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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

WINTER 2018
VOLUME 110, NUMBER 2

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First-year Matthew Pinna gets up close and personal with the Georges Rouault print he will live with for the next year. For more, see "Where the Art Is," page 28. Photography by Eddie Quinones.



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Cold comforts

BY LAURA DEMANSKI, AM'94

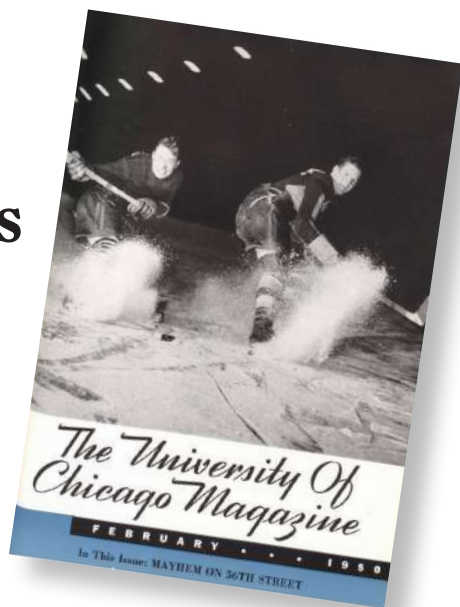
It's been an emphatic winter so far in Chicago, and for some Hyde Parkers the silver lining is more of a steel lining—skate blades etching a pleasingly hard sheet of ice. The rink on the Midway Plaisance was hopping in January at open skates, drop-in lessons, stick-and-puck skates, pond hockey, and rat hockey. (It takes a true connoisseur to distinguish between the fine gradations of hockey sessions.)

On a 12-degree Saturday afternoon, a friend and I snaked our ways through a crowd, weaving around the slow, giving a wide berth to the unsteady, gaping at the sure-footed young figure skaters soon to be dreaming gold medal dreams. One similarly frigid Tuesday evening, the only others on the ice were a clutch of boys who'd claimed center rink for sprints and falling down. Perfect for a rusty skater like me to practice my halting backward stride around the outer oval without too constant a head swivel.

On weekends, morning hockey hours let the puck-devoted ply their skills without hauling equipment downtown or to the suburbs. But 70 years ago, I learned nosing through the *Magazine's* archives, there was UChicago league hockey—played on Stagg Field.

In "Mayhem on 56th Street" (Feb/50), Edwin Diamond, PhB'47, AM'49, a former *Chicago Maroon* writer and future *Newsweek* writer, chronicled the ups and downs of his UChicago "rink-war" squad from its origins in 1946 to the winter of 1950.

Some of the teams the Maroons



faced off against sketched a rough map of the city: Southwest Falcons, 75th Street Buzzards, Oak Park Acorns, Back of the Yards Aces. One night when the Polish-American Flyers were visiting, fists flew in a dustup that spread to the benches before a rink attendant shut off the lights. "Unable to distinguish between friend or foe," Diamond reported, "the rhubarb ended."

"For ice hockey here," he added, "there are no crowds in the stands, no letters or numerals, ... no professional contracts waiting, no recruiting by alumni, no radio hookups or Bowl bids or marching bands." Like today's Midway skaters, the 1950 Maroons were there for the love of ice.

Warm welcome

The year began auspiciously for the *Magazine*: early in January, **Andrew Peart**, AM'16, came on board as alumni news editor. A doctoral candidate in English and former editor of the graduate-student-published *Chicago Review*, Andrew is finishing his dissertation on the influence of folklore collecting, sound recording, and popular song on 20th-century American poetry. He will work with the College class correspondents on their columns among other editorial duties, and will be the friendly voice on the other end when you contact us by phone or email. We're delighted he's part of the team. ♦

LETTERS

Escape from Stagg Field

I appreciated your story about the Chicago Pile experiment. My late mother, Rosemary Watkins Donahue, LAB'46, attended the Laboratory Schools and U-High during the war and liked to tell this story about it. She'd been playing tennis at Stagg Field but was late leaving and found the gates locked and a soldier patrolling outside. She said there were soldiers guarding all sorts of strange places, even the math building, and your story clears up the mystery of a guard at Eckhart Hall.

She said there were soldiers guarding all sorts of strange places, even the math building.

But she'd seen enough war movies by that time to know what to do. She timed the soldier's patrol pattern, and when he passed by, she quickly and silently climbed the fence and was down the street by the time he turned around. She went to school with Fermi's daughter and recalled how bright she was, and her annoyance that in only a few years Nella Fermi was getting better grades in English than her.

John Donahue, SM'79

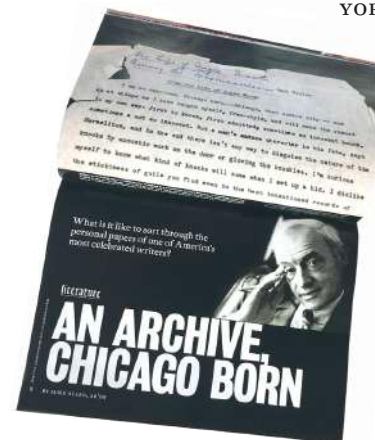
NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Writers in residence

I read with interest Susie Allen's (AB'09) fine article "An Archive, Chicago Born" (Fall/17) on the papers of Saul Bellow, EX'39. For obvious reasons I cannot resist commenting on the caption for the photograph of a letter from Ralph Ellison dating from the time Bellow and Ellison "briefly shared a house in the Hudson Valley in the 1950s." The house is in Tivoli, New York, and they shared it while both were teaching literature at Bard College in neighboring Annandale-on-Hudson.

Leon Botstein, AB'67
President, Bard College

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK



Chicago Pile reactions

I read with great interest the *Magazine's* recent stories recognizing the 75th anniversary of the first controlled, self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction, Chicago Pile-1. Truly, December 2, 1942, was a watershed day for human history, scientific achievement, the University of Chicago, and (less well-known) for my family.

My mother, Katherine Kahn (née Janus), AB'64, shares her birthday with the advent of nuclear energy (and with the Moore sculpture *Nuclear Energy*, but not the same year). Indeed, as an incoming first-year in the College, at the urging of my grandfather, Milton Janus, PhB'33, JD'35, she gamely met with Manhattan Project scientists still at the University, an event covered by the *Maroon*.

As the harnessing of the split atom's energy generated momentous questions of its application for good or ill, from renewable energy to Doomsday Clocks, I find its very nature a quintessential University of Chicago challenge: to study it, question it, debate it, and thereby let knowledge grow. Thus it was a perfect place for my mom and her natal-related wish to know more about nuclear physics.

NB: Mom received passing grades in PhySci 101, 102, and 103 and she can draw a representation of a Klein bottle, which is fitting, as she is a professional artist.

Robert M. Kahn, AB'00
WASHINGTON, DC

Having reached an age when my alumni magazine triggers the deeper reaches of long-term memory, your coverage of Norma Field ("Pioneers and Inheritors," Fall/17) hurled me back to the days I spent attending a College Natural Science 1 class in the west stands, in 1953 or 1954. We were advised that during breaks from our lab work, we should not tarry to chat or smoke at the end of the corridor, where the hazard sign proclaimed, "here be a zone of ionizing radiation."

Field's studies of contemporary Japan confirmed my respect for the University's cozy but ambivalent relationship with radioactivity. Her work on behalf of peace and clean, non-nuclear energy were not given much attention in your tribute. The University has always downplayed the left side of its public profile—in my day, people like Bradford Lyttle, AM'51, were prominent figures in campus life, and Milton Friedman, AM'33, was respected but not anointed as an adept questioner of the prevailing economic orthodoxy.

Fast forward, and I see a YouTube video that appears to have been shot somewhere near my vanished classroom. The video celebrates the anniversary of the first chain reaction with an avant-garde Chinese fireworks display involving a detonation with much smoke and a colorful mushroom cloud. What a great metaphor! Can you update your story with an account of that damp squib and the speeches and ensuing banquet where, no doubt, the menu commemorated your pioneering experiment with seasoning the festive goose with fallout dust?

Lawrence George, AB'56
BOSTON

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Richard Rhodes's fascinating essay "Clashing Colleagues" (Fall/17) reminds me of the one time I encountered Enrico Fermi on campus. In 1953 I was a mathematics graduate student at the University. My housemates Jerome Friedman, AB'50, SM'53, PhD'56, and Edward Silverstein, AB'50, SM'53, took me along to the physics department's annual picnic. There I was fascinated to see a senior professor playing with a yo-yo, which was something new for him. It was Fermi.

Morris W. Hirsch, SM'54, PhD'58

CROSS PLAINS, WISCONSIN

Hidden figures

Thank you for your very interesting articles about CP-1. I learned a number of things. However, you did omit some information.

There essentially was no mention of Herbert Anderson, who was with Enrico Fermi at Columbia and then traveled with him to Chicago, where he soon became a member of the faculty, where he stayed until 1982. He

then went to work with Fermi after the war. When I was a student, Anderson told me many stories of Fermi and his work. He really should have been included in your articles. In fact, Anderson traveled with Fermi to Los Alamos, where he contracted berylliosis, of which he eventually died.

Another omission is that the University took some of the graphite from the first reactor and encapsulated it in plastic. These items were distributed to many people. I was given one of them. I would send you a picture, but unfortunately I lost mine when a California wildfire destroyed my neighborhood.

It is probably too late to gather all the stories, as the people who knew Fermi are probably dead. I heard so many interesting stories. I wish someone would have compiled them.

Howard Matis, SM'71, PhD'76

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Richard Rhodes makes a critical error in "Clashing Colleagues." Otto Hahn didn't discover nuclear fission; Lise

Meitner did. Otto Hahn intentionally left her name off the publications of the work on fission. Some (including Rhodes) have suggested that Hahn did so because Meitner was Jewish, but even after the war, Hahn never made any attempt to give Meitner her well-deserved recognition. This is nicely recounted in *Radioactive! How Irène Curie and Lise Meitner Revolutionized Science and Changed the World* (Algonquin Young Readers, 2016) by Winifred Conkling.

But this is by no means the only instance of a woman being denied her rightful recognition. "Pioneers and Inheritors" recounts how Chin-Tu Chen's (PhD'86) heroes Chen-Ning Yang, PhD'48, and Tsung-Dao Lee, PhD'50, shared the Nobel Prize for work on radioactive decay. Yet Chien-Shiung Wu did the foundational work that led to the Nobel, but Yang and Lee did not acknowledge her work. Later in the same issue ("A Wider Scope," *Inquiry*), Nancy Grace Roman's (PhD'49) unfair treatment by the University is profiled.

LETTERS

Women continue to be underrepresented in the sciences, especially the physical sciences, a trend that increases with more advanced degrees. I realize that efforts are being made to address this disparity, but clearly they are not sufficient.

Victor S. Sloan, AB'80
FLEMINGTON, NEW JERSEY

Remembering the reaction

I was surprised and delighted to see your article about CP-1 ("Manhattan's Critical Moment," *Inquiry*, Fall/17). I was a student at the time, and 20 years later, at Argonne National Laboratory, was the writer-producer of *The Day Tomorrow Began*, a half-hour documentary to commemorate the event [See nuclearreactions.uchicago.edu/videos.—Ed.]. It received numerous awards, is in the National Archives, and is still used by Argonne and others. The illustration in your story was made for me by John Cadel, a longtime friend and colleague. He would be so pleased to know that he is remembered.

At the time of CP-1, I was a precocious student in the Hutchins four-year College and had a number of related experiences. I remember running downstairs in the Reynolds Club to listen to Roosevelt's "Day of Infamy" address. And, later, one of the University's electricians telling me very confidentially, "You know those carboys they take from chemistry to the west stands? They're working on

a bomb that will be big enough to blow up a city!" A physics major, I thought, "Oh sure, what a lot of baloney."

I spent a full year working on the film, collecting material and filming 20-minute interviews with key participants. I almost always asked how they felt about using the bomb in Hiroshima. John Wheeler, the principal theoretician, responded, "Do you know where is the largest hospital in the world?" He named a South Pacific island and then said, "And it's never been used! It was built to take the casualties from invading Japan. And it's never been used."

When I asked Leona Woods Marshall Libby, SB'38, PhD'43, the same question, she said, "My brother was on an island in the Pacific, practicing to use a flamethrower because he would be in the first troops into Tokyo. So what do you think I feel?"

Your article also repeats the conventional view that there were no pictures of CP-1, and that may be true. However, I had one of my staff search the oldest photos in the Argonne files—and he found one that was unlabeled but clearly a snapshot of one of the layers of CP-1 during its construction. In the same vein, we found that (besides the official black-and-white films made by the Signal Corps) there was also a completely unknown 16 mm color film of Hiroshima. Harold Agnew, SM'49, PhD'49, who headed the project at Los Alamos National Lab, had gone along with the bomb in the second observation plane to document whatever happened. He carried his own home movie camera with a roll of Kodachrome. With difficulty,

I remember, the campus was void of hundreds of men who had gone into service. I too enlisted in the Navy V-12 program, hoping to get my degree that way.

we persuaded him to let us copy it and there is a very brief piece at the end of my film.

By an odd coincidence, I now live in a Maryland senior community, where I met an aging B-29 navigator and told him the story, and about the two planes. He responded, "Yes, I know! I was the navigator on the second plane."

Making the film was an unforgettable year, and one full of many stories. Not long ago, a friend at Argonne discovered a long-forgotten closet with all of the old raw materials and interview films that we made that year. The last I knew they were making plans to transfer it all to the National Audiovisual Center in Silver Spring, Maryland, which has the resources to preserve or restore them.

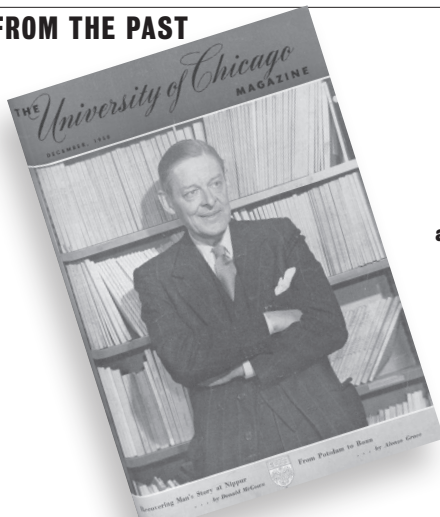
George Tressel, LAB'42, PhB'43
SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND

I am a graduate of UChicago—originally Class of 1944, but I did not actually receive my degree until May 1947. World War II caused the three-year delay. I am 95 years old and have difficulty just signing my name. My degree is in chemistry. I hated humanities while going to school.

In the spring of 1943, I was elected president of my fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, at 5555 South Woodlawn. I was also elected to the senior men's honor society called O+S (Owl and Serpent). I remember the campus was void of hundreds of men who had gone into service. I too enlisted in the Navy V-12 program, hoping to get my degree that way.

One afternoon a few members of O+S were gathered at the Reynolds Club. We decided to go to the O+S secret meeting room in the west stands on the second floor of Stag Field. UChicago was still a member of the Big Ten, and we were all athletically

BLAST FROM THE PAST



I have gotten past the stage of having any opinions of myself, about my portraits, but the one on the cover [December/50] has been approved by a few friends, and so, no doubt, it is a very good one. I remember the picture taking as a pleasant occasion, and comparatively painless!
—T. S. Eliot
April/51



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LETTERS

inclined and had a key to the secret room. That day the keys would not open the door. We asked a nearby armed guard what he knew about it, and he had no information. We were very disturbed about it, but I believe most of us had to report to active military duty shortly after that.

That is the end of this story until years later when the information about the controlled nuclear reaction work was made known. I since had gone on active duty in the Navy as a boat captain of a PT boat in the far southwestern Pacific. We saw much action fighting the Japanese around Japanese-held islands. I was lucky and never got injured.

When the war ended I got married and came back to UChicago and got my degree. Since then I have had a very good life earning a living as a chemical sales engineer. UChicago has kept the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house, and I never took the time to find out anything about O+S. A couple of my good friends, Kenneth Jensen, SB'42, and Bob Johnson, AB'40, worked for the UChicago operation at Argonne but never talked about it. They both passed on a few years ago. My wife of 71 years vaguely remembers putting the gold O+S pin on a charm bracelet and many years ago giving it to a young relative.

*Wayne H. Meagher, SB'47
(Class of 1944)*

PALOS PARK, ILLINOIS

Squashed in translation

I found your recent magazine fascinating. Though I didn't witness the project that demonstrated nuclear fission, I was a lab assistant in the biology labs at Staggs Field in the 1950s. There was teasing (or warning) from friends about the possibility of radiation making me sterile, but no evidence of the famous research that went on there.

One report that wasn't mentioned in your coverage: I read somewhere a Russian translator reported that the experiments, which had taken place in a former squash court, were conducted in a pumpkin field.

Alice R. O'Grady, AB'57
BOERNE, TEXAS

Regarding "Manhattan's Critical Moment": The first sentence states, "On December 2, 1942, in an abandoned squash court underneath the former Staggs Field" (emphasis mine).

As any player of squash will tell you, the court on which that game is played is too small to have safely accommodated the activity described in the article. The Staggs Field court was actually a racquets court built before 1920 through the generosity of Harold McCormick. Racquets is an ancient game originating in England and is played on a large 30-foot by 60-foot court with walls and floors of thick solid concrete, typically with a gallery at one end from which spectators are able to view the on-court play from above. Thus, an abandoned racquets court would have provided a space large enough and safe enough (due to the concrete) to have accommodated Fermi's experiment, features that would not have been provided by a squash court.

Theodore Laws, MBA'69
RADNOR, PENNSYLVANIA

Future of deterrence

In 1978, one of the first courses I attended as a graduate in the Committee on International Relations was given by Albert Wohlstetter. I particularly recall his answer to a student's question, that the object of a response to aggression ought to be as accurate and limited as possible (e.g., the ideal response to a Hitler would be an intercontinental guided bullet that could traverse lands and oceans to strike him, and only him, in his chancellery). Having spent most of my career as a civilian with US Army NATO at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe in Belgium (SHAPE), I realize weapons accuracy has come a long way since the '70s, albeit still incapable of achieving this goal.

Nonetheless, while mutual assured destruction has served and succeeded as the basis for nuclear superpowers for over 50 years, middle powers (e.g., France, the United Kingdom, India, Pakistan) have always relied on limited nuclear threat to only one or more targets of their advisory in what I call sufficient assured destruction to deter potential threats. This is the same case with North Korea. However, with North Korea the difference, of course, is the ideological, as well as authoritarian, nature of its leader (e.g., merely

A Russian translator reported that the experiments, which had taken place in a former squash court, were conducted in a pumpkin field.

threatening Guam with unarmed missiles landing near it to spread fear of war). Likewise, the not-too-distant future is likely to have other powers, with ideological or fundamentalist governments opposed to the United States (or its allies), seek and threaten to use nuclear missiles. Iran comes to mind, but Pakistan, and even Turkey, could eventually be controlled by fundamentalist factions ready to seek the destruction of the "Great Satan."

