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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

MAY–JUNE 2013
VOLUME 105, NUMBER 5



One of the subjects of evolutionary biologist **Marcus Kronforst's** research alights on netting in a greenhouse atop the Biological Sciences Learning Center. See “All Aflutter,” page 32. Photography by **Drew Reynolds**.

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Inside 5757 South University Avenue, former site of the Chicago Theological Seminary and future home of the economics department and Becker Friedman Institute for Research in Economics, the second-floor Graham Taylor Chapel will serve as flexible academic and meeting space. See "Economic Model," page 27. Photography by Robert Kozloff.





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Children's stories

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

My parents have a story they like to embarrass me with, even some 40 years later. It happened the first time I shared responsibility with my mother for selecting a Father's Day gift. Crucially, this involved being entrusted with sensitive information and keeping it to myself.

For a good week, the information stayed classified, the secret shrouded. We hid the shopping bag under my bed and later wrapped the box. As the great day approached, my anticipation simmered without quite breaking the surface. But that Sunday morning, while the master bedroom still snoozed, it boiled over and I burst through the door clutching the box and cried "Happy slippers!"—then burst into tears, much to the poorly muffled hilarity of the rest of the room, or so I gather.

I really enjoy that story, actually. It does the opposite of embarrassing me—it may represent me at the height of my charms. I told an abbreviated version on Facebook one Father's Day and it got lots of likes, a predictable reception. Stories parents tell about their children, young and grown, make reliable crowd-pleasers and are eminently recyclable. Such stories keep it simple and operate by affection, even or especially when reporting lapses and misdeeds. I don't think I laughed as hard all last year as when reading the note a friend shared on social media from her son at summer camp, unceremoniously demanding cash and care packages: "I need money now, so I can't write a long letter."

Children's stories about their parents are a different genre—you never know what you'll get, but if it's hon-

est it will be neither short nor simple. I'm not thinking of your *Mommie Dearests*, but books like Mary Karr's *The Liars' Club* and Ruth Reichl's *Not Becoming My Mother* (renamed *For You, Mom. Finally.* when it was released in paperback).

Open somebody's first book and, many times, you'll find it dedicated to one or both of the writer's parents: a personally momentous act of creation offered to those who created the person. Two alumni who contributed to this issue, **Leslie Maitland**, AB'71, and **Greg Bellow**, AB'66, AM'68, followed that dedicatory path, but went much further, writing their first books about a beloved mother and father, respectively (see "Crossing the Borders of Time," page 40, and "Awakened by a Grave Robbery," page 68). In each case, the difficulty of writing honestly about a parent—a version of oneself, human, imperfect—becomes part of the story. ♦



LETTERS

It was with great interest I read Elizabeth Kessler's (PhD'06) piece "The Astronomical Sublime" (Mar–Apr/13). The subject is fascinating, and I have been arguing with my father-in-law for over a decade about these issues. The Hubble images have been a fantastic tool in elevating the mission's profile and education value. They are also a liability; the editorial outlets that publish these images have violated their own ethical rules when publishing.

Published editorial material relies on a number of shared assumptions between the viewer and the publisher. In terms of photographs the rules are clear (and written down at most publications); composite images, time-lapse exposures, using light outside of the visual spectrum, and manually colorized images must be clearly labeled as such, if they are not immediately obvious to the viewer.

Why does the news media violate its own rules of conduct when publishing Hubble and other scientific images?

microscope captures)? What concerns me is that the public enthusiastically embraces these images based on false assumptions. Americans still trust the integrity of scientists. According to a recent poll taken by *Scientific American* and *Nature*, the group most trusted for providing accurate information on important issues in society was scientists. Pretty pictures of the cosmos are great, but it is paramount for the media and NASA to ensure scientifically accurate descriptions that educate rather than mislead the public.

*Adam Nadel, AB'90
Jackson Heights, New York*

A pioneer remembered

I smiled broadly when I read Elizabeth Kessler's article praising the Hubble Space Telescope's spectacular images, because I knew that they were brought to us, in part, by one of the University of Chicago's many silent heroes. In late 2004, Perry Greenfield, the manager of the scientific software group work-

ing on the Hubble Space Telescope, contacted my young neuroscience postdoc John Hunter (PhD'01). The Hubble community had a formidable problem to solve: how could they send their spectacular images of the universe to astronomers all over the world so that they could be received and analyzed on their various computer systems—Windows, Apple, LINUX, and UNIX? They had hired a private company to solve this problem, but the project failed to meet the diverse needs of the world's astronomers.

Throughout his graduate work in neurobiology at the University of Chicago, John had written many graphing routines in Python, a language that runs on all of these systems. He stored them in a personal library on the web he called Matplotlib. Occasionally, other graduate students would ask if they could use his programs for their own work.



Word got out, and, after a while, John had thousands of programmers and researchers from all areas of science and business using his programs. Perry Greenfield was one of them. He thought that John's Matplotlib could be the phoenix that would bring this project out of the ashes. John asked me if he could take a hiatus from our work, and I enthusiastically said yes. The Space Telescope Science Institute allocated a handful of programmers to collaborate with John, and a few months later they had an extensive program for analyzing Hubble images throughout the world, powered by John's Python programs. (Matplotlib now has more than 1.4 million downloads.)

We have all benefited because of John Hunter's belief in the altruism of the open-source programming community. John may be viewing the sublime beauty of the cosmos from a different perspective, because he tragically passed into history last year. Still, his work inspires and lives on in all of us.

*V. Leo Towle
UChicago Department of Neurology
Chicago*

Articles of faith

Regarding "The Spirit of the Law" (Mar–Apr/13), Brian Leiter has it exactly right. The religion clauses of the First Amendment were intended to guard against religious persecution, *not* to create a religious exemption from laws of general applicability.

The late professor Philip Kurland (under whom I had the great privilege to study) set forth the proper approach more than 50 years ago: "The freedom and separation clauses [of the First Amendment] should be read as stating a single precept: that government cannot utilize religion as a standard for action or inaction because these clauses, read together as they should be, prohibit classification in terms of religion either to confer a benefit or impose a burden." ("Of Church and State and the Supreme Court," 29 U. Chi. L. Rev. 96 [1961]).

The court was correct in *Employment Division v. Smith*, but the law concerning religious exemptions has been inconsistent to say the least. Our government has strayed so often from sound principle in this area that we have reached the point where Catholic employers now claim the right to

deny employees who do not work in a religious capacity—and may not even share the faith—insurance benefits to which they are legally entitled. To do otherwise, the Catholics insist, is a denial of their religious freedom. It is nothing of the sort.

Most people understand that the First Amendment prohibits government from favoring one faith over another but have difficulty grasping that it also prohibits government from favoring the religious over the secular. A proper interpretation of the document demands government neutrality between the two; nothing more and nothing less. That Leiter's advocacy of this interpretation would be considered "provocative" shows how widespread misunderstanding of the religion clauses has become.

*James A. Rauven, AB'82
Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina*

The art of dying

Thanks very much for "Decomposure" (Mar–Apr/13). That excellent article is very timely, for my wife is now two months dead. She was cremated by the Neptune Society, which was excellent in all respects. She now rests in a red paint bucket—she was an artist—atop our upright piano in the bedroom where we can chat and I can bring her her morning cup of coffee. She was 83, as I am, and thanks to our Buddhist practice, acknowledged the cycle of life and death.

She had been chronically ill and in daily discomfort and pain for many years but went to her studio to work every day until Christmas day. She was in the intensive care unit for five days after Christmas and in hospice care about two weeks before she died. Hospice care allowed her to die at home with a view of her garden and the company of me and our two cats. Hospice could not have done a better job in assisting with her dying. She faced death without aversion or fear and said to me one evening as we were retiring, "I'll soon learn the Great Mystery," flashing her brilliant smile.

*M. F. "Pete" Groat, AB'51
Lagunitas, California*

Lovely piece. While reading the article, I was struck by the degree to which Caitlin Doughty's (AB'12, Class of 2006) ideas about navigat-

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UCHICAGO ALUMNI

LETTERS

ing death jibe with Jewish traditional practice. There is no embalming or open casket. A burial committee from the community washes (and watches) the body, which is wrapped in a simple linen shroud and buried in a plain wood casket that is designed to allow for decomposition. Mourners shovel the first layer of dirt onto the casket; there's no mystery as to what's going to happen to the body. I always thought that if I accomplished nothing else in this world, at least I would make good fertilizer. That said, however, I discovered when my mother died that her wood casket was actually enclosed in a cement box for burial in a Jewish cemetery; tradition was trumped by New Jersey law.

Carol Berkower, AB'85
Baltimore

"Decomposure" was interesting and informative. Can't wait to look up her work. For further reading, I recommend *The Undertaking: Life Studies from the Dismal Trade* (W. W. Norton, 1997) by Thomas Lynch. Lynch is an undertaker, poet, essayist, and philosopher who offers an insider's view of death and life.

Bertil K. Hogstrom (parent)
Douglassville, Pennsylvania

Mission impossible

"Needle and Threat" (Jan–Feb/13) poses the ethical problem of testing the immunization of children against anthrax versus the improbable threat of anthrax spores being used as a biological warfare vector. Any reaction to the vaccine by children is unknown and the value of the vaccine to a child, even

if immunized, is probably minuscule. The ethical answer is simple: present the honest science and reasons to Mormon parents and let them decide.

A medical geneticist once asked a random sample of New Yorkers for a finger prick of blood and received 7 percent compliance. He moved to Salt Lake City. There, a pathologist was conducting a breast cancer survey that required three large gauge needle sticks through each breast. Volunteers were divided into those genetically at risk and controls not at genetic risk. Here, the rationale for the test was explained to the church, which then requested volunteers. Although the control group would get no medical benefit from this scary and painful assay, the compliance rate for the control volunteers was 80 percent. These control group women believed there was a very small outside chance that their contribution would help mankind.

I live in southern Oregon wherein, unlike Mormons, many parents actively prevent their children from getting mumps, measles, whooping cough, and other standard vaccines even though the risks are verified and low, the individual benefits are great, and the altruistic benefits to the population are great. No matter how prestigious an ethics committee of 13 the federal government appoints to consider permitting childhood anthrax vaccinations, this mission is impossible given the ethical diversity between subcultures in the USA.

Gerald Holmquist, SB'64, SM'67
Shady Cove, Oregon

Stern warning

I took Richard Stern's Creative Writing (Short Stories) course in winter quarter 1975. He liked my work and so I asked him to serve as a reader for my

BA paper in General Studies in the Humanities. That turned out to be a mistake on one level, because he graded the paper B, which denied me program honors. He described the paper as "a magnificent failure." The paper was an unfinished novel sort of like *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* that had one chapter imitating the sound of a running motorcycle phonetically. Perhaps a B was generous.

I was on the swim team and on one occasion had chosen to attend Stern's class rather than participate in a home meet. The class was interrupted by the team manager bursting in and requesting me to please come to the meet, because the score was so close. If I could hie myself to Bartlett Pool in time to swim a leg in the final relay, we might beat Grinnell College (or whomever). At first, Stern looked perturbed and began to harrumph about the interruption, but then he smiled and shooed me out with the parting remark, "If you return to class, please towel off."

Jeff Rasley, AB'75
Indianapolis

The write stuff

I was quite intrigued by the *Core's* article on Taft House ("Domestic Writing," Winter 2013), which provides a welcoming environment for creative writing. When I attended the College, we had no such facility. Nor at the time did I have a notion that one day I would become a writer. This despite the fact that while serving overseas during WW II, I was writing letters home daily, nearly 1,000 of them, that, without my knowledge, my mother had saved. Nor could I have imagined that in the late '90s they would be published in a book, *Letters from the Good War* (Stones Point Press, 1997).

Indeed, Professor Reuel Denney, with whom I studied composition, encouraged me to become a writer. But comparing myself with the classic writers I was then studying, I concluded I could never measure up. Eventually I became a career businessman, all the while writing short stories, novels, and essays and simply filing them away. In the late '90s I began writing plays, one of which was set near the University. Its characters were based on University faculty members and fellow students that I had known at the time. Three years ago the play



BLAST FROM THE PAST

You state that the first self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction took place under the West Stands' handball and racquetball courts. As I recall, the reaction took place in a squash court. Racquetball came into existence about 30 years ago. It is a hybrid sport, a cross between squash and handball. We who love squash, snobs as we may be, compare squash to racquetball as chess is to checkers. I thought you'd like to know. Keep your eye on the ball and keep out of your opponent's way.

—J. Robert Bloomfield, MD'52, December 2002

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LETTERS

was staged for five nights by a prize-winning theater company in Massachusetts where it received a standing ovation. Talk about redemption.

For the past 30 years, after selling my company, I've devoted myself to writing full time, with a 12th book coming out early this year. I mention all this because you may not realize how deeply the College experience has affected its graduates, leading to all sorts of creative careers. I learned that the University had prepared me for activities that I never dreamed of pursuing. For instance, I found that my background in the humanities was perfect for someone who had to deal with employees, customers, banks, etc., because business is really all about relationships. And so is short story and novel writing.

By the way, back then tuition at the University was \$500 a year and the GI Bill paid a monthly stipend of \$80.

Keep up the good work you're doing at the *Core*. It's a delightful magazine.

*Hugh Aaron, AB'51
Cushing, Maine*

Give ideas a chance

The recent debate in "Letters" (Nov–Dec/12) between Robert Michaelson, SB'66, AM'73, and Stephen J. Breckley, MBA'68, John R. Flanery, MBA'06, and William P. McCoach, MBA'75, prompted me to write this letter.

It would be the most disappointing outcome possible if UChicago comes to restrict itself to a certain ideological "brand" on any issue of import. UChicago has a storied intellectual past, earned through a dogged dedication to the maintenance of the most essential of free markets, the free market for ideas. But Michaelson, quoting Hyman Minsky, SB'41, in his response to Breckley, et al., reflects on the decline in the intellectual environment at UChicago. His implication is clear. While UChicago's historically open intellectual environment deserves much of the credit for Milton Friedman's (AM'33) later successes, that environment no longer holds.

It's worth recalling that Friedman's

ideas regarding stabilization policy were considered radical (even foolish) by many at their original promulgation. But his ideas were tolerated until they could gain credence and add to our knowledge of macroeconomics. I would hope that the same tolerance would be extended to budding Nobelists at UChicago today.

The free market for ideas is always under attack. There are always those who want to put an end to debate, no matter how intellectually productive that debate might be. We should not let the debate end. The world has much to learn from UChicago and the Chicago view. But the Chicago view is a work in progress. It must remain open to new ideas. There is more yet to be learned.

Crescat scientia; vita excolatur: Let knowledge grow from more to more; and so be human life enriched.

*Patrick Feehan, MBA'91
Columbia, Missouri*

Excellent adventures

I was delighted to read that Lloyd and Susanne Rudolph are alive and well and even more adventurous than I had imagined ("A Passage to India," Jan–Feb/13). Theirs were my most memorable classes in the University of Chicago political science department in the early 1970s. I hope more details of the journey will become available in the future.

*Nancy Ruth, AM'73
Arlington Heights, Illinois*

The complete text of the Rudolphs' travel notes on their journey from Salzburg to Peshawar is now available in PDF form at mag.uchicago.edu/law-policy-society/passage-india.—Ed.

Two views on renovation

I lived in the Chicago Theological Seminary and knew members of the CTS community many years ago ("Informed Fearlessness," UChicago News for Alumni and Friends, April 9, 2013; see also "Economic Model" in this issue, p. 27). The building is beautiful and it saddens me deeply that it has been converted into a temple where the morally sterile economics of Milton Friedman will be venerated. It would have been better to tear the old place down!

*Donald Seekins, AM'72, PhD'80
Waipahu, Hawaii*

lived in the married students' quarters at CTS, I shopped in the bookstore, I kibitzed with fellow students in its common space—what an exciting new life for the handsome cluster of buildings on the corner of the main campus!

*Janet Varner Gunn, DB'62, AM'64
Portland, Maine*

Research resources for alumni

Many alumni have expressed an interest in having remote access to electronic resources, and I am very pleased to inform you that the Library has partnered with the Alumni Association to make this possible. University of Chicago alumni are now able to access five important research databases and thousands of publications from any computer with an Internet connection. The databases include EBSCO Academic Search–Alumni Edition; EBSCO Business Source–Alumni Edition; Articles Plus–Alumni Edition; Project Muse; and SAGE Journals Online.

We are particularly pleased that this broad range of important resources will help alumni in many different fields to begin their research. Visit guides.lib.uchicago.edu/alumni for information on creating a CNetID and accessing these resources.

*Judith Nadler
Director and University Librarian
UChicago Library*

Clock of ages

Two places come to mind when I think of Martyl Langsdorf, the seemingly immortal painter who died in late March at the age of 96. She defined the first—Schaumburg, a suburb that didn't really exist until she arrived in 1953. The second—the University—inadvertently defined her life's work. But when she told it, these seemingly opposite ends of the earth (or if you must, the greater Chicago metropolitan area) were somehow perfectly intertwined.

She arrived on campus by way of marriage, her husband, nuclear physicist Alexander Langsdorf Jr., summoned by Enrico Fermi to help build the first atomic bomb. This, of course, would leave Langsdorf and his Met Lab colleagues on the Manhattan Project (U of C wing) greatly conflicted. To calm their consciences, at the conclusion of World War II they

launched the University-based *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, a pamphlet-cum-magazine meant to educate the public about the urgent danger their creation had wrought. (It was at the *Bulletin* that, as deputy editor and web editor, I met Martyl years later.)

Here, however, their brilliance wasn't enough. They needed a visual aid. And so they turned to Martyl, who until that moment had primarily painted whichever natural wonder had caught her eye. "I'm pretty sure I was the only artist those scientists knew," she joked to me years later.

Martyl expressed her husband's fear via four simple dots and two straight lines (one black, the other white), which she assembled as the face of a clock that she set to seven minutes to midnight (midnight being the time at which the world would end thanks to nuclear brinkmanship between the United States and the Soviet Union).

Over the years, the mainstream media would regard her allegorical timepiece as the Doomsday Clock and Martyl herself as the Clock Lady—an unfair designation given the beauty and success of her abstract landscapes but a distinction that she enjoyed nonetheless. She intimated as much whenever I saw her, usually at the dining room table of her longtime Schaumburg home, a local architectural marvel/tourist attraction called the Schweikher House. There, a drink in hand, she spun non sequiturs into poetry and epitomized the staying power of a life well lived.

*Josh Schollmeyer
West Hollywood, CA*

Noyes life

In spring quarter 1952 a group of us students held a series of meetings in Ida Noyes Hall and together planned a student social gathering there for a Friday or Saturday night sometime that quarter. It was publicized by printed posters with the date, location, and a large exclamation point as the only other content. I recall visiting fraternity houses at lunchtimes and announcing this event. Perhaps other students announced it in the women's and men's living quarters. It turned out to be very well attended, and it seemed that students had a great time together.

Ida Noyes Hall at that time was rarely used, or so it seemed to me. It

had facilities (I recall the swimming pool, especially) that could be activated for student use that evening. After graduating in 1952 I returned to California and began law school that fall. Sporadically I would glimpse an article in the *Magazine* commenting about subsequent uses of the building for student events.

Did our student efforts possibly lead to the University's having followed up and opened Ida Noyes Hall as an ongoing place for student activities? As more years passed, I began to wonder who brought our proposed event to the administration and requested that the facilities be activated for student use.

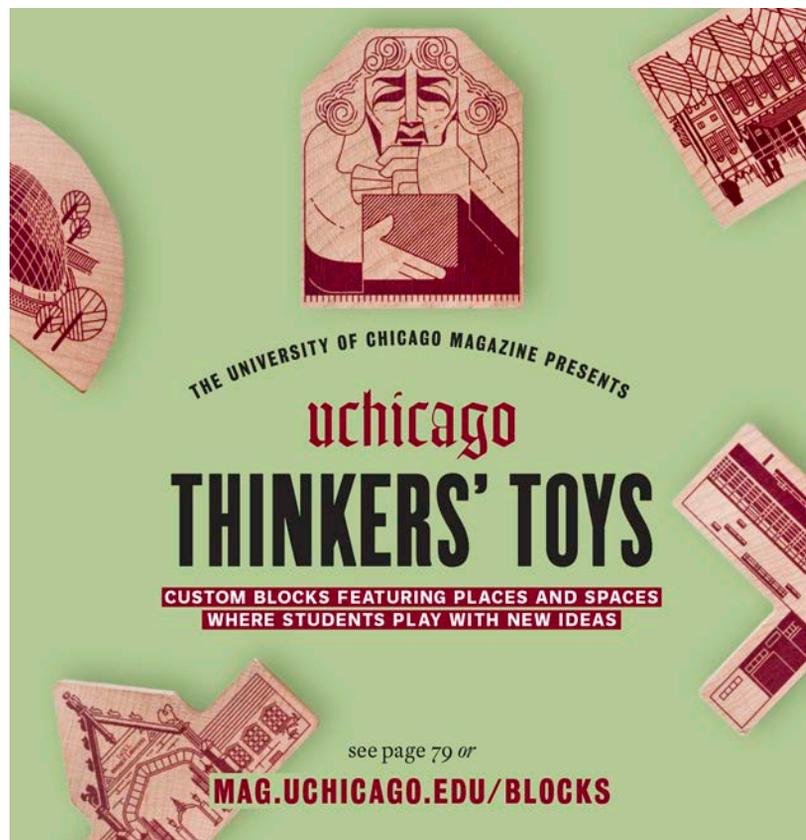
More time has passed, and the question I now pose is whether we as a group of students, noticing this large building available for a student gathering and thinking together how great it might be for our socially hungry students to enjoy simply spending an evening together with activities and programs developed by our group—or whether the administration thought this might be a way to encourage a campus student event, and delegated one or more members of our group to enlist a

group of students in the planning of such an event.

Unfortunately this all happened 61 years ago, and we can only wonder how many of us in that planning group are still available to share their experience of how it all came about. Was it the University who set up the idea—or did we as students create this whole effort and later engage the administration in providing the facilities, building prep, etc.? I welcome memories from fellow alumni who worked on this event or simply recall their being there that evening.

*Richard M. Janopaul, AB'52
Tukon, Oklahoma*

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see page 79 or

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Promising prognosis

BY KENNETH S. POLONSKY, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT FOR MEDICAL AFFAIRS, DEAN OF THE DIVISION OF THE BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES, DEAN OF THE PRITZKER SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, AND PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE

Earlier this year, we opened the doors to the medical center's new hospital pavilion, the Center for Care and Discovery (CCD). Completed on time and on budget, it has garnered much acclaim locally and nationally, and is, in many ways, a remarkable achievement.

From its founding, the University of Chicago Medicine has been committed to research, education, and patient care. To these three original pillars, we now add an equally important fourth: commitment to our community. The CCD rests securely on those four pillars.

One of the most modern clinical and surgical centers in the country, this new facility represents a significant investment not only in biomedicine but also in our city and state. The ten-story, 1.2 million-square-foot structure was built on an innovative grid design with repeating modular cubes that can be repurposed to accommodate future innovations. Silver LEED certified, the hospital includes integrated diagnostic and interventional platforms for complex specialty care and treatment of cancer, gastrointestinal disease, and neurological disorders, as well as large operating rooms for advanced surgery.

Yet as impressive as this leading-edge technology is, it does not overshadow the facility's true focus, which is patient care. Our dedicated physicians and fellows care for patients in state-of-the-art single-occupancy rooms that accommodate family members for overnight stays



Kenneth S. Polonsky served on the UChicago faculty from 1981 to 1999, returning in 2010 as executive vice president and dean.

and boast stunning views of Lake Michigan, Washington Park, and downtown Chicago.

In addition to being an engine for biomedical discovery, the new hospital has already had a positive economic impact on our community. Since its groundbreaking in 2009, the CCD initiative has brought more than 2,515 jobs to Illinois. Even more significantly, more than 40 percent of the construction contracts, representing over \$270 million, were awarded to women- and minority-owned businesses. The construction of the CCD is the largest single health care investment in the history of both the University's medical campus and Chicago's South Side.

The vision of the CCD also has come

to fruition amid many other exciting developments in the Biological Sciences Division (BSD). With recently recruited world-class faculty, we are adapting the statistical study of DNA sequence variation into high-speed computational algorithms designed to probe massive DNA sequencing data structures, electronic medical records, and advanced imaging data.

In the area of cancer, discoveries in the biological basis of tumor growth, metastasis, and drug-responsiveness are poised to unleash transformative advances in diagnostic testing, prevention, and therapeutic treatments. The University of Chicago Comprehensive Cancer Center supports physicians, clinical and basic research scientists, and trainees whose work is at the leading edge of cancer care and discovery.

The Division's Center for Research Informatics (CRI), established in early 2011, has created a Clinical Research Data Warehouse, which currently contains data on 1.9 million patients and 7.6 million encounters over six years. The CRI's Bioinformatics Core offers services and expertise that allow our basic, translational, and clinical investigators to conduct research more effectively than ever before.

Finally, we stand at the forefront of an initiative that will enhance our existing strengths in the field of neuroscience, strengths that span not only multiple departments in the BSD but also include the innovative work of colleagues from across the University. With the establishment of the Grossman Institute for Neuroscience, Quantitative Biology, and Human Behavior, we will create a novel interdisciplinary program to bring together neuroscience and behavior in the context of biological, environmental, and social interaction data while also harnessing the University's long-standing eminence in evolution and genetics, statistics and computation, and economics.

As we look toward the future, we survey a landscape of collaborative, data-driven biomedicine, the education of a new generation of scientists and physicians, and continued dedication to patient care and our community in a new state-of-the-art hospital environment. ♦

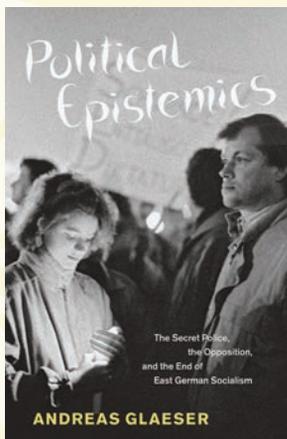
The Gordon J. Laing Award 50th Anniversary

The award is conferred annually, by vote of the Board of University Publications, on the faculty author, editor, or translator whose book has brought the greatest distinction to the list of the University of Chicago Press.

The award is named in honor of the scholar who, serving as general editor from 1909 until 1940, firmly established the character and reputation of the Press as the premier academic publisher in the United States.

