, SB'56, a psychiatrist, died October 16 in New York City. She was 77. A pioneer in sexuality research, Person was known for her clinical studies on sexual fantasy and on transsexuals and transvestites. She led Columbia University's Center for Psychoanalytic Training and Research from 1981 to 1991 and was a member of the clinical psychiatry faculty. Person published four books, including *By Force of Fantasy: How We Make Our Lives* (Basic Books, 1995), and several articles for general-interest publications. She is survived by two sons, two stepdaughters, a grandchild, and three step-grandchildren.

Wilma J. Phipps, AM'56, PhD'77, died June 23 in Cleveland. She was 87. In 1970 Phipps joined Case Western Reserve University's experiment in nursing program. She went on to serve as chair and professor of the school's medical-surgical nursing department and director of medical-surgical nursing at University Hospitals. An editor of *Medical-Surgical Nursing: Concepts and*

Clinical Practice (Mosby, 1979), now in its eighth edition, Phipps was named the 1997 Nurse of the Year by the Cleveland Academy of Medicine Hall of Fame. Survivors include a son, a brother, and a sister.

Edward A. Goerner, AM'57, PhD'59, died October 2 in South Bend, IN. He was 82. A Navy veteran, Goerner joined the University of Notre Dame in 1960, retiring more than five decades later as a professor emeritus of political science. The author of *Peter and Caesar: The Catholic Church and Political Authority Survivors* (Herder and Herder, 1965), Goerner also was an associate editor of the *Review of Politics*. Survivors include his wife, Iris; four daughters; a son; two sisters; and ten grandchildren.

1960s

William P. Doherty Jr., JD'60, died September 28 in Camden, NJ. He was 77. After establishing his own law practice, Doherty became one of New Jersey's longest-serving prosecutors, starting in 1973, and was elected an arbitrator for the US federal courts. A former president of the Cumberland County Bar Association, Doherty was a member of the Supreme Court of the State of New Jersey Judicial Conference as well as the Cumberland County ethics committee. He is survived by two daughters, a son, and two brothers.

Lynn McNulty Koons, AB'60, died September 6 in Tucson, AZ. She was 79. Koons taught writing and English at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and Columbia College.

Elio Tarika, MBA'60, died September 10 in Boston. He was 86. A chemical engineer and then a business executive, Tarika worked at Union Carbide Corporation for 34 years, retiring as executive vice president. An alumnus of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Tarika was honored with a U of I chair in chemical engineering as a 75th-birthday present from his wife, who predeceased him. Survivors include two daughters, a son, and seven grandchildren.

John Francis Fahey, AM'61, died October 9 in Manteca, CA. He was 88. Ordained as a priest in 1949, Fahey was pastor of Chicago's St. Clement Parish from 1975 to 1989. After resigning from his pastorate, he moved to California and began a second career in academia. Fahey served as an adjunct faculty member at St. Mary's College in Moraga, CA, and Columbia College in Sonoma, CA. He is survived by his wife, Joan.

Peter Oppenheimer, AB'62, died July 29 in Princeton, NJ. He was 71. After teaching philosophy at the University of Missouri in St. Louis and at the University of Pennsylvania, Oppenheimer worked at antiquarian bookstore Witherspoon Books. Survivors include a brother and two sisters, including **Lucy Oppenheimer Hickey**, AM'67.

James Reavis, MBA'62, of Nashville, TN, died October 18. He was 72. An Army vet-

eran, Reavis was a Wall Street financial executive. Survivors include a daughter, two sons, and three granddaughters.

Raymond Skilling, JD'62, died October 10 in London. He was 73. An international lawyer, Skilling worked for London law firm Clifford Turner, now Clifford Chance, where he represented some of the Beatles as well as classical musicians. He then moved to Chicago, where he was chief counsel of Aon Corporation for almost 25 years. A member of the British American Business Council's international advisory board in Chicago, Skilling was also chair of the board of overseers of the RAND Corporation's Institute for Civil Justice. In 2006 he was awarded an Order of the British Empire for working to build UK and US business relationships. Survivors include a son and a brother.

Hans-Joachim G. Mollenhauer, AM'63, died October 2 in Morton Grove, IL. He was 84. In 1963 Mollenhauer joined the faculty of North Park University, where he taught German, Italian, and French for more than 30 years and served as foreign-languages chair. Retiring in 1995, Mollenhauer stayed on as a part-time professor. He is survived by his wife, Ilse; a son; a brother; and two grandchildren.

Karen Carper Martin Priest, AB'63, died October 20 in Carson City, NV. She was 62. While raising her children, Priest worked as a part-time interviewer for Research Triangle Institute and as a social worker in New York state. She also volunteered for organizations including Servas International and the United Methodist Women. Survivors include her husband, **Robert F. Priest**, AB'59, PhD'64; a daughter, **Susan Sara Priest**, AB'87; a son; two sisters; and three grandchildren.

Robert Ronald Riedle, MBA'65, died October 24 in The Villages, FL. He was 76. An Air Force veteran, Riedle worked in hospital administration and medical sales. He is survived by his wife, Marie; three daughters; a son; four stepchildren; a brother; four grandchildren; ten step-grandchildren; and six step great-grandchildren.