Mutual assured destruction may continue for the foreseeable future between the United States, Russia, and China. However, the United States must increasingly and rapidly invest in systems like Terminal High Altitude Area Defense and advanced antiballistic missile systems that do not abrogate the superpower *modus vivendi* but significantly raise the threshold (in cost and uncertainty) to other countries attempting to intimidate the United States with sufficient assured destruction.

In short, for centuries and up through mutual assured destruction, military dictum has been, "The best defense is an offense." In the future, to rest free and safe in the sufficient assured destruction era, it must be "The best offense is a defense." President Ronald Reagan recognized this in 1985 when, upon awarding Wohlstetter and his wife, Roberta, the Medal of Freedom, he said, "They are innovators who are leading mankind forward to peace based on protection rather than on retaliation."

My master's thesis, with Wohlstetter, was on French security policy in the 1980s, and I was privileged to be at SHAPE/NATO long enough to see my primary recommendation, that France reintegrate the military command at SHAPE, come to fruition.

Scott R. Sunquist, AM'80
PARIS

The path not taken

I must protest the implied criticism of the decision of the United States to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki (“Manhattan’s Critical Moment,” *Inquiry*, Fall/17). After telling us that these two bombs caused 129,000 deaths, the writers add the words “mostly civilians” to make sure that the reader will be duly horrified. The next sentence tells of some scientists “advocating for a demonstration of power by dropping an atomic bomb on an uninhabited area.” The implication is that such a demonstration could have led to an immediate Japa-

nese surrender, thus saving the lives of 129,000 people, “mostly civilians.”

The idea that a “demonstration of power” could have caused Japan to surrender is completely contradicted by the facts. For several months before the atomic bombs were dropped, the cities of Japan had been bombed extensively by B-29 superfortress bombers, with enormous Japanese casualties. The bombing of Tokyo March 9–10, 1945, caused more than 80,000 deaths. This was followed by B-29 bombing raids on Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya, and other cities. The total Japanese death toll from this bombing


campaign exceeded half a million. If half a million Japanese deaths did not produce the desired Japanese surrender, it is obvious that a “demonstration of power” without any casualties would have had no effect whatsoever.

If an attack on the Japanese mainland had been required to end the war, it would have led to millions of Japanese deaths because Japanese soldiers never surrendered. Thus, 110,000 Japanese soldiers died trying to defend the island of Okinawa, which the Americans captured to use as their base for the anticipated attack on the home islands of Japan. But this massive death toll did not cause the Japanese to surrender.

One may conclude that ending this terrible war by dropping the two atomic bombs saved the lives of millions of Japanese.

*Nathan Aviezer, né Wiser,
SM’59, PhD’65*

PETACH TIKVA, ISRAEL



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Spring and fall reflections

I am not strictly speaking an alumnus, but went to the Laboratory Schools from nursery school through my sophomore year at U-High. In your Spring/17 issue, I saw with fascination that Latin is now a less commonly taught language (“Lingua Franca”). That is a reformation that might be more profound socially than Luther’s. Your Fall/17 article on the 500th anniversary of the Reformation (“Reformer Revisited”) is of course written by Martin E. Marty, PhD’56. As it happens, I’ve been reading Hilaire Belloc. Marty, a leading Lutheran scholar of our day, surely knows Belloc would not have agreed with much of the article, perhaps not even the first sentence. This opinion I impute to Mr. Belloc is surely reciprocated. I applaud Marty’s pointing to Lutheran hymns.

I do wish your author, or proofreader, had spelled “cataloguers” (and others, for instance “deemphasize” on page 15, “coinvent” on page 26; there may have been more, but pain sinks from consciousness).

Your 75-year section, pun-lovingly titled “Core Stories” (Fall/17), prompts me to ask if you know the novel *The Berlin Project* (Saga Press, 2017) by Gregory Benford, who writes about and was acquainted with many of your historic figures.

LETTERS

In Letters (Fall/17), Bob Michaelson, SB'66, stopped too soon. "We don't want nobody nobody sent" was a speakeasy rejection before Abner Mikva, JD'51 (who I believe knew my father), and before the Daley years.

I must not close without applauding Laurie Zoloth (On the Agenda, "Serious Inquiry, Engaged Scholarship," Fall/17).

John Hertz
LOS ANGELES

Paleo apology

I'm always happy to see my University of Chicago alumni magazine arrive in the mail. As a working paleontologist, I am doubly excited when there is a note or story relating to paleontology. It was great to read "Mammals Like Us" in the Fall/17 issue, until I got to the sidebar's ("Maroon Menagerie") description of *Eodromaeus murphi*, a cute little dinosaur from Argentina described by Paul Sereno. The paragraph states that "The 230-million-year-old species dates so far back that archaeologists have ..." Wait! What?! Archaeologists don't give a darn tootin' about dinosaurs, never mind to claim that they have "dubbed it as a basal dinosaur" as the sentence continues. Maybe something slipped by the editor, but two pages later, in the description of *Spinosaur aegyptiacus*, "To archaeologists, it is a semiaquatic predator ..." No. To archaeologists, it is way too old and nonhuman to give it more than a passing glance in *National Geographic*.

Both archaeologists and paleontologists suffer from this excessively common ignorance. We (paleontologists) study the remains of ancient life, except humans. That stuff is left to the archaeologists. And we don't identify your arrowheads. We have seen this mistake so many times in our local news (TV, radio, and print) that we try to make sure reporters know the difference now when they speak with us. Local news in Casper, Wyoming, I can handle with an eyeroll, but the alumni magazine of a distinguished university that actually has three paleontologists on staff (and has had a continuous paleo presence since way before my time in Hyde Park), I am beyond shocked. I like to think there is an editor over there somewhere who can use the red pen as needed. Did anyone actually talk to Sereno, Zhe-Xi Luo, or Neil Shubin? If these guys have seen this, I like to think they are also beyond eye rolling. (Stephen L. Brusatte, SB'06, highlighted in the article, is now in the United Kingdom.) Could this be the new normal as America continues to stupidify and ignore science?

This is so common a mistake that our museum (shameless plug: the Tate Geological Museum in Casper, Wyoming) is sponsoring a lecture series this spring discussing the differences. I am one of the speakers, and you bet this article will make it into my talk in April.

J. P. Cavigelli, AB'83
CASPER, WYOMING

We regret the editing error and thank J. P. Cavigelli and other readers for alerting us to our mistake.—Ed.

For the record

Several articles in the Fall/17 issue brought back memories of my student days. In particular, the profile of Nancy Grace Roman, PhD'49, mentioned a classmate (Peter Vandervoort, AB'54, SB'55, SM'56, PhD'60), two of my professors (Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, Gerard Kuiper), and several other people I have known.

However, in "Uncharted," Rocky Kolb cites "the famous failed experiment of Albert Michelson, founder of UChicago's physics department, and Edward Morley to establish the existence of 'ether.'" Michelson joined the University of Chicago in 1892. The "famous experiment" was concluded in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887, when Michelson was a professor of physics at Case School of Applied Science, and Morley was a professor of chemistry at Western Reserve College.

Peter Pesch, SB'55, SM'56, PhD'60
Professor Emeritus of Astronomy, Case
Western Reserve University
CLEVELAND

Any way you slice it

I would like to suggest a way that we might bypass gerrymandering entirely ("Line Items," Fall/17). Society and communications are no longer limited to local interactions and personal interest is not based so much on neighborhood as on employment, social class, etc. There are 535 members of Congress to a 323,000,000 population, so one congressman represents 603,768 citizens. Instead of 603,768 New Yorkers, one member of Congress could represent that number of students, or engineers, or Mormons, or whatever. That should be easy to implement with the internet.

Rod Dalitz, LAB'63
CURRIE, SCOTLAND

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A beast of an error.

Bringing evidence to bear on public policy

BY KATHERINE BAICKER, DEAN
AND EMMETT DEDMON PROFESSOR
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
HARRIS SCHOOL OF PUBLIC POLICY

It may seem like these are challenging times for leaders, scholars, and analysts devoted to evidence-based policy, but never has their work been more important.

As a leading policy school, Harris has the opportunity—and the responsibility—to leverage the cutting-edge work of our faculty, to inspire the next generation of policy leaders, and to connect with policy makers in Chicago, DC, and across the globe. Harris has remarkable momentum in rising to this challenge.

This year we were joined by seven new faculty members who add eminence and breadth to our exceptional community of scholars. Our faculty are deploying a wide range of tools, including analytical politics, economics, statistics, machine learning, and psychology, to tackle the world's most complicated problems across crucial areas of domestic and foreign policy.

We also welcomed the largest and most diverse class in Harris's history this fall, and we are on track to surpass last year's record-breaking enrollment growth as applications to our early action admissions round have more than doubled. New partnerships and programs, such as the University's Civic Leadership Academy, a dual-degree program in health policy with the London School of Economics, and our Evening Master's Program for working professionals, are allowing us to expand our reach and accessibility.

Our growing student body is energized and vibrant, reflecting an increasing appreciation of the value of



Formerly at the Harvard T. H. Chan School of Public Health, Baicker joined Harris on August 15, 2017.

an analytical approach to policy making. Our students realize that heated rhetoric and magical thinking are unlikely to solve thorny policy problems; they come to Harris to confront the complexity. Their rigorous analytical course work is complemented by the many new opportunities they have to put these new tools into practice, such as research assistantships, Harris Policy Labs, and our new Leadership Credential. Making a difference in the community starts on day one.

At Harris we are building on this momentum to be a catalyst for policy innovation. It is crucial for any policy school to be actively engaged in the policy-making process through the contributions of its faculty, students, and alumni. It is particularly important for a school like Harris that emphasizes the kind of evidence-based decision making the world sorely needs. Every sector of the economy is profoundly

impacted by public policy. From my own work in health policy, I have seen the impact that evidence can have. The debate over Medicaid is a prime example: Medicaid coverage confers enormous benefits to enrollees but at substantial costs to taxpayers. This is a difficult trade-off—one that policy makers cannot evaluate without analytical tools to frame the comparison and evidence on the size of the costs and benefits. These are the tools that Harris has long excelled in providing.

Our engagement extends beyond the translation of the faculty's scholarship and the reach of our growing alumni community, with faculty and students alike partnering with policy makers—in the private and public spheres—to tackle difficult problems, including climate change, political instability, health disparities, and global conflicts.

The opening of the Keller Center as our new home in the 2018–19 academic year is more than an investment in our school's future—it is a beacon for policy impact. It expands our capacity to serve our students, our campus partners, and our community as we work together to address the pressing policy challenges facing Chicago and the world.

Making policy on the basis of rigorous, thoughtful analysis will always be a complicated endeavor. Ensuring that we are educating the next generation of policy makers to approach complex challenges in a clear-eyed, analytical, grounded way—the Harris Public Policy way—is vital to the future. The effects of that approach will have lasting implications for public policy outcomes and millions of people around the world. ♦



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On a hectic and life-changing morning, Nobel laureate Richard Thaler took a moment to soak it all in.

ECONOMICS

Good behavior

How economist Richard Thaler nudged his way to a Nobel.

Speaking at the Nobel Banquet in Stockholm on December 10, **Richard Thaler** could not help comparing himself to his fellow laureates. “Their discoveries of colliding black holes, genes that know the time of

day, and images of biomolecules using cryoelectron microscopy are rather daunting,” he said in a speech the evening after accepting the Sveriges Riksbank Prize in Economic Sciences in Memory of Alfred Nobel.

“So what did I do to get up here?” said Thaler, the Charles R. Walgreen Distinguished Service Professor of Behavioral Science and Economics at the University of Chicago Booth School of Business. “I discovered the presence of human life in a place not far, far away, where my fellow economists thought it did not exist: the economy.”

Over the past four decades, Thaler’s research has upturned the assumption that economic actors are entirely self-

ish and perfectly rational. Sometimes they are, well, human: idiosyncratic, overconfident, prone to procrastination. The field of behavioral economics, of which Thaler has been called the father, investigates how that humanness shapes our economic choices—and how to harness it in positive ways.

For instance, Thaler challenges the classical economic notion that money is fungible—that is, that one dollar is the same as any other dollar. His work on mental accounting, one of the areas of research highlighted by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences in its Nobel citation, shows that, in practice, people don’t treat money this way. Instead, they mentally earmark money

for specific purposes, such as housing, food, and travel, and make financial decisions based on how those choices will affect each fund. “Money in one mental account is not a perfect substitute for money in another account,” Thaler wrote in a 1999 paper.

This idea, and others like it, are accepted by many economists today. But it took time for Thaler to make the case to his colleagues. Behavioral economics was “really out in the wilderness 40 years ago,” he reflected on October 9, just hours after learning he had received the Nobel Prize. It made the award all the more meaningful. “It’s been a long journey,” he said, “so I’m happy about that.”

The call had come at 4 a.m. on his cell phone. The incoming number was from Sweden, so “I had a pretty good idea what that might be,” he said. He’s now among 90 scholars associated with the University to receive Nobel Prizes, and 29 who have received the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economics.

“Richard’s original, broadly influential, and paradigm-defining work has richly earned this recognition,” president **Robert J. Zimmer** wrote in an October 9 email to the UChicago community. “We look forward to celebrating Richard’s work and his place in the distinguished legacy of eminent economics research at the University of Chicago.”

At a news conference that same day, Chicago Booth dean **Madhav Rajan** said Thaler “represents the quintessence of Chicago Booth’s mission: to produce knowledge with enduring impact, and to influence and educate current and future leaders.” Rajan also credited Thaler with helping build Chicago Booth’s faculty in behavioral science, “vastly expanding the school’s footprint and stature in this field.”

Thaler is perhaps best known for his books *Misbehaving: The Making of Behavioral Economics* (Norton, 2015) and *Nudge: Improving Decisions about Health, Wealth, and Happiness* (Yale University Press, 2008). In *Misbehaving*, he traces the rise of behavioral economics in the 1970s and the struggle to bring the field of economics back down to earth.

Nudge, coauthored with Harvard Law School professor Cass R. Sunstein, explores how the concepts of behavioral economics can be used to tackle many of society’s major problems and influence public policy. Inspired by the research, the government of the United Kingdom established a Behavioral Insight Team, or “nudge unit.” The team’s goal is to use the insights of behavioral economics

to make public services more cost effective and easier to access and to help people make better choices for themselves. Thaler served as an adviser to the team in 2010.

At the heart of *Nudge* is what Thaler calls his “mantra”: “If you want to get people to do something, make it easy.” For example, employers can nudge employees by automatically enrolling them in a retirement savings plan rather than requiring them to opt in; schools can nudge kids toward healthy food choices by putting fruit at eye level in the cafeteria.

Thaler returned to the idea in his Nobel Banquet speech. “Around the world, governments and NGOs are working with behavioral scientists to design and test scientifically informed

policies that are working. People are being helped to save more for retirement, more poor kids—especially girls—are going to school, peasant farmers are retrieving more reliable harvests, and we’re all being successfully nudged to use less energy.”

He urged the audience to continue that work: “Nudge for good. ... Nudge for the greatest benefit of mankind.”

—Susie Allen, AB’09

I DISCOVERED THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN LIFE IN A PLACE NOT FAR, FAR AWAY, WHERE MY FELLOW ECONOMISTS THOUGHT IT DID NOT EXIST: THE ECONOMY.



In keeping with his research on idiosyncratic economic behavior, Thaler joked at a Nobel news conference in Chicago Booth’s Harper Center that he planned to spend his prize money “as irrationally as possible.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN LACHAT



Shadi Bartsch-Zimmer.

EPISTEMOLOGY

In the know

The Stevanovich Institute questions what we know and how we know it.

An ancient parable recounts a group of blind men who come upon an elephant for the first time. One grabs the trunk, another an ear, another the elephant's tail, and so on. They set to work describing the object, but their accounts are so incongruent that they cannot reach basic agreement about the object's nature. How can one thing be wet, dry, snake-like, and flat at the same time? A scuffle ensues. The lesson: Each standpoint has its limitations. Partial truths may cohere in a greater, unseen whole.

Shadi Bartsch-Zimmer, the Helen A. Regenstein Distinguished Service Professor of Classics, invoked the parable of the elephant and the blind men at the inaugural conference of the Stevanovich Institute on the Formation of Knowledge (SIFK), musing that “disciplinary constraints boil down to the fact that over here a foot is being grabbed, over there a trunk, and in a third place a giant nostril.” The event, titled Practices of Knowledge, was held on campus November 16 to 19. Like its research fellowships, scholarly journal, and generous slate of course offerings, SIFK's biennial conference is intended to cover a wide range of historical epochs, cultural traditions,

and disciplinary formations—in other words, to grasp the whole elephant.

For SIFK, covering new ground in the study of knowledge means continually recontextualizing important concepts and debates. If ideas gain meaning from how they function within specific cultural and historical contexts, then these contexts bear close examination. As SIFK's director, Bartsch-Zimmer makes context her watchword, countering Socrates's maxim “knowledge is virtue” with SIFK's view that “knowledge is context.”

Keynote speaker Steven Shapin, professor of the history of science at Harvard, exemplified this attitude in critiquing the distinction between art and science. Typically we say that art is made while science is discovered. Nevertheless, scientific theories are in some sense artful constructions, and they often appeal to our aesthetic sensibilities. Is Charles Darwin's influential diagram of the tree of life a part of his science or a mere visual aid? The boundary between art and science shifts over time and with different worldviews.

Taking another 19th-century biologist, Shapin argued that Ernst Haeckel's highly abstract and stylized—and sometimes admittedly falsified—drawings of organisms may be understood as properly scientific from within a tradition of German philosophy and biology that viewed ideal organic archetypes as reflections of the formal structure of both mind and nature.

Another speaker working across disciplines was **David Nirenberg**, the Deborah R. and Edgar D. Jannotta Distinguished Service Professor of Medieval History and Social Thought and executive vice provost of the University of Chicago. In his talk, Nirenberg contrasted two ancient metaphysical positions: Heracleitus's view that reality is like a river that lacks identity from one second to the next; and Pythagoras's position that nature is inherently mathematical in its structure.

According to Nirenberg, the choice between these attitudes should be viewed as a free one rather than a disciplinary mandate. In the social sciences, for instance, one need not cleave to statistical models of rational action when a phenomenon seems amenable to a more qualitative or open-ended approach. The choice is ever present:

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER'S INDEX FOLK LORE

Acts appearing at the first Folk Festival in 1961:

21

Cost of a general admission ticket in 1961:

\$2

Cost to attend both days of the 2018 festival (February 9–10):

\$20-55

Workshops on sea-shanty singing at this year's festival:

1

Cookies sold to raise funds for the 40th Folk Festival:

1,300

Times Bob Dylan auditioned for the festival:

1

Times Bob Dylan was accepted:

0

from one perspective the world is populated by self-identical objects subject to quantification, and from another it is a formless stream of becoming.