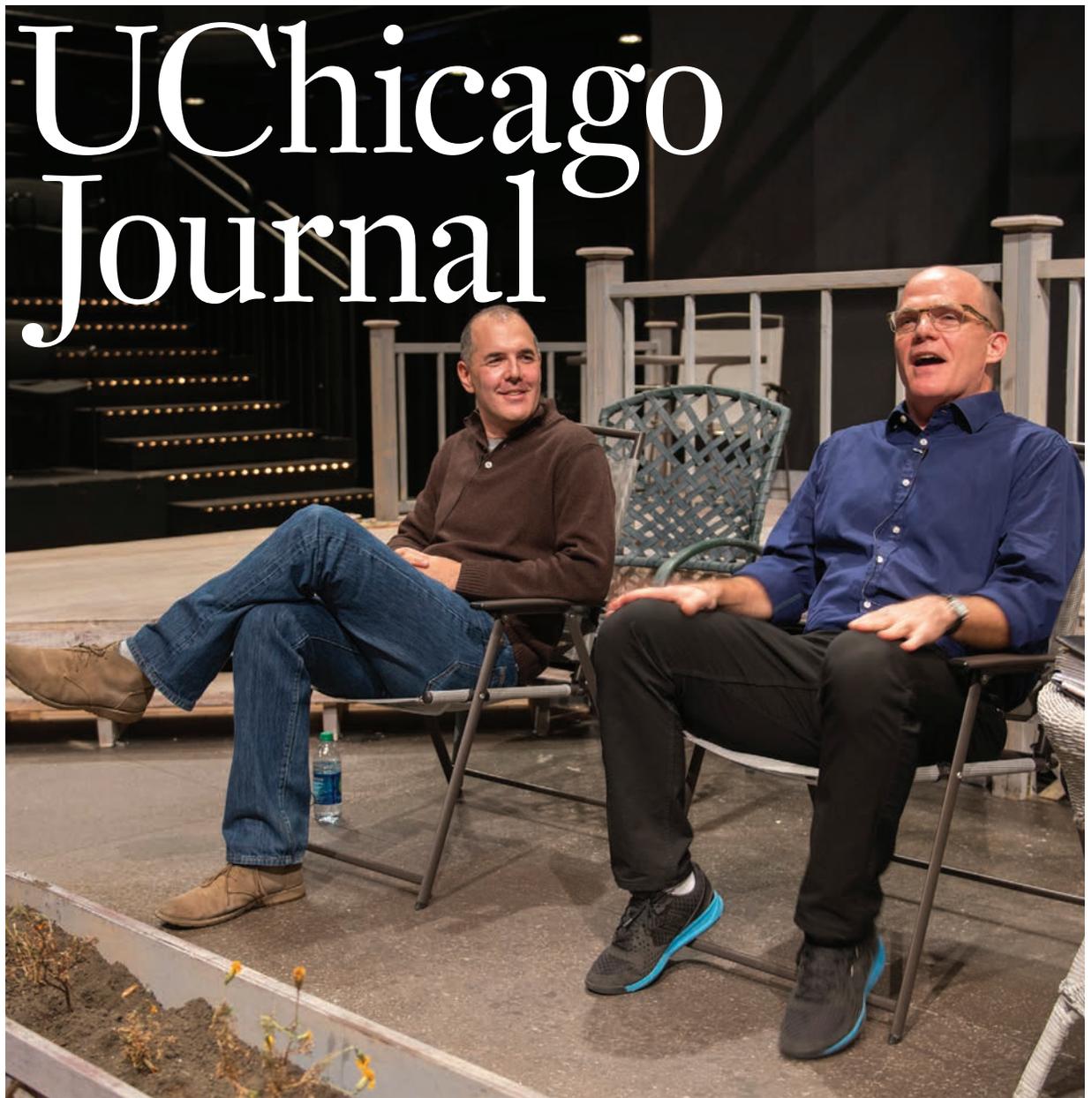
**The University of Chicago Press proudly
announces the 2013 winner**

ANDREAS GLAESER



POLITICAL EPISTEMICS

*The Secret Police, the
Opposition, and the End
of East German Socialism*



ARTS

Proving ground

How Hyde Park's idiosyncrasies enhanced an award-winning play.

David Auburn, AB'91, originally set his Tony Award-winning play *Proof* no-

where—or anywhere. “There was kind of a generic feeling to it when it was set in an unnamed place that I didn’t like.”

Auburn’s drama, about a brilliant mathematics professor suffering from mental illness and the caretaker daughter who shares his intellectual gift and psychological curse, needed geographical roots. Hyde Park hit home.

Beyond giving *Proof* a sense of place, the location added an idiosyncratic emotional atmosphere. In a conversation with Court Theatre artistic director **Charles Newell**, who directed a spring

production of *Proof*, Auburn recalled eccentric figures from his undergraduate days who were the subjects of rumors. “Usually the rumors had to do with them being these incredibly brilliant prodigies in their youth who had then slipped off the rails, and they were still sort of haunting the neighborhood.”

He realized Robert, the mathematician at the center of *Proof*, was one of them. “That was the person, the character that I was already writing, so it felt that the play really belonged in Hyde Park.”—*Jason Kelly*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT KOZLOFF



The jarring truth is that knowledge about head injuries remains foggy.

NEUROLOGY

Cognitive dissonance

At a conference on concussions, many questions and few answers.

Doctors—especially specialists with decades of experience—are supposed to *know*. Yet again and again, speakers at the conference Mild Head Injury, Concussion, and Return to Activities, held in January at the Gleacher Center, voice variations on the same theme: “We don’t really understand.” “There’s no data.” “Everyone thinks they’re right but nobody knows.” Organized by **David Frim**, professor of surgery and pediatrics and chief of neurosurgery, and Julian Bailes, chair of neurosurgery at NorthShore University HealthSystem, the conference was intended for a broad range of health professionals—neurosurgeons, emer-

gency room physicians, pediatricians, physical therapists, as well as coaches and physical education teachers.

“If you remember one thing, remember this: concussion spectrum,” says the first speaker, Ann-Christine Duhaime, a pediatric neurosurgeon at Massachusetts General and a Harvard professor. “What is a concussion? It depends on who you ask.” Early studies of concussion took a biomechanical approach, she explains, assuming that a head injury was determined by the type, direction, and magnitude of the force. But recent research has undermined that assumption.

In her four-year study of football, men’s hockey, and women’s hockey at three colleges, the goal was to determine if there is a biomechanical threshold for concussion and if forces can predict outcomes. The athletes suffered almost half a million impacts, she says. Yet just 48 players were concussed: 40 in football and eight in hockey, of whom seven were female. One unexpected finding, Duhaime says, was that some of these injuries “had no specific identified impact.”

Another surprise was that only half of the patients had immediate symptoms, and very few of these symptoms could be observed by others.

As for forces, there was a wide range and no obvious threshold. “Are subconcussive hits equally important?” she says. “Maybe you can get symptoms from repeated subconcussive hits. ... Do the symptoms matter, or do the forces matter? Or maybe it has to do with your genes.”

Deciding when an athlete should return to play is just as nebulous. You want to prevent three things, Duhaime says: second impact syndrome (a rare but serious condition that can cause death) in the short term, exacerbated or persistent symptoms in the medium term, and permanent cognitive deficits in the long term. But there is no evidence that waiting to recover completely prevents second impact syndrome. “We don’t understand if physical or cognitive rest makes sense” in preventing persistent symptoms. And “we just don’t know” what causes permanent damage, she says. “How many hits is too many? Too many of what?”

Next up is Elizabeth M. Pieroth, clinical neuropsychologist at NorthShore. “Neuropsychology has a long history of research on concussion, starting with the 1970s on boxing,” she says. “We were the first to use college athletes as a natural experiment.”

To assess her patients, Pieroth relies on interviews and neuropsychological tests—but there is little correlation between the two. “Athletes are not always truthful,” she says. “One part of my job is people lying directly to my face. Particularly girl soccer players.” Sometimes they’re being deliberately untruthful: an athlete understates her injury because she doesn’t want to let the team down. Sometimes they aren’t; for example, an athlete who doesn’t realize that sensitivity to light is a symptom. Testing also finds impairment in patients who seem symptom-free. “Physical and cognitive symptoms usually recover together,” Pieroth says, “but not always.”

The cognitive tests look at attention, memory, language, visual-spatial processing, and sensory motor skills, among other factors. While there are literally hundreds of different tests, both paper based and computer based, “most tests are designed to catch the

big things—gross abnormalities,” she says. But “concussion is subtle.”

Pieroth lists various factors that can delay recovery, including age (younger children recover more slowly), gender (girls recover more slowly), ADD or learning disabilities (“these kids’ brains are wired a little differently”), and depression or anxiety. “We talk a lot about return to play, but not return to learn,” says Pieroth, who advocates getting young people back into school as soon as possible. “Microscopes, whiteboards, and hallways are difficult for kids” with concussions, she says, but there are simple solutions. If navigating crowded hallways is a problem, for example, a student could be given permission to leave class three minutes early.

During the lunchtime panel discussion, attendees have a chance to ask their own questions, including the most basic: how do you know when to clear an athlete to return to play? Frim’s stark answer: “There is no way we can clear someone to go back and play football,” he says. “It is an inherently dangerous game. So is hockey. So is soccer.” But sports have advantages that counterbalance the risks, he adds: athletes tend to get better grades and more sleep than nonathletes; they can benefit from a close relationship with their coach.

How about “brain rest,” a common concussion treatment that limits physical and intellectual activity? “The brain is just as metabolically active when you’re asleep as when you’re doing calculus,” Duhaime says. “Brain rest doesn’t make sense metabolically.”

How many concussions are too many? Even a reasonable assumption—that children who have multiple concussions are at a higher risk for future injuries or long-term complications—is unproven, says Frim. “Are they at a higher risk of injury than their peers? We have no data to answer it with. ... Is CTE [chronic traumatic encephalopathy] started by early concussions? There are so many questions we can’t answer.”

As for whether kids should play these sports at all, “It’s a personal decision; everyone has a comfort level with risk,” says Pieroth. She recommends thinking in terms of risk stratification. “If you’re a hundred pounds and five two, don’t play football. Don’t play on three different travel teams.”

—Carrie Golus, *AB’91, AM’93*

HUMANITARIAN AID

Visionary leadership

Janice Guzon, ’14, will never see perfectly, but she’s focused on helping others.

Macabebe, a fishing town in the Philippines, is home to a winding river, lush greenery, and stately neoclassical churches. In May 2010 the ancient city was also home to a mobile clinic operated by a US-based foundation that offered free vision services.

Late one afternoon, a teenage boy walked into the clinic and tested for a very strong prescription. Asked for his current glasses, the teenager said he didn’t have any; his family couldn’t afford eye care. Unable to read the blackboard, he had never made it through the first grade. Receiving a pair of donated glasses and putting them on—seeing the world clearly for the first time—he began to cry.

The recycled glasses that gave him a new view of the world came from the clinic’s stash of 2,000 pairs collected by EYEsee, a nonprofit founded by

Janice Guzon, a third-year in the College. Thirteen time zones away, in Hoffman Estates, Illinois, Guzon also grew up with failing vision. As a high school freshman, she discovered the cause when she was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. Eyeglasses had always enabled her to live normally, but she didn’t fully appreciate them until 2008, when an aunt in the Philippines wrote asking for money to buy a pair. “Until then,” Guzon says, “I had just kind of taken glasses for granted.”

That summer, at 15, Guzon founded EYEsee, an organization run by college and high school students that collects used eyeglasses in the United States for distribution to poor populations in Haiti, the Philippines, Venezuela, Micronesia, the Congo, and other countries—some 35,000 eyeglasses to date. In January Guzon won *Glamour* magazine’s first Top Ten College Women Reader’s Choice Contest for her work with EYEsee.

After her aunt’s letter arrived, Guzon did some research and learned that in developing countries, where some families make only \$4 a day, a pair of eyeglasses can cost a year’s salary. Meanwhile, Americans discard four million pairs a year. Several US service organizations have eyeglass recycling programs, yet most discarded glasses still wind up in a landfill.

Unable to function without her



Guzon set her sights high when she founded a nonprofit in high school.

glasses, Guzon understood the consequences for the productivity and even employability of those who can't afford them. Recruiting four friends, she started EYEsee with a laptop and a series of meetings at the local library.

Short and slight, with a voice barely above a whisper, Guzon has an unassuming presence. But she galvanized her small team to swiftly build an organization that could collect glasses on a large scale.

Choosing the name and designing a website, logo, and T-shirts, they wrote letters asking churches, schools, senior centers, and other groups to sponsor eyeglass collections. They also asked humanitarian organizations to distribute the glasses overseas (three said yes). They recruited about 50 volunteers and collected 7,000 pairs of eyeglasses, mainly from churches, the first year.

With success came credibility and an additional 12 distribution partners as well as more volunteers and collection sites. When eyeglasses arrive, EYEsee measures their prescription strength using a lensometer, labels them, and packages them for distributors. Eyeglasses left over from a distribution trip are inventoried by the partner organization and saved for future use.

Guzon hasn't had the time or money to go on a trip herself. But the next phase of EYEsee's long-term strategic plan may take her abroad—the organization wants to establish on-site clinics that will provide year-round ophthalmological care where it is most needed. Guzon, who plans to run EYEsee full time after graduation, hopes to partner with local government and community organizations to start the clinics, and her \$1,500 *Glamour* award will serve as seed money.

A public policy major at the U of C, Guzon has delegated many of EYEsee's day-to-day tasks to the group's key corps of volunteers. But she continues to oversee all aspects of the operation, including the annual report, containing data and stories provided by the distributors: lines to receive eyeglasses stretching around city blocks, recipients stunned to find that they can now read their bibles or see their grandchildren's faces. The glasses, says Guzon, are "helping those most in need."

—Katherine Muhlenkamp

PUBLISHING

Academe ease

Three alumni develop an online platform to streamline the path to publication.

As a sociology PhD student in 2007, **Brian Cody**, AM'08, was thinking about publishing a paper. "If you write this," a professor told him, "we can probably get this published in two years." A journal's volunteer peer reviewers might take four months or more to read an article, then Cody would have to rewrite, and then the journal had to be printed. Cody's professor said, "That's just the way it works."

Rob Walsh, AM'07, saw the flip side while working as an editorial assistant at one of Johns Hopkins University Press's English journals. Walsh helped manage the stacks of submitted manuscripts, all stored in filing cabinets. Once, Walsh says, a professor from Harvard asked after his paper, which he had submitted about a year before. Walsh looked in the files and discovered that it was never sent to reviewers.

"The way scholarly publishing works

is an accepted evil," says Cody. To change it, he cofounded Scholastica, a web-based publishing platform and review-management system. With Walsh and **Cory Schires**, AM'07, both graduates of the Master of Arts Program in the Social Sciences (MAPSS), Cody is creating an infrastructure for editors and authors to manage submissions and peer reviews, plus a cloud-based, open-access platform that allows articles to be published as soon as possible. Says Cody: "We're hoping to be like a Tumblr platform for academic publishing."

The founders share a philosophy—to a point—with the late Aaron Swartz, the Internet activist who aimed to make knowledge more accessible. (Starting in late 2010, the 23-year-old Swartz took his activism a step beyond the legal line by downloading millions of articles from JSTOR, a digital library of academic publications, using the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's campus network, with the alleged goal of distributing the articles for free.) The difference between Scholastica's objective and Swartz's, says Cody, is that Scholastica not only wants to change how knowledge is distributed but also the supply chain in which it is created: "We want to work with the content producers within academia to give them the infrastructure they need to have total control over the creation and dissemination of their knowledge."



Cody, Schires, and Walsh (clockwise from top left) manage Scholastica via Skype.

PHOTOS COURTESY SCHOLASTICA

CITATIONS

THE MULTITASKING BRAIN

Adding evidence to a growing idea that most areas of the brain have multiple overlapping functions, neurobiologist **David Freedman**, graduate student **Chris Rishel**, and former research technician Gang Huang have found that a part of the posterior parietal cortex, known to play a role in directing spatial attention and eye movements, also helps sort visual information into categories. For a study published in the March *Neuron*, the scientists taught monkeys to play a video game assigning moving patterns into categories, a task Freedman compared to an umpire calling balls and strikes. Measuring the electrical patterns of neurons in the animals' parietal lobes, the researchers found the brain cells were simultaneously encoding eye movement and category-sorting information. Overlapping functions, Freedman says, may help boost the brain's overall capacity.

ASTHMA FORECAST

Children with two copies of a common genetic variation who also catch a wheezing cold early in life are likely to

develop asthma by the age of 6. In fact, about 90 percent of them do, according to a study by Chicago researchers. The genetic variation, on chromosome 17, is associated with early-onset asthma. Studying two groups of children at high risk for asthma, one American and the other Danish, researchers found that a 50 percent likelihood of developing asthma with two copies of the genetic variation rose to 90 percent for children who caught a rhinovirus accompanied by wheezing before they were 3 years old. The effect is not merely additive but interactive, researchers said. UChicago geneticists **Carole Ober**, **Michelle Stein**, **Gaixin Du**, and **Dan Nicolae** worked with researchers from the University of Wisconsin–Madison and the University of Copenhagen; their results were published in the March *New England Journal of Medicine*.

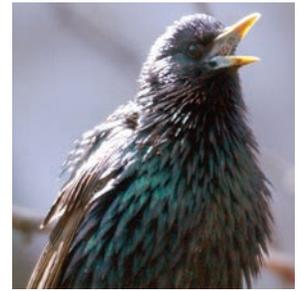
PSYCHOPATH SCANS

Lack of empathy is a hallmark characteristic of psychopathy, and a study by UChicago neuroscientists shows that it's because psychopaths aren't

neurally equipped to care for others. Studying the brain responses of 80 convicted prisoners between 18 and 50—all men, all volunteers—using fMRI, the researchers showed them videos depicting facial expressions of pain and exposed them to scenarios of people being intentionally hurt. Those who'd scored high on psychopathy tests exhibited little activity in parts of the brain fundamental for empathy and concern for others. A collaboration between psychology professor **Jean Decety**, psychology graduate student **Laurie Skelly**, and University of New Mexico researcher Kent Kiehl, the study was published online April 24 in *JAMA Psychiatry*.

TO LEARN, SLEEP

When learning two new and competing tasks in the same day, a good night's sleep helps the brain retain both. In a study published in March in the online *Psychological Science*, researchers tested starlings' ability to recognize and repeat two pairs of songs learned in a single day. They found that learning one pair interfered with the birds' ability to



Sleep helped starlings remember songs.

remember the other pair when they were tested before going to sleep. When the starlings were allowed to sleep, their performances improved for both sets of songs, and when they were taught a new song upon awakening, they were still able to remember what they'd learned the day before, despite the new interference. Research has long shown that sleep helps consolidate memory, but this study, by psychology graduate student **Timothy Brawn**, psychology professor **Howard Nusbaum**, and biologist **Daniel Margoliash**, is the first to show that sleep helps consolidate two competing memories.

—Lydialye Gibson

Their system seeks to streamline the publishing process, which they say can be cut to just two to three months. “A big part of the time is publishing—copy-editing, layout, printing,” says Cody. “You can cut at least a month off that just by putting the journal online.”

Scholastica, which launched in 2011 and left the beta stage in early 2012, works with more than 60 journals, including the *University of Chicago Law Review*; the *California Law Review*; and the *Journal of Religion, Identity, and Politics* at the University of Denver and Iliff School of Theology. Many of the journals now accept submissions solely through Scholastica. The cost (paid directly to Scholastica): \$5 for submissions to law reviews and \$10 for submissions to journals in any other field, paid for by either the author or an institution on their behalf.

Schires says the Scholastica cofounders targeted prestigious publications to build the platform's reputation. Almost right away, law journals jumped on the bandwagon. Law reviews can get thousands of submissions—unlike in other academic fields, authors can submit to more than one at a time—and Scholastica provides a way for the editors to easily read and debate each submission, all making notes in one place, unlike the reigning online submission system for law reviews, ExpressO.

Because submission fees add up, the \$5 Scholastica charge—about \$3 more than ExpressO—caused a small uproar among legal bloggers. Mike Madison, a professor at the University of Pittsburgh School of Law, worried on Madisonian.net that, because Scholastica “is private, and revenue-dependent,” schools and individual scholars

are always going to have to pay.

A key advantage of Scholastica: many existing journal management programs, Walsh says, amount to a “piece of software in a box that doesn't change.” Walsh, Cody, and Schires, all self-trained programmers, update their software regularly.

The three see themselves fighting alongside scholars and institutions to fix a broken publishing system. They regularly talk to journal editors and authors about what kinds of features would make their lives easier, and then debate the best ways to implement them. In March the company launched a beta version of Scholastica Analytics, a page where editors can see key metrics about their journals, such as average number of days to manuscript decisions and acceptance rate.

While Walsh and Schires still live

in Chicago, Cody—who decided in late 2012 to leave the PhD program to focus on Scholastica full time—moved to Phoenix with his wife. But every day they're together. After a morning "scrum," a common tech company practice to make quick decisions, they stay on Skype all day. "We'll all be on mute," says Walsh, but "it's like they're in the same room."

Scholastica is also working on a kind of matchmaking service to help journals find reviewers and vice versa, which they hope will allow other academics—and tenure boards—to see the quality of each reviewer. "It proves a contribution to knowledge," says Cody.

The three foresee 2013 being their first profitable year. In one week in February, 1,000 new users signed up. But creating the technology is an iterative process that cannot be rushed. Even in its earliest versions, though, journal editors have expressed appreciation for the way Scholastica streamlines publishing. "One editor said that this has been his most efficient period ever," says Cody. "That's what we want."

—Ruth E. Kott, AM'07

GAY RIGHTS

Rainbow flags

American Jordan Long joins the European struggle for gay rights.

Jordan Long, AM'06, loves "aha" moments. Like when he's talking to a group of gay and transgender students and suddenly they begin to see how their individual struggles—against discrimination from teachers and landlords, or bullies on campus, or doctors who might out them to their parents—are part of a broader battle for human rights.

Or when he's able to help young people who have perhaps never encountered a gay person understand that closeted sexual orientation is a secret not so different from the hard, powerful secrets they may keep in their own lives. "What if you live in a very religious

community and you decide you're not a believer anymore?" Long says. "What if your parents are getting a divorce or your sibling is really sick and you don't want to talk about it? All these are secrets that young people carry around."

Since 2011 Long has been programmes and policy officer for IGLYO, a Brussels-based advocacy group whose acronym stands, roughly, for the International Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer Youth and Student Organization. Founded in 1984, IGLYO is a vast network of member organizations throughout Europe, plus a few others scattered in the Middle East, Asia, and Latin America. Primarily, IGLYO serves people under 30. "For LGBTQ youth, we don't really have a big youth empowerment movement in the US," says Long, who grew up in North Carolina and moved to Europe several years ago with his German boyfriend. "When it comes to employment and education and benefits and almost everything, under 30 means something different here in Europe."

IGLYO works to get antidiscrimination laws passed through the Euro-

NEXT GENERATION CIRCULAR ANSWERS

Turning theory into practice, UChicago physicists have created the first ever knotted vortex, in this case, an underwater whirlpool configured not as a single loop, but as multiple loops linked and twisted together. It's sort of like knotting a smoke ring.

For more than a century, knotted vortices have been thought to play a fundamental role in the sun's turbulent plasmas, in neutron stars, and in ordinary fluids. But scientists had never before managed to create one. UChicago physicist William Irvine and physics postdoc Dustin Kleckner did it using hydrofoils—winglike structures in curled and looping and linked shapes—which they lowered into a water tank and coated with tiny air bubbles. When the scientists accelerated



a hydrofoil to more than 100 g velocity and halted it at the bottom of the tank, the air bubbles were released into the water and traced the shape of the resulting vortex. The scientists filmed its movement and dissipation.

Contrary to theory, which suggests that vortex knots should be persistent, stable phenomena,

Irvine and Kleckner discovered them to be dynamic and evolving. Vortex knots stretch and elongate; they circulate in opposite directions and then collide, breaking apart. They reconfigure and reconnect. Irvine and Kleckner published their findings on "these fascinating excitations of nature" in the April *Nature Physics*.—Lydia Ilye Gibson

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KOZLOFF



Demonstrators in France protest a proposed law allowing gay adoptions.

pean Union, and Long, who earned a UChicago MAPSS degree in anthropology and a JD from the University of Michigan, helps with that effort. But legislative lobbying can be slow going, especially in the EU's unwieldy system, with member nations whose views of gay rights vary widely. Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, and the Netherlands allow same-sex marriage; several European nations allow gay adoption. But other countries—among them Poland, Ukraine, Lithuania, and Belarus—have constitutional bans forbidding same-sex marriage. France's parliament voted this year to allow gay marriage and adoption, despite protests that made global headlines.

Long's most gratifying work is often closer to the ground, leading workshops at the three or four annual IGLYO conferences where young people with a whole range of gender, transgender, and sexual identities meet up. Daytime workshops focus on what Long calls "capacity building": helping LGBTQ young people to understand their rights, teaching them a vocabulary to discuss the social issues they face. "They can't talk about bullying without talking about things like personal safety and freedom of expression and freedom of assembly," Long says. "So we give them those terms, which become civil rights terms, to talk about the actual issue." Other times, the advice IGLYO workshops offer is purely

practical. "Most European law already takes into account confidentiality, but that doesn't mean doctors in Slovakia won't tell someone's parents that they have an STD or that they came out as gay in the consultation," Long says. But if a patient understands the law, "then when they bring their health concerns to their doctor, they can say first, 'I know you're bound by confidentiality, and I expect you to hold to that.'"

Sometimes the young people who come to conferences are not yet out to family and friends back home. "For them, it's often the first safe space they've had," Long says. During small-group discussions in the evenings, attendees reflect on their experiences. "So that's where someone might say, 'It's the first time I've ever been out in public. Only one person in Bulgaria knows that I'm gay.'"

The conferences are an intense few days, Long says, that can have lasting, profound effects on attendees. "Youth can be such a confusing time, and you're trying to find a definition that makes you who you are," he says. Being able to play a role in creating that definition, consciously and deliberately, makes a huge difference in young people's lives. "I didn't really have that growing up. I did it through my studies. Which is why I studied LGBT issues and LGBT empowerment. That was what I wanted to understand about myself."—*Lydia Lyle Gibson*

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER'S INDEX

ARTISTIC FLOURISH

Square footage of studio space in UChicago's new Arts Incubator, which opened March 8 in the Washington Park neighborhood:

10,000

University investment, in millions, in the property at 301 East Garfield Boulevard, since its 2008 purchase:

\$1.85

Grant from ArtPlace, an organization that supports creative placemaking:

\$400,000

Number of applications to the Arts Incubator's first residency program:

150

Number of artists in residence selected:

5

Honorarium each artist in residence receives:

\$10,000

FOR THE RECORD



KOLB'S APPOINTMENT IN THE STARS
Astrophysicist **Edward "Rocky" Kolb** has been appointed dean of the Physical Sciences Division, effective July 1. Kolb, the Arthur Holly Compton distinguished service professor of astronomy and astrophysics and the College, serves on the boards of the Giant Magellan Telescope and the Adler Planetarium. An elected advisory committee of division faculty recommended Kolb. He succeeds **Robert A. Fefferman**, the Max Mason distinguished service professor of mathematics, who will return to the faculty full time.

PROTEST RESPONSE UNDER REVIEW

Two University police employees were placed on administrative leave after an on-duty detective posed as a protester during a February 23 rally calling for an adult trauma unit at the medical center. In an e-mail to the campus community, President **Robert J. Zimmer** and Provost **Thomas F. Rosenbaum** called the action "totally antithetical to our values" and "deeply problematic for discourse and mutual respect on campus." The University retained Patricia Brown Holmes, a partner in the Chicago law firm Schiff Hardin LLP, to conduct an independent review of the campus police and administrative responses to the February 23 protest, as well as to a January 27 demonstration at the Center for Care and Discovery, where four protesters were arrested.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Ian H. Solomon, the United States executive director

of the World Bank Group, joins the University June 1 as vice president for global engagement. Solomon will oversee international programs and partnerships, overseas centers and campuses, research collaborations, and global education opportunities for students. A senior adviser to Treasury secretary Timothy Geithner and a legislative counsel to then senator Barack Obama before going to the World Bank in 2010, Solomon also will help coordinate international student applications and financial aid, support for scholars abroad, and international alumni relations.



HIGH-ENERGY RESEARCH

A collaboration of five US universities and the Marshall Space Flight Center, led by UChicago astrophysicist **Angela Olinto**, has received \$4.4 million from NASA to build a telescope for the International Space Station. Called the Extreme Universe Space Observatory, the 2.5-meter ultraviolet telescope is to be completed in 2017. Thirteen countries will help build the telescope, which will search for the unknown source of ultra high-energy cosmic rays, the universe's most energetic particles.

COSTS AND BENEFITS

The University announced a 4 percent increase in the cost of undergraduate education for 2013-14 and a 5.1 percent increase in the financial aid budget. Total cost for the next academic year will be

\$60,039, with about 60 percent of students receiving need- or merit-based aid from a budget of \$104 million—more than double the figure of a decade ago.



APPLIED STATISTICS

On March 15 **John W. Boyer**, AM'69, PhD'75, dean of the College, pushed "send" on the final notices to applicants in a record year. The acceptance rate fell to an all-time low of 8.8 percent after the College drew a record 30,369 applications. About 1,400 students are expected to enroll from among 2,676 who received offers of admission. The admitted class includes 117 students from Chicago, who could benefit from the new UChicago Promise initiative, which replaces loans with grants for admitted students from the city.

FUNDS FOR INNOVATION

Modeled after the College's Uncommon Fund, the new Graduate Student Innovation Grant has chosen seven projects for up to \$5,000 in funding. Recipients include the *Chicago Art Journal*, a student-run art history publication; forums on US-China relations and issues affecting students with disabilities; a retreat on work-life balance; and a graphic design workshop.