Patrick John Phillips, MBA'68, died January 9 in Moreno Valley, CA. He was 77. A Navy veteran, Phillips worked for 22 years in sales at Outboard Marine Corporation. He later owned two companies: Custom Travel and Turf Tire Distributors. He is survived by his wife, Joanne; three daughters; a son; a brother; and a grandchild.

1970s

Jacob R. Matijevic, SM'70, PhD'73, an engineer who worked on three Mars rover missions, died of a traumatic lung event August 20 in Los Angeles. He was 64. After teaching mathematics at the University of Kentucky and the University of Southern California, in 1981 Matijevic joined the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, where he held several positions, including control systems

engineer. In 1992 he began working on the Mars rover missions, focusing on the design of the vehicles. After his death, NASA and JPL named in his honor a pyramidal basalt rock that the *Curiosity* rover encountered on Mars in September. Survivors include his mother, a brother, and two sisters.

Jeffrey A. Kant, PhD'74, MD'75, of Franklin Park, PA, died September 29. He was 65. After 12 years at the University of Pennsylvania, Kant joined the University of Pittsburgh as a professor of pathology and human genetics and as the director of the pathology department's molecular-diagnostics division. In addition to directing the pathology residency training program for five years, Kant founded Pitt's molecular diagnostic fellowship program and was the founding president of the Association for Molecular Pathology. Kant is survived by his wife, Julie; two sons; three brothers; and four grandchildren.

Ava-Lisa Memmen, AM'75, died September 19 in Zionsville, IN. She was 60. Co-founder of the Heartland Film Festival, Memmen served on the boards of several educational and nonprofit organizations. She is survived by her husband, **Edward Memmen**, MBA'75; three daughters; and two grandchildren.

Gene R. Saffold, MBA'79, of Chicago, died October 8 following complications from heart surgery. He was 57. A well-known financier, Saffold was a managing director at Smith Barney and was Bank One's national head of public finance. In 2009 he joined former mayor Richard M. Daley's staff as chief financial officer. Most recently, he was an independent consultant. Saffold served on the boards of national and local organizations including the Municipal Securities Rulemaking Board, Erikson Institute, and Chicago Low-Income Housing Trust Fund. As a trustee of the Chicago School Reform Board of Trustees, he helped spearhead the school system's financial restructuring. Survivors include two daughters, including **Jessica Saffold**, U-High'05; a son; and a sister.

1990s

Noel Jay Mirasol, MBA'93, of Glencoe, IL, died October 6. He was 50. A lifelong employee of IBM, Mirasol was also technical director for the Glencoe Grand Prix. Survivors include his wife, **Kendra Mirasol**, MBA'93; a daughter; a son; his parents; a brother; and a sister.

2010s

Allison Ann Tovo-Dwyer, SB'10, of St. Paul, MN, died of gastric cancer October 11. She was 25. Dwyer was a doctoral student in chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she researched computational chemistry. Survivors include her boyfriend, **Jon Baskin**, AM'12; her parents; her stepparents; her grandmother; a sister; and two half sisters.

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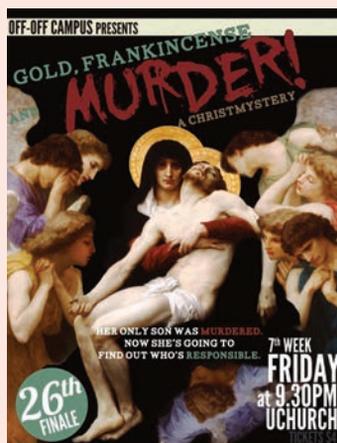
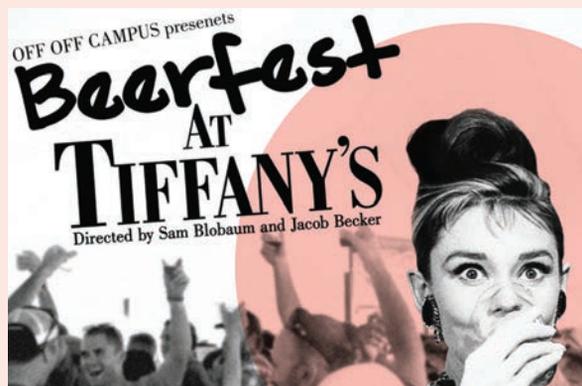
Preposterous

Dangerously susceptible to puns and other forms of wordplay—seriously, it’s an affliction—the *Magazine* staff finds the Off-Off Campus revue titles particularly infectious.

It makes us sick, for example, that we didn’t think of *Rihanna Karenina* or *Gold, Frankincense, and Murder*. Each quarter, Off-Off members and alumni suggest titles via e-mail and

vote on the next season’s productions. Publicity comanager **Katie Hunter**, ’13, says they choose from a list of hundreds. They’re killing us.

—Jason Kelly



To see more posters from Off-Off Campus productions, go to mag.uchicago.edu/posters.



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