Over the course of the conference, a productive tension arose between those eager to use data to prove a point and those concerned with scrutinizing how data gains legitimacy. Steven Pinker, professor of psychology at Harvard, is of the former cast, including in his new book, *Enlightenment Now: The Case for Reason, Science, Humanism, and Progress* (Viking, 2018). However, when he presented a series of graphs demonstrating centuries of human progress in key areas such as infant mortality rate, some audience members were unpersuaded and demanded further context. Why were just these numbers presented in just this way? Is this the proper timescale for assessing our fortunes?

Whether interpretive questions can be put to rest was the issue treated by Edward Slingerland, professor of Asian studies at the University of British Columbia. According to Slingerland, many disputes among humanities scholars may be solved by “distant reading,” or the algorithmic mapping of key words and their relationships in vast quantities of text. He explained how a distant reading project in his field showed that pre-Buddhist Chinese literature maintains a clear distinction between mind and body, seemingly disproving scholars whose cherry-picked quotations imply mind-body holism. In Slingerland’s view, the humanities can and should pose empirical questions with right and wrong answers—which is not how most of us remember our English professors grading our term papers.

Of course, Slingerland’s algorithmic studies still require interpretation, whether in the design of the study, the coding of the results, or the drawing of implications. As he pointed out, however, the same is true of all empirical research. In the humanities as in science, data cannot settle interpretation but only dialogue with it. New claims generate new interpretations that generate new claims, and old claims can always be recast in a new interpretive light. In this way, knowledge and its endless critique allow us to explore a complex but shared reality from all sides.—*Lucas McGranahan*

NEXT GENERATION UP IN SMOKE



To live in Chicago in the late 19th century was to contend with smoke, a “universal nuisance,” as an 1880 *Tribune* article described it, that “reaches into every private dwelling,” rendering residents “grimy, sooty and unclean.”

From accounts like these, historians and scientists have a sense of what air quality in the industrial Midwest was like. But because regular pollution measurements were uncommon until the mid-1950s, they have only been able to guess at how much soot was in the air in any given year.

Enter graduate students Shane DuBay, in the Committee on Evolutionary Biology, and Carl Fuldner, AM’17, in art history, who realized that natural history museums around the Midwest, including the Field Museum, were housing an accidental but highly accurate record of 19th- and 20th-century pollution: bird specimens, carefully tagged with their dates and locations of capture.

Species such as horned larks, shown above, gathered up soot like flying feather dusters, turning their naturally white bellies gray. Because

the birds molt annually, DuBay and Fuldner knew the soot captured in their feathers could only be from the previous year.

The pair used photometric reflectance (essentially, how much light reflects off an object when it’s photographed) to measure the relative sootiness of 1,347 bird specimens from over more than a century. This novel technique made it possible to trace how pollution changed year to year in different areas. “The changes in the birds reflect efforts, first at the city level but eventually growing into a national movement, to address the smoke problem,” Fuldner says. “We are actually able to go back and see how effective certain policy approaches were.”

Although the more recent US bird specimens are much cleaner, DuBay says that “doesn’t mean we’re in the clear.” In other countries that still rely on coal for energy, residents live under thick blankets of smog. And in the United States, “we continue to pump less-conspicuous pollutants into our atmosphere—those pollutants just aren’t as visible as soot.”—*Susie Allen, AB’09*

PHOTO COURTESY CARL FULDNER AND SHANE DUBAY

String theory

Physician William Sloan's (SB'63, MD'67) harmonious second act.

Every summer, 60 violin makers gather in Ohio for the Violin Society of America's two-week Oberlin Violin Maker's Workshop, often staying up until 11 p.m. bending maple for the curved ribs of the instrument's body or chiseling fine grooves in its scroll.

It's a who's who of professional violin makers that attracts top craftspeople from around the world. The program rarely accepts amateurs, but one noteworthy exception—**William Sloan**, SB'63, MD'67—has attended the VSA/Oberlin workshop every year for the past decade.

"I get to go because if I don't come, they don't get to see a Stradivarius and a Guarnerius," says Sloan, half joking, referring to his two 18th-century violins, made by Antonio Stradivari and Giuseppe Guarneri del Gesù in Cremona, Italy, during the golden age of violin making. He's owned the two instruments since the 1980s.

But it's Sloan's special knowledge of old Italian instruments that makes him an asset to the group, says workshop director Christopher Germain.

Sloan, a urologist, has been an amateur violinist most of his life and a collector and enthusiast for decades. Now he's also become a luthier, a maker of stringed instruments. He's completed three violins and is working on a fourth.

Sloan, 76, still works part time at three Los Angeles hospitals, seeing patients three days a week and operating the other two. On evenings, weekends, and days off, he spends hours shaving fine European spruce and Bosnian maple for new instruments, playing with his bimonthly quartet, hosting musical events at his home, or traveling with his wife, **Judy Beckner Sloan**, AB'67, a trained singer and pianist, to give lectures on historical violins.

"Bill is somewhat like the old patrons of music from the 19th century," says David Wilson, a professional musi-

cian who plays viola in the quartet with Sloan. "A patron, but also a participant."

Sloan and Wilson sit in the music room of Sloan's Los Angeles home with an array of instruments laid out in front of them—the great 1742 Guarneri and 1714 Stradivari, along with two of Sloan's own handmade violins. He modeled both after the Guarneri—a "del Gesù," the most prized of the Guarneri family's violins.

In turn, Sloan plays "Ashokan Farewell" and Wilson plays "Lili Marleen" on Sloan's Number 3 handmade violin, its back carved from a piece of wood that French bow maker Bernard Millant cut in 1960 and later gave to Sloan. The deep, rich strains fill the room.

"It's the closest one I've ever made to an old violin," says Sloan. He says many people have encouraged him to sell his handmade violins, but he's not ready to part with them.

To compare the quality of the sound, Sloan hands the 1714 Stradivari to Wilson, who plays a Bach solo sonata.

"There's a sort of sweetness to it," says Sloan, who then passes Wilson the del Gesù. "Now this one is going to sound darker. It doesn't have the sizzle."

Later that night, Sonia Luna, who plays first violin in their quartet, describes the Stradivari as a Ferrari and the Guarneri as a Bentley. "The del Gesù is like *buttah*. It's like smooth, rich toffee," says Luna. "And the Strad is like a racehorse."

Although they are highly valuable collector's items, Sloan regularly lends out the Strad and del Gesù to professional musicians around the world.

"The whole idea is they were made to be played," says Sloan.

On a Sunday in November, he got a call from Roberto Cani, concert master and first violinist of the Los Angeles opera, asking if he could use the Strad in that afternoon's performance of Verdi's *Nabucco*. A few weeks later, Scott Yoo, the chief conductor of the Mexico City Philharmonic, flew to Los Angeles to borrow the same violin. Yoo was in a cab to the airport with the Strad at 1 p.m., and by 3 p.m. Sloan was in surgery.

Sloan began taking violin lessons in grammar school. He played first violin in his high school orchestra and in the University Symphony Orchestra. At UChicago, he also met his wife, Judy, who was studying music theory.

Years later, when Sloan was a urologist and transplant surgeon and Judy a law professor in Toledo, Ohio, and they sat on the city's orchestra and opera boards, the couple began hosting local musicians on December 26 to play Handel's *Messiah*. They've continued the Boxing Day tradition for the past four decades, filling their home with 30 to 40 musicians and 60 to 70 singers. The del Gesù and the Strad come out and the performers crowd together, shoulder to shoulder, around the Steinway grand. There's no audience; the musicians play for one another.

It's the type of evening Sloan cherishes—playing the violin alongside professionals, bringing people together, and filling his home with music.

—*Jessica Langlois*



When this musician patient was nervous before surgery, Sloan helped him relax by suggesting they play a duet.

Goal Oriented

Win or lose, the men's and women's varsity soccer teams are in it together.

Caroline Olivero, Class of 2018, a forward and cocaptain on UChicago's women's soccer team, says her "punny, nerdy side" is just as important as her soccer side. She was happy to come to UChicago, where Nobel Prizes outnumber Heisman Trophies and the

"sick" Chicago Debate Society sends teams to nationals every year.

"We have people at our school who are amazing dancers, or people who do Model UN," she says, adding that college sports may be a big deal elsewhere, but in the College "it's just like any other passion that people have that's extracurricular."

Olivero chose UChicago because it had "the best learning community for people who love to learn. Not just people who want to excel." This season she and her fellow soccer players—women and men alike—did both. The women's team reached the NCAA Division III championship game, falling just short of a title in a 1-0 loss to Williams College. The same weekend, the men's soccer team

played North Park University to a 0-0 tie in the semifinals, ultimately suffering elimination from the tournament on penalty kicks. Despite the squads' ultimate disappointment, it was a banner season for both, and a bonding one.

Fundamental to the balance Olivero describes between soccer and nerdery, learning and excelling, is **Amy Reifert**, the Maroons women's soccer coach for 27 years. Her counterpart on the men's soccer team, **Mike Babst**, has learned a lot from Reifert since he arrived in 2013 but says her insight into the UChicago student-athlete has been most valuable. "Her biggest concern," he says, "is that they have the best experience here overall. She has a really great perspective of how athletics fits within that."

Specifically, it fits into a set of circles. "Your house is a circle," Reifert says. "If you're a chem major, or you're premed, then typically the kids in your chem lab are a circle." The more circles the better, because "you have that many more friends, which then means you're having more fun, which then means getting that much more out of college."

Each soccer team is a circle too, and the coaches and players think of the men's and women's teams as forming another. The men and women don't practice together, but in University Athletic Association conference competition they play doubleheaders, travel together, and stay in the same hotels. When they eat dinner on the road, the coaches dictate they must



After their record-breaking seasons came to bittersweet ends, the men's and women's soccer teams are already thinking ahead to next year.

mix by both gender and year. Over summers, men and women in the same city will often meet for workouts and informal coed games.

“Our fortunes are tied together, there’s no question,” Reifert says. “Our ultimate goal is for both of us to win a national championship together on the same day.”

That didn’t happen this year, but the teams did travel together to the Division III Final Four in Greensboro, North Carolina, in December—the first time since 1996 they both reached the semifinals. The women had repeat final four appearances in 2003, when they lost the championship game in overtime; in 2005; and in 2016.

Fourth-year **Stacey Reimann**, Class of 2018, a cocaptain and defender on the men’s team, says success on the field builds connection off it. The relationship between the men and the women “has evolved so much more because of the pace [at which] both our teams are progressing.”

So when the men and women each were eliminated, they proved to be each other’s best support systems. Ordinarily the NCAA arranges for teams to fly home the morning after elimination, but UChicago’s men and women had both decided that if one squad lasted longer in the tournament, the other would stay to cheer on their fellow Maroons.

Reifert, who called the men’s elimination “heartbreaking,” ran into Reimann the next morning, before her team’s championship game. “I was crying,” Reifert says. “I was so sad for him. And he said, ‘Coach, don’t cry. It’s not over yet. You guys are going to win today.’”

Later that day, as he watched the women play for the championship, Reimann says, he realized when the final whistle blew, it would signal more than the end of the game. “It was the first time the loss of my season really hit me.”

The fourth-years from both teams have an ongoing group text chain. The conversation was “kind of depressing” after the losses, Olivero says, but they were glad to have it.

“There is that shared camaraderie in loss,” Reifert says. She expects the feeling to fuel off-season contemplation of “what do we need to do to get back” to the final four next year. “They’ll share that too.”—*Jeanie Chung*

Unprecedented

Season records set by UChicago’s soccer teams in 2017:

WOMEN

22	wins
18	shutouts
80	goals scored
7	goals allowed (none in the postseason until the championship)
0.29	goals allowed per game

MEN

19	wins
59	goals scored
54	assists



The women’s team celebrated after besting the College of New Jersey in the NCAA Division III Semifinal on December 1.

Bite by bite

Helping adolescents recover from eating disorders may involve the whole family.

For parents of teens with eating disorders, it can feel like their children have become strangers and their family meals battlefields. **Andrea Kass**, a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Chicago Eating Disorders Program, has seen it all in her pediatric patients, from yelling to stony silence.

Nearly 3 percent of American adolescents suffer from an eating disorder, according to Harvard's National Comorbidity Survey. These illnesses, which include anorexia nervosa, bulimia, and binge eating disorder, are both difficult to treat and extraordinarily dangerous—they have some of the highest mortality rates of any psychiatric disorder. They're deadly "both because of the consequences of malnutrition, but also because they're associated with very high rates of suicide," explains **Jennifer Wildes**, director of the Eating Disorders Program.

Some affected children and adolescents, particularly those suffering from anorexia, have found an effective therapy in family-based treatment, an outpatient approach that was pioneered at London's Maudsley Hospital and refined by **Daniel Le Grange**, an emeritus professor in psychiatry and Wildes's predecessor at the Eating Disorders Program. Family-based treatment continues to be a key component of the program's work, and for good reason: a 2010 study in the *Archives of General Psychiatry* found that family-based treatment was more effective in addressing anorexia than adolescent-focused therapy, another commonly used outpatient approach. A year out, 49 percent of patients who received family-based treatment were in full remission, as compared to only 23 percent of patients who had received adolescent-focused therapy.

Initially family-based treatment emphasizes restoring the patient to



Family-based treatment can be tough going at first, but the approach shows promise in providing lasting recovery from eating disorders.

a healthy weight by putting parents back in charge of their child's eating. "The eating disorder has made it difficult for the patient to make healthy decisions, so we have the parents take that role," Kass explains—even if it means "needing to go to the patients' school and sitting with them at lunch, or going to school late because they need to wait it out through breakfast." Gradually, as patients return to health, they are permitted more autonomy and control over their eating, and clinicians work with them to build a healthy self-identity.

It's a very taxing, time-consuming form of therapy. "It's like having a toddler," says R., the mother of a 17-year-old who has nearly completed family-based treatment for atypical anorexia. During the early phase of care, R. or her husband would have to leave work early—both are medical doctors—retrieve their daughter from school, take her home, make food, watch her eat it, and then ferry her back to school again.

In the second session, families are asked to bring a picnic meal into the clinic so therapists can observe the family dynamics at work during meal time.

As the family eats, they discuss together what meals are typically like at home and how they decide what to serve. Sometimes the patient has barely touched his or her food by the end of

the meal, so the parents and the treatment team work together to encourage the struggling teen to take at least one more bite. "The goal of the session is to help the parents have a win against the ED [eating disorder]," explains Kass, and to empower them to continue the trend at home.

Kass encourages families to view the illness as distinct from their child, for example, as an alien that has taken over their child's decisions about food and weight. In the case of a mother whose daughter threw her meals away, "Before she served the meals, she put a fresh trash bag in the can." After the child threw the meal in the trash, "[The mother] took it back out and put

THE EATING DISORDER HAS MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR THE PATIENT TO MAKE HEALTHY DECISIONS, SO WE HAVE THE PARENTS TAKE THAT ROLE.

it on the plate,” Kass says. “She was creatively saying ‘This is unacceptable, this is our goal, and I am going to support you in eating this meal.’”

The program initially treated only adolescents when it was founded by Le Grange in 1998. Today Wildes’s mission is to deliver care to people of all ages, and all socioeconomic and ethnic backgrounds, who suffer from eating disorders.

Undiagnosed and untreated eating disorders have an economic cost in addition to their toll on patients’ health—time spent out of work and in treatment, the loss of potential talent. “One of the things that’s really remarkable—remarkable in a tragic

way—about the costs of eating disorders is that there’s a fair amount of studies that show that on average individuals with eating disorders actually have higher IQs,” Wildes says. She treats many high-functioning individuals with eating disorders in the University community—faculty as well as students: “Instead of going on to become leaders and physicians and scientists and all these sorts of things, they’re in and out of the hospital.”

The Eating Disorders Program is the only academic eating disorder center in the Chicago area, which means that Wildes and her colleagues both heal and study eating disorders. They hope their work will lead to earlier di-

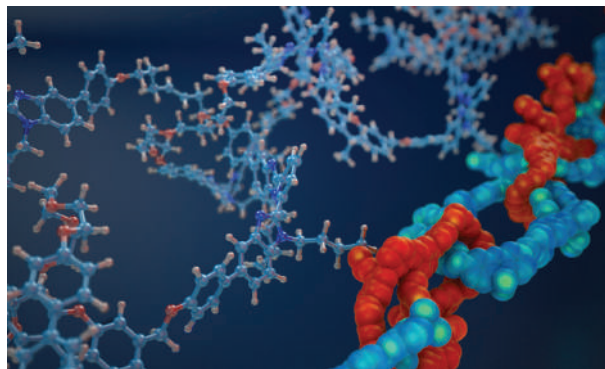
agnosis and treatment of these illnesses, because, if not treated early, adults can suffer from them for decades. In fact, middle-aged women are one of the fastest-growing segments of the population to be diagnosed with eating disorders.

Nearing the end of family-based treatment, which typically takes about 10 to 12 months, R.’s daughter has returned to a healthier weight and is no longer fighting the alien within.

“When we started seeing her turn the corner and I’d say ‘You’re in so much of a better place now,’ that was not met with acceptance,” says R. “Now when I say that, she’s like, ‘I am.’”

—Claire Zulkey

CITATIONS



Each loop in the tiny chains created by UChicago scientists is less than 100 atoms across.

CHARTER SCHOOLS’ REPORT CARD

Do charter schools make the grade? Yes and no, according to a UChicago Consortium on School Research study of Chicago high schools released November 14. On average charter students had better test scores, class attendance, college enrollment, and college persistence, as compared to similar students at noncharter high schools—but, the researchers found, these outcomes varied considerably from one charter school to another. Students were also more likely to transfer out of charter schools, especially campuses that were newly opened or low performing. The researchers don’t yet know why students leave charters,

or the impact of transferring on their long-term educational attainment, but plan to investigate the question in future research.

HAPPY CUSTOMERS

Marketers have long known that how you present prices matters to consumers (“12 easy payments of \$9.99!”). In a paper forthcoming in the *Journal of Consumer Research*, coauthor **Daniel Bartels**, associate professor at Chicago Booth, found that the prospect of making smaller, more frequent payments doesn’t just make consumers more likely to purchase a product—it also makes them feel better about the benefits they receive from the purchase. Study

participants were presented with one of two scenarios: lease a luxury car at a periodic price of \$20 a day or an aggregate price of \$7,250 per year. The hypothetical lessees were more likely to agree to the contract and reported greater perceived enjoyment of the purchase at the periodic price than the aggregate price. “More frequent payments can help people appreciate recurring pleasures and increase the likelihood of purchasing,” the researchers concluded.

CHAIN OF EVENTS

A group led by **Stuart Rowan**, a professor at UChicago’s Institute for Molecular Engineering, has devised a method of creating an interlocked, freely moving chain of molecules—not unlike a necklace chain. With previous techniques, scientists could only make chains seven rings long, a problem solved by the new method. Scientists theorize that these longer, ultratiny chains will absorb energy well, suggesting they could be used to create novel materials that dampen sound or absorb vibrations. “We’re very excited to explore their properties now that we know how to make them,” Rowan said. The research was published online November 30 in *Science* and coauthored by postdoctoral scholar **Qiong**

Wu, graduate student **Phil Rauscher**, and **Juan de Pablo**, professor in the Institute for Molecular Engineering.