MARSHALING DATA

Rayid Ghani, chief scientist for the Obama presidential campaign's data analytics team, has joined the University to apply his expertise to the task of solving complex

social problems. As chief data scientist for the Computation Institute's Urban Center for Computation and Data, Ghani's role includes building models to simulate the impact of policy decisions and urban development. He will also work with the Harris School of Public Policy to launch a master's degree program in data-driven policy making and to establish a conference on urban technology innovation.



HIRE EDUCATION

Michele A. Rasmussen has been appointed dean of students in the University, effective July 8. Rasmussen, dean of the undergraduate college at Bryn Mawr, will oversee a dozen programs and services and a staff of about 90, reporting to **Karen Warren Coleman**, vice president for campus life and student services. A biological anthropologist, Rasmussen previously served as director of Duke University's academic advising and as dean of its undergraduate liberal arts college.

A SOCIAL AND PROFESSIONAL NETWORK

A new alumni directory launched April 1, incorporating the functions of the former Alumni Careers Network to combine professional and social networking in one place. Part of the UChicago Community Online, the directory will also be available to current students, allowing them to connect with alumni.



De Wit's work bridges a gap between research into how drugs affect animals and how they influence humans.

PSYCHOLOGY

Sobriety tests

Harriet de Wit studies drug use in humans to better prevent and treat addiction.

Houseplants and travel photos dot the shelves in **Harriet de Wit's** office, where she greets a visitor and beckons toward a comfy leather couch. "Tea? Water?" she asks, holding a ceramic mug ringed with cartoon cats.

Drinks served, de Wit settles into a large leather chair, ankles crossed. Beside her looms a tall bookshelf crammed with textbooks and manuals on drug abuse. Among the titles: *The Wiley-Blackwell Handbook of Addiction Psychopharmacology*, a 782-page tome she recently coedited.

For more than three decades, de Wit's Chicago laboratory has re-

searched the effects that commonly abused drugs, both legal and illegal, have on the human body and mind. Asked about her work, she pauses and says, "We need to be a bit careful in presenting what we do to the world." That's because rather than using animals like much drug research does, her lab relies on healthy human volunteers, all of whom undergo extensive medical and psychological testing before they participate in a study. Depending on the experiment, a subject might consume a substance such as caffeine, alcohol, nicotine, MDMA ("ecstasy"), or THC, the active ingredient in marijuana.

It's research that's prone to sensationalism, says de Wit, the principal investigator on several projects funded by the National Institutes of Health. "The first thing many ask is, 'You mean, you give drugs to people?'"

Yes, she does. But her research questions are sober minded. Why are some people more likely to abuse drugs and alcohol than others? What environmental triggers can lead to relapse? What genetic factors put an individual

more at risk for dependency? She's also currently doing a nondrug study about the genetic basis of impulsive behaviors, which can be risk factors for drug taking. Unraveling the underlying mechanisms, de Wit says, can lead to more effective prevention of and treatment for addiction.

The Human Behavioral Pharmacology Laboratory recruits potential volunteers with Craigslist ads. Participants are typically between the ages of 18 and 35, or at least 21 for studies involving alcohol. An online survey eliminates anyone taking medications or with above- or below-average body weight. Individuals who make the cut visit the lab to take detailed psychiatric and personality questionnaires and undergo a screening interview designed to rule out anyone with serious anxiety, depression, or other psychiatric issues.

As a final step, volunteers review their medical history with a nurse and have a complete physical exam as well as an electrocardiogram. A psychiatrist then reviews all the materials and approves or declines the applicant.

When an approved volunteer arrives for a study, lab assistants take a blood-alcohol measure and urine sample to make sure the person hasn't been using drugs. Depending on the experiment, the subject might complete a computerized questionnaire about their emotional state, then repeat the same questionnaire, along with physiological tests, at regular intervals to track a drug's effect. Volunteers, who generally receive the lowest possible doses known to produce behavioral or mood-altering effects, are carefully monitored throughout each multi-hour session, which they spend in a small room equipped with a computer, movies, and magazines to help pass the time. No one leaves the lab until they are sober.

De Wit's work bridges a gap between studies that investigate how drugs affect animals and how they influence humans. With rats, experimenters have long measured how much reward the animal experiences from a drug by testing for what's known as place preference. The rodent is put in a large chamber divided into two parts. On one side, the animal repeatedly receives a commonly abused drug. On the other, it receives a placebo. When the divider is removed, rats typically hang out on the side where they got the drugs, signaling their preference.

De Wit and longtime colleague **Emma Childs**, an assistant professor and research associate, wanted to see if the place conditioning principle, which had never been studied in humans, held across species. "Drug users often form very strong positive associations with

places where they use drugs," such as bars or parties, de Wit explains.

To test the theory, the researchers had subjects visit the lab six times, each time being escorted to one of two rooms. Both are nearly identical, furnished with a leather couch, computer, and pile of magazines you'd find in any doctor's office. A Monet landscape decorates otherwise plain walls.

Unaware of what substance they're consuming, subjects receive a small amount of alcohol—dosage is determined by gender and body weight—in one room and a placebo in the other. On a seventh and final session, subjects are asked which space they preferred. Most opted for the room where they received the alcohol.

Of course, kicking a drug habit isn't as simple as avoiding a particular environment. Withdrawal symptoms often trigger relapse. Less understood, however, is why some drug users resume old behavior long after withdrawal pangs subside.

One culprit is a phenomenon known as incubation. In a 2011 study, de Wit and her colleagues discovered that smokers who abstained from nicotine and then were exposed to reminders—photos of people smoking, the scent of smoke, the act of holding a lit cigarette—were more likely to experience cravings the longer they had been away from cigarettes.

It's a finding with real-world repercussions. "We tend to think with substance-abuse treatment that if you put people in an inpatient unit, away from all their cues," de Wit says, "the lon-

ger they're in treatment, the better." In fact, that may foster an incubation period in which cravings grow more intense. "Taking people away from all their cues isn't necessarily going to improve their situation," de Wit adds. "But showing them cues along the way might actually immunize them."

Such discoveries reiterate her lab's ultimate aim: paving the way toward more insightful and informed treatments.

—Brooke E. O'Neill, *AM '04*

ECONOMICS

Utility research

Emily Oster applies economic principles to all of life's questions.

Imagine you were at high risk for a debilitating disease that would substantially shorten your life, and that a genetic test would tell you whether or not you would develop the disease. Would you take the test?

"Standard economic theory suggests that you should get the test," says economist **Emily Oster**, who examined the question for an April *American Economic Review* study. "It would be informative about the choices you'd like to make in your life. ... If I know I'm only going to live to 60, maybe I'd want to retire at 50 and do something fun."

In reality you likely wouldn't take the test, Oster says. An associate professor at Chicago Booth, she brings an economist's eye to health behaviors around the globe, from STDs to the availability of medical care for women and children in India. For the *American Economic Review* paper, Oster and two physicians from Georgetown and Johns Hopkins looked at people at risk for Huntington's disease, a degenerative brain disorder that causes uncontrolled movements and cognitive problems and shortens life expectancy. Those who have a parent with Huntington's have a 50 percent chance of developing the disease. A blood DNA test can definitively tell whether they will or won't.



In her lab's controlled environment, de Wit treats subjects with kid gloves.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON SMITH

Most choose not to be tested—a stark contrast to the preferences at-risk people expressed before they had that option. In surveys conducted before the Huntington’s test came out in the 1990s, about two-thirds of respondents said yes, they’d want to be tested. “After the test was available, they actually didn’t want it.”

Over a ten-year period, fewer than 10 percent of the 1,001 people Oster studied—Americans and Canadians, each of whom had a parent, sibling, or child with the disease—elected to be tested. To Oster this suggests that people find greater comfort in not knowing. “If you step out of the economics box and step into a person box,” she says, the results aren’t so surprising. “People derive utility and happiness from imagining the future.” Testing would take that away.

One of a growing number of economists bringing their scholarship to bear on other fields of study—among them UChicago colleague and *Freakonomics* coauthor **Steven Levitt**—Oster has always been interested in science. She spent a college summer working with fruit flies in a lab. Now she reads medical literature for fun and inspiration. One current project explores why US infant mortality rates are substantially worse than those in Europe, and whether home nurse visits, routine in Europe but mostly absent in this country, play a role. “We have very good neonatal intensive care units; we do very well with premature births,” Oster says. “For that period where you’re engaged with a hospital, the United States looks just as good as Finland or Austria.” But after the babies go home, infant mortality rates diverge. “Between one month and one year we’re looking terrible.”

And like some other economists straddling multiple disciplines, Oster has stirred up occasional controversy. A 2005 paper, written when she was a graduate student at Harvard, argued that hepatitis B was a major—and overlooked—reason that men outnumber women in China. That conclusion turned out to be mistaken, and three years later Oster wrote a follow-up paper retracting her findings.

Another 2005 study, on Africa’s HIV epidemic, flew in the face of conventional scientific wisdom, which focused on reducing specific risky



Everyday economics: Oster is the Dear Abby of diminishing marginal utility.

behavior. Using simulation models, she found that the difference in HIV incidence between sub-Saharan Africa and the United States had more to do with transmission rates than with sexual behavior. Education campaigns in Africa had worked—they indeed reduced the incidence of high-risk behavior to levels found in the United States. Transmission rates remained higher because of open sores associated with other untreated STDs. Combating diseases like herpes, she concluded, would more effectively reduce HIV infections than additional efforts directed at HIV itself.

The study made waves and earned “a lot of push back,” she says. “I think it would have been more influential if I’d found a better way to communicate with the guys in epidemiology and public health. I was pretty young.” In the end she issued a correction to calculation errors that altered some figures and data tables but did not, she says, affect her central conclusions. In 2012 she took up the subject again, publishing a study in the *Journal of the European Economic Association* that found that when African countries’ trade exports rose, so did their rates of new

HIV infections.

Oster’s writing—and the controversy surrounding it—extends beyond academic journals. Her work has appeared in *Esquire* and *Slate*, on topics from why Doctor Barbie costs more than Magician Barbie to how to most efficiently divide household chores. In a January column for *Slate*, Oster weighed the question of working less so she could spend more time with her two-year-old daughter. Applying the economic principle of diminishing marginal utility, she concluded that eight hours at the office and three hours at home was the split that made her happiest, even though her family gives her more joy than her work. *Slate*’s comments section erupted with dissents.

Later this year Penguin will publish *Expecting Better*, Oster’s book offering advice to expectant parents on how to make evidence-based decisions about medical care. “When you are pregnant,” she says from her own experience, “there are lots of rules and a lot of doctors saying you should do this and not that, and there is usually very little evidence.” In the book she explores the true risks of drinking alcohol, eating sushi, and invasive test-

ing for Down syndrome.

Oster's own parents set her up early for a life guided by curiosity and research that explores unusual territory. Both economists, they recorded her chattering in her crib after they turned off the light and said good night. Those recordings eventually became the basis of *Narratives from the Crib*, a study by four developmental psychologists,

a psychiatrist, and a linguist about how children acquire linguistic skills. Like many of Oster's own studies, it had a surprise finding that upended the thinking on child development: her speech was much more sophisticated when she was alone than when talking with her parents.

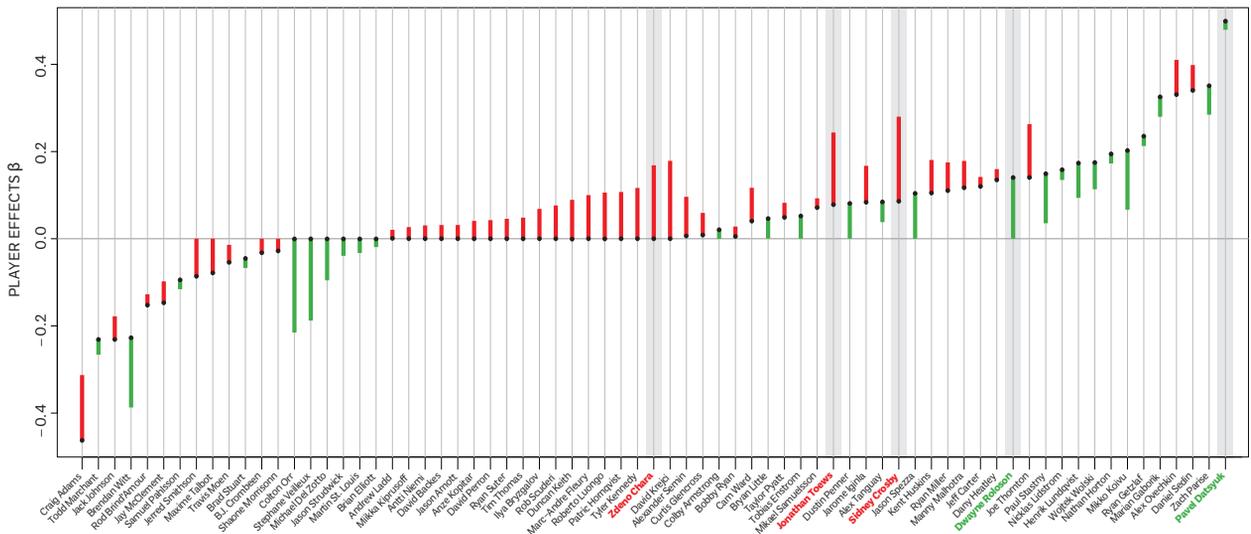
Now Oster is married to another economist—**Jesse Shapiro**, also on the

Chicago Booth faculty. And whether her readers agree or disagree with her arguments, interest in her analytical approach to everyday life is strong. In March the *Wall Street Journal* launched Ask Emily, an advice column based on economic principles. “So ask away,” she wrote in her introductory column. “I’m here to optimize your life.”

—*Michael Knezovich*

FIG. 1 STICK FIGURES

Players' effects on team scoring: green indicates stronger influence than standard performance numbers suggest; red indicates weaker.



Names in **red** and **green** refer to players mentioned in the text.

Bringing a *Moneyball* approach to hockey, Chicago Booth statisticians Robert Gramacy and Matt Taddy, working with Wharton's Shane Jensen, analyzed National Hockey League player performance in a January working paper. Using statistics to strip away “noisy” data and isolate players' individual contributions to their teams' goal scoring, they identified stars who aren't playing up to their salaries and others with undervalued skills.

Most NHL players, the researchers found, do not stand out measurably from their teams'

average performances. In the chart above, the dots indicate the researchers' calculations for individual contribution to goals, and tails link to more standard performance numbers, before team effects are taken into account. For instance, even Pittsburgh Penguins captain Sidney Crosby, widely considered the league's best player, demonstrates a contribution to goal scoring that, while still high, drops after accounting for the strength of his team. The same is true of the Chicago Blackhawks' forward Jonathan Toews and

the Boston Bruins' defenseman Zdeno Chara. Goaltender Dwayne Roloson's stats seem to indicate a poor performance in the NHL, but the researchers' metric showed him to be one of the strongest players, who shines despite his team.

By far, though, the league's best player, according to the researchers, was the Detroit Red Wings' Pavel Datsyuk, whose contribution coefficient remained steadily high even after his team was taken into account. The researchers recommend giving Datsyuk a raise.—*Lydia Iyle Gibson*

GRAPHIC COURTESY ESTIMATING PLAYER CONTRIBUTION IN HOCKEY WITH REGULARIZED LOGISTIC REGRESSION; ADAPTED BY JOY OLLIVIA MILLER

Colorful language

Surviving a Hyde Park screening of the Jackie Robinson biopic *42*.

Kid A and Kid B, both 9, are obsessed with swear words.

The topic is a constant in our dinnertime discussions. Which words are stronger than others? Which words are offensive in British English but not American English? How do you swear in other languages? (Kid A actually looked up Russian expletives on the Internet; Kid B then taught them to the rest of the fourth graders, who gleefully use them in the presence of their unwitting teachers.)

One day Kid B mentioned that someone was shocked to see *Moby-Dick* in the school library.

“He said dick was a swear word,” said Kid B. “So I said, ‘No it isn’t.’ And I yelled, ‘Dick dick dick dick dick!’”

I explained. Kid B was mortified.

Then a few weeks ago, I received an e-mail from the PTO at their school, Murray Language Academy in Hyde Park. We were all invited to a private screening of *42*, the new Jackie Robinson biopic, at Harper Theater. The event included a meet and greet with Dusan Williams, a former Murray student who had a small role in the film.

Kid A is even more obsessed with baseball than swearing, so of course I bought tickets. I didn’t even think to check the rating.

The 130-seat theater was sold out. Everyone cheered when Williams, who plays a young Ed Charles, made his first appearance on-screen. Ed and his mother watch Robinson, then playing for the Montreal Royals, rattle the pitcher in order to steal bases. After Robinson makes it home, Ed explains to his mother what just happened: “He discombobulated the man.” Kid A explains sports to me often; he looked over and smirked.

Kid B was smirking a lot too. The swear words kept coming, and they both kept glancing over at me, asking wordlessly, well, what are you going to do about it?



Chapman’s relentless heckling of Robinson made for uncomfortable viewing.

Then it was April 1947 and Robinson was signed to the Brooklyn Dodgers.

It’s one thing to sit through a PG-13 movie with your kids while they hear words they hear all the time at school anyway. It’s another thing to sit there with your kids and listen to an onslaught of racial abuse.

Thankfully, I didn’t know enough about baseball history to know what was coming when the Dodgers played the Phillies. The scene where Phillies manager Ben Chapman heckles Robinson at the plate just went on. And on. And on.

He used racial slurs I had almost forgotten I knew. Made sexual innuendoes I hoped my kids did not catch. I have no idea if they were still glancing over at me or not. I was too busy hiding behind my hand.

The end of the movie is triumphant, of course. The Dodgers win the pennant and Robinson is named Rookie of the Year. Ed Charles grows up to become a professional baseball player. Chapman is fired and never manages baseball again.

After the movie, we had to have yet another conversation about bad language. Kid B had counted; there were eight different curse words in the movie, not including racial epithets. He decided a racial slur was twice as bad as a swear word. Kid A thought that factor was too low.

In a bald attempt to change the subject, I asked them what their fa-

vorite part of the movie was. Kid A, predictably, chose Jackie Robinson’s first home run. Kid B said he liked the swear words.

—Carrie Golus, AB’91, AM’93

POLITICS

Elephant in the room

As the Institute of Politics officially opens, Republican leaders offer diagnoses for a wounded party.

One could be forgiven for thinking the Institute of Politics was already technically open. Since September the institute, led by former Obama adviser **David Axelrod**, AB’76, had been lacing the University calendar with headline events: election previews and postmortems, a gun-violence panel, conversations with Newt Gingrich, Jon Huntsman, and other well-known political figures.

In fact, it wasn’t until April 8 that the ribbon was officially cut, making an honest institute of the IOP. To mark the occasion in plugged-in Axelrodian style, that evening five prominent Republicans took the stage at International House to field the question posed in

the event's title, "What's Next for the Republican Party?" Chris Wallace of Fox News moderated a panel including former Mississippi governor Haley Barbour, *Weekly Standard* editor Bill Kristol, Romney campaign adviser Beth Myers, *National Review* writer Ramesh Ponnuru, and political consultant Mike Murphy.

The five plied their hindsight with gusto but their crystal balls with trepidation. Looking back at the 2012 presidential election, they attributed Mitt Romney's loss to factors ranging from the other side's money ("enough to burn a wet mule," per Barbour); the bruising primary race; tone ("people thought we were shrill and snotty," Barbour again); and basic Republican messages and policies.

Murphy pressed the last point hard. The party, he said, is "not dead but experimenting with death a little." It will have to do some hard things to win back the White House in 2016 and must demonstrate to voters two points: "We're not crazy, and we're the party of the middle class." Doing a better job of speaking to Asian and Latino voters will help, he said, as will modernizing the party's

approach to health care. Murphy also emphasized the need to get out ahead of same-sex marriage legalization instead of being "dragged behind" it: "It's about getting in the door with 35-and-under voters to pitch your other ideas."

Same-sex marriage rights were a running topic and a seeming point of consensus in the room. Wallace asked the audience, which included liberals but appeared to be mostly on the same political page with the panel, who among them supported same-sex marriage rights. If a few attendees didn't raise their hands, they were hard to spot. But when Kristol asked a quick follow-up—how many would change their vote over the issue?—most hands stayed down, supporting his contention that it's still the economy, stupid. "Have a pro-middle-class tax policy" and an upward-mobility message, he advised. In the election run-up Romney, he thought, spoke "too much about the glory of entrepreneurship, too little about the virtue of solid, middle-class" work.

The Obama campaign capitalized on that focus. Some polls, Barbour said, showed that voters preferred the Re-

publican ticket for the economy, foreign policy, and managing the country. What Romney couldn't overcome was voters' perception that he didn't care about people like them. For Barbour, the opposition did too good a job of painting Romney as that least electable creature, "a quintessential plutocrat married to a known equestrian." And the candidate didn't help matters with his 47 percent remarks—more damaging, Kristol said, for coming in a talk to wealthy donors.

What of 2016? None of the panelists would pin their hopes or predictions on fewer than a handful of hopefuls, from Jeb Bush to Paul Ryan to Bobby Jindal to Marco Rubio. "We need to see them perform" before prognosticating, said Ponnuru. With luck, a Bill Clinton-like figure would emerge to move the party toward the center; without such a candidate, said Murphy, he feared the rise of Texas senator Ted Cruz, potentially "our McGovern."

Bill wasn't the only Clinton invoked. Asked in the Q&A which Democrat they most feared running against, Barbour almost didn't wait for the end of the question to answer: "Whoever beats Hillary."—*Laura Demanski, AM '94*



While showing support for same-sex marriage, the audience also indicated the issue would not influence their votes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KOZLOFF

Economic model

Architect Ann Beha retains the seminary building's historic spirit and reshapes it for the future.

Pedestrians gawk and dump trucks beep as 5757 South University Avenue, once home to the Chicago Theological Seminary and the Seminary Co-op Bookstore, undergoes a renovation.

The refurbished building reopens in 2014, housing the economics department and Becker Friedman Institute for Research in Economics, with planned upgrades including a cloister café, LEED certification, and high-tech classrooms in old library and chapel areas.

Architect Ann Beha, whose Boston firm specializes in adaptive reuse, discussed the project in an interview adapted below.—*Elizabeth Station*

What attracted you to the project?

The University reached out to our firm; I had never been on the campus. I was so taken by the idea of repurposing a building like this that I got very excited about being considered. I loved the contrariness, the challenge, of the fit. It had been a dormitory; it had monastic, cellular rooms and common rooms that were so specifically liturgical in purpose. The question in my mind was, how can a building find a new life with a fundamentally different set of uses?

Describe the architectural challenges.

The building was literally disconnected because it had been built in three campaigns of construction. It was divided by a service alley, and trucks could drive right through the heart of the structure—so one of the challenges was the unification of the space.

Also, while there are great spaces in the building, none was the perfect equivalent of a classroom that the faculty ideally wanted. But the site offered a chance to potentially locate a major new classroom below grade and to hide the footprint, which I loved.

Another specific challenge was to bring dispersed graduate students into one building and give them locations



where they can set up shop collaboratively or individually. The steering committee wanted to make sure this was a building that worked for the students the way that Chicago Booth does. The project will offer a student environment on three levels: the cloister for informal gathering around a coffee bar, the graduate student commons in the old Taylor Chapel, and a loft on the attic floor that can be reconfigured to provide a fun, young, informal work space.

When people enter the renovated building, what will they recognize? What will be gone?

This building has always had a level of iconography in it that's specific to the Christian tradition: valuable stained glass, sculpture that's embedded in the structure or carved into the ornamentation of a room, quotations. The secularization of the building calls on us to think differently about these things.

The University has had a very careful process of considering how it wanted to address these elements, and I think it struck a very appropriate balance. Many of the liturgical or referential materials went with the seminary to its new location, and some liturgical windows will be installed in the atrium of Advocate Christ Medical Center.

All the important historic fixtures are staying. Anything that was built in, such as carvings in the stone or wood, will

remain. It's a wonderful way to have a palimpsest, to layer the rich history into the more contemporary way in which new users will inhabit the building.

Economics will be situated near iconic buildings: Robie House, Rockefeller Chapel, Rafael Viñoly's Harper Center.

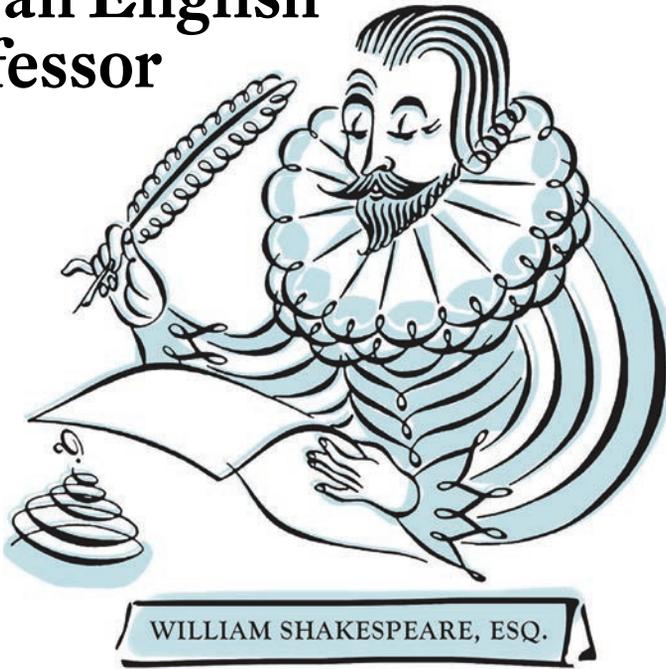
It's such a placemaking location. It carries with it a completely new garden setting for the whole street, which will be pedestrianized so it's an extension of the core campus. The whole South Woodlawn area is becoming more of a campus village.

I think it's great to be near Robie House. I'm also really excited about Mansueto. I love the modern buildings, the Logan Arts Center. It's really exciting and a great honor to be in the midst of all of this architectural energy. The University of Chicago is fearless—it's kind of an informed fearlessness. They are willing and open to consider ideas.

What's your biggest hope for this project?

I hope it will knit the campus together in a way that contributes to the core campus but allows us to extend it into the 21st century. Architecturally, I hope it creates dialogue between contemporary and historic design so that generations of people can learn from the historic setting while really enjoying their own generation's contribution to it.

Shakespeare's laws: A justice, a judge, a philosopher, and an English professor



I can say it's "really about" because it isn't my profession to be interpreting Shakespeare, whereas anyone who is in that field as a profession wouldn't dare say what it's "really about." But since I'm an amateur, I can say anything. So I think that what it's about in large part is a certain progression—the progression from "To be or not to be" to "Readiness is all." In *Hamlet*, what struck me is at the very end. What does Hamlet want there? He wants Horatio to tell his story. He wants the story. Why? To justify himself? Not necessarily. Maybe to tell what has happened to him, spiritually, in the course of what we have seen in this play. And he says, when Fortinbras comes in, please, please, you tell this story too, for you will repeat it. He says it in much better writing; and then he says silence. Yeah.

Richard Strier Well, I'm happy to say as, I suppose, the professional in this field, that I think the plays are really about things also. And I think that Shakespeare was interested in issues. What do we know about his means of composition? Every play, with the exception of two, has a narrative or dramatic source for its plot. So here's this guy, he's reading and reading and reading and reading, looking for material. His sources are all sorts of things: classical histories, little trashy novels, other plays, etc. So he's reading, reading, reading.

Presumably he read more books than he used as sources. So how does he decide, I'm going to write a play on the basis of a little Italian novel and it's going to be *Othello*; or I'm going to write a play on a familiar story like *King Lear* or *Hamlet*; or I'm going to redo some stories about English history? Well, as he was reading promiscuously, I think something made him intellectually interested. So this seems to me a good way to approach each of the plays: to ask "what are the issues that interested Shakespeare in this particular story?"

It seems to me that *Hamlet* is a play very interested in issues of evidence and justification, the questions of on what basis you can know something and on what basis are you justified in taking a major action on something that you think you know. While we know that Hamlet actually gets some-

In April the University of Chicago Press published *Shakespeare and the Law: A Conversation among Disciplines and Professions*, edited by assistant professor **Bradin Cormack** and professor **Richard Strier** from the English department and **Martha C. Nussbaum**, who teaches in the Law School, the Divinity School, and the classics, philosophy, and political science departments. Sixteen scholars and judges wrote essays for the book, which takes four angles of approach to legal issues in Shakespeare. The essays included contribute to the branch of legal scholarship known as law and literature, which was closely linked with the University of Chicago Law School from its beginnings in the 1970s and is "now, in one form or another, a recognized part of the American legal curriculum," the editors write.

In the book's four main sections, the contributors examine the grounds for thinking about law and literature together; Shakespeare's knowledge of law; his attitudes toward law; and the role of law, politics, and community in his works. The book closes with the transcript of a session at the conference that inspired it. At the Law School in 2009, Nussbaum, Strier, and senior lecturer in the Law School **Richard Posner** were joined on stage by associate justice of the Supreme Court **Stephen Breyer** to discuss legal themes in three plays Breyer had selected: *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and *As You Like It*. The following is adapted from their discussion of *Hamlet*.

Stephen Breyer Why *Hamlet*? Well, why *Hamlet*, that's an absurd question. But I think you see things differently as you get older and reread things. This time I thought that the play is really about two things—and



Anyone in that field wouldn't dare say what it's "really about." But since I'm an amateur, I can say anything.

Stephen Breyer



Critics often think this bizarre plan worked—Claudius got upset at the play.

Richard Strier



There has been a long tradition of talking about an allegedly good role for disgust in law.

Martha C. Nussbaum



The deeper problem with revenge is that it's a self-help system.

Richard Posner

thing right, namely that Claudius did, in fact, kill Hamlet Senior, Hamlet himself never has any good evidence for this (true) belief. He's told about it by an apparition—repeatedly called a “thing”—that claims to be the ghost of his father released from purgatory.

Well, England was a dominantly Protestant country, and Protestants didn't (and don't) believe in purgatory. So Hamlet gets this dubious advice from this dubious “thing.” Then, to gather evidence, to check up on the thing, he decides to rely on the bizarre idea that somehow literature is more powerful than life. He thinks that his uncle, who was perfectly happy to commit a murder, is somehow or other going to be so moved by a play that he's going to cough up his guilt.

Hamlet's been reading [Sir Philip] Sidney's *Defense of Poetry*, where there's a story about this, and Hamlet believed it. Critics often think this bizarre plan worked—Claudius got upset at the play. But at a crucial point during the play within the play, Hamlet makes a disastrous slip of the tongue and describes the murderer in the play as the nephew rather than the brother of the king. He thereby absolutely confused the experiment, because now we can't know what Claudius has responded to. He might be responding to Hamlet, his nephew, saying he's planning to kill him. So just at the point where Hamlet thinks he's got conclusive evidence, we know (or should know) that he doesn't, even though we know that he's right, since in the next scene Claudius confesses his guilt—but of course, in a soliloquy. So the whole question of evidence and justification is wonderfully rich and vexed in *Hamlet*.

Martha Nussbaum As a philosopher, I have been working a lot on the role of emotions such as anger, fear, compassion, and disgust in the law. I think *Measure for Measure* and *Hamlet*, which were probably written pretty close to each other in Shakespeare's career, have a similar focus on sexuality as fearful and disgusting, and as a danger to good order and political authority.

In *Hamlet*, it's the sexual relationship between Gertrude and Claudius that has apparently led to murder and the toppling of legitimate political

authority. We don't see much about Gertrude from her own point of view, so to speak. Gertrude is probably not so bad. She probably doesn't know about the murder of her former husband, and she really is enjoying her newfound sexuality with her new husband. She wants to have some fun in life. But of course, that's not the way Hamlet sees her.

His view of life in general throughout the play is suffused with images of disgust at the female body in general and at his mother's body in particular. Hamlet finds his mother's sexuality filthy, and he feels himself contaminated by the fact that he has been born of such a body. Well, this theme interests me a lot, because there has been a long tradition of talking about an allegedly good role for disgust in law. Lord Devlin in the 1950s, and our own University of Chicago colleague **Leon Kass** (U-High'54, SB'58, MD'62), when he was head of the President's Council for Bioethics, have both said that the disgust of an average person is a sufficient reason to make something illegal, even if it causes no harm to others.

But by now there's a large psychological literature, an experimental literature on disgust, which really does corroborate what *Hamlet* suggests—namely that people's disgust is quite irrational, and that it often tracks an anxiety that people feel about their own animal nature and their own bodies. And sexuality, women's sexuality in particular, is very often the focus of that anxiety. I think we are given, in the play, reasons, which modern psychology then further corroborates, to view such disgust with great skepticism, and to think that the disgust of an average person might actually not be a good reason at all to make something illegal.

Richard Posner I do want to emphasize one point about the law and literature movement. There are other really interesting aspects of the movement, but the heaviest emphasis has been on what we're doing in this conference, exploring legal themes in literary works. I don't think you learn much about the law from such works. What I find more interesting is that they provide insights into jurisprudence, as distinct from law at the practical level.

In *Hamlet*, the jurisprudential interest focuses on revenge, which is a stage in the evolution of law and remains important today. If you ask why victims of crime will cooperate with the police and prosecutors, revenge is a factor. The support of the death penalty is, I think, mainly motivated by a feeling of revenge.

In *Hamlet* you have a critique of revenge, and I'm using "critique" in a precise sense. It's not just critical, it's an effort to look at both sides of the problem. I disagree with Professor Strier and I'll explain why. I think Hamlet has two incompatible beliefs. I think he takes the ghost seriously. So there's a duty of revenge laid on him by his father, and that's very understandable because Hamlet can't appeal to the law. Claudius controls the laws of Denmark, and it's when the legal system is ineffectual that the pressure for revenge is really strong. So Hamlet's under a heavy duty. On the other hand, we read in the New Testament that "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Now, what exactly that means—whether you can have delegation of the divine vengeance monopoly to human beings—that's a big issue.

The deeper problem with revenge is that it's a self-help system. The victim, or his family, has a duty of revenge, and yet these people are not necessarily well equipped by temperament or experience or skills to be law enforcers, and you see that in *Hamlet*. You have three major revengers, Hamlet, Laertes, and Fortinbras, and they're very nicely contrasted. Hamlet is too hesitant, too cool, to be a really effective revenger. Laertes is too hot, too impulsive. The golden mean is Fortinbras, who is perfectly cast to be a revenger, but the problem is that he is perfectly cast because of his extraordinarily exalted notion of honor, which leads him in the fourth act to be willing to sacrifice an army to capture a few acres of worthless ground. So we see deep problems with both honor as motivation and revenge as implementation.

Let me just explain very, very briefly why I do not agree that there's any doubt about the authenticity of the ghost. I don't think an Elizabethan audience would be bothered by encountering purgatory, because the

play is set in medieval Denmark before the Reformation, so whatever strange religious customs are encountered should not have troubled Shakespeare's audience.

I should say here that I experienced a kind of arrested development in literary appreciation. I was an undergraduate of Yale, an English major in the '50s, when the New Criticism was the dominant style of literary criticism in—well, not everywhere (not Chicago) but certainly at Yale. Cleanth Brooks, perhaps the most famous New Critic, was my senior thesis adviser. The basic premise of the New Criticism was that a work of literature should be interpreted in such a way as to make it the best aesthetic object that it can be. It wasn't to be looked to as a source of ideas, a source of ethics, or a source of history.

It seems to me that if the ghost of Hamlet's father is a fake, a devil, it makes the play rather pointless. It makes Hamlet a terrible dupe. It says well look, this guy Hamlet, he didn't realize there's no purgatory, so the ghost has to be a devil, and so Hamlet kills, and he dies at the end, all because of a mistake he made. I think it diminishes the play to think of it in those terms, and I use aesthetic rather than historical criteria to evaluate works of literature.

SB I basically agree with Dick [Posner]—in particular, with what he said about literary works as aesthetic objects. That's why we read them. But I don't think that to say literary works are "aesthetic objects" means they don't have ideas, and it doesn't mean that philosophy is irrelevant to them. I like [Albert] Camus, and one of the reasons why I think Camus is a great novelist is because he speaks to me probingly about morality—and in that sense, he is a moralist. Maybe [Joseph] Conrad is too, though Conrad thinks that he is primarily writing aesthetically. So there: I don't separate morality from aesthetics. In some works, ideas and thought play a larger role than in others, and the morality enters in much more. A Jane Austen novel might be another good example.

I don't think the point was that the ghost is a fake. I think the point was

that Hamlet isn't sure, and I think there's very good reason for his not being sure. He's looking for truth, and by the time he's pretty sure what the truth is, it doesn't really matter that much any more.

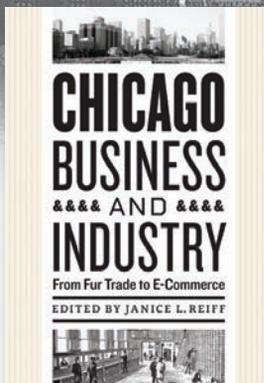
Then the only other thing I could find that I might want to disagree with is Judge Posner's "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" theory of revenge. Do you remember that? He said it's either too hot, too cold, or just right. I do think the three theories of revenge are there, but I think that ... Well, Fortinbras, who knows? Fortinbras isn't there that much, and maybe it is true that he does try to get revenge. Maybe he was going to conquer all of Denmark; we're not certain. I wouldn't give him permission to go over my kingdom. I wouldn't be sure whether he would stop or not. And Laertes is rather pathetic and does, in fact, get revenge. Hamlet is not after revenge at the end really, because he's ready. Readiness is everything or, as he says, all.

RS Can I just say a word about the dupe business? Well, first of all, there's no doubt the supernatural "thing" is there, so it's not an illusion, certainly not in the first act, since everyone sees it including a skeptic. The question is what does it mean if, let's say, there is at least the possibility that "the thing" is a demon, and that, despite the apparent success of *The Mousetrap*, Hamlet is acting without sufficient evidence, even though he's right.

It seems to me this is part of what makes the play a tragedy. I agree with Dick that criticism should try to see the maximal possible aesthetic value in a work of art. In my view, with regard to *Hamlet*, adding the element of uncertainty and of the demonic, perhaps even adding the element of mistakenness, intensifies the tragedy and is part of what makes it such a deeply, deeply sad and moving play. ♦

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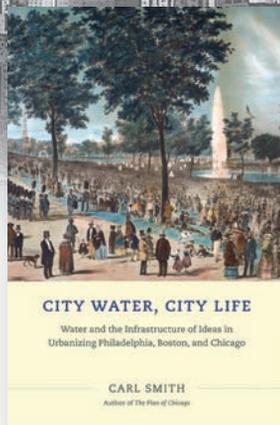
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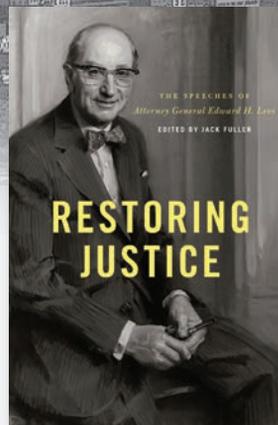
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biology

ALL AFLUTTER

Marcus Kronforst finds clues to evolutionary adaptation in butterfly wings.

BY JASON KELLY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DREW REYNOLDS



Beneath the scales that form the color palette on their wings, butterflies have a clear membrane that is as functional, if not as beautiful, as their flamboyant pigmentation. “Kids learn that if you touch a butterfly, you get the scales rubbed off of them and they can’t fly,” says evolutionary biologist **Marcus Kronforst**, “but it’s not true, they fly fine.” Some species have even evolved without scales, he adds, the ultimate in fluttering camouflage: “Stealth butterflies.”

Kronforst knows about durability and adaptability. In a campus greenhouse, he studies the genetics of color patterns in two tropical butterfly species as a window into evolutionary variation and adaptation throughout nature. He and his research team raise the butterflies in mesh tents about the size of an office cubicle. They grab them from the air—the scales leave a powdery residue on their fingers—and see them thrive even as their wings fray from flying in the tight confines. The insects are not as fragile as their handle-with-care reputation suggests. “Butterflies,” Kronforst says, “are really robust.”

Their genetic heritage helps make them that way. Some vulnerable butterflies have evolved to mimic the coloring of related species that are toxic to predators. The seven researchers in Kronforst’s lab decode those protective adaptations. As color patterns change, butterflies develop different mate preferences, leading to more than just color variation. “Adaptation is actually causing the origin of a new species,” Kronforst says, referring to a discovery he helped detail in a 2009 *Science* paper. “We’re trying to tackle these big questions of how organisms adapt and diverge.”

In a breakthrough published last year in *Nature*, an international consortium, to which Kronforst contributed, sequenced the genome of a species within the *Heliconius* genus. To their surprise, the researchers found that the *Heliconius melpomene* butterfly has identical color-patterning DNA as two other species. They believe hybridization—interbreeding among the species—accounts for the phenomenon. “Evolutionary biologists often wonder whether different species use the same genes to generate similar traits,” Kronforst told the *Harvard Gazette* in 2012. “This study shows us that sometimes different species not only use the same genes, but the exact same stretches of DNA, which they pass around by hybridization.”

With that knowledge, researchers can map the genomes of butterflies with different color patterns to identify the relevant genes: spikes in the data suggest the genetic source for the array on the wings. “If we hadn’t done all that fine detail work over the last years we wouldn’t know what



**I THOUGHT BATS
SOUNDED REALLY COOL
AND MANLY AND THIS
GUY WANTS ME TO
WORK ON BUTTERFLIES.
THAT SOUNDS LAME.**

those peaks were telling us about,” Kronforst says. “But now that we know that’s where the color-patterning genes are, we see these peaks that just jump out.”

Building on those advances and using rapidly evolving techniques, his lab continues moving toward the ultimate goal: to metaphorically rub off the scales and uncover the genetic blueprint underneath.

In the lab and in a greenhouse lined with mesh tents where the butterflies are kept, Kronforst and his research team navigate a maze of genetic information to better understand how species adapt and diverge.

Kronforst wanted to study bats. As an undergrad at the University of Miami, he asked to accompany a professor who spent summers researching a species that pollinates cacti in the Sonoran Desert. The group would be wrapping up its current work, the professor said, so it wouldn't be a good time to begin the research Kronforst proposed.

Then the professor mentioned that he had recently noticed a butterfly in his backyard. South Florida has a *Heliconius* population common in South and Central America that presented an interesting research opportunity. "Maybe you'd like to do a project on butterflies."

Butterflies? "I remember I was really disappointed, because I thought bats sounded really cool and manly and this guy wants me to work on butterflies," Kronforst says. "That sounds really kind of lame."

Then he started reading the literature, learning about the vast color-pattern diversity and its evolutionary implications. He was captivated. His interest led him, like a butterfly to a passionflower vine, to graduate school with a leader in the field, L. E. Gilbert at the University of Texas. Kronforst completed his PhD in 2004 and continued his research in Austin and at Rice University until 2007, when he received a Harvard fellowship. Last year he joined

the University's department of ecology and evolution as a Neubauer Family assistant professor, creating a tropical hothouse high above the Donnelley Biological Sciences Learning Center.

Two rooms—one 1,800 square feet, the other 500—maintain tropical heat and humidity levels that simulate the butterflies' habitat. The adult insects, along with the eggs and larvae, must be contained in the mesh cages to prevent escape, among the USDA requirements for housing the nonnative species.

Under those conditions, Kronforst's lab orchestrates a perpetual cycle of butterfly life. "Most of the operation is plants," he says, referring to citrus trees where females lay eggs that hatch into caterpillars before forming chrysalises that yield the next generation of research subjects. His enthusiasm overflows in a flurry of words—a fascination with his insect subjects that he often finds other people share. Butterflies, in and of themselves, Kronforst allows—and agrees—are "charismatic."

More than their color entrances him, though; he's drawn to the knotty genetic knowledge they could help untangle. "Our work is aimed at the evolutionary processes of adaptation and speciation," he says, "and in particular, how these two things interact."



The wealth of research potential inherent in the diverse wing patterns of closely related butterfly species fascinated Kronforst, who had been interested in bats as an undergrad. “By studying these butterflies we’re able to capture evolutionary events in progress,” he says, “and that’s something that can be hard to find in nature.”

As the discovery of the emerging new species showed, Kronforst’s research offers an almost real-time view of those processes. “By studying these butterflies we’re able to capture evolutionary events in progress,” he adds, “and that’s something that can be hard to find in nature.”

Moving around the greenhouse, Kronforst flits from thought to thought, each turn reminding him of another facet of the research. Edging through narrow corridors between the cages, he stops occasionally to zip one open, step inside, and observe more closely.

He spots two *Heliconius cydno* butterflies, black winged, one with a yellow band, the other white. “The crazy thing,” Kronforst says—a familiar refrain as he describes the twists in butterfly DNA—is that they are each mimicking a different species. Those relatives and these *Heliconius* mimics, Kronforst says, are both already toxic and evolving to resemble one another, a process researchers think of as “distributing the cost of educating predators.”

The lab also studies a less-protected species, the Southeast Asian *Papilio polytes*. It shows more variation—and raises more of the questions that occupy Kronforst now. *Papilio* males all look alike, black with a light yellowish strip. There are four female phenotypes, of which he studies two. One variation looks just like the male but with

subtle red dots on the wings. The second has a different color pattern, including what Kronforst describes as “gray rays,” and small tails hanging like uvulas from the wings; they are mimicking poisonous swallowtail butterflies. “We don’t know why the males don’t mimic anything. We don’t know why there’s a female morph that looks like the males and doesn’t mimic anything,” Kronforst says. “But then the three female morphs have evolved to look like these distantly related toxic butterflies simply to fool predators.”

The continued presence of the *Papilio* male wing pattern and the similar female type puzzles researchers. Because, as Kronforst puts it, a predatory bird knows “if I eat something with that red and white in the tails, it’s bad, I’m going to stay away from it. But every time it’s eaten one of these”—he points to a male—“it’s been perfectly delicious. That’s why we don’t understand why this nonmimetic thing even stays in the population.”

Various theories exist that the researchers are considering, he adds, then stops short and veers back to the genetic clues they have begun to unearth. “The extra crazy part of this whole story is, the variation among those four female morphs, it’s a single gene. One gene controls everything, whether they have the tails or no tails, the whole wing pattern.”



PHOTO COURTESY KRONFORST LAB AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO (FAR LEFT)



Greenhouse manager John Zdenek maintains tropical conditions that simulate the Costa Rican habitat of these *Heliconius cydno* butterflies.

Males have that gene too, but only females express it. In 1972 Cyril Clarke and Philip Sheppard of Liverpool University identified the single gene that determines so much in *Papilio* butterflies. (In the *Heliconius* multiple genes are involved.) Kronforst says the gene could, in fact, be one “supergene,” or several fused together that used to be in different places on the chromosome. But that remains one of the questions each new fragment of information seems to raise.

To find answers, Kronforst’s researchers mate the butterflies with different genotypes, then mate their offspring back to one type or the other. In each generation of females—perhaps a group of 50 sisters—half will resemble the males and the other half will display the mimicry characteristics. “So then we go into the genome and we say, OK, where are the 25 like this different from the 25 like that?”

They’ve narrowed the difference down to four potential triggering genes. “One of those four is the gene that’s making this switch. So that’s what we’re trying to figure out.”

They’re also trying to figure out the historical cause of the variation, which could be attributed to a sudden genetic mutation. “The ancestral phenotype,” Kronforst says, is likely the pattern that the males and half the females display. The other phenotype may have emerged as the result of an alteration to mimic a protected species. “It maybe didn’t look like a perfect mimic, but it looked close enough to fool predators. Then it was protected,” Kronforst says. “And then evolution can sort of tweak the phenotype over time to make it a better and better mimic, but [the mutation] can happen”—he snaps his fingers—“like that.”

In the butterfly tents, artificial flowers made with colored tape adorn plastic cylinders of nectar. Most of the insects feed on nothing else, but the *Heliconius* also eat pollen. Natural flowering vines in the lab provide the nutrient-rich dietary supplement that keeps the *Heliconius* alive for months after emerging from the chrysalises as adults, compared to three or four weeks for other species.

Kronforst notices a butterfly with a bent antenna: “Poor guy.” Under the lab’s carefully maintained conditions, the damage will not be catastrophic. “In nature, he probably would be in trouble,” Kronforst says, “but in here, it’s pretty posh; we come and feed them every day.”

Natural threats do infiltrate the greenhouse. A larval disease that Kronforst calls “butterfly Ebola” swept through this past winter, turning the caterpillars into “black bags of goo.” The goo seeps onto the plant, other caterpillars eat it, and an insidious virus spreads. Aside from cleaning the plants to prevent further infection, though, life as usual went on among the healthy populations and the biologists studying them.

The insects mate, the females lay eggs, and the evolving research continues—although one of the lab’s investigations keeps butterflies from mating at all. To understand mate preferences in the *Papilio* species, researchers put a virgin female of each phenotype into a cage where the males have been isolated. Researchers sit in the cages and observe—in part because they don’t want these butterflies to actually mate, they just want to see which female wing patterns cause each male’s antennae to quiver. They need to use the virgin females in multiple experiments, and mating causes behavioral changes in the males, requiring them to be kept apart. Other populations in the lab are left to mate naturally while some individuals are paired together, usually based on wing pattern, for targeted research purposes.

The pace from courtship to consummation varies, so observers of the mate-choice experiments must be vigilant to prevent flirtation from going too far. “He might court her on and off for hours—court, fly away, then come back,” Kronforst says. “Sometimes we see these males just in this sustained courtship thing for 10, 15 minutes.” He makes a fist and flaps his other hand over it in a rapid flurry. “They must be exhausted.”

As soon as researchers recognize a male’s activity as a demonstrable preference, they step in to prevent mating and note the male’s choice, identifying him by the number marked on his wing. The female color pattern is the attraction cue, so altering a male’s wing with a Sharpie does not influence the preference of a potential mate.

When the males die, Kronforst’s team analyzes their DNA to determine whether they have the mimicry gene, the nonmimicry gene, or both. “Those three groups have different preferences for mimetic versus nonmimetic” females, he says, inclinations which appear to have a “fundamental, functional link” with the males’ color-pattern gene.

Similar studies of *Heliconius* butterflies yield comparable results. Both males and females have either yellow or white bands on their wings, and males prefer females with the same coloring. “It looks like it’s the same genes that are making the wing patterns and also changing the mate preference,” Kronforst says. “We don’t understand why. Basically, we’re generating more questions than answers, but it’s kind of a crazy thing.”

IN HERE, IT’S PRETTY POSH; WE COME AND FEED THEM EVERY DAY.



Another question that intrigues him: where do those preferences physically manifest themselves? “Is it something in the eye, where they see the different phenotypes differently? Or is it something after the eye, like in the brain? Are they seeing them both and then really deciding this one versus that one?”

Dissection of live butterflies will help him begin to find some clues. Researchers will use microscopes to study the insects’ neural activity based on different visual cues. Work like that has been done on butterfly antennae, examining the effects of certain pheromones, but Kronforst believes his lab’s brain observations of visual responses, which they expect to begin in mid-May, will be a first.

A visitor’s visual response to the plants and insects in the greenhouse requires expert guidance to see beyond the superficial hues. Newly hatched caterpillars have splotches of black and white coloring. “They’re actually mimicking bird poop,” Kronforst says. “Then when they get to be too big—they’re, like, bigger than a bird poop and they’re not an effective mimic anymore—they turn bright, bright green” to blend into the leaves.

Preparing to form the chrysalis, the caterpillars move to a different part of the plant and display another protective adaptation. Somehow they sense the part of the plant they occupy, branch or leaf, brown or green, and disguise themselves accordingly.

Kronforst bends over a plant and points out a caterpillar on a branch that requires a trained eye to see. What looks

like a shell across its back would keep it effectively hidden against a station wagon’s wood paneling. Researchers don’t know how the caterpillars do it, but other species have been shown to base similar blending traits on moisture levels. “They might take a bite and say, ‘OK, this is really dry and woody,’ so they say, ‘I’ll be brown,’” Kronforst says. “Or, ‘This is really succulent and moist, so it must be green.’”

If a predatory bird isn’t fooled, caterpillars have one last-ditch—and generally futile—defense mechanism. Kronforst touches one to demonstrate. The caterpillar curls its head up and back as if striking a yoga pose, extends red horns, and emits an odor. Although intended as a deterrent, the effect of the horns seems more like runway lights directing the predator to them. “The idea is that it’s just too late,” Kronforst says of the caterpillar’s desperate attempt to survive. “There’s no turning back; you’re not going to fool anybody.”

When the researchers spot a caterpillar that’s about to form a chrysalis, they place it under a camera and use time-lapse photography to help tease out more genetic information. Because they have narrowed down the genes that determine wing patterns, “we want to look at how expression of those genes changes over time while they’re actually making their wings.” Photos snapped every five minutes allow them to watch the process as it happens. They then dissect tissue from the chrysalises at different points of development to examine the stages of gene expression.

Soon the butterflies emerge from their chrysalises, extend their wings, and fly. They join the 100 to 200 butterflies alive at any given time in their greenhouse aerie, flashing the beguiling colors that keep predators away but draw Kronforst and his research team closer and closer. ♦



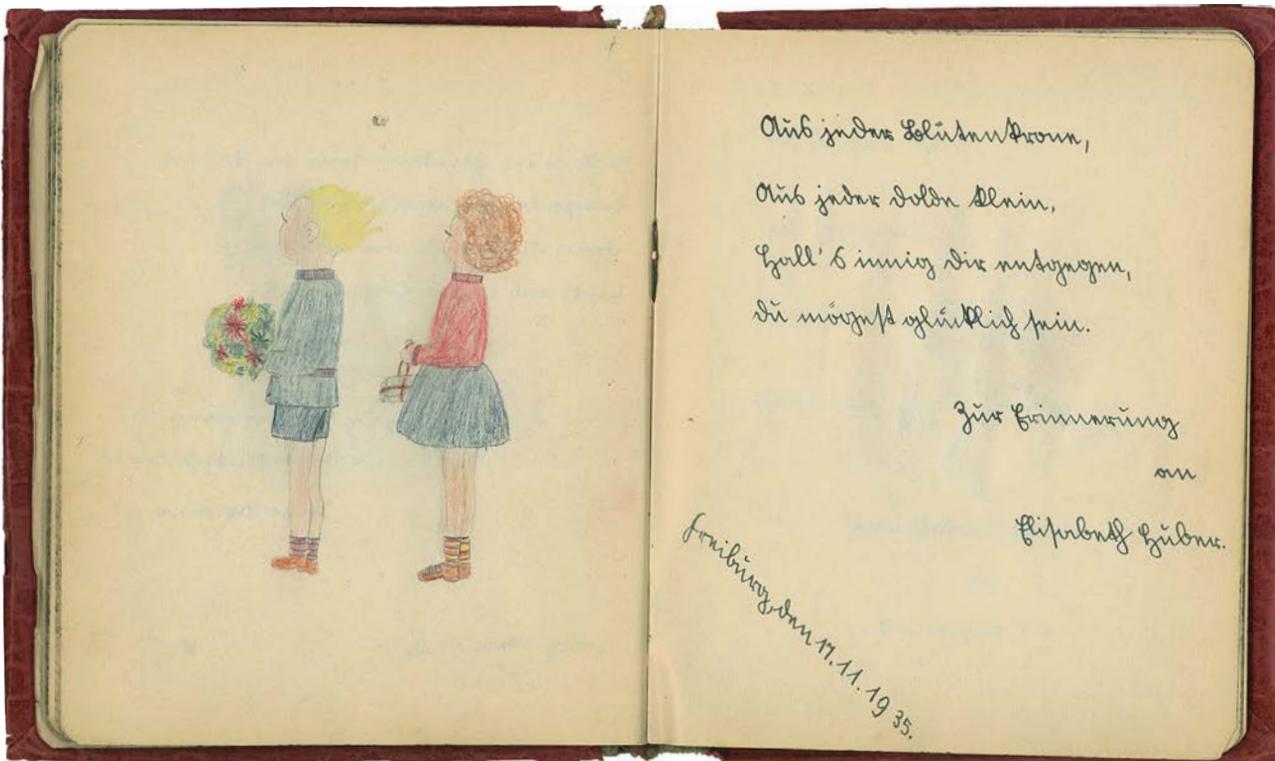
memoir

CROSSING THE BORDERS OF TIME

Researching her mother's story of wartime flight and lost love, a journalist finds the truth richer and stranger than any fiction.