FRACKING IS FRAUGHT

Hydraulic fracturing has sparked an energy boom in many US states. But a study published December 13 in *Science Advances* suggests the human cost of the oil- and gas-harvesting technique is high. The research, coauthored by **Michael Greenstone**, LAB’87, the Milton Friedman Professor in Economics and director of the Energy Policy Institute at the University of Chicago, found that the 95,500 infants born each year to mothers living up to two miles from hydraulic fracturing sites are more likely to have poor health. Babies born a half mile from a fracking site face the greatest danger: they are 25 percent more likely to be born at low birth weights, increasing the risk of infant mortality, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, asthma, lower test scores, lower school attainment, and lower earnings. The researchers don’t know how hydraulic fracturing harms infant health but hypothesize that air or water pollution, chemicals used in fracking, or an increase in vehicle traffic could be the culprits. —Susie Allen, AB’09

FOR THE RECORD



A GIFT FROM GRIFFIN

The Kenneth C. Griffin Charitable Fund intends to make the second-largest gift in the history of the University of Chicago, supporting the Department of Economics in expanding its leadership in education and research with wide-ranging public impact, while increasing financial support for students. The \$125 million gift from the founder and chief executive officer of investment firm Citadel, announced November 1, will bring Griffin's total giving in support of UChicago economics to nearly \$150 million. In recognition of the gift, which will help advance the department's efforts to have an impact on the world through economic inquiry and analysis, the economics department will be renamed the Kenneth C. Griffin Department of Economics.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENT

In January **Gretchen Crosby Sims** joined the University's Institute of Politics as executive director. Most recently Sims was a director at Social Finance UK, an impact investment consulting firm in London. Previously she was the chief program executive at Chicago's Joyce Foundation, overseeing grant-making programs in areas from education to gun violence prevention. At IOP, Sims's portfolio includes a fellowship program for distinguished practitioners in politics, policy, and journalism; a speakers series that brings thinkers from across the political spectrum to campus; and an internship program for undergraduates.

SCIENTIFIC EXEMPLARS

Three UChicago faculty members have been selected as fellows of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS). **Marcela Carena**, a professor in physics, the Enrico Fermi Institute, and the Kavli Institute for Cosmological Physics; **Don Q. Lamb**, the Robert A. Millikan Distinguished Service Professor of Astronomy and Astrophysics and the College; and **Panagiotis E. Souganidis**, the Charles H. Swift Distinguished Service Professor of Mathematics, will be inducted at the AAAS annual meeting in February.

HEADING ACROSS THE POND

Valerie Gutmann, AB'17, and fourth-year **Pradnya Narkhede** received Marshall Scholarships to pursue graduate studies in the United Kingdom next fall. Gutmann plans to study comparative social policy at the University of Oxford, and Narkhede will study science and technology in society at the University of Edinburgh and plant chemical biology at Imperial College London. Fourth-year **Lucas Tse** received a Rhodes Scholarship for Hong Kong to study at the University of Oxford, where he will pursue economic and social history.



A MONUMENTAL ACHIEVEMENT

On November 28, University students and leaders unveiled a bronze bust of Georgiana Simpson, AB 1911, AM 1920, PhD 1921, the first African American woman at UChicago to earn a doctorate. Fourth-years **Asya Akca** and **Shae Omonijo** spearheaded the effort to honor Simpson with a campus monument, researching the

scholar of German philology, raising funds for the project, and selecting sculptor Preston Jackson to create it. The bust is on display in the Reynolds Club.

SPORTING BEHAVIOR

Five Chicago sports teams—the Chicago Bears, Chicago Blackhawks, Chicago Bulls, Chicago Cubs, and Chicago White Sox, operating collectively as the Chicago Sports Alliance—have partnered with the University of Chicago Crime Lab to reduce violence in the city, the teams announced December 20. The Chicago Sports Alliance will provide one-time grants to three programs: the mentoring and trauma therapy program Choose 2 Change; the Crime Lab's training of analysts in the Chicago Police Department's Strategic Decision Support Centers, where district leaders and civilian analysts work together to develop localized crime reduction strategies; and the Crime Lab's measurement and assessment of these efforts to improve outcomes for the most vulnerable Chicagoans.



EVOLVING CENTER

Bioengineer **Rama Ranganathan**, who studies the evolution of biological systems such as proteins and cellular signaling, will lead the University's new Center for Physics of Evolving Systems. The center will bring together scholars from multiple fields to explore the secrets behind the extraordinary efficiency, flexibility, and robustness of biological systems designed via evolution. Ranganathan, who comes to UChicago from the University of Texas Southwestern, will also serve as

a professor in the Department of Biochemistry and Molecular Biology and the Institute for Molecular Engineering.

A NAME FOR THEMSELVES

David Jablonski, the William R. Kenan Jr. Distinguished Service Professor in Geophysical Sciences, and **Susan Kidwell**, the William Rainey Harper Professor in Geophysical Sciences, are the namesakes of *Jablonskipora kidwellae*, a marine species that lived about 105 million years ago. Described and named in a November 6 study in *Papers in Palaeontology*, *Jablonskipora kidwellae* was a type of bryozoan, a group of tiny sea animals that live in colonies, and provides an evolutionary link between the very simple bryozoan species that lived 500 million years ago and today's more sophisticated descendants. Although Jablonski and Kidwell, who are married, are friends with paper coauthor Paul Taylor, the naming came as a surprise. "We were absolutely thrilled," Jablonski said. "What a treat and an honor, to have this little guy named after us."

THE DEBATE CONTINUES

Simeon Chavel, **Ayelet Fishbach**, and **Konstantin Umanskiy** probed one of history's great intellectual challenges at the 71st Latke-Hamantash Debate, held November 6. Fishbach, professor of behavioral science and marketing at Chicago Booth, and Chavel, associate professor in the Divinity School, argued for the superiority of the latke, for psychological and historical reasons, respectively. Umanskiy, associate professor of surgery, was the hamantash's lone defender, noting the sweet treat's resemblance to the human adrenal gland and the lack of a latke-like anatomical structure. Moderator **Hal Weitzman**, executive director for intellectual capital at Chicago Booth, presented the results of last year's debate, explaining that latkes prevailed in the popular vote but lost in the electoral college.

Textbook teacher

Husain Sattar, AB'93, MD'01, is an unlikely celebrity in medical education.

In 1996 **Husain Sattar**, AB'93, MD'01, took a leave of absence from the Pritzker School of Medicine to study Arabic and Islamic spirituality in Islamabad, Pakistan. He spent his days in a clay-walled classroom that would reach 120 degrees in the summer and freeze in the winter.

Though creature comforts were lacking, the experience was transformative. While in Islamabad, Sattar studied under a teacher whose skill and charisma made a lasting impression; nearly 20 years later, when Sattar began work on Pathoma, his hugely popular online pathology course, the smiling, gray-bearded instructor was his model.

The man lectured passionately, as if there were 3,000 people in the room instead of eight, but what the young American medical student found most impressive was his skill at distilling colossal quantities of material. "He had this ability to take vast amounts of information and summarize it in the most eloquent, simple, principle-based method," Sattar says.

Today that's what thousands of medical students say about Sattar. "He has a remarkable gift for clarity," says **Palmer Greene**, a third-year Pritzker student. "He can take the pathophysiology of any organ system and present the information in a way that makes the entire mechanism click in your head."

It took Sattar years to get to that point. After two and a half years abroad, he returned to Chicago to start his final year of medical school, worried that he'd forgotten everything he knew about medicine. Each night he focused on what he needed to understand to get through the next day.

He began to realize he had been memorizing details but missing the big picture. For example, grasping the pathology of the different anemias was challenging until he got back to basics.



A red blood cell, he reminded himself, is "just a ball full of hemoglobin"—an oxygen-carrying protein—"with a membrane around it." And if you understand the biochemistry of hemoglobin, you can understand anemia.

At the same time Sattar was reorganizing his understanding of medicine, he was also preparing for the next stage of his career. He completed a pathology rotation and decided he liked the specialty because it afforded him time for reflection. "I'm someone who needs to digest something before I can feel comfortable with it," he said. "Pathology sort of lent itself to that."

Sattar completed his residency at the University of Chicago Medicine, eventually joining the faculty as a surgical pathologist specializing in breast pathology. He is associate director of Clinical Pathophysiology and Therapeutics, a second-year course at Pritzker, and has earned a number of teaching honors.

In 2010 Sattar decided to combine the techniques of his Pakistani teacher with his own hard-won pathology knowledge. He asked dean **Holly Humphrey**, MD'83, if he could teach an elective course for Pritzker students preparing for their medical licensing exams.

"I was teaching it the way I felt pathology should be taught, just me sitting and chatting with the students, no notes, nothing," he says. "Just me talking about how I think about different principles of pathology and how I tie different basic science principles in with disease states. It's about memorizing less and understanding more."

Encouraged by the experience, he began work on *Fundamentals of Pathology* (Pathoma, 2011), a textbook, plus video lectures recorded in his basement

late at night and other online materials.

Nine months later, he published the book and videos. No one bought them.

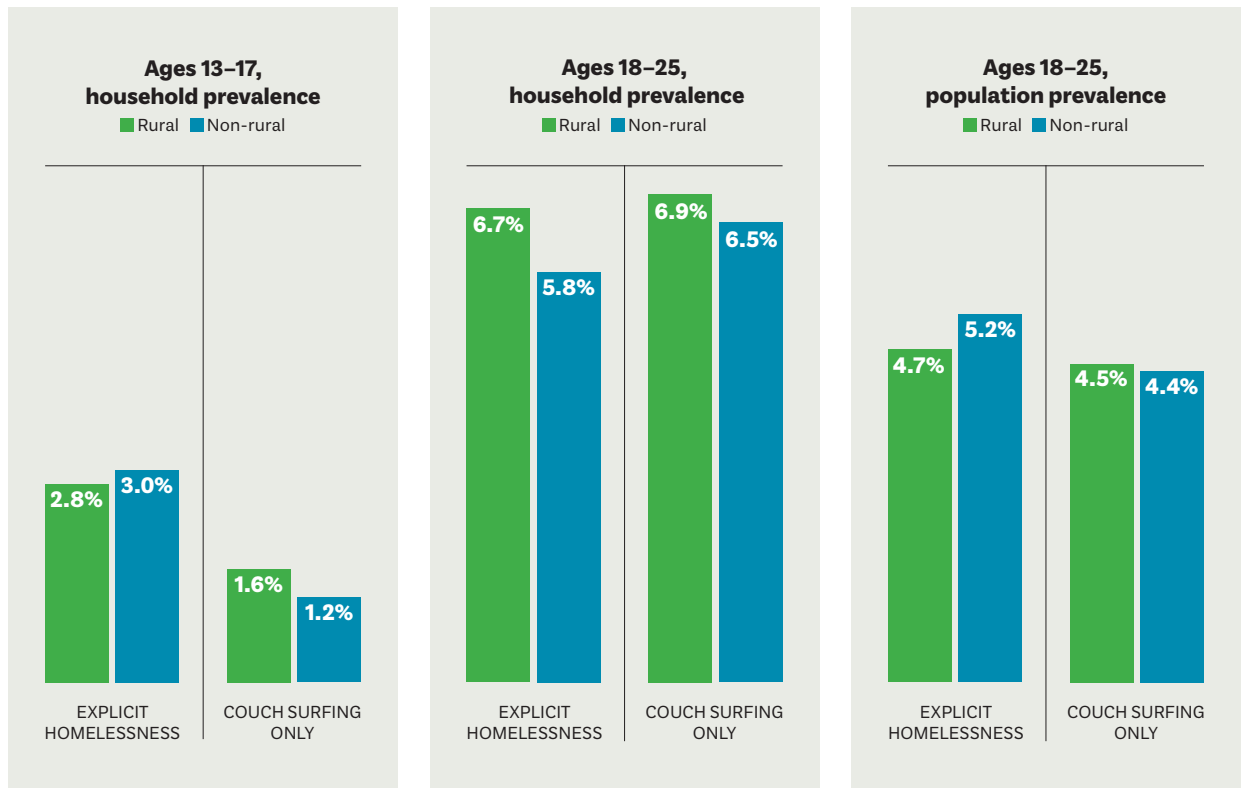
"I was so sad. ... I did everything on my own—to the extent of sampling the paper stock—because I wanted this to be exactly my vision," he says. To boost awareness of the Pathoma materials, a student suggested that Sattar give sample lectures at other medical schools.

It worked: since 2011, Sattar's do-it-yourself videos have been viewed more than six million times. Students from all over the country and the world praise Pathoma on message boards, blogs, and in social media. Occasionally, the adulation verges on cultish. A wholly unlicensed "Husain Sattar is my homeboy" online apparel store unaffiliated with Pathoma sells T-shirts, mugs, and water bottles emblazoned with Sattar's faculty picture.

So why do students love Pathoma? There's Sattar's serene speaking style (he has a "calming presence in the midst of a year when everyone is stressing out," Greene says), and his simple diagrams (some students joke that a stick figure would be complex for Sattar). He uses a two-by-two grid to describe the functioning of the heart, "and I never stopped thinking about it that way," says Lucy Rubin, a student at Tufts University Medical School.

Now that Pathoma is so popular, medical publishers have flocked to Sattar's office, eager to learn what he did. Sattar is proud he was able to illustrate a new way of teaching medical concepts. "I think the fact that it got big so quickly shows there's a real deep need for something like this. Others are now picking up on that, and that's great. We need to advance medical education as much as we can."—*Nancy Averett*

FIG. 1
YOUNG AND HOMELESS IN AMERICA



The homeless are among society's most vulnerable populations, especially homeless youth. Compared to young people with stable housing, they are at greater risk of a host of dangers: physical and mental health problems, violence, early pregnancy, substance use, and early death. But a lack of reliable, consistent data on youth homelessness has stood in the way of a full understanding of the problem and of meaningful remedies.

To address that challenge, a team including researchers from Chapin Hall at the University of Chicago surveyed some 26,000 individuals by phone and conducted 150 more detailed follow-up interviews. Their findings were published this January in the *Journal of Adolescent Health* and are part of

Voices of Youth Count, a national research initiative on youth homelessness led by Chapin Hall.

The researchers studied adolescents aged 13–17 and young adults aged 18–25. They distinguished between “explicit youth homelessness,” such as sleeping rough, running away, or being asked to leave home, and “couch surfing”—that is, staying at the residences of acquaintances in the absence of a safe, stable home.

As the graph above depicts, the study found that youth homeless rates were consistent across urban and rural settings, and higher for the older age group. It showed that several factors increased the risk of oneself or a member of one's household experiencing homelessness: being an unmarried parent, LGBT, African American, without a high school diploma,

unemployed, or earning less than \$24,000 per household.

Compared to previous studies, such as the 2016 Annual Homeless Assessment Report, which counted people living on the street or in shelters on a particular night in January, the researchers believe their method was less likely to miss people—for instance, those sleeping in hard-to-find places or deliberately evading being counted. Those point-in-time studies, when converted to national prevalence rates, yield sharply lower estimates of US homelessness. The higher rates their study revealed, the authors write, show the problem is of “a scale that necessitates greater coordination and resourcing of multiple systems and programs” to tackle it effectively.

—Laura Demanski, AM'94

GRAPHIC BY LAURA LORENZ (DATA FROM MORTON ET AL.)

Spiritual leader

Rami Nashashibi's (AM'98, PhD'11) ingenious community organizing earned him a MacArthur Fellowship.

In September activist **Rami Nashashibi**, AM'98, PhD'11, got a call from the MacArthur Foundation, asking him to come to their Chicago offices. It was nothing special, he thought, just a meeting about an ongoing project. But when he arrived, Nashashibi learned he was the recipient of a MacArthur Fellowship. The "genius" grant comes with a \$625,000, no-strings-attached stipend.

Nashashibi is founder and executive director of the Inner-City Muslim Action Network (IMAN), a nonprofit that provides primary and behavioral health care at its community clinic; job

training for the formerly incarcerated; and access to fresh, healthy, and affordable food in corner stores. IMAN also organizes Takin' It to the Streets, an arts and social justice festival in the Marquette Park neighborhood.

For Nashashibi and his partners, the MacArthur Fellowship felt like a validation of IMAN's efforts to bridge Chicago's racial, religious, and class divides. "It was a real sobering, humbling moment," he says. In comments edited and adapted below, Nashashibi talked to the *Magazine* about IMAN and his own faith journey.

—Susie Allen, AB'09

How does Islam inform IMAN's work?

One of our principles is being spiritually rooted and broadly informed. We are unapologetically rooted in the principles and values of our tradition, while being unapologetically broadly informed by a number of other traditions and organizing histories and movements, whether it's the Panthers, whether it's Saul Alinsky [PhB'30].

Your family wasn't particularly religious. What led you to become more devout?

I grew up very distant from any formalized practice of any religion, and I was very skeptical of all of them. My journey through the community and organizing work exposed me to another articulation of Islam—one that I had never been exposed to as a young person—primarily coming out of the black American experience.

I was about 19 or 20 when I started to think about a text and a faith that, up until that point, I really didn't know. I not only developed a much deeper appreciation for what it means to be on this journey as a Muslim, but for all different faith traditions and expressions of spirituality. I see myself as still very much on that journey.

You were working on your PhD in sociology when you founded IMAN. How did you balance academic work and organizing?

At the University of Chicago I had the space to think about extraordinary ideas, and then I would go back to the community, where sometimes those ideas seemed so disconnected

and irrelevant to the day-in, day-out struggles. That was a source of real frustration but also inspiration and clarity. It shaped the evolution of the organization and had a profound impact on my own intellectual and spiritual development.

What's something IMAN has done that you're especially proud of?

We had talked for many years about the legacy of Martin Luther King Jr. in Marquette Park and how it was forgotten. IMAN helped lead a multiyear process that brought together churches, schools, synagogues, mosques, and community organizations across the city to envision a memorial. Not only did we raise the money and get it done in time for the 50th anniversary of the historic 1966 march, we commemorated that legacy with another march and a huge festival in the park and brought together many of the original marchers. Hearing about the impact that made on the community, and continues to make as a symbol of hope, was really inspiring.

Do you ever lose hope or struggle with despair?

Whether it's violence in the inner city, poverty, national policy issues, from immigration to Muslim bans—we all have families that have been directly affected by any number of those things. The pain and despair are compounded by feeling isolated.

Much of our work at IMAN is fighting isolation and the fear that leads to that isolation, and responding with the understanding that we need to organize and build collective power.

I read that you attended St. Xavier University on a soccer scholarship. Do you still play?

Saying I had a scholarship makes me sound like a much better player than I am! I had lived most of my young adult life overseas, but I've always had a connection to Chicago through my mother, who was a refugee brought up here. When I came back to Chicago, soccer was a big part of the appeal, and they gave me some financial support and incentives to play on the team. I was OK. I coach my young son in soccer, and I still like to think I know a thing or two—but in terms of skills, I wouldn't bet on myself, if I were a betting person.



PHOTO COURTESY JOHN D. AND CATHERINE T. MACARTHUR FOUNDATION

Urban legend

BY SUSIE ALLEN, AB'09

In **Herbert Gans's** mind, there are two types of sociologists. "Solos," who devote their entire careers to one subfield, make up the majority. The "multis," like Gans, "don't know as much as people who are specialists, so in some ways that's a disadvantage. In other ways it's an advantage, because sometimes you see things differently or more broadly."

The things Gans, PhD'47, AM'50, has seen differently over his 65-year career include cities, suburbs, poverty, race, class, and the American media landscape. An emeritus professor at Columbia University, he has written classic ethnographies, film criticism, and even a work of utopian fiction. As an urban planner, Gans helped design the influential suburban community of Columbia, Maryland, among other projects.

But connecting threads run through Gans's diverse body of work. In 2011 several of his former students put together a *Festschrift*, a collection of essays in his honor. The subtitle they chose—"American Democracy and the Pursuit of Equality"—had him fig-

ured out, Gans reflects. "I think those are the two themes that go through much of my work." He has pushed to bring his field closer to the lives of ordinary people; as president of the American Sociological Association in 1988, he argued that his colleagues should not neglect "an old, recently forgotten question: what is a good society, and how can sociology help bring it about?" He is at once pragmatic and idealistic, interested in what is and what could be.

Gans has been fascinated by American democracy since his family arrived in the United States in 1940, having fled Nazi persecution in Germany. They eventually settled in a rooming house in Chicago's Woodlawn neighborhood. His father took a job as a door-to-door salesman, his mother as a maid, and Gans as a newspaper seller. He liked reading the papers too; American comics "offered me a means for satisfying my immigrant curiosity," he said later. Many of the essays Gans wrote for his English classes in high school also sought to explore and understand his new country—a kind of writing he later discovered was called sociology.

It was partly of necessity that Gans enrolled at the University of Chicago, what he'd always thought of as "the neighborhood university": money was tight, and he needed to live at home. Between savings, a scholarship, the GI Bill, and a job at the library, he put together enough for both a bachelor's and a master's degree. It was pure serendipity that he arrived after the launch of a master's program in the social sciences, now called MAPSS, and at a time when the field of sociology was flourishing.

He picked up a bit of everything—sociological theory, public policy, field work—from some of the most important social scientists of the day. They included *The Lonely Crowd* (Yale University Press, 1950) author David Riesman; Martin Meyerson, who sparked his interest in urban planning; and Everett C. Hughes, PhD'28, from whom he learned field methods. "Field work, or participant observation, as taught by Hughes and others, was just hanging out with people and listening to them," Gans says. That part he found fun. "Then you've got to go home and analyze the data, which is somewhat less enjoyable."

For his master's thesis, Gans studied the politics of Park Forest, Illinois, a recently built suburb near Flossmoor. "I got there about a year after it started," he says. "I said to myself, 'Someday, I'm going to be one of the first people in a new town to study how it begins when a bunch of strangers get together and make it a community.'"

In 1958, after working in urban planning for a few years and getting his PhD at the University of Pennsylvania, Gans did just that, becoming buyer number 25 in the newly created suburb of Levittown, New Jersey. He spent 16 hours a day for two years observing the residents of the inchoate community and tracking the emergence of new organizations, institutions, and social bonds. He decided not to reveal to his neighbors that he was studying them.

In the resulting book, *The Levittowners: Ways of Life and Politics in a New Suburban Community* (Pantheon,

MILESTONES

1938 At age 11, flees Nazi Germany

1950–53 Works as an urban planner

1957 Receives PhD in sociology and planning from the University of Pennsylvania, and begins field work for *The Urban Villagers*

1958 After buying a home in Levittown, New Jersey, starts research for *The Levittowners*

1971 Joins the faculty of Columbia University

1982 Elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences

1988 Named president

of the American Sociological Association

2004 Northwestern University Press issues *Deciding What's News* in a 25th anniversary edition

2017 Publishes *Sociology and Social Policy*



1967), Gans broke with conventional wisdom, arguing that the suburbs were not the soulless dystopias critics imagined, but instead were characterized by social compatibility and shared goals. (He was, however, troubled by the community's racial homogeneity and recommended the use of federal legislation and executive orders to integrate suburbs such as Levittown.) In the end Gans believed moving to the suburbs from the city changed people's lives less than was commonly imagined—for good and ill, residents recreated “old life styles and institutions on new soil,” he wrote. As one Levittown resident told him, “People are people, no matter where you live.”

That idea was important to Gans's earlier and best-known work, *The Urban Villagers: Group and Class in the Life of Italian-Americans* (Free Press of Glencoe, 1962). A year before moving to Levittown, Gans and his then wife lived in a fifth-floor apartment in Boston's West End, where he observed the social relationships and subcultures that knit together the majority Italian-American community. It was a precarious moment for their neighbors: in 1950 the Boston Housing Authority began exploring the idea of demolishing the neighborhood under the banner of urban renewal. By 1956 they had local and federal approval. The West End had been deemed a slum, but Gans

disagreed and denounced the plan. (Despite the efforts of neighborhood residents, Gans, and many others, the West End was razed by 1960.)

To Gans's great surprise, *The Urban Villagers* was a blockbuster by sociology standards, selling around 180,000 copies. It earned raves—the *New York Review of Books* praised it for “eloquence that makes this book more than a work of journalism or American sociology”—and secured for its author a prominent place among the critics of urban renewal. It's still considered a classic.

At 90, Gans continues to write. His new collection of essays, *Sociology and Social Policy: Essays on Community, Economy, and Society* (Columbia University Press, 2017), returns to many of the themes that have preoccupied him for more than six decades: immigration, race, cities and how they change, and urban displacement and its effects on the vulnerable.

He also continues to educate a new generation of scholars on the dangers he believes accompany urban development. **Derek Hyra**, AM'00, PhD'05, studied under Gans while working on his dissertation, which later became *The New Urban Renewal: The Economic Transformation of Harlem and Bronzeville* (University of Chicago Press, 2008). He remembers Gans urging him “to be realistic and maybe more pragmatic in thinking about the ways

that urban renewal could impact people and their lives.” Urban transformation nearly always results in displacement of the poor and marginalized, Gans cautioned, and “the city may benefit, developers may benefit, but low-income people won't,” Hyra says.

And Gans is still pondering the media's effect on democracy, a subject that has interested him since the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, during which “the news media appeared to egg on those calling for war,” he wrote later. “I decided that if they and I survived, that I would undertake an ethnographic study of some newsrooms to satisfy my curiosity.” So in 1966 he shifted gears and began field work for *Deciding What's News: A Study of “CBS Evening News,” “NBC Nightly News,” “Newsweek,” and “Time”* (Pantheon, 1979).

For monthslong stretches in the '60s and '70s, he hung around newsrooms trying to understand how stories were selected. Journalists' autonomy was bounded, he found; their perceptions of newsworthiness were shaped by the profession's reformist bent and the demand for efficiency, as well as by internal politics and competitive pressures. (During this time, he also picked up a fondness for newsroom argot, especially MEGO: my eyes glaze over. “Journalists often see academics and other scholars as writing MEGO stuff,” Gans says.)

In the book's final chapters, he proposed, among other reforms, that journalists focus less on the actions of the political elite and more on how government policies affect citizens. He even suggested a government-funded Endowment for News to support the media's efforts to produce more diverse and democratic journalism. In a 2011 interview about *Deciding What's News* with the Nieman Journalism Lab, Gans said he still believed in the idea—despite its impracticality.

As ever, Gans walked the line between pragmatism and idealism. “I didn't try to be realistic or practical then, nor am I trying now,” he said, “though I hope some of my ideas and proposals catch on.” ♦



After a decades-long hiatus,
Art to Live With is back.

First-year Michael Burke waited in line at the Smart Museum for about six hours in hopes of taking home a piece of art. "I'm so excited to hang this," he said after selecting Alfred Leslie's *Four Women* (1964). Getting to spend a year living with the print was "totally worth the wait."

arts

WHERE THE ART IS

BY SUSIE ALLEN, AB'09



n 1968 University of Chicago students camped out overnight in Ida Noyes Hall for the chance to take home works by artists including Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky, and René Magritte. The prints and paintings were theirs to display in their rooms and enjoy for the rest of the quarter.

This fall a new generation of students showed equal commitment when the Art to Live With program returned after a three-decade hiatus. By 8 a.m. on the day of Art Match, the courtyard outside the Smart Museum was filled with around 100 students, some of whom had arrived as early as 11 p.m., and strewn with backpacks, sleeping bags, blankets, and a touch of Warhol whimsy in the form of a giant stuffed Winnie the Pooh.

The program was founded in 1958 by dean of students Harold Haydon, LAB '26, PhB '30, AM '31, and Joseph R. Shapiro, EX '34, an art collector and a co-founder of the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago. Shapiro believed "the best way to become acquainted with art—and to appreciate it—is to live with it." So he tried to give students the experience he had every day as a collector. By 1962 the number of works available for students to borrow had grown from 50 to 500. (Although the pieces were originally on loan, Shapiro later donated them to the University.) The collection included several works by contemporary Chicago artists that Shapiro hoped would appeal to students' tastes.

Judging by the hours-long campouts, he succeeded. Some pieces were especially hot property, sparking multiyear quests. In 1978 graduate student **Leo Maulen**, AM '76, AM '81, AM '97, was first in line and determined not to repeat the experience he'd had in previous years. "I never got the painting I wanted," he told the *Magazine* that year. "It was always snatched before my very eyes."

Although the program enjoyed huge popularity in the 1960s and '70s, Art to Live With was discontinued in the late 1980s. (Some of the original pieces now hang in public spaces around campus; others will be available to borrow in years to come.) The program's return was made possible by a gift from University trustee **Gregory Wendt**, AB '83, who participated as a student, borrowing a print by the Latvian American artist Sven Lukin.

This year prints by Pablo Picasso and Joan Miró are especially coveted, says first-year **Michael Burke** (pictured on page 28), who arrived at the Smart Museum around 1:45 a.m. and by sunup is "running on the free coffee that they gave us." Burke has his eyes on the abstract, brightly colored works of the 20th-century American painter Alfred Jensen. "I don't think the Picasso is that cute, actually," he says. "I more want something that I *want* to look at every day." But he'd be happy with anything. (In the end he leaves with Alfred Leslie's *Four Women*, which, with its 1960s look, "is totally giving me *Dreamgirls* vibes.")

Behind Burke in line, fellow first-year **Will Asness** is hoping for a Miró, though he's realistic about his chances of getting one (slim) and cheerful despite how long he's been awake (nearly 24 hours). It hasn't been the night he planned: "I was walking back to my dorm to get a nice, nice sleep" when a friend told him everyone was camping out to get art. It sounded like a fun way to spend the night, and besides, he's got a "section of free wall just calling for" something to fill it.

In groups of six or seven, students are let into the museum to pick from the 75 pieces on offer. Once they've made a selection, they fill out some paperwork and wait for their art to be bubble wrapped for safe transportation to its new exhibition space. Today the program is entirely free, but in its first iteration, students paid a fee of 50 cents to a dollar to secure the loan.

Despite what you might imagine, museum staff aren't too concerned about the safety of the objects back in the residence halls. It's a bit like taking home

the class hamster, explains **Alison Gass**, the Dana Feitler Director of the Smart Museum. "I've talked with other museum directors, because there are strong programs like this across the country, ... and what everybody tells me is that it's actually quite amazing how respectful and responsible students are toward these art objects. Very rarely does real damage happen to them." (The museums are also careful about which pieces they lend. The Picassos and Mirós in the Art to Live With collection are prints—still valuable, and touched by the artists' hands—and no one, Gass says with a laugh, is getting the museum's beloved Rothko.)

First-year **Alex LaHood** admits he's feeling the pressure: the thought of living with a piece of art history is "slightly stressful but also cool." His housemate **Ethan Truelove** is equally incredulous that the Francisco de Goya print he selected will be sitting next to "a six-dollar nylon flag and some baseball caps I have on my wall, and the little University of Chicago felt flag that everyone else has."

As the line progresses, fewer and fewer students end up with their first choices, but most take the setback in stride. First-year **Julia Matyjas** picked a tropical landscape print by Georges Rouault (see page 35) that complements her room's travel-themed décor; her roommate wound up with Francis Chapin's sketch of a figure sitting on a stool, which she deems "the most normal one left." Third-year **Ben Warren** selects a piece he and his friends have dubbed "the Creepy Baby" (actual title: *Baby with Blue Scarf* by Eleanor Coen). "This guy liked it," he explains, gesturing to his roommate. "I can vibe with it," the roommate agrees.

Gass says that students will soon play a bigger role in selecting the pieces included in Art to Live With. The Smart plans to put together a student collections committee, similar to the museum board's collections committee. With the students' help, Gass hopes they can diversify the works available to borrow, "so that we have artists from every background represented."

And with more pieces in the collection, more students will have the opportunity to live with art. Outside the Smart Museum, a late arrival sounds wistful as she admires her friend's choice. "I'll go to your room all the time and stand there and bask." ♦

THE THOUGHT OF LIVING WITH A PIECE OF ART HISTORY IS "SLIGHTLY STRESSFUL BUT ALSO COOL."

Students shopping for art in 1968, a decade after the founding of the Art to Live With program.





While waiting in line, students passed the time by speculating about which pieces would be chosen first. Once inside the Smart Museum, they deliberated carefully (right). Although the coveted Mirós were, as expected, the first to go, most students seemed excited by their choices. Above, left to right: Wilfredo Lam's *Emblem* (1952), and Eleanor Coen's *The Street* (1950), and Georges Rouault's *The Little Equestrian* (c. 1938), with their custodians for the year. Below, left to right: Sam Francis's *Multicolored Explosion* (1964), Margo Hoff's *Swimming* (undated), and Alfred Jensen's *Number Painting* (1964).





PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDDIE QUINONES, FACING; PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDDIE QUINONES (RIGHT); PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN LACHAT.

Above: On the morning of Art Match, the Smart Museum courtyard was packed with giddy, if underslept, art hounds. Museum staff talked them through the care and keeping of works such as Alfred Manessier's undated *Cathedral Form* (top left). Below: First-year Julia Matyjas poses with her pick, Georges Rouault's *Tropical Landscape* (1919). Soon the art is a familiar aspect of students' everyday environment—just as the program's founders and benefactors intended (left).



glimpses

CRIMINAL MASTERMIND

BY SHARLA STEWART

Crime writer **Sara Paretsky**, AM'69, MBA'77, PhD'77, has certain qualities in common with her hard-boiled protagonist, private investigator V. I. Warshawski: both are outspoken, no-nonsense second-wave feminists and Chicagoans. Paretsky, a longtime Hyde Park resident, keeps a sharp eye on politics and their social effects, and her 19 Warshawski novels reflect that attention, often delving into issues of economic stratification in her hometown.

From the appearance of her first Warshawski novel, *Indemnity Only* (Dial Press, 1982)—written, she says, with a Philip Marlowe mystery open on her lap—Paretsky has helped make space in the marketplace for women crime writers and female detectives. *Fallout* (HarperCollins), the latest installment in the series, was published last April. In 2016 the University of Chicago Press published Paretsky's 1977 history dissertation, *Words, Works, and Ways of Knowing: The Breakdown of Moral Philosophy in New England before the Civil War*. In her introduction to that work and in her memoir *Writing in an Age of Silence* (Verso, 2007), Paretsky writes candidly about her experiences of sexism as a graduate student. Her conversation with the *Magazine* has been condensed and edited.

How has the development and gentrification of Chicago shaped your stories?

It's a much softer city in some ways than it was when I first moved here. I came here as a volunteer in the civil rights movement, and the summer of '66 was a summer of extreme violence in the city.

But it's a city with worse problems also, in a way. The mills, which used to be such a good place to work, are gone. You could make a really good wage in the mills. In South Chicago, where I live, V. I. is growing up, employment stands at about 45 percent. It's out of the main sight of the city, but there's a lot of gang violence. We've resigned ourselves to intractable problems.

Closed steel mills and early American moral philosophy—what is it about the crime genre that allows for this mix of influences?

Crime fiction is the place in literature where law and jus-

tice in society come together. So if you're passionate about those issues, as I am, it's the natural place to want to read and write. When I want to write about what's really on my mind, it's the best form for it.

You write about obstacles for women crime writers, but you've made it into the crime canon: *The Best American Mystery Stories of the Century* (Houghton Mifflin, 2000). Oh, do you think?

You're alongside William Faulkner, Willa Cather, and Joyce Carol Oates. That doesn't feel like a canon?

I think that keeping women's voices alive is kind of like growing a delicate flower in Chicago: it's very chancy.

I gave a talk last year for the Sherlock Holmes Society, and one of my hobbyhorses is a mystery writer named Anna Katharine Green who predated Arthur Conan Doyle by about 10 years. He read her work over and over as he was trying to find his voice and his way of presenting a "consulting detective" to the world. Green grew up in Brooklyn. Her father was a criminal defense lawyer, so she knew a lot about that world from conversations in the family parlor. But I'm betting this is the first time you've heard her name. She was a top seller for decades. She was Woodrow Wilson's favorite popular writer. But she's gone. You think you're in the canon but ...

So I have no idea whether my works will survive. I hope they do, but there's no guarantee.

What's your role among women crime writers now?

The aging diva. I can hardly stand it.

I do think that I have a recognized role in the mystery field as someone helping open doors for younger women— younger writers in general, regardless of sex, creed, race, or place of national origin. It cheers me up. The Mystery Writers of America three years ago asked me to serve as president because they were grappling with issues of diversity. Mystery writing continues to be a very white field, not as much as it was 30 years ago, but it's still mostly white, hetero writers. They felt I was someone who had both the guts and enough people listening to me to start opening more doors and raising consciousness among publishers.

I didn't get that much done in my tenure as president, but I did start changing the dialogue.

The requisite dinner party question: whom would you invite? Include someone from the University, please.

I would love to have a physicist named Willie Zachariasen. The physics department had been a very hierarchical, kind

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Paretsky and her husband, S. Courtenay Wright, are “both very proud of the caliber of scholarship” at UChicago, she says, and “want to see it continue, especially as more pressure is building societally against intellectual endeavors.”

of autocratic place through the '30s and '40s. He was an important physicist and a huge believer in equality. When he became chair he opened up that department so that graduate students and young postdocs all got to go to the seminars and exchange ideas and so on.