BY LESLIE MAITLAND, AB'71





Maitland's mother, Janine, entrusted Roland Arcieri with her childhood autograph book when she escaped Europe with her family in 1942.

A few months ago, after years of research devoted to my recently published family memoir, *Crossing the Borders of Time*, I was startled to find yet one more intriguing artifact of the past buried inside my mother's desk drawer. And for all the barely decipherable, fragile personal letters and foreign documents that I'd labored to locate, to read, and to translate, this tardy discovery struck me as no less mysterious for having been penned in a careful hand and written in English. By me! Or by a now-hazy me of the past: a third-year student in the New Collegiate Division who (with finals impending) had directed a good deal of time in 1970 toward creating a meaningful Mother's Day card.

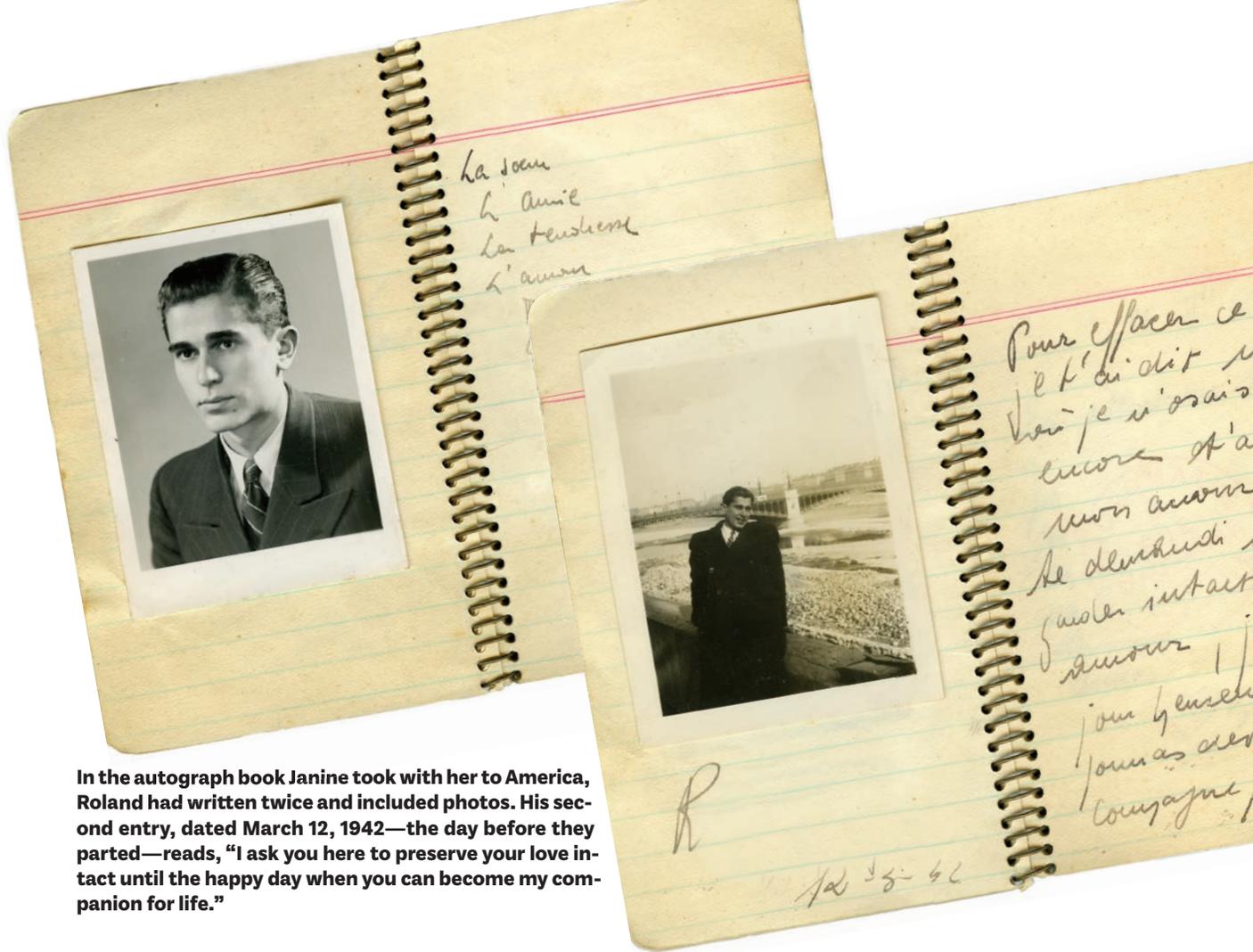
I found it protected in a manila envelope in a file drawer to which Mom had dispatched me for something else. On its cover, my still-vibrant watercolor of a pot of blooming violets earned a fresh measure of satisfaction. But encountering the sentiments inside as if for the first time, I felt unnerved by a youthful avowal that managed to seem sophomoric in its self-inflation while also dangerously self-effacing.

"On the day that you became a mother," I'd written to Mom in part, "I entered life to mirror your life through my eyes."

What had I meant by those dutiful words? Card in hand, I sat at her desk, flooded by memories of psychology classes I'd taken that spring. I saw myself in a seminar on Carl Jung led by an earnest adherent in jangly earrings who dispensed crayons and had us draw pictures of our own psyches. (She held up hers for example: a pink rose she'd labeled "La Fleur.") Then too I recalled slouching in my seat at the back of a lecture hall where I dreaded attracting the sort of intrusive personal question that Bruno Bettelheim notoriously relished lobbing at students. In another class, there were assignments to describe and analyze our most intimate dreams.

Fascinated with mythology, I had majored in the history and philosophy of religion and, seizing on courses that promised to focus on symbols, wound up grappling with identity issues. At that age and in that time of social upheaval, I shared my classmates' yearnings to animate life with mission and purpose and to chart quest myths of my own. Yet now, decades later, that long-forgotten Mother's Day card stunned me with the realization that I seemed to have known, even back then, exactly what goal I would set for myself.

ALL IMAGES COURTESY LESLIE MAITLAND



In the autograph book Janine took with her to America, Roland had written twice and included photos. His second entry, dated March 12, 1942—the day before they parted—reads, “I ask you here to preserve your love intact until the happy day when you can become my companion for life.”

Crossing the Borders of Time (Other Press, 2012) tells the tale of my mother, Janine, who was forced to leave behind the handsome Catholic Frenchman she had promised to marry when—18 and Jewish—she escaped the Nazis in 1942 on the last refugee ship to leave France before Hitler completely choked off its ports. As the couple tearfully parted on a pier in Marseille, Roland had slipped in her pocket a 12-page letter with visions of a lifetime together: “Whatever the length of our separation, our love will survive it. ... I give you my vow that whatever the time we must wait, you will be my wife. Never forget, never doubt.” In truth, she’d given him her most cherished possession, her childhood autograph book, filled with her friends’ whimsical drawings and poems. But their conjoined future was not to be, and as my mother held me spellbound with her saga of danger and romance in distant places, her story became my story. It seemed all the more defining because I knew that a different ending, a happier one in which she and Roland remained united, would have meant my not existing.

As a child, I saw misty evidence of my mother’s past everywhere. We lived in an area at the northern tip of Manhattan that had become home to so many German Jewish refugees that it was playfully dubbed the Fourth Reich, and I hungered to know the unspoken reasons for their resettle-

ment in America. Aging émigrés—my grandparents and their contemporaries—tried to find new futures in a land devoid of memories, even as they filled the streets with foreign words that carried history in their undertones. Indeed, it was German that I heard all day growing up in the same apartment building as my Nana and Bapa and the families of my mother’s sister and brother. Still, my mother and my aunt

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brazenly maintained the pretense that by dint of timing and the varying results of French and German battles for sovereignty over Alsace, they themselves—unlike their parents, who proudly traced their roots in German soil back through several centuries—had actually been born in France. Hostile to the “Fatherland” that had betrayed them, but unwilling to be viewed as refugees, the two young women cloaked themselves in French personas in order to seem glamorous.

For years I believed that I could see my mother’s birthplace across the ocean of the Hudson River. How disappointing it would prove to learn that what impressed me as the Eiffel Tower was merely a radio transmitter atop the Palisades of New Jersey! More shocking still would be the eventual discovery that Mom was not really born in contested Alsace, but across the Rhine in nearby Freiburg—a charming medieval university town at the heart of the Black Forest in Germany’s balmy southwest corner. Thus hoodwinked, I realized when I began my book that extensive research would be required to ferret out the truth of things.

Such work had become my stock in trade. It was after 17 years as a reporter for the *New York Times* that I determined to ground my mother’s memories in history. And for this pursuit, as for my career in investigative journalism, I note with gratitude that my Chicago education prepared me well, teaching me to ask questions, seek primary sources, and evaluate every answer skeptically. Additional good fortune was that my son, **Zachary Werner**, AB’08, a Fundamentals: Issues and Texts major, developed extraordinary abilities with the written word and so became my thoughtful, trusted editor.

I’d made my initial foray writing about the family in the pages of the *Times* when we visited Germany in 1989. My mother’s first trip back, it was sparked by a reunion that Freiburg hosted for Jewish former citizens. Together with my father and brother, we explored the route of her escape from there through France. Another ten years passed, however, before I would embark on the comprehensive study that a nonfiction book demanded to verify the accuracy of everything she’d told me. Increasingly, I’d felt this self-appointed task to be a moral responsibility. Real people suffered; real people died. I owed it to the victims to tell their stories.

My journey back in time would take me on five reporting trips to Europe, another to Cuba, and one to Canada. I would interview witnesses, plumb archives here and abroad, and, at the Library of Congress, pore over war-era French newspapers in which even the advertisements proved enlightening, revealing the insidious encroachment of anti-Semitism into French society.

Maybe most important, I would be blessed to find a vo-

luminous collection of letters, photographs, and official documents that my once-prosperous grandfather, Sigmar Günzburger, had carried with him from 1938, when the family fled Freiburg, to 1943, when they landed in New York. Stateless, a citizen of “no country,” as his transit papers put it, he treasured as his sole remaining valuable a suitcase filled with memorabilia that validated his original identity. His cache of papers would prove essential. They enabled me to fix a time line as I tracked the family’s scrambling five-year exodus through France and Cuba and to research with particularity the threats they faced in every place they tried to stop in hope of safety.

The decision to recount the story with journalistic objectivity and candor raised issues of privacy as well as sensitive family concerns. Chief among them was dealing with my parents’ marriage, and I must acknowledge my mother’s generosity and bravery in allowing me to write so openly about its troubles. She is a private person, and there are revelations in the book that I recognize make her uncomfortable. In my father’s lifetime, I could not have written it. From the outset of Janine’s marriage in 1947 to Leonard Maitland—a brilliant, if difficult, dashing charismatic American engineer—everyone who came to know my



Maitland and her son, Zachary Werner, AB’08, when he was a student in the College and she was on campus for a meeting of the Alumni Board of Governors, on which she served from 2004 to 2010.



Janine and Roland were separated in 1939 but found each other again in Lyon in 1941.



Len and Janine Maitland in Glen Head, Long Island, in 1949, two years after their marriage.

mother would also learn about Roland. It was not a secret, least of all to Dad, that the interventions of her protective, disapproving family and the dislocations of war had robbed her of the man she'd dreamed of marrying and could not forget. In consequence of Janine's forced separation from him, Roland would remain forever young, unblemished, and idealized in her mind.

Curiously, it was a book I read in college, Denis de Rougemont's *Love in the Western World*, that first explained to me how great romantic love—the sort of love that gives rise to myths and literature like *Tristan and Isolde* or *Romeo and Juliet*—is by its nature star-crossed, stymied in its

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drive for permanence. Such passion is not easily sustained at the same emotional peak and fervor through a lifetime of contented marriage, child rearing, and mundane household chores and worries. Couples who ride off into the sunset eventually have to pitch a tent, and that's when squabbles start. Any real man who became my mother's husband—Roland included—would have found it challenging to compete with the idol of her fantasies.

What, then, was the impact on my father of living every day with the shadow of a missing rival who could do no wrong? It grieved me to accept how very late I was to ask that question. Only when I studied my parents' relationship with journalistic impartiality did I begin to empathize with a father whose pattern of blatant infidelities had been so painful to me as a girl. My attempts to come to grips with the motivations of the Len who was my character permitted me to come to terms with the man who'd been my father.

Similarly with my mother, I attempted to inhabit her experience—consigned to the iron discipline of a sadistic governess in a formal German household between the wars. I felt her craving for tenderness, as well as her terror and confusion as the Nazi net grew tighter and she had to flee the only home she'd known. Then, suddenly, arriving in a new country, a soulful teenage girl, she fell passionately in love for the first time. By placing Roland at the center of her universe, she turned romance into her blindfold. For years



Freiburg's main thoroughfare, the Kaiserstrasse, was renamed Adolf-Hitler-Strasse and draped with Nazi banners and flags during the Third Reich.

to follow, the goal of Janine's war was to conquer Roland's heart, and that diverted her attention from all the fearsome perils of living on the run.

Writing *Crossing the Borders of Time* encouraged me to reevaluate my own life story with the same sort of clinical detachment. My closeness to my mother and preoccupation with her story were, I finally suspected, only part of why I always felt impelled to take her side. I had a quite specific reason to feel responsible for her.

She'd been pregnant with me, after years bereft of contact from her lost Roland, when she came upon a telegram from the Red Cross Tracing Service that would have changed her life, had she only known about it earlier. Her father had hidden it in his desk drawer, and she discovered it by accident when he sent her there for something else. It revealed the truth that Roland had tried to reach her years before, and desperately she longed to rush to him. But how could she sail back to France anchored by an unborn child? She was fixed to the spot by the growing weight of me within her womb. The moment when she might have set a different course was as lost in clouded history as an intercepted telegram hidden in a file drawer. It would take decades before I could attempt to recompense her sacrifice and go in search of him myself.

Compared to the horrors inflicted on millions under the Nazis, the thwarted love of two young people must be kept in perspective. As Rick insisted to Ilsa in the 1942 film *Casablanca*, speaking of their own anguished love triangle: "It doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world." Losing Roland in that same year felt like a death to Janine, but her eleventh-hour escape from France placed her among the most fortunate few in that period of madness and evil. And so my aim in the writing was to weave the golden thread of their romance through a broad and vivid historical canvas. I determined to use the gripping personal story to transmit to a new generation a full account of those harrowing times. In consequence, the book's scope enlarged to include other people whose lives and various, illustrative fates intersected with my mother's.

It has often been said that journalism is the first draft of history. But arriving on the scene more than a half century after the events I was investigating, I found my reporter's objectivity challenged by hindsight and personal involvement. In Lyon, for example, I talked my way inside the apartment building where four French cousins had been arrested in 1943 by the pro-Nazi French Milice and then deported to death at Auschwitz. (Historical research yielded the shocking statis-

tic that of more than 75,000 Jews deported from France to concentration camps, three-fourths were arrested not by the Germans but by the French police.) A resident whose mother had known my cousins introduced me to an upstairs neighbor, hale and trim at almost 90, who had lived there through the war. Teary-eyed, he was forthcoming with grim details about how the family had been dragged off without their coats in the chill of an October night. But obviously reluctant to offend me, he needed prodding to share his theory as to why other Jewish tenants had been warned before the roundup and evaded capture, while my wealthy cousin Mimi had been denounced and targeted for execution. Her three blameless children would die with her, and her surviving husband—having spurned my grandfather’s pleas for them all to join in the escape to Cuba—would lose his sanity in mourning them.

“Madame was always *le feu dans le bâtiment*,” the fire in the building, Mimi’s onetime neighbor said at last, alluding to her reputation for being imperious and selfish. The tantalizing mealtime scents of black-market privilege that had wafted from her apartment aroused resentment at a point when almost everyone else was starving. She’d made enemies. There were rumors she’d declined to contribute to a fund to help impoverished Jews escape the Nazis. Yet would I seem to be suggesting that this cousin I’d never met deserved her awful end if I recounted his explanations? In this instance, as in each of the many complicated moral conundrums the book presented, I worried how others in the family would respond but felt obligated to report what I had learned.

Another case involved the loyalties of a French official who had helped my mother’s family at a point when they were trapped in a deadly situation. After France and England declared war on Germany in response to Hitler’s inva-

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Janine captivated Leslie’s imagination with dramatic stories drawn from memory.

sion of Poland in 1939, the family had fled to a little town called Gray in a dairy region near Dijon. With the fall of France in 1940, the Germans seized the area, billeted a thousand Wehrmacht soldiers in the town (including one in my grandparents’ apartment), and replaced its Jewish mayor with an Alsatian lay priest, Joseph Fimbel, whom they relied upon to do their bidding.

More than 60 years later, Gray’s citizens continued to argue conflicting opinions of him. Had Fimbel collaborated, or had he subtly used his municipal authority to outwit his masters? That the Nazis ultimately deported him to Buchenwald for undermining their directives had not persuaded doubters who blocked attempts to name a street in his memory. Yet knowing that the mayor, a friend to my grandfather, had helped the Günzburgers and many others to cross the guarded Demarcation Line from Occupied France to the ostensibly safer zone controlled by Vichy—that I might owe my life to him—how could I portray him as anything but a man who had risked his life to do his best in a hellish situation?

Reporting in Freiburg, I would forge a most unexpected friendship with Michael Stock, the grandson of the hotelier who had taken over my grandparents’ stately home when Jewish property was being “Aryanized” in 1938. It was difficult to squelch my outrage, however, when Michael’s mother, Rosemarie Stock, proudly invited me into her bedroom, in that same house where my mother had been born, to admire her Hitler Youth track meet certificate, framed and hanging on the wall. She surprised me by offering to pose, smiling, for a picture sitting next to it, even though she’d been my mother’s childhood playmate and the award was prominently decorated with a swastika. Nor was that the only instance of her testing the sangfroid of my journalistic objectivity.

“Why did your grandmother leave here anyway?” she coolly asked me over coffee and cake one afternoon. “I didn’t understand. Surely, she wasn’t Jewish. She didn’t look Jewish.”

“What does that mean?” I couldn’t help myself from interjecting.

“Well, of course, she didn’t have a Jewish nose or lips,” Frau

Stock shrugged as she drew a large hooked nose in the air and mockingly rolled down her lower lip. The moist pink protuberance recalled ugly racist caricatures on Nazi posters.

Just the same, committed to presenting all sides of things, I granted her full voice in the book to bemoan the sorrows of war that had been hers. The suicide of her father, crushed by construction debt as he expanded his hotel into the home next door that had rightfully belonged to Sigmar. The protracted absence of her husband, working for the Führer in a chemical plant near Poland. The bombings, cold, and hunger that underscored the misery of defeat. The constant talk of concentration camps when she preferred to look ahead. “You cannot turn back the hands of time,” she warned.

More than anywhere, reporting in Freiburg mounted to an emotional crescendo for me. It was overwhelming to visit the lonely graves of my great-grandparents and to realize that, having died before the Nazi era, they were spared from knowing why so few of their descendants had ever come to pay them homage in accordance with tradition by placing little rocks upon their tombstone. It was humiliating when the son of the man who’d taken over Sigmar’s business forcibly ejected me from the office building where I’d waited hours for him, hoping for an interview. And it was shocking to travel 20 minutes outside of town to the Jewish graveyard in the village of Ihringen, where Sigmar had been born, to discover all 200 antique tombstones desecrated, with gruesome neo-Nazi slogans daubed across the walls.

At times, my resemblance to my mother and familiarity with details of her Freiburg girlhood led people to mistake me for Janine—or Hanna, as she’d been called in Germany. It was easy to imagine that I had morphed into my mother’s younger self or fallen through a chink in time back to the years she had described. The nearness of the past became not only real but also terrifying. Following the route of her escape across the Rhine, I impetuously ran to France and found myself in unimagined search of my mother’s long-lost love. With sudden clarity I understood that faces now lined by years were waiting to be recognized and that—Frau Stock’s admonition notwithstanding—my most important quest was right in front of me.

REPORTING IN FREIBURG MOUNTED TO AN EMOTIONAL CRESCENDO FOR ME

Since publication of the book, readers here and in Germany have added postscripts of their own. A man of 80, for instance, recalled the alarming first sight of his own father weeping in 1938—his grief prompted by learning that his generous Jewish employer, Sigmar Günzburger, was about to flee the country. “Maybe it is good for you to know that during the horrible years of the persecution of Jews,” he wrote from Freiburg, “some people felt and suffered with you.”

From outside Berlin, a woman e-mailed to say that the Wehrmacht soldier depicted in the book as having proposed marriage to Janine in 1940 in order to save her from Hitler had been a member of her family. “Just think,” she mused, “had circumstances been different and had your mother fallen for him, we could be related today.” Others wrote to share their own stories of heartbreaking loss and of struggles to build new lives with fresh meaning.

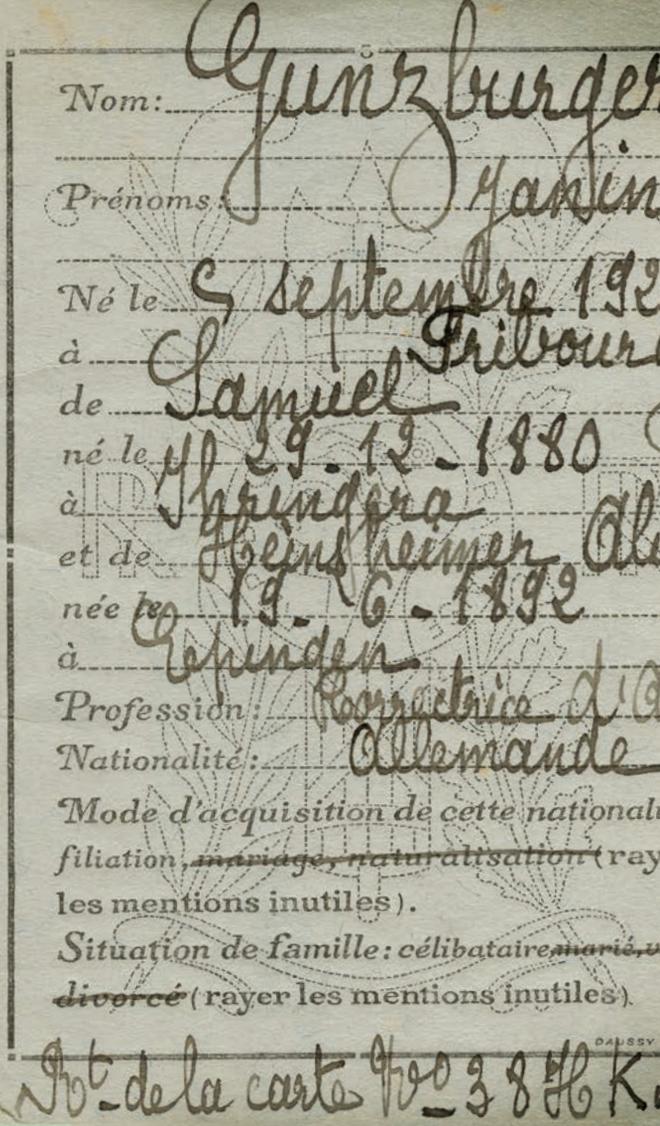
These touching letters as well as documents and pictures sent by readers from far-flung places have accumulated in my study along with the many files, reporters’ notebooks, tapes, and photographs that remain for me to organize. With the task delayed as I’ve toured around the country to speak about the book, the excavations involved in my archaeology of war and love have resulted in stacks of papers being relegated to the floor. One recent afternoon, while we were talking amid this regrettable topography, my son reached down and randomly plucked up a faded letter. Zach had only read two lines (or so he claimed), when he held it out for my inspection and asked me what it was.

Penned in my own hand, like my Mother’s Day card of 1970, it proved to be the heartfelt draft of a love letter I’d written to my boyfriend while in college. It took longer than it should have for me to draw the connection that the author of that ardent letter was the same age that Janine had been when, sobbing in her straw-covered berth on a freighter bound for Casablanca in 1942, she’d read and read again the letter slipped into her pocket by the young man she adored.

Now I read the letter written many years ago by a student in Chicago and put it in the wicker trash basket beneath my desk. Yet the next day, before leaving on another trip, appreciating the vulnerable confession of the youthful moment in which it was composed or the authenticity of a phrase that struck me as original, I rescued it and hid it in my drawer. There, a few weeks later, it came into my hand again. And then, with all due respect to history, to family lore, to the treasures found in parents’ desks, and to my son and daughter, I tore it into little pieces and said a fond farewell to my own romantic past. It is possible for one’s children to know too much. ♦



Janine's identity card in Lyon.



INTERNAL INVESTIGATION

A distinguished career at the New York Times prepared Leslie Maitland, AB'75, for reporting a deeply personal story.

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94



The Maitland family in 1970. Left to right: Leslie; her father, Len; her mother, Janine; and her brother, Gary.

Before setting out to research her 2012 book *Crossing the Borders of Time*, **Leslie Maitland**, AB'71, spent 17 years as a reporter for the *New York Times*. Those years fulfilled a dream she'd had from when she was "the very littlest, tiny child." When she was growing up in Manhattan's Inwood neighborhood, Maitland's maternal grandfather, Sigmar, used the *Times* to teach her how to read. "He would give me the newspaper and have me circle the words that I recognized. And so I always wanted to work at the *New York Times*."

When that ambition brought her to the Midwest in 1966 to attend a Medill School of Journalism program for high school juniors, Maitland stumbled on the University of Chicago. Medill had set aside a day for the students to spend in Hyde Park, where then provost Edward Levi, U-High'28, PhB'32, JD'35, spoke to them about the University and the aims of education. "By the time I got back on the bus to Northwestern," she recalls, "I said to my roommate, 'this is definitely where I want to go to college. Definitely.'"

So she did, majoring in the history and philosophy of religion partly as a way of studying comparative literature, not then offered as a major. In 1969 a religion and literature course with poet and professor Henry Rago skewed the path ahead of her. Rago, who had served as editor of *Poetry* magazine for 14 years while teaching part time in the Divinity School and the New Collegiate Division, was a captivating

teacher. "With one sentence he set me on a different course for a number of years," Maitland says. "One day in class he said, 'The subject of journalism is the extraordinary. The subject of poetry and religion is the ordinary.' And when I thought about that I realized that I had not spent enough time thinking about the ordinary to dive into the extraordinary."

That spring Rago, 53 years old, suffered a sudden, fatal heart attack. The next class meeting was canceled, but all of the students in the course showed up, "and we sat in silence holding hands in the dark" for the entire period, Maitland

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PHOTO COURTESY LESLIE MAITLAND



The market in Freiburg, where Maitland returned decades later to trace the roots of her family history.



Crossing the Borders of Time was released in paperback in January 2013, and Maitland narrated the audiobook.

PHOTO COURTESY LESLIE MAITLAND (LEFT); PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT MENDELSON (RIGHT)

remembers. Rago’s influence on her lingered. Instead of going straight into journalism after graduation, she earned a master’s degree from Harvard Divinity School and applied to its doctoral program in religious studies.

She got in but took a leave of absence at the urging of her mother, Janine, who remembered her daughter’s lifelong ambition. “It was crazy,” Maitland says. “She drove me to the *New York Times* building and said, ‘Go on in and apply for a job.’” Maitland, with just six months of newspaper experience at a small New Jersey weekly, filled out a form in the personnel department. A few weeks later the city editor, Arthur Gelb, called her for an interview.

When Maitland started at the *Times* in 1973, women staffers—who accounted for just 10 percent of its workforce—were examining gender inequities at the paper and in 1974 would launch a class action discrimination lawsuit. She “had to push and connive to snare assignments readily available to men.” Assigned to Style, then a routine placement for many female reporters, she pursued “the grittiest subjects I could find” that would still feel appropriate in the section. She covered rape, date rape, and the drug culture in the New York City singles scene. Showing her investigative chops on such stories, Maitland landed more news-driven assignments: the triple murder trial of boxer Rubin “Hurricane” Carter, stories about the district attorney’s office, the FBI, drug trafficking, and the Mafia. Gradually she gained the freedom to pursue the long, complex investigations, many focused on political corruption, that defined her career at the *Times*. Her work won awards and, though she couldn’t know it at the

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time, prepared her for the monumental investigation of her own family history she would later undertake.

The seeds of that project were planted more than two decades ago. After breaking a major story on Abscam, the FBI’s first undercover sting operation aimed at exposing bribery in Congress, Maitland was promoted to the paper’s Washington bureau to cover the Justice Department in 1982. During her stint in the capital, she wrote “A Bittersweet Pilgrimage” for the *Times*. The 1989 travel piece narrated a family trip to Freiburg, the German town her mother had fled as a girl in 1938. Years before Maitland immersed herself in archives and retraced her mother’s flight, her work on *Crossing the Borders of Time* had begun. ♦

glimpses

IN VINO VERITAS

BY CARRIE GOLUS, AB'91, AM'93

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DREW REYNOLDS

If you look closely at the numbers, you will see that **Bill St. John**, AM'77, AM'80, PhD'83, earned three advanced degrees in just six years—the first and third from the Divinity School, the second in public policy. In 1983, while teaching philosophy, religion, ethics, and economics at his alma mater, Denver's Regis College (now Regis University), he won a contest to become a wine writer for the *Rocky Mountain News*.

By 1996 St. John had given up his academic career to become a full-time journalist. He was the restaurant critic, food editor, and wine writer for the *Denver Post*, wrote the Fearless Omnivore column for *Wine & Spirits*, and did cooking demonstrations and restaurant reviews for Denver's KCNC-TV. During his 12 years as a restaurant critic, "I gained 50 pounds," says St. John. "I'm Catholic, and you always clean your plate. It was not a great job for me to have."

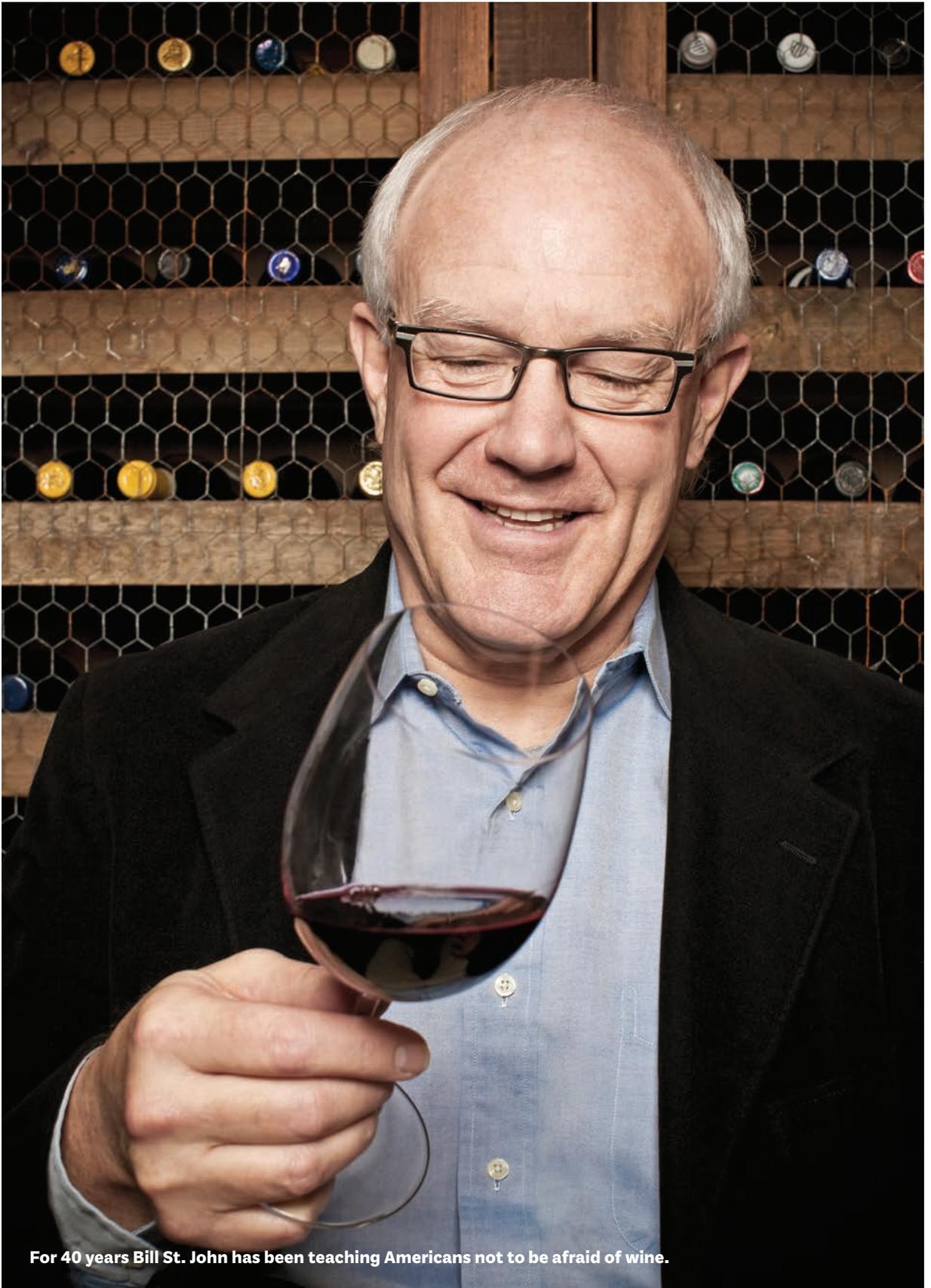
Now living in Chicago, St. John writes a weekly wine and food column for the *Chicago Tribune*. He teaches classes on food, drink, religion, and philosophy at the Graham School and tasting classes at local wine stores. In an interview with the *Magazine*, adapted below, he talked about his academic background and career.

CRU BOURGEOIS My mother was from Belgium. I was the oldest of nine children. Her heritage caused her to pay a lot

of attention to the quality of the food she prepared for us. She started getting my father interested in wine, which is something that was important to her father, and we learned about wine from them. I'm lucky. That doesn't happen to an American child, generally.

COMMUNION WINE When I was at Regis College in the '60s, there were some priests there [who were interested in] wine as part of Christian heritage. I started learning about wine with this one priest, a professor, and we started teaching classes about wine to our fellow students and professors. This priest knew a lot about music. So we would do a class on American

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For 40 years Bill St. John has been teaching Americans not to be afraid of wine.

wines and Aaron Copland, or German wines and J. S. Bach. If you're going to teach something, you have to teach yourself first. I learned a lot by picking up books, reading, tasting wines ahead of time, so I could talk about it.

I graduated first in my class, *summa cum laude*, with a degree in religion and philosophy. And I had no job. So I opened a small wine shop in Denver with my former professors.

CHRISTIAN OR PHILOSOPHER I was in Washington, DC, at a conference with some of my fellow students in 1982. There was an air accident out of National Airport. This plane took off, clipped its wing on a bridge, and crashed into the Potomac River. There was this man floating in the Potomac with a lot of other survivors, waiting to be rescued, and this helicopter kept coming by and lowering a life ring into the water. And this man kept handing the life ring to other people in the water. And he died. He sacrificed his life for other people. I was fascinated by that. Why did this guy do that? So I started studying what's called in philosophical circles *supererogation*: those acts of goodness that are beyond the call of duty. In Christian ethics, you have to do those things; you're supposed to turn the other cheek, to do good works, to lay down your life for your friends. Philosophers would say, *bullshit*. That's *supererogatory*. That is not necessary. So I wrote a dissertation on *supererogation*.

RESIDUAL SUGAR I was interested in the history of ethics, the nonreligious history as well—the Greeks, modern philosophers. So I started taking courses in philosophy. I think the first 70 days, I read a book a day. It was the University of Chicago. One of the things I was lacking when I was studying medical ethics was a background in practical things like finance, allocation of resources. It's all well and good to say we ought to save as many lives as possible, but when that costs a lot of money, from society's point of view that's another question. So I applied for a master's degree in public policy. I was given a free ride as a Searle Fellow—the drug company that made Aspartame. They had a lot of money in 1978.

WINE IS FULL OF FLAVORS AND TEXTURES AND AROMAS, ENORMOUS GEOGRAPHY, CRAFT, HISTORY.

WINE AS CONDIMENT For other cultures, wine is like ketchup on the table. For us, it's not. We think of wine as a special thing, not as an everyday beverage. I think we were not a wine-drinking culture from the beginning. So we've had to establish a wine culture.

COUNTRY WINE Because we are the United States, we have available to us a range of wines that no other culture has. Even smaller stores have wines from probably 12 or 15 different countries. A French person doesn't have wine from 15 countries. Maybe at a special store in Paris. We have at our disposal a huge number and range of wines that we've had to teach ourselves about, and that we are also afraid of.

NOBLE ROT I'm not comfortable around people bragging about their wine collections, or that they got something that was rated 95 by Robert Parker. I just get so angry because it's so *American*. It's like talking about your car, the school your kids go to, the country club you're a member of—it's just not good. And in my view, that's not what wine is about.

ALCOHOL BY VOLUME I don't drink. Alcohol and I are not friends. Wine and I are really close intimates, but that's a necessary distinction. I put wine in my mouth, and taste it, and smell it, and roll it around, and then I spit it out, maybe 50 times a week, at a minimum. Wine isn't alcohol to me. Wine is full of flavors and textures and aromas, enormous geography, craft, history. It's an enormous thing in this teeny glass. And alcohol is just there. In a way it's really immaterial.

BESTBUY The wines of Portugal in general. I don't know why we devalue Portugal so much. I guess we consider it a runt of Spain, or a failed country because it used to be so powerful and now it is no longer a great world power. Or maybe because they don't brag about themselves—they're not flashy like the Italians, French, or Spanish are.

LAST DRINK I adore and am so fascinated with red Burgundy made with the Pinot Noir grape. There's enormous amounts of history involved in the development of the Burgundy and its vineyards that goes back to the time before Charlemagne. And the Pinot Noir expresses itself in all these different little vineyards in individual ways. Wines that are from right next to each other and made by the same winemaker can really be quite different. I just love that there's a terrestrial tie. If I had to have one wine—which I would drink, because I wouldn't be worried about being sharp enough to teach or write a column at that point—I would enjoy red Pinot Noir. ♦

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

Or, how to enjoy wine without fear.

BY CARRIE GOLUS, AB'91, AM'93

Americans are nervous about wine. “For us it’s still a very special beverage, with all of its code words and language,” says **Bill St. John**, AM’77, AM’80, PhD’83. “It has this aura about it.” To those who would attempt to navigate this tricky, class-infested terrain, St. John offers a few guideposts.

How to choose wine when you’re overwhelmed by the selection

“This is what I would do, and this is a novel way of getting information,” says St. John. “Ask questions yourself.”

At Walmart or Costco, that may not be possible, he admits. But at a liquor store or even a grocery store, just ask someone who works there. “In the context of this elitist beverage, people don’t want to ask questions. It shows you don’t know. It takes a little grain of humility, but that’s the way to do it. It’s the way to learn. If you have an inquisitive look on your face, that’s not stupid. That’s smart. You can learn something.”

How to choose from a wine list

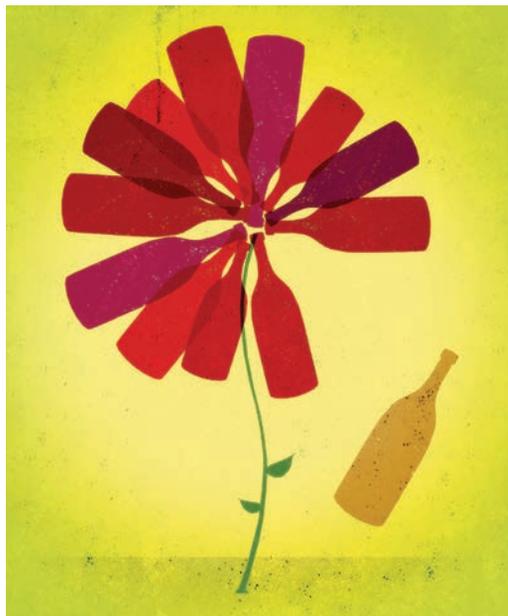
Same principle: ask the waiter. “If I’m in a restaurant, I’m there for my pleasure,” he says. “If I don’t know about the wine, someone should tell me. All I should be doing is participating in the exercise of my pleasure. I’m going to be paying two or three times retail for the wine. Do it my way.”

Sniffing the cork: a do or a don’t?

A do. It isn’t necessary, says St. John, but it isn’t gauche. Wine drinkers used to be handed the cork to check the domain name printed there and thus avoid counterfeits. Today the ritual has outlived that practical purpose, but “here is a chance for you to smell something beautiful. The wet end of a cork smells exactly like the cellar the wine came from. So I smell it. I smell it deeply. If someone wants to think it’s gauche, it really doesn’t bother me. I just gave myself one more happy for that day. That’s fine with me.”

What to say about wine to sound smart

“That’s not a stupid question, but it’s difficult to answer, and therefore it verges on being stupid,” says St. John. “The assumption is you need to impress somebody, which I think is a bad position to take.”



Box wines: a do or a don’t?

A do. “The French and the Spanish have come up with really good-quality box wines,” says St. John. “It’s a way to buy three or four liters of wine at a far less per-bottle cost. ... You get a lot of volume with less heavy packaging, so it has a smaller carbon footprint.”

What to do with a half-full bottle

Put it in the fridge. It will keep for three or four days. If you first pour the leftover wine into a smaller bottle—plastic is fine, just no aluminum—it will keep for ten days. You can even freeze half-full bottles of wine.

Leftover white and sparkling wine can be drunk cold. To drink leftover red wine, take it out 30 minutes before serving to warm up. “Just don’t microwave it. That’s not a very good idea.”

If you need a decent bottle of wine but the only store is Walgreens

Wherever you are in the United States, you will find these labels: Torres (Spain), Fetzer (California), Antinori (Italy). “Even the Gallo products are actually pretty good,” St. John says. “It isn’t the best possible wine, but that’s not the point.” ♦



Read more wine advice on topics including vanity labels, gifts of wine, and dinner guest etiquette, at mag.uchicago.edu/winertips.

politics

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

William Browder, AB'85, was once the biggest capitalist in Russia. After his lawyer was tortured and died in jail, he became one of the Kremlin's fiercest enemies.

BY LYDIALYLE GIBSON

ILLUSTRATION BY DARREN HOPES





It seems so long ago now, the moment he thought he'd escaped the worst. In 2007, almost two years after being stripped of his visa and expelled from Russia—his home and headquarters for nearly a decade, the place where he made an immense, improbable fortune—investment banker **William Browder**, AB'85, was on the phone with his lawyer, listening to him explain the huge fraud Browder had narrowly avoided. The scheme had been elaborate, involving a series of phony court filings secretly expropriating \$1 billion from his firm, Hermitage Capital Management, to organized criminals and corrupt government officials.

But when the perpetrators arrived at the banks to claim the money they'd stolen, they found nothing there. The accounts were empty. Wary after his expulsion, Browder had quietly withdrawn everything. Weeks after the failed theft, his lawyer pieced together what had happened. "And I began to laugh sort of nervously, but happily," Browder recalls, "because we had successfully avoided this them grabbing our assets." His lawyer, a 36-year-old Russian named Sergei Magnitsky, didn't laugh.

Instead he warned Browder, "Russian stories never end this way."

For Magnitsky, the story ended in death. Looking deeper into the attempted theft, he uncovered another crime, a \$230 million tax fraud linked to the same shell companies and the same criminals and corrupt officials who'd tried to defraud Browder's firm. When Magnitsky reported what he'd found to the authorities, he was arrested and accused of the crime himself. He died almost 12 months later in a Russian jail cell, sick and thin and bruised. Investigators later concluded that he was tortured.

For Browder, anguished and transformed by Magnitsky's death, the story isn't over. Once the largest foreign portfolio investor in Russia, whose conduct typified to some the recklessness and rapacity of post-Soviet capitalism, Browder has become a crusader for human rights. Once among Vladimir Putin's most vociferous cheerleaders, firm in his belief—despite others' skepticism, and despite Putin's own encroachments on business and civil liberties—that the Russian president was acting in the best interests of his people, Browder has now become a vehement enemy of the Russian state.

Mostly, he's earned Russia's ire by telling Magnitsky's story to anyone who will listen. For three years Browder has lobbied Western governments to enact sanctions against the Russian officials involved in Magnitsky's detention, brutal treatment, and death—laws "naming

ONCE AMONG VLADIMIR PUTIN'S MOST VOCIFEROUS CHEERLEADERS, ... BROWDER HAS NOW BECOME A VEHEMENT ENEMY OF THE RUSSIAN STATE.

names, banning visas, and freezing accounts," as he puts it. His relentlessness led to the Magnitsky Act, signed into US law last December, which prevents complicit Russian officials from visiting the United States or investing money, depositing assets, and owning property here. It also freezes their current assets. Vigorously opposed by the Kremlin, the Magnitsky Act has soured US relations with Moscow and earned Browder a fresh round of death threats and reprisals from the country where he once lived.

He presses on. In Europe and Canada, blacklist laws similar to the Magnitsky Act are making their way through parliaments and legislatures; campaigning for them has become, Browder says, a full-time job, which he conducts on top of his investment business. "I'm working 16 hours a day, seven days a week."

So he talks about Magnitsky, to politicians and policy makers and reporters, some of them the same ones to whom he once raved about Russia's boundless potential. During the past few years, he's appeared in dozens of newspapers and magazines: the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Financial Times*, *Foreign Policy Magazine*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Forbes*.

Some of the published stories, in tidy rows of black frames, line the conference room walls of his London office. It's a kind of monument to Magnitsky's suffering and to Browder's quest, driven by grief and anger and remorse. Headlines call out in English, French, German, Dutch, Cyrillic. "Dying in Agony," reads one from London's *Sunday Times*. From *Baron's*: "Crime and Punishment in Putin's Russia." And from Italy's *L'Espresso* magazine, "Browder Contro Putin." News



Investment banker William Browder was transformed by the death of his lawyer Sergei Magnitsky.

photographs show Magnitsky's half-smiling office portrait, his grieving mother, his casket ringed with mourners.

Taking a seat at the head of the conference room's long wooden table, Browder asks, "Well, should I tell you the Magnitsky story from the beginning?" Then he takes off his glasses, rubs his face, and begins.

Browder graduated from Stanford business school in 1989, the year the Berlin Wall fell and capitalism came flooding into the former Soviet bloc. But his Russian connection goes back further, to a grandfather who led the American Communist Party

during some of its most robust and raucous years. Born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1891, Earl Browder joined the Socialist Party at age 14. By the time he was 30, he'd been to jail twice for opposing the draft and World War I, and he'd gone from bookkeeping and factory work to union organizing and activism.

The Comintern invited Earl to Moscow in 1921 and again in 1926 as part of a labor delegation. He married a Russian woman and began working for the American Communist Party. In 1934 he ascended to the party's highest post, general secretary. Earl led the party—running for US president twice—until 1945, when he was kicked out for suggesting that communism and capitalism could coexist.



Browder's Russian ties began with his grandfather, Earl Browder, who led the American Communist Party.

(In a *Harper's* essay 15 years later, he wrote that Stalin had personally ordered his expulsion.) Earl spent the 1950s defending himself against accusations from Senator Joseph McCarthy and the House Un-American Activities Committee, and fighting a deportation order against his wife, Raissa, that dated back to the 1930s.

"So this was my family," Browder says. After a fairly ordinary American childhood in Hyde Park, where his father, Felix, chaired the University of Chicago math department and Browder earned a degree in economics from the College, that family offered an ancestral link back to Russia. Also, Browder thought to himself in 1989—as the Wall was coming down, communism was crumbling, and the ink was drying on his new MBA—it offered a comparative advantage in business. Looking for jobs that would send him to Eastern Europe, he found one with the Boston Consulting Group in London.

His first assignment took him to Poland, to a failing bus factory in a town on the Ukrainian border. There, reading the newspaper one morning, he stumbled on his calling: a series of financial statements for the first privatizations of state-owned Polish companies. A few informal calculations revealed that the companies were being sold for less than half of their previous year's profits. Browder took out his entire life savings, \$4,000; converted it to Polish zloty; and bought shares in a tire company, a bank, and a trading company. In the next 12 months, their value

went up ten times. "Now, if you've ever made ten times your money on anything," he told an audience during a 2009 Stanford talk, "you'll know that it releases a certain chemical in your body. And you want that chemical released again."

A couple of years later, working for Salomon Brothers,

**THE ENTIRE VALUE
OF RUSSIA IN 1992
WAS \$10 BILLION. FOR
THE WHOLE COUNTRY.
ALL THE OIL, ALL THE
GAS, ALL THE METALS,
ALL THE EVERYTHING.
TEN BILLION DOLLARS.**

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Browder declared himself the firm's investment banker in charge of Russia, a job no one wanted in a department that didn't yet exist. "This was 1992," Browder said. "There was no investment work in Russia." Still, he wrangled a nickel-and-dime assignment advising on a privatization deal for a fishing trawler fleet in Murmansk, in the far northwest reaches of Russia, 300 miles beyond the Arctic Circle. There he discovered a similar situation to the one in Poland: the company was being privatized for a fraction of its real value. Its 100 ships were worth \$1 billion, he estimated, but the total price of shares was only \$5 million. He told the company's managers to buy the 51 percent stake they'd been offered.

Afterward, instead of returning to London, where he was based, Browder went to Moscow. The whole country, he discovered, was up for sale at absurdly low prices. "The entire value of Russia in 1992 was \$10 billion," he said. "For the whole country. All the oil, all the gas, all the metals, all the everything. Ten billion dollars." He convinced his bosses at Salomon to give him \$25 million to invest. Seven months later he'd turned it into \$125 million. Not long after that, Browder left Salomon to start his own management fund. He was 32 years old.

Browder moved to Moscow in 1996 without knowing a word of Russian. He had \$25 million in initial capital from Lebanese-born banker and billionaire Edmond Safra. Browder called his new company the Hermitage Fund (now Hermitage Capital Management) after the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg, the place where Russia kept its treasures. His first office furniture consisted of a picnic table and chairs.

Browder began investing in large but little-known and vastly undervalued companies. The ability to conduct his own firsthand research gave him an advantage over Wall Street investors an ocean away in New York, who had to rely on Moscow brokers. "So I went and visited the oil company that traded at one-tenth the valuation of Lukoil," a giant Russian oil company, Browder told his Stanford audience. "And there was no difference." At the less-famous firms, he found "the same surly management, the same rusting oil derricks, the same bad tax inspectors, the same everything." But their shares cost 10 percent of those of better-known firms like Lukoil. In the same spirit, he invested in Siberian oil fields and chocolate factories on the Volga River.

In the first month, Browder's fund went up 35 percent. "Not in a year, but in a month." Seventeen months after that, it was up more than 800 percent, attracting more than \$1 billion in investments as more and more investors joined. Browder was featured on the front pages of newspapers.

Overjoyed clients invited him to their yachts. "I thought I'd just figured it all out."

Then in August 1998, the financial crash. Awash in debt, Russia defaulted; its currency devalued, and its stock market dropped 88 percent. Hermitage's \$1 billion suddenly shrank to \$100 million. But more alarming than the financial meltdown, he says, were the new enemies it unmasked: Russian oligarchs.

They're infamous now, but they were mostly unknown then: a powerful, small, and super-rich elite who'd acquired majority shares in almost every Russian company. After the crash, most Western investors withdrew their money and went home, and with them went the oligarchs' strongest incentive to behave. What followed, Browder told the crowd at Stanford, was "an orgy of stealing"—financial misbehavior of almost every kind. "Asset stripping, transfer pricing, dilution, embezzlement. You name it, they were doing it." With a 1 or 2 percent ownership stake in companies that the oligarchs were fleecing, Browder saw Hermitage losing money. He decided he had two choices: leave or fight. "I could not just watch it happen."

He fought. He became what he calls a "shareholder rights activist," exposing corruption, embezzlement, and mismanagement to force reforms. After a company cleaned up, its share price rose. "My big approach to Russia was that it was a flawed country," he says, "but trying to fix some of those flaws created opportunity." While other shareholders urged caution and quieter methods, Browder hired forensic fraud investigators, dug up dirt, filed lawsuits, called reporters. He took on the majority shareholders of the oil firm Sidanco, the electricity monopoly UES, the national savings bank Sberbank, and oil and gas company Surgutneftegaz. He started getting death threats; he employed 15 bodyguards.

Browder's most famous fight involved Gazprom, Russia's mammoth gas company. The theft and corruption he exposed there—managers were stealing "an oil company the size of Exxon out of Gazprom," he said—prompted parliamentary hearings and shareholder votes. Seven months later, Putin fired Gazprom's boss; actions like that helped convince Browder that his interests aligned with Putin's. Between 1999, when Browder started buying shares, and 2005, Gazprom's stock price went up 100 times. Hermitage's fund went up 40 times, from \$100 million to \$4 billion. But Browder's coerced clean-ups were causing dangerous people to lose money.

Returning to Russia after a trip to London in November 2005, Browder was stopped at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport and thrown into detention for 15 hours. The next day he was deported back to London and declared a threat to Russia's national security.

It was a sign of worse things to come. Browder understood that. In 2003 he'd seen Mikhail Khodorkovsky, Yukos Oil's chief and once Russia's richest man, brought up on phony fraud charges and sentenced to eight years in prison after falling afoul of Putin. Browder had at first cheered Khodorkovsky's undoing; he was one of the executives Browder had battled. As Browder told the *New York Times* in 2011, he didn't realize until later that the Putin government's crackdown against the oligarchs was a sign less that it was trying to root out the oligarchs' corruption than that government officials were moving in on their turf.

His own expulsion shocked him into realization. It occurred to him he could end up like Khodorkovsky. "I didn't want to be another victim like him," Browder says. From London, his base of operations ever since, he evacuated Hermitage's employees from Moscow. He began liquidating the firm's Russian holdings and quietly withdrawing the money, leaving a skeletal presence in the country in case his visa was reinstated and it became safe to return.

Then, on June 4, 2007, 50 interior ministry police officers raided Hermitage's office and that of its attorneys, Firestone Duncan. This was the firm where Magnitsky worked as a lawyer. Claiming they were investigating underpaid taxes, the police took documents, computers, corporate seals, and articles of association for holding companies through which Hermitage made its investments. When a junior lawyer at Firestone Duncan protested the raid, he was beaten so badly he had to be hospitalized.

As Magnitsky later discovered, the seized documents and seals were used to transfer ownership of three Hermitage holding companies to a convicted murderer recently released from prison. Then backdated contracts were forged, showing that those holding companies owed \$1 billion to three empty shell companies. Those companies then sued Hermitage's former holding companies in court, and in a hearing that lasted five minutes, three lawyers hired by the perpetrators pleaded guilty and a judge ordered the holding companies to pay \$1 billion to the three empty shell companies.

But the bank accounts were empty. Months later, after getting a strange and unexpected phone call from a bailiff at the St. Petersburg Arbitration Court, inquiring about one of the judgments against the holding companies, Browder asked Magnitsky to investigate. Over several weeks, Magnitsky pieced together the plot and traced it to organized criminals and corrupt government officials. Relieved to have escaped the theft, Browder figured the story was over; Magnitsky knew it wasn't. He kept investigating and eventually uncovered another crime.

Failing to seize Hermitage's assets, the perpetrators, Magnitsky found, turned to the \$230 million in taxes Her-

mitage had paid a few months earlier on its 2006 profits. "When we were exiting Russia, we exited very quickly, and we sold a lot of shares," Browder says. "We declared a profit of \$1 billion, and we paid \$230 million in taxes to the Russian government." Using the same documents and court judgments, the thieves applied for a tax refund. "It was the largest tax refund in the history of Russia," Browder says. "They applied for it on December 24, 2007. And it was granted the same day, no questions asked, on Christmas Eve."