Where the [Quad Club] bar is now, they used to have six pool tables. Mr. Zachariasen came up with a game called cowboy pool, which is half luck and half skill, so even in pool it was more equality. Anyone could play and have a possibility of doing well. My husband [professor emeritus of physics **S. Courtenay Wright**] was one of the players, recruited to the pool room when he arrived in 1949. At its peak they would have 15 or 20 people—I have to say they were all men—and it was always physics heavy, but they were from every department. Some of it was just boys teasing each other, but a lot of times interdisciplinary talk started, and so it was exciting intellectually to just be there. So I would want Mr. Zachariasen at my dinner party, and some of my favorite people from the pool room, including **Nick Rudall** [professor emeritus of classics and former artistic director of Court Theatre].

I'd really like to have Sappho come around. Nick Rudall told me that she wrote a poem in which she said she had seen the goddess Aphrodite descend from the heavens in a chariot drawn by sparrows. And I think she must really have seen it, because if you were just imagining it, it would have been eagles or swans. So I want to ask her about that.

There's a book that I enjoy dipping into called *The Pillow Book of Sei Shonagon*, a Japanese woman from the 12th century. One of the things I love about it is she'll make lists—seven things that a lover should do when he presents himself in the

night, 12 things I dislike in a particular kind of person. Sometimes that's how I keep my journal, so I would invite her.

Where do you place UChicago in your history?

I have such mixed feelings about it, because I think it's such an extraordinary school. So despite the fact that I feel really cranky about the way the history department behaved toward me or some of the other women students, I have a split mind about the University as a whole. I was a student here when Edward Levi, LAB'28, PhB'32, JD'35, was president. He ran a series of seminars on the future of the University with department chairs, deans, and a student representative from each of the departments. The history students elected me to be their representative to these seminars. It was an education to listen to him conduct those meetings and to think about the long-range future of the school and what the values were.

During the Vietnam War, Mr. Levi took a very strong stand against student protesters. At the same time he was such a fierce defender of the school and the privacy of students and faculty. The IRS threatened to take away the University's tax-exempt status unless the library would turn over the names of any students checking out what they considered “seditious” material. He told them to do it if they dared.

It's a school with a lot of history of courage on really important points about speech. That very much counterweighs, to me, my own personal experience or that of other women that I know. Yes, try to reform what's wrong, but protect what's really important and valuable. ♦

Sharla Stewart is a writer in Chicago and a former associate editor of the Magazine.

excerpt

LOOKING BACK

As we grow older, how beneficial is it to reflect on our youthful actions and experiences? Two UChicago professors weigh the virtues of living fully in the present and reliving the past.

BY MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM AND SAUL LEVMORE
ILLUSTRATION BY EVA VÁZQUEZ



THE PRESENT AND FUTURE VALUE OF BACKWARD-LOOKING EMOTIONS

MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM

As people age, they often spend more time thinking and talking about the past, usually their own past. That's hardly surprising: after all, they see less life ahead of them, and more life behind. Planning and hoping, even fearing, seem less productive than before—or, productive only in an altruistic mode, as aging people hope and fear for their children, grandchildren, and other younger loved ones. And to the extent that aging people spend time looking backward, they also tend to spend time with backward-looking emotions such as regret, guilt, retrospective contentment, and, of course, retrospective anger.

What's the point of these emotions? We can't change the past, so is there any value in these trips down memory lane? We clearly have a good deal of choice about this way of using our time, so what should we think and choose?

The ancient Greek and Roman Stoics made elaborate lists of the emotions, dividing them into four categories: emotions focused on a present good (for example, joy), emotions focused on a future good (for example, hope), emotions focused on a present bad (for example, grief), and emotions focused on a future bad (for example, fear). They recognized no category of past-directed emotions. Guilt and remorse did not enter their taxonomies. Such omissions do not show that Greeks and Romans failed to experience such emotions, since the lists are works of philosophical theory, not close reports of everyday experience. But it does mean that the Stoic thinkers believed that their compatriots would not view the omission of the past as a major gap.

Even when we can access more personal and informal self-reports in ancient Greco-Roman society, we do not find people delving into their long-ago pasts in order to make sense of their present and future. Cicero talks to Atticus about everything he considers important and much that he does not. He does not talk to Atticus about his own (or Atticus's) parents. Nor, much though he adores his daughter Tullia, does it occur to him to wonder whether her remarkably bad judgment in (apparently) falling in love with her philandering third husband Dolabella can be traced to any childhood pattern. Cicero is not a self-critical man, but

he is introspective, and his failure to raise such questions can be understood to express a shared cultural view about what questions are worth asking and what emotions are worth investigating.

Aristotle does report that elderly people love talking about the past. But he does not suggest that they study it in search of self-understanding. Nor does he claim that they focus intense emotion on the events of their past. Indeed, the main emotion he reports is pleasure—the pleasure of diverting oneself from a possibly painful present to the memory of happier times.

Modern societies, by contrast, tend to see the past as a highly meaningful emotional category, and to see past-directed emotions as highly consequential for a person's present and future. Three factors contributing to this shift are Judeo-Christian belief, psychoanalysis, and the novel. Judaism and Christianity teach careful self-examination of past deeds and thoughts, attaching immense importance for a person's spiritual condition to backward-looking emotions of regret, remorse, and guilt. Christian beliefs about the afterlife make retrospective emotion a key to one's eternal life-condition: by confessing and bemoaning guilty deeds, one may be saved.

Psychoanalysis clearly reinforced the cultural idea that the past is highly salient for the present and future state of the self—while turning the focus away from sin and judgment and toward self-understanding. It is virtually a given that the patient has intense emotions directed backward toward early childhood, and a lot of the work of analysis is to make these emotions conscious and to understand how they affect present patterns. Psychoanalytic beliefs

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Nussbaum and Levmore previously coedited *American Guy: Masculinity in American Law and Literature* (Oxford University Press, 2014) and *The Offensive Internet: Speech, Privacy, and Reputation* (Harvard University Press, 2010).

have had enormous influence in making modern societies interested in the backward-looking emotions. Whether or not people accept the details of any specific psychoanalytic theory, the idea that memory, and emotions focused on the past, are keys to present and future happiness has ubiquitously shaped people's ways of thinking and talking about themselves—and not just in Europe and North America.

An even wider and longer influence is the novel. The heroes and heroines of novels live and move in time, and their emotions span the full range of temporal categories. Reading novels has taught us that we ought to ask about the past in order to understand the present and future of any character—and that people ought to ask about their own pasts in order to understand their own present and future. In the process, emotions of many kinds toward that past become extremely important.

In short: when Aristotle's elderly people talked on and on about the past, they were understood, and probably understood themselves, as having a good time, not as accomplishing anything profoundly worthwhile. We, by contrast, tend to think that there is a project, or projects, to be undertaken, projects involving self-knowledge and intelligent self-narration, and that the backward-looking emotions are an important part of executing such projects.

But what, precisely, are these projects? What are better and worse ways of executing them? Are any of them really

worthwhile, given that we can't change the past? Should we perhaps try to be more like the Greeks and Romans, remembering for pleasure and diversion from pain, but not looking to our past for profound meaning?

There are Greeks and Romans still living in our world. One of them was my grandmother. She lived to be 104, almost all of that time in good health, and I never heard her say one word about her past. She had had two husbands. One committed suicide in the Depression, and the other died of cancer when I was around 18. But she never looked back except in the occasional humorous anecdote about other people, for example about funny things I did as a young child. I learned about her past from my mother, not her.

Gertrude, nicknamed Piglet, had no interest in her past and no use for it. And since she had no pain until the last weeks of her life, she had no need even of Aristotelian memory in order to distract her from bitter reality. She was the most wholly present-oriented person I have ever seen. I often thought that this orientation helped explain her health and longevity.

But here is the thing about Piglet. Although her good spirits were admirable and her company delightful to those who did not spend a lot of time with her, there was a manipulateness and a coldness in her that was painful to those (my mother and sister) who had to be at her beck and call. And this coldness went way back. She sent my mother to boarding school at the

age of eight so that she could have fun traveling with her rich first husband. (Though a common practice in the British upper classes, this was highly unusual in the United States, and my mother felt abandoned.) When that husband seemed at risk of losing his money, she did not stand by him, but took my mother on a cruise to Europe. Photos show her laughing with men in SS uniform. On their return they found that, having exhausted all his financial options, he had killed himself by jumping from a hotel window, in order to give them the insurance money, he wrote in a suicide letter.

Although such attitudes of self-sacrifice were bred in many American men of his class, he also knew the wife he had. Gertrude would not have embraced poverty in exchange for his life. By her commitment to freedom from care, she virtually willed his demise.

This, then, was not exactly a life that ought to have fled from self-examination. There was a lot to know, a lot to rue. But why? What would self-examination have achieved? If I feel that she was a shallow person for not having undertaken a backward-looking project, am I just the dupe of deeply habitual ideas of confession, guilt, and the last judgment? Since she had done these bad things already, what sense, if any, is there in thinking that backward-looking emotion could have made her life better? Why should she have added self-inflicted pain to the pain she had already caused?

I'll use this case as a test for my idea that it is in some ways useful and valuable to examine one's past and to feel toward it a range of emotions. First, however, we need some definitions. What are these backward-looking emotions, and what thoughts do they typically include?

Let's begin with the happy ones. The main happy emotion looking backward is a type of *contented satisfaction* with what happened or what one has done. If intensely positive, it might even be described as *retrospective joy*. A close relative of these happy emotions is *retrospective pride*: one views oneself with pleasure or satisfaction, because one has been or done something good. And finally there is backward-looking *love*—which may be tinged with retrospective joy, or with grief, or with both of these.

The painful species seem more numerous and more complicated. *Grief* might be fixed on an immediate loss, but it may also look backward toward a loss a long time before. The Greek philosophers left out a part of grief when they thought of it as present-directed. *Regret* is a painful awareness that something bad happened, combined with the thought that it would have been better had that bad thing not happened. Closely related to regret is *remorse* or *guilt*. Remorse focuses on a deed that one has done and involves the thought the deed was wrongful, and that one should not have done it.

And then there is *anger*. Anger is an unusually complex emotion since it looks both backward and forward: back-

ward toward a wrongful damage (sometimes close at hand, sometimes long past), forward toward some type of retribution. Sometimes the retribution is imagined as still in the future (whether through one's own agency or through law or divine justice). But sometimes the imagined retribution may itself be located in the past: "X got what was coming to him, and a good thing too." In both cases, anger combines pain at the damage with pleasure at the imagined retribution.

There are obvious ways in which backward-looking emotions can go wrong. They can get the facts wrong, believing that events happened when they didn't, for example. They can get the values wrong, thinking of events or people as more or less important than they were. And the painful ones often seem to involve an impossible wish to change the past or to waste emotional energy on what has been done, in the case of regret and remorse, or what is lost and gone, in the case of grief.

Retrospective emotions tell me who I am, what I have done, what I have been committed to, and they pose a question: do I stand by that, or not? That could be useful for self-change. But even when self-change is not at issue, the retrospective emotion can play a valuable role in expressing and declaring who one is—if one avoids the danger of futile self-punishment. But we still need a deeper investigation of the errors and damages of living backward.

Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* is one of the most lauded dramas in the history of the American theater. It is also one of the most excruciating to watch. As you spend four hours with the father, the mother, and the

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two sons, you feel increasingly stifled and trapped as they rehearse routines from the past and refuse to face up to the challenges of their present. The watcher of a Sophoclean tragedy wants to tell the characters what she knows, so that they will not behave in a way that, in the light of the truth, is horrible and doomed.

The tragedy in O'Neill is different. It could not be avoided by adding knowledge. The destructive pattern has become endemic to how these people live and who they are, in such a way that only a long struggle toward change could alter it. The journey mentioned in the title is a literal journey throughout the long day toward an ever-greater depth of misery and estrangement. But the title also alludes to the way in which the life-journey of the characters, instead of moving toward the light of the future, turns back to the fixity and darkness of the past. The play feels stifling because it is a world from which the breath of future possibility has long ago been drained. Emotionally, the journey into night is a gradual progression away from present or future-related emotions, such as hope, love, and even fear, toward a repetitive recitation of routines rooted in and focused on the past.

The play's characters, the Tyrones, talk constantly about the past, and most of the emotions they express are past-directed. In essence, all the characters choose the easy recycling of a repetitive role learned by memory and animated by retrospective emotions, over the challenge of a real present and future. The characters prefer to believe they are doomed, because that belief absolves them of responsibility for choice in the present. Being dead is easier than living.

Whatever retrospective emotions an aging life admits and even seeks, surely this way of avoiding present accountability is both futile, accomplishing nothing good, and ethically heinous. Life is not the afterlife, and the present is not the past. It is all too easy to live retrospectively, whether the people one blames are others or oneself, and whether the others are alive or dead. Accountability (of self and others) for past deeds is an important part of facing up to one's life, but accountability is distinct from a manufactured doom and from obsessive payback routines. Indeed, in its best form it brings the painful awareness that change is not impossible but all too possible.

So was my grandmother on the right track after all? Seeing some of the traps involved in retrospective emotion, one might easily conclude that her way of living is better, a kind of perpetual childhood in which the past simply ceases to exist. So what is missing in that pleasant life? Obviously her life involves a refusal to confront error and wrongdoing. And since there were misdeeds, indeed bad character traits as well, failing to face them means, too, a failure to be truthful about who one is: a veneer of niceness is put forward, while lurking in the background is something very different.

IF, THEN, THERE IS ERROR IN TURNING THE PRESENT AND FUTURE INTO A PAST, THERE IS AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE ERROR IN DISCARDING THE PAST IN FAVOR OF A PRESENT AND FUTURE.

There is a kind of bad faith in such a life, drawing people in by charm and giving an impersonation of life and love, but not really loving at all, and perhaps not even living at all, in the sense that change is ruled out. Her failure to experience grief or guilt is of a piece with an inability to love. When a husband dies, just cheerfully move on. And these emotional deficiencies yield a life in which one ceases to choose and move, just as much as Mary Tyrone: the perpetual present is as inflexible a trap as the perpetual past.

If, then, there is error in turning the present and future into a past, there is an equal and opposite error in discarding the past in favor of a (therefore impoverished) present and future. It is possible for an entire community to live like my grandmother. In *Leisureville: Adventures in a World without Children* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 2008), Andrew D. Blechman describes retirement communities in Florida and Arizona that focus on constructing a type of presentist hedonism that distracts aging people from introspection and painful emotion. The one, ubiquitous radio station keeps on repeating, "It's a beautiful day in The Villages!" Social problems are kept at bay. People don't search for meaning, they search for short-term pleasure in golf, food, and sex. Unlike Aristotle's aging people, they turn to the present rather than the past to distract themselves from the prospect of pain.

But what's really wrong with the residents of Leisureville? Can I say more to defend my reaction, or is it an inexplicable judgment of personal taste? The residents seem superficial, but they are cheerful. And unlike many aging people, they are at least not isolated. So what's so bad about that? I believe,

however, that these people have defects that are significant apart from the general distastefulness (to me) of their lifestyle. Part of the problem with these people is a complete absence of altruism, in people who have large resources. The avoidance of children is just a symptom of this lack of concern for a world outside the self, where resources might do good.

But there also seems to be something amiss with the presentism itself. Avoiding family and the past, these people avoid a lot of pain. Once again, however, I feel that there is a project of being a whole person that they are not executing, a project that requires facing difficulty, loss, and error. The presentist life is like the life we imagine many nonhuman animals leading, and that is fine for them; but human lives, and indeed the lives of some nonhuman animals, have richer possibilities: grief that acknowledges love, remorse that acknowledges ethical failure and the possibility of self-change.

There's a stronger thesis that we should at least consider: that finding or constructing a narrative out of the scattered materials of one's life is a way of making one's life more meaningful, more worth living. Retrospection, carried out in a certain way, is not just finding or affirming meaning, it is a way of constructing it. This thesis, associated with Nietzsche and some Romantics, involves an initially compelling picture of what it is for something to make sense. The general idea is that our lives can look like chance accretions of accidents, and there is something undignified about that, something not fully worthy of our humanity. Religious doctrines solve that problem by providing an external narrative of meaning against which life's shape, and its progress or regress, can be assessed. But if our sense or meaning is not given us by a religious narrative, then it is up to us to endow

our lives with meaning. Making a narrative whole out of life's chance materials is a good way of doing that.

What retrospection does, on this account, is not just to face up to the past, it is to select and shape, to create a work of art where previously there was just chance. If we follow this path, we can see a double benefit in past-directed emotions: they are part of confronting who one is, but also, in the process, they play a role in narrating one's life story, as we strive, encountering our past, to shape it into a literary work of art.

There is much to admire in this ambition, but it also has its problematic aspects. First, for the minute one undertakes retrospective narration, one is to that extent no longer living forward. Writing one's autobiography is thus highly likely to take one away from interactions in the present. Psychoanalysis does not appear to have this problem, since a good analyst keeps the analysand's mind on the present task of living, which retrospective understanding is supposed to aid. Nor does psychoanalysis generate the expectation that everything will fit together into a tidy and aesthetically pleasing whole, an expectation that clearly militates against ongoing living, which could all too easily disrupt the emerging pattern.

A further problem is that the narratorial idea of life's meaning seems hostile to life and its actual messiness. You take out what is "superfluous," "repetitious," "trivial," and so forth. But that's life too. You make sure that there is a clear, and possibly single or at least not too complicated, narrative arc. But lives are not like literary plots, they are typically much more multifaceted and multidirectional than that. Nor are real people like literary characters. They do not fit tidily into a plot, and relating to them well requires attending to what is messy, idiosyncratic, even boring from a literary viewpoint. The same problem obtains in one's relationship to oneself. One fails to listen to oneself in an intelligent way, if one is determined to slot one's own life into a familiar plot form. And often gender-based expectations will further skew that attention, demanding a heroic narrative for males, a narrative of love and connection for women.

We should not utterly reject the idea of self-narration, but we should warn ourselves of the dangers involved in embarking on that project without rethinking dominant social expectations that deform and simplify, without asking ourselves what rich reservoirs of meaning lie in daily conversations, in nonteleological interactions of many types.

Lives need to be lived backward, in some ways and with certain goals—self-understanding, self-change, the enrichment of ongoing life. These retrospective projects must avoid the twin dangers of pastism (Mary Tyrone) and presentism (my grandmother). And we now see that they must avoid, as well, the misanthropy of aestheticism, the hatred of life and self that consists in rejecting the untidy and the unshapely.

FINDING OR CONSTRUCTING A NARRATIVE OUT OF THE SCATTERED MATERIALS OF ONE'S LIFE IS A WAY OF MAKING ONE'S LIFE MORE MEANINGFUL, MORE WORTH LIVING.

NO REGRETS, AND A CHEER FOR RETIREMENT COMMUNITIES

SAUL LEVMORE

Aging thoughtfully must involve some learning from the past. If what we learn can be generalized and conveyed to others, then we ought to have some good answers when younger people turn to us for wisdom or ask: “If you could do it all over again, what would you do differently? What do you regret?” It is not much of an answer to say one would have avoided a bad marriage, studied Mandarin, or bought Google stock, because these are things most of us know only with hindsight. They might represent misfortune, but not sincere regrets or sources of wisdom for young listeners.