He and Magnitsky, believing that this was a "rogue operation," reported what they'd found to the Russian government, filing nine criminal complaints with law enforcement agencies. "And then we waited for the SWAT teams in helicopters to go after the bad guys." Instead, Browder and his lawyers—seven, including Magnitsky—found themselves under attack. Russian authorities opened criminal cases against them. Browder evacuated his lawyers to London, all except one: Sergei Magnitsky. Younger than the others, he was, Browder says, less haunted by the memory of the Soviet system's capriciousness and brutality. "Sergei was 36, and he was an optimist and an idealist," Browder says. And despite the crimes he'd just uncovered and the response he'd gotten for reporting them, "he thought Russia had changed and that there was rule of law."

So Magnitsky pushed forward, testifying twice against the police officers who'd raided the offices. A couple of weeks after his second testimony, in November 2008, three officers came to his apartment one morning and arrested him in front of his wife and two children. He was charged with fraud.

Browder knew Magnitsky more as an acquaintance and associate than as a friend. But he admired and respected him. "Sergei wasn't involved in politics, he wasn't an oligarch, and he wasn't a human rights activist. He was just a highly competent professional," Browder wrote in a *Foreign Policy* article in December 2009, when the shock of Magnitsky's

SERGEI WAS 36, AND HE WAS AN OPTIMIST AND AN IDEALIST. ... HE THOUGHT RUSSIA HAD CHANGED.



Sergei Magnitsky's mother and other mourners at his coffin. His death sparked protests in Russia.

death was still fresh. Sitting in his London office more than three years later, surrounded by framed accounts of Magnitsky's ordeal and his own crusade, Browder remembers Magnitsky as smart and unpretentious. A guy who took the metro to work and came home to his wife and children. "He was one of these people—you always have these people in class—who knows how to do everything," Browder says. "People were always going to him with complicated questions; he was the guy who could figure everything out." That's why Browder asked for his help after the raid on his office. As he told Charlie Rose in 2012, Magnitsky was "just the most reliable guy we knew."

Browder didn't know that he was also incredibly brave.

The nearly 12 months of Magnitsky's detention and torture are remarkably well documented, laid out in dutiful, matter-of-fact detail by Magnitsky himself. Citing prison cell numbers, dates, hours, statutes, he passed his notes to his own lawyer, who sent copies every month to Browder in London. In 358 days as a prisoner, he filed 450 complaints about his treatment, even as he was beaten and starved and nearly frozen, as he lost 40 pounds and grew sick and then sicker. He was put into cells with 14 inmates and eight beds, into cells so crowded he had to stand up, cells with no panes the window in December and no toilet except a hole in the floor, where the lights stayed on 24 hours a day and sewage bubbled up from below. One night he and his cell mates repaired a broken toilet by making a plug out of a plastic cup. They awoke the next morning to find that a rat

had bitten a hole in it the size of an apple. "People were afraid to file even one complaint," Browder says. "He filed 450."

They are heartbreaking in their prosaic straightforwardness. "At about midday, in the cell," reads a translation of one, "sewage started to rise from the drain under the sink, and half of the cell floor was flooded straight away. We asked for a plumber to be called, but he only arrived at 22:00 and could not repair the fault. ... It was impossible to walk on the floor and we were forced to move around the cell by climbing on the beds like monkeys."

His jailers kept pressing Magnitsky to sign a confession admitting that he'd committed the crime he'd reported and that Browder had put him up to it. He wouldn't sign. They must have been so surprised, says Browder. "They figured, 'Here's this guy, he's got a soft handshake, he wears a suit to work. ... Put him in a cell with hardened criminals, where they're fighting over beds and tired and distracted and angry, and within a week he'll sign anything.'" Instead, Magnitsky kept filing complaints.

After a few months, in June 2009, he was diagnosed with pancreatitis, gallstones, and calculous cholecystitis. The prison doctor recommended surgery. Instead, he was moved to a facility without a hospital, Moscow's notorious Butyrka Prison. There, isolated from his family and in constant, agonizing pain, his health broke down completely. His lawyers wrote desperate appeals to judges, interior ministry officials, the prosecutor's office, begging for medical treatment. All of them were ignored. One night Magnitsky was so sick that a cell mate banged on the door for hours calling for help that never came.

On the night of November 16, 2009, Magnitsky crashed. Only then, when he fell into critical condition, was he returned to a prison with an emergency room. But when he arrived there, he was chained to a bed and beaten for more than an hour by eight riot guards with rubber batons, while doctors were kept locked outside. An investigation by a Russian public oversight commission—ordered by then president Dmitry Medvedev after weeks of public outcry—unearthed the details of Magnitsky’s final hours. According to an official document, police restrained and beat him because he appeared “psychotic.” The sign of his psychosis: he said they were trying to kill him.

The next morning, Browder got the phone call. “It was like a knife going into my heart,” he says. He knew Magnitsky was weak and sick; he knew the prison conditions were awful. And he’d been receiving threats himself—in October, a text message referencing *The Godfather* films: “If history has taught us anything, it is that anyone can be killed.” And just days before Magnitsky died, a voice mail with no words, only screams. Still, Magnitsky’s death stunned him.

Vengeance and justice became his new calling. At first he hoped to find satisfaction within Russia. But those involved in Magnitsky’s death and the \$230 million tax theft were being promoted, not prosecuted. So Browder, who gave up his American passport when he became a British citizen more than ten years ago, turned to the US government. “These people did this crime not for ideological reasons, not for religious reasons; they did this crime for money,” he says. “What do they do with their money? The answer is, they like to take their money, put it in banks in America and England and France and Germany. They like to buy property in all these places; they like to send their kids to boarding schools and

universities in all these places. And most of all, if and when the regime falls, they want to be able to flee to these places.”

Six months after Magnitsky died, Browder was telling his story before a Congressional commission and lobbying senators to enact legislation barring the alleged Russian perpetrators from gaining any access to the United States. Despite vigorous opposition from the Kremlin and deep reluctance from the Obama administration, which had been trying to reset relations with Russia, the Magnitsky Act passed last fall, sanctioning not only those involved in Magnitsky’s death but other human rights abusers in Russia and beyond—a “beautiful way,” Browder says, to “honor his memory.” In April the Obama administration released its first list of names: 18, plus others it kept classified, with perhaps more coming. On Browder’s list of Magnitsky culprits there are 60 names.

Retaliation from Russia was swift and ferocious. Putin signed a law banning adoptions of Russian children by American families, and Russia issued its own blacklist of 18 Americans. In prosecutions almost unprecedented since Stalin, Magnitsky and Browder were put on trial for tax evasion, one posthumously, the other in absentia. In April Russia issued an international warrant for Browder’s arrest. “We really found their Achilles’ heel,” says Browder, who continues to get threats. “I’m aware I’m taking huge risks by doing this. But they killed Sergei. I can’t just give it up for my own safety. He put himself at much greater risk than I’m doing. He was under their thumb. He was in their prison.”

Now Browder concentrates on emerging markets in Asia. In March the bank HSBC shuttered the last remains of the Russian Hermitage Fund, whose assets had dwindled to \$60 million. “It was no longer viable,” Browder says.

Was he naïve, going into Russia so blithely all those years ago? Maybe, he says. “I didn’t know anything about Russia. ... I basically said to myself, my grandfather was the biggest communist in America, and the Berlin Wall has just fallen, and I’m going to become the biggest capitalist in East Europe. And for a certain period of time I succeeded.” Looking back, he thinks he never understood the country as well as he once believed. “I still don’t know anything about Russia, even though I lived there for ten years.” Browder recalls an Italian psychiatrist he met at a Moscow cocktail party. “He said that after ten years he thought he understood the Russians, and then after being there 25 years he realized he never would.”

His Russian story isn’t over—“they murdered him,” Browder says, “and the end of the story is when they’re prosecuted for murder”—but in the meantime he keeps telling the part that matters most: what happened to Sergei Magnitsky. It feels almost like a vigil, or a memorial, or perhaps a penance. “My relationship with the world used to be about how much money I made or lost,” Browder wrote in a 2011 *Businessweek* column. “Now it’s more about humanity.” ♦

**THESE PEOPLE DID
THIS CRIME NOT FOR
IDEOLOGICAL REASONS,
NOT FOR RELIGIOUS
REASONS; THEY DID
THIS CRIME FOR MONEY.**

peer review



City slickers: The two women waiting for a train in this 1958 photo came prepared to fend off the rain.

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My scarlet letter

BY WAYNE SCOTT, AB'86, AM'89

The scarlet letter was her passport into regions where other women dared not tread. Shame, Despair, Solitude! These had been her teachers,—stern and wild ones,—and they had made her strong, but taught her much amiss.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*

Two weeks before I was scheduled to graduate in 1986, I received the first failing grade of my academic career. This indignity was not simple. It was layered with cruel absurdities.

To begin with: the name of the class. The Animal Kingdom. Why not Molecular Immunology? Host Pathogen Interactions? Computational Approaches to Cognitive Neuroscience? Couldn't one word in the title have been esoteric? Or at least unpronounceable?

The Animal Kingdom was a Core class in the Biological Sciences. Most students finished it their first or second year. In fact I had taken this same class, its name reminiscent of a nursery picture book, two previous quarters and both times had withdrawn in a perfectionist panic when it became clear I was doing poorly.

When I took it that spring of my senior year—my last chance to pass—I didn't receive just any failing grade. I scored a 59. A sliver shy of a D. I was Tantalus, mired in the mud of his failings, the promise of a D—stinky and rotten, yes, but still desirable compared to the alternative—just out of reach. When the white-haired, bespectacled professor handed me the exam with what I believed was a smirk, I got that nausea and vertigo one gets when tumbling through the sky in dreams. I had to remind myself to breathe.

Struggling to maintain my composure in front of my classmates, most of whom were giddy freshmen, far from the woes of the adult world I had just entered, I clenched the final exam paper and staggered off. When I got to my dormitory, I could not control my shaking.

The cap and gown were ordered. My family had purchased airline tickets and made hotel reservations. A few congratulatory cards and checks had even come in the mail. Planning to walk together, my friends talked as if our ship would soon dock in a glamorous port. I alone knew that I had fallen into the waves, far from our collective destination. I didn't tell any of them.

That sunshiny, green spring of my fourth year, I was haunted by a letter. *F.*

Failure.

Mustering my courage, I visited the professor to haggle for my future.

He was in his laboratory. He was wearing thick glasses and didn't look up from the table where he was working when he told me to enter. The light behind him was glaring and yellow. In his hand he had an instrument that looked like tweezers. Before him were two trays of fruit flies.

I can't say exactly what he was doing with those flies. (After all, I had failed his damn class.) But this is what I believe. One at a time he was methodically picking up each *Drosophila*, plucking off its gonads, and dropping it in the other tray. *Pick up,*

pluck, drop. Pick up, pluck, drop. A conveyor belt of castration.

Imagine the quivering treble of Dickens's Oliver when he asks the workhouse master for more gruel. "Is there any chance, Professor, that I could get one more point on this exam? Perhaps do some extra credit?"

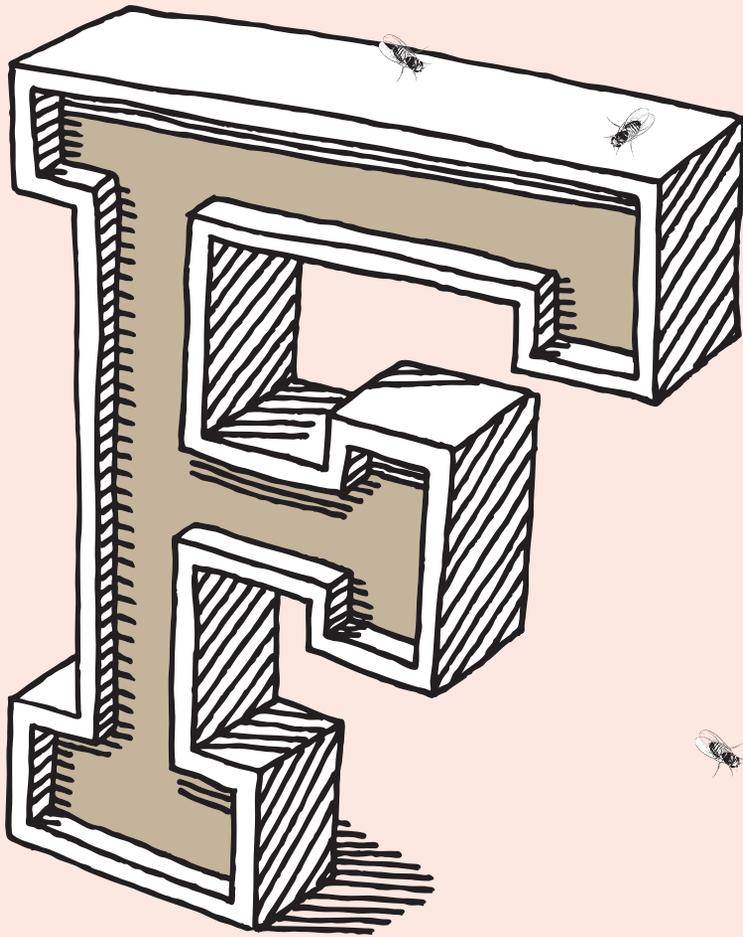
Silence. *Pick up, pluck, drop.*

"I'm set to graduate this spring. But I can't if I don't pass your class."

He didn't look up from his work. "That is the grade you earned, and, in fact, I have already been generous." *Pick up, pluck, drop.* "It would seem to me you need to make an alternative plan."

I had two alternative plans. The first was to panic. Near tears, I raced across the quadrangles, which were bursting with green and filled with sunshine and the laughter of students. The second was to lock myself in my room, close the curtains, and mope in the shadows. Friends called and I didn't answer. I couldn't stand to be around smart people who were graduating. I was defined by failure. And I didn't belong anymore.

One at a time he was methodically picking up each *Drosophila*, plucking off its gonads, and dropping it in the other tray.



Finally, prodded by my brother, I sought my academic adviser. Nodding, she listened to my story. She made no promises but offered to consult a committee on academic requirements, which would look at my whole record and decide my fate. My scarlet letter hung over me.

A quarter century has passed since this episode. I've had time to develop theories about why I failed *The Animal Kingdom*. First of all, I was stubborn, with more than a dash of hubris. My barely postadolescent mind refused to flex into uninteresting topics. I hated memorization. Taxonomic ranks? Exoskeleton or endoskeleton? I didn't care. I preferred to stay up past midnight, curled in a window chair in Regenstein Library, puzzling over the Romantic poets.

Second, I suspect that, unconsciously, I didn't want to leave my undergraduate haven: the warm community of friends and teachers and mentors; the familiarity of libraries and coffee shops and campus strolls; each quarter's giddy anticipation of new books to read and discuss. Where was I going to go now? What was I going to do?

After three days, my graduation date looming tenuously, my adviser called. "Your record shows you've done well in all other respects. We're going to waive the requirement that you pass this quarter of your biology sequence to graduate. But there is one condition," she said, with what seemed like terrible gravity. "The F will remain on your transcript."

"Forever?"

"That's your only option, if you want to graduate this spring."

For a while I was devastated. I was tattooed with failure. But I walked with my friends, I got my diploma, and I could not suppress my smile. For years afterward, applying to graduate schools or for jobs, I braced myself for questions about my scarlet F. I wanted someone to be mortified, or at the very least disdainful. *How could you do that? How do you explain yourself?* Ironically, over time, part of me even wanted to tell the story, to move beyond the stuckness of that defining moment. The questions never came.

Now I have three school-aged children who ask, "Tell the story about the bugs' gonads!" The story of my scarlet F is now part of our family lore. *Pick up, pluck, drop.*

My last theory about why I didn't pass *The Animal Kingdom*—perhaps more of an epiphany—is that I needed to see that I could fail. Utterly and completely fall on my face. Stand alone in my self-imposed shame and exile. And survive and even do well in the world and claim a place in the human tribe. To me it is one of the most powerful gifts I received from my teachers and advisers, an interesting story I actually love to tell. ♦

Wayne Scott, AB'86, AM'89, is a writer and teacher in Portland, Oregon. This essay is dedicated to the memories of Dean Katie Nash and Professor Lynn Throckmorton.

Awakened by a grave robbery

BY GREG BELLOW, AB'66, AM'68

On a visit to Chicago when I was eight, I witnessed a terrible argument, in Yiddish, between my father, Saul Bellow (X'39), and my grandfather. Driving away, Saul started to cry so bitterly he had to pull off the road. After a few minutes, he excused his lapse of self-control by saying, "It's OK for grown-ups to cry." I knew his heart was breaking. I knew because of the bond between my father's tender heart and mine.

As Saul's firstborn, I believed our relationship to be sacrosanct until his funeral, an event so filled with tributes to his literary accomplishments that it set in motion my reconsideration of that long-held but unexamined belief. As we drove away, I asked my brother Dan how many sons he thought were in attendance. His answer, literally correct, was three. I disagreed, feeling that almost everyone there considered him- or herself to be one of Saul's children.

That first glimpse of the extent of Saul Bellow's patriarchal influence awakened me to the impact of a literary persona I had assiduously avoided while he was alive. As an adult I turned a blind eye to his fame, which reached an apex when he received the Nobel Prize in 1976. After that I boycotted all events held in his honor.

Saul became offended, but I felt the limelight contaminated the private bond I was trying to protect.

In the weeks following his death, I heard and read many anecdotes that claimed a special closeness with Saul Bellow the literary patriarch. I took them to be distinctly filial and soon came to feel that dozens of self-appointed sons and daughters were jostling in public for a position at the head of a parade that celebrated my father's life. By now irked at the shoving match at the front of the line, I asked myself, "What is it with all these filial narratives? After all, he was *my* father! Did they all have such lousy fathers that they needed to co-opt mine?"

Before his death I had purposely placed the private man I did not want to share into the foreground. Infuriating as they were, the flood of posthumous tributes awakened me to the powerful effect of my father's novels, to his status as a cultural hero, and to my lack of appreciation for the public side of him.

As I grieved and as the distinctions between the private man and the public hero were filtering through my consciousness, someone suggested I might find solace in reading **Philip Roth's** (AM'55) *Patrimony*. I was deeply struck by a scene in which the elder Roth catches his son taking notes, no doubt in preparation for writing about moments that Philip's

father considered too private to expose. I asked myself, "Has Philip no shame?" But Roth's decision to write about his father's last days forced me to think about what to do with the father who resides within me—a man whose deepest desire was to keep his thoughts and his feelings strictly to himself.

At a Bellow family dinner several weeks after Saul's death, an argument broke out over the recently declared war in Iraq. My brother Adam maintained that our government's actions were correct and legitimate, while I vehemently questioned the war's rationale and its ethics. Later my cousin Lesha commented that watching us was like watching "young Saul" (me) argue with "old Saul" (Adam).

Our father was always easily angered, prone to argument, acutely sensitive, and palpably vulnerable to

My father looked most directly into the mirror when he wrote, providing me, through his novels, a window into his frame of mind.



Saul and Greg, 1945 (left); Saul on the University of Chicago campus following an October 22, 1976, press conference the day after his Nobel Prize for literature was announced.

criticism. But I found the man Lesha called “young Saul” to be emotionally accessible, often soft, and possessed of the ability to laugh at the world’s folly and at himself. Part of our bond was grounded in that softness, in humor, and in the set of egalitarian social values I adopted. Saul’s accessibility and lightheartedness waned as he aged. His social views hardened, although he was, fundamentally, no less vulnerable. The earlier tolerance for opposing viewpoints all but disappeared, as did his ability to laugh at himself—much to my chagrin. His changes eroded much of our common ground and taxed our relationship so sorely that I often wondered whether it would survive. But Lesha’s comment highlighted the essential biographical fact: there could never have been an “old Saul,” the famous author, without the “young Saul,” the rebellious, irreverent, and ambitious man who raised me.

Writing my memoir, *Saul Bellow’s Heart*, which gives equal weight to the lesser known “young Saul,” the father I love and miss, meant going against a lifetime of keeping a public silence to protect his privacy and our relationship. But I wanted my children to learn about their grandfather. And I felt an obligation to open wide the eyes of my two younger brothers, who knew only “old Saul” as a father. Several recent scholarly articles of poor quality alerted me to the need

for a portrait that reveals Saul’s complex nature, one written by a loving son who also well knew his father’s shortcomings. I have found Saul Bellow’s readers, toward whom he felt a special love, intensely curious about the man.

But what truly prompted me to write are the intense dreams that have taken over my nights. As my father’s presence faded from my daily thoughts, I was often wakened from an anxious sleep, desperately trying to hold on to fleeting memories. I took my nocturnal anxiety as a warning from a dead father who rouses his son in the darkness to preserve what remains of him before it is lost—perhaps forever.

Continuing to turn a Sammler-esque blind eye to Saul Bellow’s literary fame would also have been to ignore lessons I learned right after my father’s death: That writing was his *raison d’être*, so much so that I honored his life by rereading all his novels in temporal sequence as my way to sit shivah (to formally mourn); that all the posthumous filial narratives were more than the grave usurpation I considered them to be at first; and that writing primarily from memory and about feeling suits me, a recently retired psychotherapist skilled in unraveling murky narratives. And perhaps most important, that my father looked most directly into the mirror when he wrote, providing me,

through his novels, a window into his frame of mind and a reflective self he took pains to protect in life.

Despite my doubts about writing publicly, I determined to learn more about my father, to reassess my patrimony as a writer’s son, and to have my say. I can no longer climb into Saul’s lap as he sat at the typewriter, hit the keys, and leave my gibberish in his manuscripts as I did at three. Nor can I visit Saul in his dotage and stir up fading embers of our past. I can visit his gravestone and, in the Jewish tradition, put another pebble on it. But my “Pop” deserved more from his first born, as full and as honest a written portrait as I could render. Shutting my study door and struggling to find my voice on paper as I listened to Brahms or Mozart, as he did every day for more than 70 years, was as close as I could now get to my dead father. ♦

Greg Bellow, AB’66, AM’68, was a psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapist for 40 years and remains a member of the Core Faculty of the Sanville Institute. He lives in Redwood City, California, and is married to JoAnn Henikoff Bellow, AB’66, AM’69. This essay was adapted from his book *Saul Bellow’s Heart*, published this April. Copyright 2013 by Greg Bellow. Reprinted by permission of Bloomsbury.

NOTES

TOP TIGER

On April 21 **Christopher L. Eisgruber**, JD'88, was named the 20th president of Princeton University, his undergraduate alma mater. A college physics major who became a constitutional scholar, Eisgruber clerked for US Supreme Court justice **John Paul Stevens**, U-High'37, AB'41, and taught at New York University Law School. In 2001 he returned to Princeton to teach and direct the Program in Law and Public Affairs before being named provost in 2004. His appointment begins July 1.

REDLANDS PICKS A BRAIN

On February 20 **Ralph W. Kuncel**, PhD'75, MD'77, was inaugurated as the 11th president of the University of Redlands in California. Kuncel began his career as a professor at Johns Hopkins University, where he researched Lou Gehrig's disease; his lab's discovery of the glutamate transporter defect helped illuminate the disease's mechanisms. Before accepting the Redlands appointment last June, he worked at the University of Rochester in New York, where he served as provost, an executive vice president, and a professor of brain and cognitive sciences and neurology.

A HIGH BAR

On March 14 **Liz Lopez**, AB'97, received a Top Lawyers Under 40 Award from the Hispanic National Bar Association. Lopez was one of seven US attorneys selected for the honor, which recognizes professional achievement and leadership in the Latino community. Based at the Washington, DC, office of Barnes & Thornburg, Lopez works in employment law, food industry regulation, corporate governance, health care, and telecommunications. She has appeared on CNN, NBC, and Univision as a legal commentator.

POSITIVE INFLUENCE IN AFGHANISTAN

Army lieutenant general **Daniel Bolger**, AM'86, PhD'86, was named one of the 100 Most Influential People in US Defense by *DefenseNews* maga-



ABOVE AND BEYOND

Esther Babb, AB'00, spent February 26 to March 4 summiting Kilimanjaro and biking back down. She became the second woman to make the descent by bike (the first was Jenn Dice in 2011). Babb's Tanzania excursion helped fund a solar-powered water pump that will be installed in a rural East African community.

zine. Bolger is responsible for training 350,000 Afghan soldiers, police, and special operations forces, "arguably the most important job in the Army right now," the magazine's December profile said. While moving up the military ranks, Bolger earned a U of C doctorate in history and published 12 books, including 11 military histories and the fictional thriller *Feast of Bones* (Ballantine Books, 1991), about a Soviet paratrooper fighting in Afghanistan.

FIT TO PRINT

The 2013 Pulitzer Prize for commentary was awarded to **Bret Stephens**, AB'95, "for his incisive columns on American foreign policy and domestic policies, often enlivened by a contrarian twist." Stephens is a deputy editorial page editor at the *Wall Street Journal*. The Pulitzer Prizes for local reporting and editorial cartooning went to staff members from the *Star Tribune* (Minneapolis), led by publisher **Michael Klingensmith**, AB'75, MBA'76.

PIRATED TELEVISION

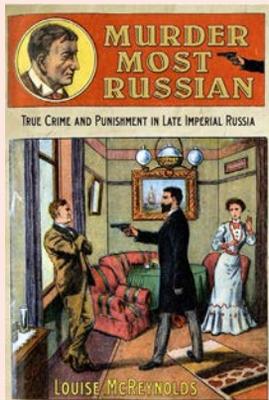
A book by reporter **Colin Woodard**, AM'96, is the basis of a forthcoming NBC drama called *Crossbones*. Woodard's 2007 work, *The Republic of Pirates: Being the True and Surprising Story of the Caribbean Pirates and the Man Who Brought Them Down* (Harcourt), chronicles piracy in the early 1700s, often considered its golden age. The ten-episode series, set in the Bahamas, will follow Edward Teach, nicknamed "Blackbeard," as he leads a group of outlaws and dodges an undercover assassin. John Malkovich is cast as Blackbeard.

KNIGHT NAMED AMBASSADOR TO CHAD

On March 13 President Barack Obama nominated **James A. Knight**, PhD'88, to become the next US ambassador to Chad. Knight is a Vietnam War veteran and longtime member of the Senior Foreign Service who has spent most of his career working in Africa. He served as ambassador to Benin from September 2009 to December 2012.

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.



MURDER MOST RUSSIAN: TRUE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN LATE IMPERIAL RUSSIA

By Louise McReynolds, PhD'84; Cornell University Press, 2012
Following Russia's disastrous defeat in the Crimean War, Tsar Alexander II (1855–81) implemented a series of reforms, including a sweeping overhaul of the national legal system. The introduction of juries and public trials transformed the courtroom into a theatrical spectacle, with reporters covering murder cases extensively and audiences waiting breathlessly for updates. **Louise McReynolds** chronicles several such trials and the brutal and often sensational murders behind them, analyzing what the crimes reveal about societal changes in late imperial Russia.

THE FORGOTTEN PRESIDENTS: THEIR UNTOLD CONSTITUTIONAL LEGACY

By Michael J. Gerhardt, JD'82; Oxford University Press, 2013
Criticized for his inaction as president, Calvin Coolidge did little that is widely remembered—upon his death, Dorothy Parker quipped, “How did they know?” Still, says **Michael J. Gerhardt**, Coolidge did leave his mark,

supporting groundbreaking laws and advancing constitutional convictions that remain important to conservative political thought. In his book, Gerhardt analyzes the terms of Coolidge and 12 other unmemorable presidents, arguing that their leadership was less weak or ineffective than popularly imagined. Moreover, says Gerhardt, these forgotten figures' stories illustrate pitfalls of the office, for instance how it draws presidents into the use of prerogatives, often at the expense of political support.