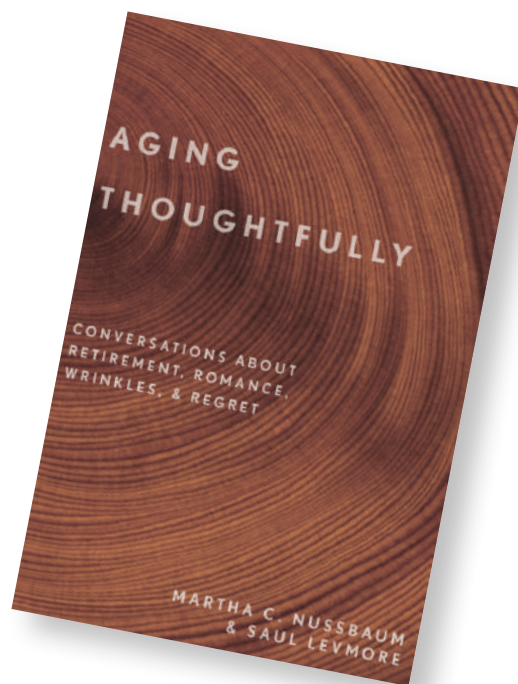
A better answer might be that one should have studied languages; we could and should have known that life would be richer, and our understanding of other people more complete, if we invested in language skills. When young people ask for advice, I think they are asking about just such regrets, in order to avoid serious errors by learning from ours. Such advice is more valuable when it is not self-justifying. “I found a good job, and stayed loyal to my employer for 40 years, and this brought me great happiness” is unconvincing, both because the listener might think that times have changed and because it might seem that the speaker is justifying an unadventurous life story. In contrast, “I was disloyal three times, and each time my actions caused great pain to everyone, including me,” has the ring of sagacity. The statement might be about work or about love, and it conveys information that seems hard or costly to acquire on one’s own. Good advice can even come from unhappy or even dysfunctional people. They are marked by a tendency to dwell on past errors or bad luck, and their regrets are impediments to new adventures, experimentation, and satisfaction. But if one can generalize about errors, others might learn from them. Ideally we would learn from the regrets of others, and end up having none of our own.

Some advice of this kind is rather simple. “After age 60, do not talk about your health problems unless you intend to bore people”; “Spend time with your parents and children because these opportunities are precious”; and “Travel and engage with diverse people” are good pieces of advice that come from years of experience and, in all likelihood, occasional regrets. But when it comes to larger questions about life, essays and novels do more than any one person’s musings can possibly convey. Martha points to one such les-

son: learn from the past but do not let it either suffocate you (pastism) or turn you into a shallow, self-absorbed person (presentism). I think Martha is much too tough on presentists, so I will say something in favor of happy people who know how to seize moments. There is room to admire people who completely change their lives as they age. But there is also the larger psychological question: Can an attitude or way of living life be learned?

Looking backward is a special problem for pessimists and people who carry negative thoughts wherever they go. Novelists, therapists, and kindergarten teachers recognize that we would lead happier lives if we spread good cheer rather than gloom, if only because other people would respond better to us. But telling people to “cheer up” is rarely successful. Besides, there are charming curmudgeons. How-to books about mourning try to find a middle road: recognize your grief, let it run its course, and then move on. It is not obvious that these instructions work for people who are prone to guilt or stress, not to mention depression. Many best-selling books succeed because people like reading about themselves—reinforcement is doled out with a little inspiration in the mix—not because they offer proven remedies. In principle, regret is valuable if one learns from it, or is forgiven because remorse has been demonstrated, but it probably works best for forward-looking, optimistic people—and they probably do not need advice in the first place. I fear that although Eugene O’Neill’s *Long Day’s Journey into Night* is a brilliant analysis of dysfunction, it is unlikely to do much for those hoping to learn from it.

Consider the difference between well-placed blame and misfortune. Gary drives too fast and under the influence of alcohol, and he tragically ends Amir’s life. In a novel there would be some quirk that put Amir in the wrong place at the wrong time, but in real life people like Gary need to be deterred or educated in the first place. If you drive recklessly you have a much higher chance of killing someone; Gary may recover if his regret teaches him something, but the wake-up call comes at the expense of Amir’s life. In contrast, Allie drives safely but because of some bad luck, such as invisible ice on the road, her automobile slides into Gregory and kills him. She may have trouble getting over this tragedy, and she may hold herself responsible, especially if Gregory is a child.



She and Gary may both be regretful and unlucky, but only one is blameworthy. Again, I'm not sure that rational discussion will help Allie see that she should look forward and not be consumed by the regret.

Famously, many people feel lifelong guilt for surviving a war or a traumatic event like the Holocaust, when many loved ones and neighbors perished. Some benefit from therapy and years of being reminded that they were victims and not at fault, but most of those who go forward cheerfully seem to be made of different stuff. So yes, (1) it is great when people can learn from the past without becoming lost in what might have been or in assigning blame, but it is also (2) good to deter blameworthy behavior. And, finally, (3) telling people to be optimally forward-looking may be as ineffective as telling sad sacks to cheer up.

And then there are the presentists, as Martha calls them, including the inhabitants of The Villages in Florida, not to mention cruise ships, where many retired people enjoy self-absorbed lives. I may not yearn for these places, and I know Martha does not. But then she would like to keep working into her 70s and then 80s, while most people want to retire; she would like to be surrounded by graduate students and new ideas, while many people want to exclude young people and especially schoolchildren from their oases. Another colleague ridicules The Villages for its faux Western storefronts, mini-Disney affects, and (like other real estate developments targeting retirees) advertisement of golf and other "white" activities. But what is so awful about people wanting to enjoy the last third of life?

About 5 percent of American elderly now live in senior living communities. Florida's The Villages is the country's fastest growing and largest retirement destination. Marketed as a community for active seniors, most subcommunities in The Villages require at least one 55-year-old in each residence; anyone under 19 (of school age) must limit visits to 30 days per year. The housing stock and considerable leisure activities appeal to and reflect middle-American tastes. Residents organize and participate in hundreds of clubs and hobbies. They use numerous recreation centers, swimming pools, and golf courses, some of which are available to all residents with no additional charge. The infrastructure, landscaping, radio, newsletters, and advertising might best be described as upbeat or chirpy. There are plenty of classes and educational opportunities, though

most focus on self-help and spirituality, with occasional historical reenactors and other popular, rather than highbrow, programs. The same is true for music and other entertainment; there are heavy doses of dated pop music, and classical pieces are often abridged.

The development and popularity of places like The Villages is good, not bad, news. The wealthiest 1 percent, or even 10 percent, of retirees

might prefer to live in Manhattan or Palm Springs, and to enjoy cultural amenities with people of all ages, but this is not within the reach of most Americans. Think of retirement from the perspective of the median retiree born between 1930 and 1960. These are people who grew up without air conditioning, without fancy schools and colleges, with Scout and church summer camps rather than music, drama, and computer camps. They observed an increasingly affluent society around them and, in some part, did not share in the affluence while they worked and raised families.

The median income of The Villages suggests that residents have Social Security and then just a modest amount of other retirement income. They probably sold their homes in other parts of the United States and invested the proceeds in \$200,000 to \$500,000 homes in this central Florida development. Republicans outnumber Democrats here two to one. This is not Palm Beach or San Diego, where the average cost of housing is much higher. And it is much grayer than Clearwater, Florida, or Scottsdale, Arizona, which have the highest percentage of retirees among cities of one hundred thousand or more; in these two cities 20 percent of the population is over 65, while in The Villages it is 57.5 percent. It is worth noting that most of the places that attract retirees, including Scottsdale, Palm Springs, and Chappaqua, New York (of Bill and Hillary Clinton fame), have neighborhoods that are almost as white as The Villages, but have much higher median incomes and housing prices.

The Villages, and many places like it, may be growing rapidly, but most middle-income retirees prefer to stay in the homes and communities in which they worked and brought up families. Of course, some are not self-sufficient and must relocate to facilities in which care is provided. I like to think that the phenomenal growth of The Villages reflects the arrival of middle-income Americans who can finally enjoy some of the affluence of the nation they helped build. During most of their lives they observed people with higher incomes traveling abroad, buying second homes,

THE NEXT GENERATIONS' RETIREMENT COMMUNITIES WILL BE MORE DIVERSE, IN PART BECAUSE THEIR SCHOOLS, UNIVERSITIES, AND WORKPLACES ARE FAR MORE DIVERSE.

sending children to private colleges, and subscribing to the *New Yorker*. In retirement, some might develop new preferences, but most just want to be left alone to enjoy the activities and television they already like. After 40 years of work they have earned stress-free lives.

Leisureville, as it is cleverly and fairly called, is their counterpart to the “safe spaces” that presentist college students demand. University professors typically object to both trends, and wish for young and old alike to be challenged with new ideas, drawn from the classics or from contemporary science. But the market is telling us that most senior citizens want challenges of a different kind and do not want intellectual humiliation—as they often see it—or new stresses; they want physical and mental comfort food. The retirement community is a place where they can enjoy each other’s company, experience more sex, and not feel stigmatized by their age. They had little control in their prior lives, as they were buffeted and occasionally rescued by economic cycles, erratic employers, government policies, health issues, and family problems or successes. Their retirement dream is to migrate to an environment they can control and in which they are valued.

It may be that they also want, or find themselves leading, segregated lives in this retirement period. The extra comfort apparently derived by many people from interacting with others of similar background or beliefs is somewhat generational. My parents’ friends were all of their own religious sect and color. Mine are much more diverse in religious terms, and substantially more so when it comes to race and ethnicity. My children’s friends are yet more diverse in

terms of race, ethnicity, and sexuality, though perhaps less so with respect to politics. In large part the adult friendship patterns follow or reflect the demographic characteristics of the universities we attended. At present, Chinese American retirees, for example, can find retirement homes that cater to their language and food preferences. Lutheran retirees can find faith-based communities that appeal to them. Alpha Kappa Alpha is developing Ivy Acres, a retirement community in North Carolina aimed at African Americans over 55. Even the Loyal Order of Moose has Moosehaven, Florida, a “City of Contentment” exclusively for its retired members. Real estate developers often work with churches to develop communities aimed at particular audiences. They advertise cuisines, entertainment, and other amenities aimed at particular audiences—just as The Villages advertises golf. All these communities say that they welcome diverse residents, but the target audiences are unambiguous.

If this segregation seems like a step back in time, we ought not blame it on real estate developers. Most people have preferences reflected in whom they marry and, later on, with whom they retire. My guess is that the next generations’ retirement communities will be more diverse, in part because their schools, universities, and workplaces are far more diverse as a result of legal, social, and economic changes.

It is true, as Martha characterizes it, that these retirees in Leisureville are presentist. But when they do look backward, the evidence is that most are content rather than regretful. If their children turned out well, they are especially satisfied and even boastful. If not, they focus on grandchildren or simply try to improve their golf games. They want safe spaces, and most citizens would think they have earned it. Their lives are not free of bad news. They have Fox and NPR for one thing, but they also have fellow residents’ funerals to attend, and these remind the aging mourners that time is short. If they thought they had many years ahead, they might well learn languages, but inasmuch as they are realistic, they choose to enjoy one another’s company, play golf, sing, knit, and do a hundred other things that time now allows. Surely we all sometimes envy their communities and wish that we too could live among so many people with preferences like our own. ♦

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profile

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

According to Hollywood legend, Eliot Ness, PhB'25, brought down Al Capone. The reality is more complicated.

BY CARRIE GOLUS, AB'91, AM'93

ILLUSTRATION BY TOMÁS SERRANO

It's hard to imagine how anyone ever thought Prohibition would work.

When the 18th Amendment took effect at 12:01 a.m. on January 16, 1920, it criminalized what had been the fifth-largest industry in the country. Yet the unpopular law failed to reduce alcohol consumption; possibly drinking even increased. For 13 long years, Prohibition turned the United States into a nation of scofflaws.

Buying and consuming alcohol were not technically illegal, but the manufacture, sale, and distribution was. Countless otherwise law-abiding citizens owned or worked in illegal liquor businesses. Women were arrested in record numbers, overwhelming the justice system; before Prohibition, there was no federal prison for women.

Prohibition agents were almost universally despised, especially in large cities. Corruption in the Prohibition force was rampant; innocent citizens were occasionally shot or killed because they were mistaken for bootleggers or hit in the crossfire.

And yet, somehow, Prohibition agent Eliot Ness, PhB'25, was seen as a hero, the man who saved Chicago from evil gangster and bootlegger Alphonse "Scarface" Capone.

"It begins to look as if Chicago's reputation for law enforcement was largely in the hands of destiny," journalist Priscilla Higinbotham gushed in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* in 1931. "For it was merely by chance that Eliot Ness, whose investigations have been so instrumental in the indictment of Al Capone and sixty-eight of his choicest hoodlums, joined the Prohibition force."



11 YEARS OLD
SAM SMITH
PURE RYE
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN CHICAGO
Sam Smith



In Brian De Palma's 1987 film *The Untouchables*, Eliot Ness (left, at his Bureau of Prohibition desk around 1930) was portrayed by Kevin Costner (right), and the "careful unsensational investigator" became an action hero.

More than 20 years after alcohol was legalized, and Ness had fallen into obscurity, *The Untouchables* (Messner, 1957) turned his fight against Capone into legend. Ghostwritten by United Press International (UPI) sportswriter Oscar Fraley, the story was heavily fictionalized, with pages of invented dialogue and a style borrowed from hard-boiled detective fiction.

The book sold more than a million copies and made Ness—who died seven months before publication—more famous than he had been during the Prohibition years. With the book's success, Ness joined the "American pantheon of crime-fighting icons," as one journalist put it—an ironic development, given how much Americans loathed Prohibition.

The legend of the Untouchables was embroidered further when the book was adapted into a two-episode TV movie, *The Scarface Mob*, followed by a series, *The Untouchables* (1959–63). Since Ness had defeated Capone in the movie, the series needed other bad guys for him to battle each week. He took on assorted gangsters and, in one episode, a German diplomat trying to spread Nazi beliefs (and heroin) to the United States.

Later came the Brian De Palma film (1987), written by David Mamet, starring Kevin Costner as Ness, Robert De Niro as Capone, and Sean Connery as Ness's fictional mentor, Jimmy Malone. (Malone gets most of the tough-guy lines: "You want to get Capone? Here's how you get him. He pulls a knife, you pull a gun. He sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue. That's the Chicago way.") The blockbuster movie was followed by a second, shorter-lived TV series (1993–94).

Like any legendary hero, the character of Ness has been adapted in other contexts. He's name checked in the 1995

Tupac song "California Love": "A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness." In a 2012 episode of the paranormal TV series *Supernatural*, he hunts monsters, not gangsters. And Cleveland's Great Lakes Brewing Company (cofounded by **Pat Conway**, AM'78) makes an Eliot Ness lager. "Admittedly, it's a bit of a paradox to name our amber lager for history's most famous agent of prohibition," the company's website states. "But it's a smooth, malty (and dare we say, arresting?) paradox."

Most recently, the protagonists of the time-travel TV series *Timeless* encountered Ness—portrayed by guest star **Misha Collins**, AB'97—in 1931 Chicago. As the three visitors from 2017 watch, horrified, the agent dies in a hail of machine-gun fire.

"No. Eliot Ness—he can't be dead, he's not supposed to die for another 26 years," says time traveler Lucy Preston (a history professor, though her history can be shaky). "Capone is out there on the loose and the only guy that can stop him is gone."

Ness did not die during the Prohibition years, but that's where his legend usually ends. It does not follow him to Cleveland, where he oversaw the police and fire departments for six years—though Fraley tried to sensationalize that period too, in a sequel called *4 Against the Mob* (Popular Library, 1961). In Cleveland, as in Chicago, Ness fought police corruption and organized crime. By the time he left to take a federal job during World War II, "peace and law at long last had come to the city of Cleveland," in Fraley's retelling. "The filth had been sponged away."

Others tried to strip away the embellishment. "Ness was no Agent 007," wrote Philip W. Porter in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in 1966, a few years after the first *Untouchables* TV series was cancelled. "He was a careful

unsensational investigator, who knew where to look for evidence. He hardly ever raised his voice. He made no scenes. He was boyish, amused, relaxed, good company in all circumstances.”

In film and on television, when Ness isn’t having shoot-outs with the bad guys, he’s usually portrayed as a dedicated, even sentimental, family man. (The number, age, and gender of his fictional children varies; in reality he had one adopted son, Robert.) The legend also omits the fact that he was married three times. His second wife left him for a woman.

But the screenplay or TV pilot about these aspects of Ness’s dramatic life has yet to be written.

Al Capone: *All this talk of bootlegging. What is bootlegging? On the boat, it’s bootlegging. On Lake Shore Drive, it’s hospitality.*
—The Untouchables (1987)

Eliot Ness was born in Chicago in 1902, the son of Norwegian immigrants; his father ran a wholesale bakery business. He grew up in the far South Side neighborhood of Kensington, not far from the company town of Pullman, where alcohol was only available at one hotel. It was easy to get a drink in Kensington, nicknamed Bumtown for its abundant saloons.

The National Prohibition Act—commonly known as the Volstead Act, after the Minnesota congressman who championed it—went into effect in 1920 but did not stop Americans from drinking. It just created a profitable new revenue stream for the nation’s gangsters. The most notorious, Al Capone, reportedly earned \$60 million annually from illegal liquor sales (more than \$847 million in 2017 dollars). “I’m just a businessman,” Capone often said, “giving the public what they want.”

**NESS WAS NO AGENT
007. HE WAS A CAREFUL
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As Capone was beginning to build his name in Chicago, Ness graduated from Christian Fenger High School—he liked to read Sherlock Holmes during his lunch hour—and enrolled at the University of Chicago, where he studied commerce, law, and political science. A typical undergrad of the time, he joined a fraternity and attended football games. According to some sources, Ness graduated in the top third of his class. Douglas Perry, author of the acclaimed biography *Eliot Ness: Rise and Fall of an American Hero* (Viking, 2014), writes that his grades “were awful.” (Ness’s academic record is sealed.)

After graduation Ness worked briefly for the Retail Credit Company. His brother-in-law, Alexander Jamie, a senior manager in the Chicago office of the Prohibition Bureau, helped him get a job there. But Ness was disappointed by what he found: corrupt agents on the mob’s payroll. According to the bureau’s own records, between 1920 and 1931, 9 percent of its personnel were fired for corruption. Doubtless many other crooked agents were never caught.

By 1930, according to his personnel file, Ness had earned a reputation for “coolness, aggressiveness and fearlessness in raids.” On Jamie’s recommendation, Ness was chosen to lead a special “Capone squad.”

In *The Untouchables* book version of this tale, the squad is Ness’s idea. “Suppose the Prohibition Bureau picked a small, select squad,” he suggests to Jamie. “Let’s say ten or a dozen men. ... No rotten apples. Get it?” Ness is put in charge of his proposed squad and told to handpick his agents. His criteria, as the book has it: “single, no older than thirty ... the courage and ability to use fist or gun. ... I needed a good telephone man, one who could tap a wire with speed and precision. I needed men who were excellent drivers, for much of our success would depend on how expertly they could trail the mob’s cars and trucks.”