MY FOREIGN CITIES: A MEMOIR

By Elizabeth Scarborough, AB'91; Liveright Publishing, 2013
One summer in Boulder, Colorado, 17-year-old **Elizabeth Scarborough** fell in love with her high school classmate Stephen, who had blond shaggy hair, a leaned-back walk, and cystic fibrosis. Although her boyfriend was expected to live only until age 30, Scarborough chose to embrace the relationship, and the couple eventually married. In this memoir, the author traces the ten years she spent with Stephen before his death of CF complications. Tales from ordinary early married life—failed road trips and purchasing a small home beside a trash-filled lot—unfold against the ever-present background of her husband's illness.

NOT HOLLYWOOD: INDEPENDENT FILM AT THE TWILIGHT OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

By Sherry B. Ortner, AM'66, PhD'70; Duke University Press, 2013
The independent film world thinks of itself as telling the truth, combatting the lies and falseness of Hollywood movies, says **Sherry B. Ortner**. Gradually these films have gained popularity, forming a viable niche market. Through analysis of independent works—*L.I.E.*, *Slacker*, *Thirteen*—Ortner argues that during the past three decades such movies have functioned as an important form of cultural critique.

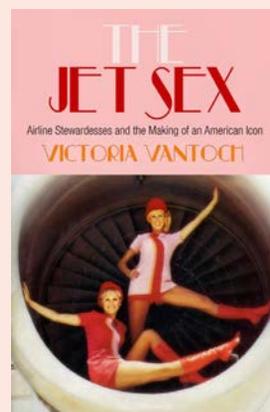
FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

By Catherine Chung, SB'01; Riverhead Books, 2012
Catherine Chung's novel tells the story of Janie, who was born in South Korea and moved to Michigan with her parents and younger sister, Hannah. Determined to break free from her

family, Hannah simply vanishes one day while attending college in Chicago. As Janie searches for her sister, the characters confront painful truths about their past and present.

PROSPERO'S SON: LIFE, BOOKS, LOVE, AND THEATER

By Seth Lerer, PhD'81; University of Chicago Press, 2013
In this memoir, humanities scholar **Seth Lerer** describes his complicated relationship with his father—a flamboyant teacher and lifelong actor with a pompadour, an eye for stylish clothes, and the ability to command an audience. The author recalls how his father embarked on many whirlwind adventures, including an impulsive move to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and eventually came to terms with life as a gay man. Ultimately, Lerer chronicles two evolutions: his father's and his own.



THE JET SEX: AIRLINE STEWARDESSES AND THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN ICON

By Victoria Vantoch, AB'97; University of Pennsylvania Press, 2013
In the postwar period, airline stewardesses became celebrated icons of American womanhood. They seemed to appear everywhere, from print ads to television commercials to Richard Nixon's inaugural ball in sequined minidresses. Stewardesses, says **Victoria Vantoch**, embodied mainstream America's ideal woman: young and beautiful, intelligent and charming. They gracefully bridged the gap between demure 1950s housewife and emerging career woman and, Vantoch argues, subtly challenged traditional gender roles, paving the way for the women's movement.

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UChicago's Kavli Institute for Cosmological Physics researchers are part of the Dark Energy Survey, studying the force behind the universe's accelerating expansion.

Photography by Reidar Hahn



THE UNIVERSITY OF
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DEATHS

TRUSTEES

Richard M. Morrow, of Glenview, IL, trustee emeritus, died January 21. He was 86. A WWII Navy veteran, Morrow spent his career at Standard Oil Company (later renamed Amoco), becoming its chair and CEO in 1983. After his 1991 retirement, Morrow chaired school-reform organization Leadership for Quality Education. He served for more than three decades on UChicago's Board of Trustees, was a member of the Chicago Booth Council and the Social Sciences Visiting Committee, and spent 15 years on the board of ARCH Development Corporation, a nonprofit affiliate of the University. Morrow's honors included the Civic Federation's Lyman J. Gage Founder's Medallion for outstanding civic achievement. He is survived by a daughter and two granddaughters.

James T. Rhind, trustee emeritus, died January 16 in Glenview, IL. He was 90. An Army veteran, Rhind was the former chair and managing partner of the law firm Bell, Boyd & Lloyd (now K&L Gates). Serving more than three decades on the University's Board of Trustees, including almost ten years as its vice chair, Rhind also was a Medical Center trustee, chaired the Law School Visiting Committee, and was a life member of the Divinity School and School of Social Service Administration Visiting Committees. He is survived by his wife, **Laura Campbell Rhind**, a life member of the Art History and Music Visiting Committees; a daughter; two sons, including **David Rhind**, a member and former chair of the Music Visiting Committee; and five grandchildren, including **Alexander** and **Benjamin Rhind**, current Laboratory Schools students.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Roger Ebert, X'70, a film critic and former lecturer at the Graham School of Continuing Liberal and Professional Studies, died April 4 in Chicago. He was 70. Ebert spent a year as a doctoral student in English at UChicago, leaving in 1967 to become the *Chicago Sun-Times* film critic. A year later he joined the University's adult learning division (now the Graham School) as a lecturer in film, a position he held for 37 years. In 1975 Ebert won the first Pulitzer Prize given for film criticism and teamed with *Chicago Tribune* critic Gene Siskel to host a new movie-review program on WTTW, syndicated in 1986 as *Siskel and Ebert at the Movies*. Following Siskel's death in 1999, Ebert continued to cohost the program. In 2006 he left the show due to cancers of the thyroid and the salivary glands but continued writing reviews and commentary for the *Sun-Times* and hosting Ebertfest, a yearly festival of overlooked films

in Champaign, IL, near his hometown of Urbana. His books include annual editions of *Roger Ebert's Movie Yearbook*, a rice cooker cookbook, and *Life Itself: A Memoir* (Grand Central Publishing, 2011). He is survived by his wife, Chaz Hammelsmith Ebert; a stepdaughter; a stepson; and four step-grandchildren.

Paul N. Pohlman, AM'66, of St. Petersburg, FL, a former teacher in UChicago's adult learning division, died January 23. He was 70. After 20 years teaching business and media management courses for the University, Pohlman worked as a consultant to media organizations, including the *Post-Standard* (Syracuse, NY). In the late 1980s, Pohlman joined the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, where he taught and held many roles including director of international programs. He is survived by a brother.

Donald Rowley, SB'45, SM'50, MD'50, professor emeritus in pathology and the Committee on Immunology, died February 24 in Chicago. He was 90. In the 1950s, shortly after joining the University as a research associate, Rowley pioneered the field of ambulatory cardiology through a series of discoveries that led to the invention of the first gel electrodes to monitor heartbeats over long periods. Rowley also was the first to describe a previously unknown blood cell type's role in the human immune response. An Army veteran, Rowley was named a full professor at Chicago in 1969 and a professor of pediatrics in 1973. He also directed the La Rabida Children's Hospital and Research Center and served as director of research at the La Rabida-University of Chicago Institute. In addition to winning a 1995 UChicago Medical and Biological Sciences Alumni Association Gold Key Award, Rowley (with his wife, **Janet D. Rowley**, U-High'42, PhD'45, SB'46, MD'48, the Blum-Riese distinguished service professor in medicine, molecular genetics and cell biology, and human genetics) was named an American Association for the Advancement of Science fellow in 1998. Survivors include his wife; three sons, including geophysical sciences professor **David Rowley** and **Roger H. D. Rowley**, U-High'81; a sister; and five grandchildren, including **Jason Rowley**, U-High'08, and **Gia Rowley**, a current Laboratory Schools student. Another son, Donald Rowley Jr., U-High'69, died in 1983.

1930s

Benedict M. Ashley, né Winston Norman Ashley, AM'37, of Chicago, a theologian and a philosopher, died February 23. He was 97. Ordained a priest in the Dominican Order in 1948, Ashley taught at the Aquinas Institute (serving as its president for seven

years) and later at the Center for Health Care Ethics at St. Louis University. In 2003 he became an adviser to the Institute for Advanced Physics, a Baton Rouge-based organization that focuses on the relationship between scientific study and moral, spiritual, and philosophical issues. He also served on the advisory board of the Lumen Christi Institute for Catholic Thought in Hyde Park. A prolific writer, Ashley published more than 20 books, including *Theologies of the Body: Humanist and Christian* (Pope John Center, 1985) and a memoir, *Barefoot Journeying: An Autobiography of a Begging Friar* (New Priory Press, 2013). In 1992 Ashley received the Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice Medal from Pope John Paul II.

Betty Quinn Brinker, AB'38, died September 22, 2011, in Burr Ridge, IL. She was 94. A volunteer at Traveler's Market and the Courtyard Wellness Center, Brinker was a member of the Hinsdale (IL) Golf Club and the Fortnightly of Chicago. Her husband, Robert R. Brinker, AB'39, died in 1970. Survivors include a daughter and a son.

William H. Moore, AM'35, PhD'38, died February 1 in New Orleans. He was 100. After working as an economist with the Bureau of Labor Statistics and as a vice president at the Electronics Industries Association, Moore joined Pension Guaranty Corporation in 1974. He retired in 1986 as a chief of the office of financial operations. In retirement he was a volunteer cancer counselor with the Cancer Counseling Institute in Bethesda, MD. He is survived by his wife, Avis; two daughters; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

1940s

Arthur C. Connor, SB'41, MD'43, died January 3 in Palos Heights, IL. He was 92. A WWII Navy veteran, Connor practiced orthopedic surgery for almost 60 years. His first wife, Selma Irene (Renstrom) Connor, AB'41, died in 2003. Survivors include his wife, Noelle; four daughters; three sons; a brother; 17 grandchildren; and 18 great-grandchildren.

William H. Friedman, AB'41, died January 12 in Olney, MD. He was 91. A WWII Army veteran, Friedman worked at three European posts as a Foreign Service officer before starting a 30-year career in public relations in New York City. He retired in 1984 as vice president of Ketchum Communications. Friedman was a board member of the Volunteer Center of United Way and of the Futura House Foundation, both in White Plains, NY. He is survived by two stepsons, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

William Letwin, AB'43, PhD'51, of London, died February 20. He was 90. A WWII Army veteran, Letwin taught economic history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before joining the London School of Economics. An expert in the governmental regulation of economic life, in the 1970s he led a large research team hired

by AT&T to prevent the company from being broken up by regulators. With his wife, Shirley Robin Letwin, AM'44, PhD'51, Letwin organized salons composed of a distinguished group of intellectuals from the 1960s until his wife's 1993 death. In retirement Letwin was an economic consultant for Putnam, Hayes & Bartlett. He is survived by a son.

Louis Frishman, AB'45, of Pomona, NY, died February 6. He was 89. Frishman served as rabbi of Temple Beth El in Spring Valley, NY, for 43 years and was president of the New York Board of Rabbis. Survivors include his wife, Mimi; three daughters; a brother; and four grandchildren.

Frederick H. Martens, SB'46, of Plainfield, IL, died October 5. He was 90. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran, Martens spent more than three decades as a physicist at Argonne National Laboratory, where one of his early assignments was to help design the nuclear power system for the first atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*. He retired in 1983 as director of the reactor operations division. In retirement Martens was active in the Plainfield Historical Society and shared his WW II stories in an interview for the Library of Congress Veterans Project. He is survived by his wife, Carolyn; a daughter; a son; and a granddaughter.

Watson Parker, AB'48, a historian, died January 9 in Rapid City, SD. He was 88. A WW II Army veteran, Parker joined the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh in 1965, becoming professor emeritus in 1986. His books included *Black Hills Ghost Towns* (Swallow Press, 1974) and *Deadwood: The Golden Years* (Bison Books, 1981). His many honors for his work on the history of South Dakota included induction into the South Dakota Hall of Fame in 2011. Parker also belonged to the Rotary Club and the Tin City Masonic Lodge. He is survived by his wife, **Olga G. Parker**, AB'49; a daughter; two sons, including **David T. Parker**, MBA'80; six grandchildren, including **Jennifer B. P. Truong**, AB'06; and a great-granddaughter.

Dan R. Roin, PhB'48, JD'51, of Winnetka and Glencoe, IL, died February 18. He was 85. Roin had a private law practice in Chicago for almost 50 years. He was also the president and a board member of his synagogue and active in Avenue of the Righteous and the Glencoe Human Relations Commission. He is survived by two daughters, including **Julie Roin**, the Seymour Logan professor of law at Chicago; son **Howard Roin**, JD'78; and five grandchildren, including **Katharine Roin**, JD'10; **Nathaniel Levmore**, U-High'11; and **Elliot Levmore**, a current Laboratory Schools student.

Theodore C. Edquist, AM'49, of Seattle, died December 22. He was 91. A WW II Navy veteran, Edquist was a Congregational/United Church of Christ pastor at Pullman (WA) Community Congregational Church, where he was named pastor emeritus, and at Woodlawn Congregational Church in Boise, ID, retiring in 1986. He

is survived by his wife, Nancy; a daughter; a son; three stepsons; two brothers; two grandchildren; and a step-grandson.

Erwin Nick Hiebert, SM'49, died November 28 in Waltham, MA. He was 93. After working as a research chemist at the Chicago Metallurgical Laboratory and at the Institute for the Study of Metals, Hiebert taught the history of science at institutions including the University of Wisconsin-Madison and Harvard, where he chaired the department and became professor emeritus in 1989. A fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he chaired the History and Philosophy of Science Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for four years. His wife, Elfrieda Franz Hiebert, AB'45, AM'46, died in 2012. Survivors include two daughters, a son, and seven grandchildren.

Jerome G. Manis, AM'49, of Honolulu, died February 23. He was 95. A WW II Air Force veteran, Manis taught sociology for 26 years at Western Michigan University, helping to develop its graduate program in sociology. An expert in mental health and substance abuse, Manis founded WMU's Center for Sociological Research and directed it from 1956 to 1972. He was also a Fulbright professor in the Philippines and Singapore. Manis retired in 1975. Survivors include his wife, Laura; a daughter; a son; and a sister.

Merle T. Sternberg, AM'49, died February 1 in West Union, IA. She was 91. After serving with the American National Red Cross during WW II, Sternberg worked for the Women's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society before attending the School of Social Service Administration. After her husband, David, died in 1995, Sternberg moved to Fayette, IA, where she was active in the United Methodist Church and United Methodist Women. Survivors include her cousins.

Felix Stungevicius, MBA'49, of Buffalo, NY, died January 22. He was 92. Serving as honorary consul of Uruguay in Illinois for five decades, Stungevicius also served as dean of the Consular Corps of Chicago and was a longtime member of the Economic Club of Chicago. Fluent in six languages, including Russian, in 1958 he opened the American Association of Translators, Interpreters, and Linguists, which he maintained and expanded to include two more companies, Communicata International and International Language and Communication Centers. He stepped down as honorary consul at 73 and retired from his corporate career at 89. Survivors include a daughter, a son, and five grandchildren.

1950s

Donald L. Berry, DB'50, a philosophy and religion professor and an Episcopal priest, died January 15 in Hamilton, NY. He was 87. An Army veteran, Berry joined Colgate University in 1957, later introducing one

of the country's first college courses exploring the implications of the Holocaust for Jewish and Christian theology. Receiving Colgate's 1992 Sidney and Florence Felten French Prize for inspirational teaching, Berry retired as professor emeritus in 1994. The author of six books, including *Holy Words and Holy Orders: As Dying, Behold We Live* (University Press of America, 2009), Berry, who was ordained in 1950, served as a supply priest in several central New York parishes and was rector at St. George's Episcopal Church from 1976 to 1990. Survivors include his wife, Wanda Warren Berry; two daughters; and two grandsons.

L. Edward Ellinwood, PhD'51, of Grand Junction, CO, died October 31. He was 90. A WW II Navy veteran, Ellinwood did radiology research at Los Alamos National Laboratory before attending medical school at the University of Colorado. He then worked as a physician in a Colorado mining town, where he was the only doctor in a 90-mile radius. Moving to Grand Junction, he became the first director of the St. Mary's Family Practice Residency Program in 1974 and then the founding president of Rocky Mountain Health Plans. He is survived by his wife, Frances; a daughter; four sons; 13 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Kenneth W. Thompson, AM'48, PhD'51, a scholar of the US government and foreign relations, died February 2 in Charlottesville, VA. He was 91. A WW II Army veteran, Thompson worked for the Rockefeller Foundation until the 1970s, becoming its vice president of international programs. Joining the University of Virginia in 1975, Thompson became director of the school's Miller Center of Public Affairs, a position he held for two decades until his 1998 retirement, continuing to lead the center's speaker program until 2004. The University of Chicago Alumni Association's 1974 Alumni Medal winner, Thompson wrote more than 30 books, including *Schools of Thought in International Relations: Interpreters, Issues, and Morality* (Louisiana State University Press, 1996). He is survived by three sons, a stepdaughter, and four grandchildren.

Elliot "Bud" Nesvig, MBA'52, an electrical engineer, died November 2 in Laguna Hills, CA. He was 92. A WW II Army veteran, Nesvig started his career at General Electric, working for other industrial manufacturing companies before starting ERDCO Engineering Corporation in Evanston, IL. There he helped develop international standards for instruments and testing materials. Survivors include a daughter, a son, and six grandchildren.

Raymond P. Klein, MBA'53, died June 5, 2012, in Greenville, SC. He was 92. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran who earned the Distinguished Flying Cross, Klein served 26 years in the Air Force. He then spent 13 years as general manager of the Washington, DC, office of General Motors before

retiring to Charleston, SC. Survivors include two daughters, a son, eight grandchildren, and 12 great-grandchildren.

Florence C. (Nordstrom) Walbert, AM'53, died January 17 in St. Paul, MN. She was 83. A former evangelical missionary, Walbert retired from Bethel Seminary in St. Paul. Her husband, Clement D. Walbert, AM'53, died in 2011. She is survived by two daughters, three sons, and four grandchildren.

Richard H. Moy, AB'53, SB'54, MD'57, died February 15 in Springfield, IL. He was 82. After teaching at Chicago for three years, in 1970 Moy moved to the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine as a professor of medicine and founding dean. Retiring in 1993 as dean emeritus, Moy was honored with a Recognition Award from the Society of Teachers of Family Medicine. He also received a Distinguished Service Award from the UChicago Medical and Biological Sciences Alumni Association in 1979. His wife, Caryl (Towsley) Moy, AM'69, died in 2010. Survivors include two sons and two grandchildren.

Norman Vaughan Breckner, PhD'56, died January 1 in Ventura, CA. He was 90. A WW II Army Air Corps veteran, Breckner taught economics at the University of California, Los Angeles, and worked for the Rand Corporation. In 1962 he moved to northern Virginia, where he worked for private and government agencies until his retirement. He is survived by a daughter, a son, and two grandsons.

Eda (Easton) Mueller-Westerhoff, AB'57, died January 28 in Storrs, CT. She was 75. Mueller-Westerhoff was a sculptor and painter whose work included building a carved obelisk in 2003 for a private school in Hobart, Tasmania, Australia. Survivors include her husband, Ulrich.

Ruth (Marzano) Litvak, AM'48, PhD'58, died February 6 in Chicago. She was 92. Litvak taught biology, chemistry, and anatomy at Truman College for more than three decades. The owner and manager of an apartment building, she was a member of the Harbor Point Condominium Association Board of Directors for more than three decades. Her husband, Henry Litvak, AB'41, JD'48, died in 1973. Survivors include a son and two grandchildren.

1960s

Joseph Frank, PhD'60, of Palo Alto, CA, died February 27. He was 94. A comparative literature scholar, Frank taught at the University of Minnesota and Rutgers, joining Princeton in 1966. In 1985 he moved to Stanford, where he ended his career. His five-volume biography (the final volume was completed in 2002), *Dostoevsky*, is widely considered among the greatest 20th-century literary biographies. In 1992 Frank received an honorary degree from the University. Survivors include his wife, Marguerite; two daughters; a brother; and two grandchildren.

George P. Blake, JD'61, of Northbrook, IL, died February 2. He was 79. A labor relations lawyer, Blake was a partner at Vedder Price. He is survived by his wife, Mary; a daughter; two sons; two brothers; a sister; and nine grandchildren.

Eda Goldstein, AB'65, AM'67, of East Hampton, NY, died June 21, 2011. She was 70. Starting her career as a social work practitioner in mental health settings, Goldstein was a co-principal investigator of research projects on borderline disorders. In 1981 she joined New York University Silver School of Social Work, directing the PhD program and chairing the social work practice curriculum. She also founded a certificate program in advanced clinical practice, a program she directed until her death. Goldstein wrote seven books, including *Ego Psychology and Social Work Practice* (Free Press, 1984), and she was a distinguished scholar in the National Academies of Practice. Survivors include her partner, Patricia Petrocelli; her mother; and a brother.

Robert Dean Harvey, AM'49, PhD'65, a professor of English and American literature, died November 24 in Reno, NV. He was 86. An Army veteran, Harvey spent most of his career at the University of Nevada, Reno, where he served two terms as English department chair and helped establish its graduate program, retiring as professor emeritus in 1994. He also taught a course on justice, law, and literature at the National Judicial College. He is survived by four daughters, including **Alison Harvey**, AM'89; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

1970s

Marshall Gregory, AM'66, PhD'70, died December 30 in Indianapolis. He was 72. An English, liberal education, and pedagogy professor at Butler University, Gregory published several books, including *Shaped by Stories: The Ethical Power of Narrative* (University of Notre Dame Press, 2009). Survivors include his wife, **Valiska Gregory**, AM'66; two daughters; and four grandchildren.

Anthony J. Finizza Jr., PhD'71, of Dana Point, CA, died December 6. He was 69. Finizza was chief economist at Atlantic Richfield Company (ARCO) for more than two decades, retiring in 1996. He also taught economics at the University of California, Irvine, and worked for consulting company Econ One. A member of several economic advisory boards, Finizza was a senior fellow of the US Association for Energy Economics. He is survived by his wife Carol; two daughters; three sons; his parents; a brother; and three grandchildren.

Constance A. "Connie" Griffin, AB'73, a pancreatic cancer researcher, died of the disease January 8, 2012, in Baltimore. She was 60. In 1986 Griffin joined the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins University, where she directed the Kimmel Cancer Center's

Cytogenetics Core. She also headed the pathology department's molecular diagnostics laboratory. Her 1990s research on the relationship between chromosomes and pancreatic cancer helped spark today's cancer genome sequencing work. For the past 13 years, Griffin directed the Cancer Risk Assessment Program in the medical school's oncology department. Survivors include her husband, **Allan C. Spradling**, SB'71; two daughters; a brother; and a sister.

Richard Rolf Rued Jr., AB'75, died December 12 in Gerradstown, WV. He was 60. A web architect, Rued worked in the public and private sectors, including posts with General Electric, Montgomery County (MD), and the Department of Commerce. Survivors include two sisters.

1980s

Chris Conley, AM'77, AM'82, died of cancer January 25 in Memphis, TN. He was 62. A newspaper reporter, Conley started his career at the City News Bureau of Chicago. In the early 1990s, he moved to Memphis, where he joined the staff of the *Commercial Appeal*, mostly covering crime. Conley is survived by two sons, three brothers, and a sister.

William "Bill" Vollman, AM'87, died January 11 near Paris. He was 50. A communications specialist, Vollman worked for several public-relations consulting firms in England and France before founding the consulting firm Articulation. He also taught master's level courses in communications and business English. Survivors include two sisters.

1990s

John F. Gilmore Jr., CER'94, MLA'97, of Burr Ridge, IL, died February 11. He was 72. Rising through the ranks at E. F. Hutton to head its emerging futures department, Gilmore then joined the Chicago office of Goldman Sachs, heading what later became its futures services department and becoming a general partner of the firm in 1988. A 35-year member of the Chicago Board of Trade, Gilmore chaired the board for a term. He retired from Goldman in 1994 and in 2005 was inducted into the Futures Industry Association Futures Hall of Fame. Survivors include his wife, Charlotte; two sons, including **Christopher Gilmore**, MBA'05; and two sisters.

2010s

Alexandra Frizzell, '13, of Boise, ID, died February 4 in Chicago. She was 21. An economics major and active member of the Alpha Omicron Pi sorority, Frizzell was interested in environmental economics and policy. She researched land use in the Western United States and renewable energy. Survivors include her parents, two brothers, and two sisters.

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CONTINUED FROM P. 96

Game on

There are Scav soldiers and there are Scav warriors. Which are you? Count how many genuine Scav Hunt items you correctly identified from the list on page 96 to claim your rank.

18–21: DECORATED VETERAN

As a judge, you went underground for a year, neglecting schoolwork

but laughing fiendishly as you wrote items about edible balloons and full-body tattoos. As a player, you were in the line of fire: reading *Quotations from Chairman Mao* while wearing a Ronald Reagan mask; shaving off an entire eyebrow without a second thought; x-raying your insides.

14–17: AVERAGE SCAVER

You asked your dad for his “Don’t Blame Me, I Voted for McGovern”

bumper sticker. You helped build a dinosaur diorama. You tagged along on a road trip. But covering your body in Post-it Notes or asking the local mortician for embalming fluid? No thanks.

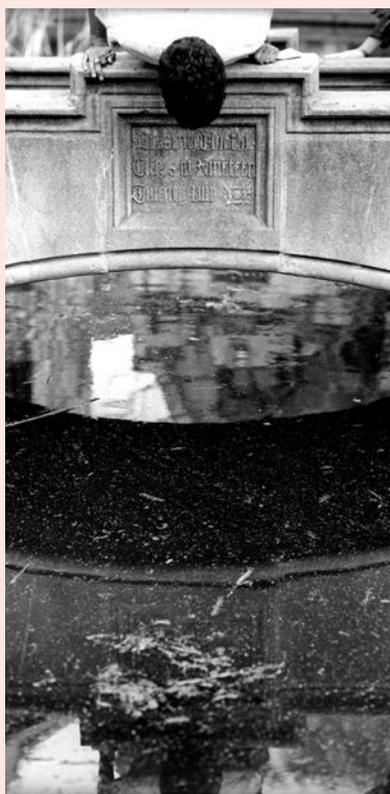
0–13: SCAV CIVILIAN

You either (a) spent 17 hours a day at the Reg and never saw Scav, or (b) have repressed the memories—*who* ate dinner at the Capital Grille with a puppet?

Game on

Each year since 1987, Mother's Day weekend has been the mother of weekends on the quads. That's when the massive University of Chicago Scavenger Hunt, affectionately known as Scav, takes place. Many of the items are as outrageous as the lists are long, and every Scav vet has war stories: chugging a six-pack of Jolt in seven minutes; stripping down to a Speedo and gliding across a Slip 'N Slide; swiping a wax penguin from the Brookfield Zoo.

In our list, Scav items from through the years mingle with items from other hunts (real and fictional). As this year's troops prepare for battle, we challenge you to this paper contest. Can you sort the real from the faux?—*Katherine Muhlenkamp*



SPOT THE GENUINE SCAV ITEMS.

Answer key below.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Freeze an egg on the sidewalk. 2. Play "Duck Duck Goose" with real ducks and geese. 3. Go to a book signing and have the author autograph your chest. 4. Dress a window mannequin at Old Navy in your own clothes. 5. Balance 20 pennies on the end of your nose for at least ten seconds in one try. 6. Scale a silo of ice. 7. Eat a stack of Pringles vertically inserted into your mouth. 8. Simple loaf of bread made with flour, water, and Yeats. 9. Nail Jell-O to the wall. 10. A "forgotten man." | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 11. Recite all of the American presidents in order. 12. Note from a Pulitzer prize winner with a spelling error. 13. Send your Greek legions to sack Troy. 14. Clown head from a Jack in the Box eatery. 15. Sing the <i>Speed Racer</i> theme song. 16. Two-foot tall Leaning Tower of Cookies without any adhesive or supports. 17. Live beagle wearing an aviator's helmet. 18. A Hooters waitress reading a copy of Betty Friedan's <i>The Feminine Mystique</i>. 19. 20 mattress tags, 0 mattresses. 20. Functioning toilet-paper jump rope. 21. Receipts from five identifiably different businesses called "Fred's." |
|---|---|

The authentic Scav items are 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 17, 19, and 21. Tally your results (one point for each correct answer) then check p. 95 for your score. Go to mag.uchicago.edu/scavhunt to share your hunting memories and learn more about the origins of the non-UChicago items on the list.

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