In fact most of his agents were older, many married with families. And while *The Untouchables* claims Ness chose 10 men for his elite squad, there was never a set lineup; agents came and went, sometimes staying only a week or two.

One part of the legend is true: Ness and his agents really did put pressure on Capone in Hollywood-worthy ways. They crashed through the doors of breweries in a truck outfitted with a battering ram. They carried sawed-off shotguns and sat at the corner table in restaurants, nobody’s back to the door. They once created a distraction so their “telephone man,” dressed like a repairman, could shinny up a telephone pole outside a mafia bar and run a wiretap—a relatively new tool for law enforcement that, with surveillance and anonymous tips, helped Ness’s squad discover how Capone’s bootlegging empire worked.

Capone tried hard to conceal his operation, but he also paid politicians, police officers, and even federal agents not

to look for it. As the story goes, one of Capone's men offered Ness \$2,000 a week. An outraged Ness ordered the man out of his office and immediately called the press. The next day, a *Chicago Tribune* article gave the squad the nickname that stuck: "The Untouchables."

Calling the press was a typical strategy for Ness, who often tipped off the newspapers when he was going to conduct a raid. He believed media coverage helped the cause of law enforcement, winning over the public and making the police seem invincible.

Despite the heroic view the newspapers took of Ness, media coverage occasionally struck a wistful tone about the particular crimes he was fighting. "Prohibition agents, aided by police, today destroyed enough bourbon whiskey, which, if mixed into mint juleps, poured into tall, thin frosted glasses and garnished with a sprig of mint—which would ... Anyway, here's looking at you," read a 1931 article in the *Chicago Evening American*. "It's in the sewer, sent there by Assistant Prohibition Agent Elliott [*sic*] Ness and his squad of 'untouchables.'"

Ness knew full well that the law he was enforcing was unpopular. "The trouble with the Prohibition law was that such a large section of the public did not believe in it," he wrote in his own memoir of those years, never published. "They either were against it in its entirety or figured it was for the other fellow."

According to biographer Perry, Ness enjoyed a drink himself, and not all the confiscated liquor found its way to the sewer. After one raid, Ness showed up at the house of an old fraternity buddy. Inside the car, his friend recalled, was "the most beautiful collection of booze in the city of Chicago."

Ness: *Try a murderer for not paying his taxes?*

Accountant Oscar Wallace: *Well, it's better than nothing.*

—The Untouchables (1987)

By 1931 Ness and his hardworking squad had put together a 5,000-charge indictment against Capone; most of the charges were for transporting beer illegally. But Prohibition was so despised, the US district attorney feared a jury would be sympathetic to a bootlegger. It would be much easier to convict a tax cheat, he reasoned, especially during the Depression years. Ness's charges were never brought.

So Capone was convicted of tax evasion—\$1,038,654.84 earned tax-free between 1924 and 1929—and sentenced to 11 years in prison. Nonetheless it was Ness, not the bean counters of the IRS, whose work was sensationalized in national press coverage of Capone's downfall.

"One 28-year-old federal agent getting \$2800 a year played a prominent part in gathering evidence on Capone," the *Boston Traveler* reported (that's about \$42,000 today). "He was threatened, attacked, offered bribes and persistently stalked, yet on he worked, content with his \$2800 a year and his conscience. His name is no secret. Gangsters know it. It is Eliot Ness, graduate of the University of Chicago."

The press coverage often mentioned Ness's UChicago degree, a notable accomplishment at a time when fewer than 5 percent of Americans had a college education. But in *The Untouchables* Fraley mentions it only in passing, in the introduction, and the University dropped out of the Ness legend.

His degree also served to contrast Ness with Capone, who had a sixth-grade education. "The big shot turns out to be just a greaseball," the *Boston Traveler* gloated after Capone was arrested. "He got away with it for a while, but his doom was sealed the minute he started it. What a dumb kluck!"

Reporter: *They say they're going to repeal Prohibition.*

What will you do then?

Ness: *I think I'll have a drink.*

—The Untouchables (1987)

The flattering press coverage of Ness continued when he accepted the job of safety director in Cleveland in 1935. Ness was responsible for the police, fire, and building departments in the nation's sixth largest city; at 33 he was the youngest person to ever hold the post. A *Chicago Daily News* story about his appointment described him: "Ness, who then and now is tall, slender and handsome."

Like Chicago, Cleveland had a large mob presence and a corrupt police force. Over a year and a half, Ness built thorough cases against cops who took bribes and brought them to trial. Again, the newspapers swooned, calling him Cleveland's "Boy Wonder."

Less celebrated, then or now, was Ness's radical approach to police work, which was decades ahead of its time. In 1929 criminologist August Vollmer had joined UChicago to direct the center for the scientific study of police problems. Ness, who had graduated four years before, returned to the University to take Vollmer's police administration course.

Known as the "father of modern law enforcement," Vollmer devised scientific policing strategies that we take for granted today. As the police chief of Berkeley, California, at the turn of the century, he had rooted out the patronage system, sought recruits with college degrees, and instituted formal police training. He made officers more mobile (first on bikes, then in cars) and equipped the cars with two-way radios. His department was one of the first



In Cleveland Ness brought reforms that anticipated elements of modern policing. He is shown with police captain Arthur Roth in 1940.

to use blood, fiber, and soil analysis in investigations.

In Cleveland Ness copied as many of Vollmer's innovations as he could. At the police academy Ness established, new recruits learned how to use cutting-edge forensic science—in ballistics, fingerprint, and photographic laboratories—as well as criminal psychology.

One of Ness's most foresighted accomplishments as safety director was his work with young gang members. "Until very recently, the police have done nothing officially to deal with the juvenile problems which are the very source of adult crime," Ness wrote in an article for the *Phi Delta Kappan*, echoing Vollmer.

As critics scoffed, Ness established a juvenile bureau. Its investigators studied the area of Cleveland with the highest delinquency rate, looking not only at risk factors—saloons, poolrooms, hangouts, dance halls, "broken homes"—but also assets like churches, clubs, and playgrounds.

In those areas where gangs were active, the police approached the leaders and negotiated for their cooperation, promising to build recreation facilities and get jobs for older gang members, "the very things the fellows wanted." More than 500 boys were placed in jobs over three years. Others were given mechanical training: "Youths who lately had used blackjacks and guns now were taught how to use slide-rules, micrometers, and lathes."

Once the older gang members signed on, "their endorsement and active support brought the younger boys into line," Ness wrote. He closed five underused police stations and turned them into self-governing boys' clubs, offering sports teams, bands, and other activities. An outdoor swimming pool was built, "reinforced with iron girders taken from old police cell blocks."

By 1939 Cleveland had reduced its juvenile delinquency rate more than 60 percent.

Chicago alderman

(after Ness refuses a bribe):

You're making a mistake.

Ness: *Yeah, well I've made them before and I'm beginning to enjoy them.*

—The Untouchables (1987)

Ness's years as safety director were not without failures. From 1935 to 1938, the notorious "Mad Butcher of Kingsbury Run" killed at least 12 people in Cleveland. The victims were found near a shantytown—so Ness took the men who lived there into custody, searched their shacks, and had the shantytown burned to the ground.

The press was outraged at his cruel treatment of these "jobless and penniless men." The murderer was never caught.

There were other controversies that undermined Ness's squeaky-clean image. Disillusioned by his flirting and long work hours, his wife Edna divorced him, a shocking thing in largely Catholic, working-class Cleveland. In 1939 he married Evaline McAndrew (later a well-known children's book writer and illustrator). Each checked "single" on the marriage certificate, though they were both divorced. In 1942 Ness was in a car accident after he had been drinking; when a reporter discovered his name had been left off the accident report, the story exploded into scandal.

Soon afterward Ness left Cleveland. During World War II he served as the director of the Social Protection Division in the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services in Washington, DC. The euphemistically named division was charged with reducing sexually transmitted diseases in the military. The problem was staggering: more than 100,000 of the two million men examined for selective service were rejected because of venereal disease.

When the war ended, Ness returned to Cleveland, now married to his third wife, Elisabeth Andersen Seaver, a sculptor. In 1947 they adopted a baby boy, Robert. (In *The Untouchables* and *4 Against the Mob*, Fraley calls Ness's wife Betty, expunging the earlier wives from the record.) The same year, Capone died of syphilis of the brain; he had been released early in 1939 for good behavior and the state of his health.

In Cleveland Ness served as chairman of the board of safe company Diebold and ran for mayor as a Republican against a popular Democratic incumbent. He had catchy slogans—"Vote Yes for Eliot Ness," "Ness Is Necessary"—but was soundly defeated. "The campaign was a fiasco," a columnist for the *Plain Dealer* recalled years later. "He was 10 years too late to cash in on his splendid reputation."

After that Ness's fame faded. He was unemployed for four years before becoming president of Guaranty Paper Corporation and Fidelity Check Corporation, where he did not meet with much success. By 1955 he was deeply in debt.

That year Ness met UPI reporter Oscar Fraley, an old school friend of a colleague he had traveled with to New York on a business trip. The three men stayed up late drinking and listening to Ness share stories about the Capone days. When Fraley pitched the idea of a book about his Chicago adventures, Ness, who needed the money, agreed.

He sent Fraley his scrapbook of newspaper clippings, which he had faithfully preserved over the decades. He also sent his own version of his years on the Capone squad—just over 20 typewritten pages. “In about 1928, I was employed by the Retail Credit Company,” Ness’s less-than-arresting tale begins, “which is, as you know, a national investigation company, devoted entirely to investigations of persons applying for insurance.”

Fraley transformed these rough materials into *The Untouchables*. “Don’t get scared if we stray from the facts once in a while,” he wrote to Ness.

As you read the first-person story, you can practically hear it as a film noir voice-over, perhaps growled by Humphrey Bogart: “There would always be plenty of work out there in the Chicago streets for men daring enough to face it and nerves strong enough to stand it.”

A legend was born.

Al Capone: *You’re nothing but a lot of talk and a badge.*
—The Untouchables (1987)

In 2014 the unsung agents of the IRS finally had a chance to tell their version of the Eliot Ness story.

Three US senators—Sherrod Brown (D-Ohio), Mark Kirk (R-Illinois), and Dick Durbin (D-Illinois)—wanted to name the Washington, DC, headquarters of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) after Ness. “Chicago gangster Al Capone believed that every man had his price,” Durbin stated in a press release. “But for Eliot Ness and his legendary law enforcement team ‘The Untouchables,’ no amount of money could buy their loyalty or sway their dedication.”

Alderman Edward M. Burke, an amateur historian, disagreed. He invited three retired IRS agents to testify in front of Chicago City Council’s public safety panel. The goal was to bolster his case for a symbolic resolution against honoring Ness. “Chicago should be on record telling what really happened,” said Burke, who once sponsored a resolution absolving Mrs. O’Leary’s cow of burning Chicago to the ground in 1871.

THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE PLENTY OF WORK OUT THERE IN THE CHICAGO STREETS FOR MEN DARING ENOUGH TO FACE IT AND NERVES STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND IT.

Ness “was afraid of guns and he barely left the office,” retired IRS agent Bob Fuesel told the panel. (Fuesel was too young to have met Ness personally; he heard that rumor, which contradicts innumerable accounts of Ness’s bravery, from old-timers.) The newspapers of the time had given Ness too much credit, the agents said, while downplaying the less glamorous role that the IRS played in bringing Capone to justice.

The same month that Chicago’s City Council debated Ness’s importance, Perry’s thoroughly researched biography, *Eliot Ness: The Rise and Fall of an American Hero*, was published. “Ever since the 1960s’ *Untouchables* TV series became a smash hit, debunkers have worked hard—too hard—to downplay Ness’ historical role in corralling Capone,” Perry wrote in an essay for the website *Bookish*. But Burke and the other aldermen apparently had not read the book. “When you look at the criticism,” Perry told the *Washington Post*, “it’s from people who don’t know much about him.”

A spokeswoman for the ATF, interviewed by the *New York Times*, would not comment on the proposed name change. But she did point out that Ness pioneered law enforcement techniques still used today—including the public relations tactics he was famous for.

In the end, nothing came of the proposal to honor Ness. Today the bureau’s website proudly describes him as a “legacy ATF agent ... one of the most famous federal agents in the history of law enforcement.” Its profile of Ness goes on to claim that he and his Untouchables were “the enforcers who had put away Al Capone.” The legend lives on. ♦

peer review



The University of Chicago women's varsity soccer team in action, circa early 1990s. Their 2017 successors reached the NCAA Division III Final Four in December (see page 18).

A chaplain's compassion

BY BAILEY PICKENS, AB'10

During my first weeks as a hospital chaplain, I visited a patient whose kidneys were failing him. He had just mentioned the difficulty of readjusting to civilian life after serving in the Vietnam War when a nursing assistant came in to take his vital signs. “Ah, my girlfriend,” he said, and refused to provide his arm until he had needled her about going on a date and elicited the short, tight laugh common to all women who do not find the situation funny but are not in a position to do anything about it.

When the nursing assistant left, the patient leaned toward me conspiratorially. “I tease all these girls. She’s all right,” he said, “but not all of these girls react well when you tease them. Some of them are stiff with you, they won’t laugh. Those ones I mess with, you know, I push them just a little too far, try and control them a little, since they don’t react the way I want.” He smiled.

Appalled and still green, I could think of nothing pastoral to say. When I moved to leave the room, the patient insisted that I return later that day. I said I would see if my other visits left me extra time. “You’ll come back,” he said firmly. I did not confront him about his deliberate toying with the people who cared for him. I did not come back to his room.

My unease followed me for hours. I had seen what he was doing; he had held it up for my inspection. But I also saw why he did it: previously a powerful

and vital person, he was losing his easy strength and control over his body; suddenly vulnerable before strangers, women young enough to be his daughters, he cast about for whatever control he could find. I seemed to see him doubly, the boor and the beggar, and against my own wishes I was moved.

I found this double vision intolerable. Yet as the months passed and I swung through the rooms of more patients, the demand that I see people doubly only increased. Patients were routinely racist and sexist, demanding and cruel, with and about their nurses, and sexist or dismissive or aggressive with me. And they were afraid, exhausted, in pain, helpless. The woman who transparently lied to her doctors was too frail to return home alone. The man who half suggested, in a voice more suited to a bar than a hospital, that I sleep in his room seemed far too young to be an inpatient for a colonoscopy. The man who railed against women in politics was having trouble with his prosthetic hand. The man who threw his cousin out of his mother’s intensive care unit room would never hear the woman who raised him speak again. And so forth. In the hos-

As the months passed and I swung through the rooms of more patients, the demand that I see people doubly only increased.

pital, the illusion of control—over the function of the liver, perhaps, or the strength of the hands, or the length of the life—is shoved in the little closet alongside shoes and street clothes, and most people clutch at anything that might give a taste of it back.

I would have preferred not to return to the rooms whose occupants turned their suffering on everyone around them, but duty and my supervisor’s insistence sent me back. I would have preferred to find excuses for the transgressions confessed to or committed in front of me, but responsibility to the transgressor stilled my tongue. I still would prefer those options. But my role demands a persistent and sharp-edged compassion, a capacity to behold both the sin and the sinner, to understand that humans do bad things that cause real harm and yet remain human. The best service a chaplain provides for a patient who is not religious (that is, most patients) is treating them not as a symptom or a saint but as a whole person, complete with the pack of small evils all of us contain alongside our better angels. Even after years of practicing this double vision, some days it is more than I can manage.

My training emphasizes watching your own reactions to stress. Having discovered in myself the impulse to soften and the impulse to abandon, I then saw them everywhere, as when you buy a new car and then realize a third of your city also owns the same one. Confronted with fellow human beings who act badly, we instinctively



ILLUSTRATION BY BEPPE GIACOBBE

take one of two paths of least resistance, depending on our psychoemotional topography and our relationship to the bad actors: we find a way to minimize or excuse the bad action due to some circumstance or another (this avoids complicating our understanding of the person, or ourselves by association, and the specter of a break in the relationship), or we close ourselves to those people, to punish them for their violations with ostracization or violence (this is satisfyingly cold).

In the aftermath of the 2016 election, these instincts are as clear in the national discourse as they have been in my own experience. Some center-left media establishment writers published profiles of Trump voters that could only be called sympathetic, in which they seemed to suggest these individuals, driven by cultural alien-

ation, economic hardship, or religious conviction, had not really meant to choose what and whom they chose. Others responded with some version of “that’s what you get” to news of flooding or loss of insurance in red states, as though some kind of justice was served by the suffering of the poor.

Sympathy at first is attractive because it seems kinder, larger of heart, more enlightened than rejection, which finds relief in cruelty—in denying that someone is human in the same way we are. And in some ways it is kinder. But it is also simplistic and, in the end, condescending. At the bottom of the feeling is the belief that the bad actor is somehow not fully responsible for what they have done, or they didn’t fully intend it. This is how we talk about children; it should not be how we engage with adults, each of whom

deserves the basic respect of being taken at their word, or at their deed. And rejection makes of its object a monster, when the knot at the heart of being human is that acting monstrously is one of the most human things we can do.

The compassion I have had to discover requires effort and a willingness to hold onto tension, but it is not complicated to practice. It is as simple as completing the sentence. They are young, *and* they cause harm in their thoughtlessness. They desire acceptance, *and* they act cruelly to get it. They are vulnerable, *and* they are punishing others to feel stronger. They are hurting, *and* they hurt others. Always *and*. Always stay long enough for the *and*.

The veteran with failing kidneys was discharged before I could find a way to engage with him, but the son of the critically ill patient, who had told his cousin to get out and not come back, was still there when I rounded on the ICU later that day. That morning, when I wondered why he had told his cousin to leave, he had ordered me out as well. Now he was sitting by the picture window alone, his mother’s ventilator beeping softly in the corner. He looked up when I entered the room.

“I’m sorry about this morning,” he said. “What I did was inappropriate.”

“Yes,” I said, taking the chair beside him. “It was.” ♦

Bailey Pickens, AB’10, is a chaplain and campus pastor in Tucson, Arizona. She will be ordained a minister in the Presbyterian Church (USA) in 2018, God willing and the creek don’t rise.

NOTES

GRAHAM'S STARRING TURN

Washington Post publisher Katharine Graham, AB'38, who died in 2001, is the subject of Steven Spielberg's *The Post* (2017). The drama follows the tense legal battle over the newspaper's decision to print the Pentagon Papers, classified documents about the Vietnam War. Graham's decision to overrule the *Post's* lawyers and publish the papers showed "guts and commitment to the First Amendment," *Post* managing editor Ben Bradlee (played by Tom Hanks) wrote in 1995. To Graham's disappointment, she wasn't depicted in the 1976 film adaptation of *All the President's Men*, but Spielberg makes it up to her in *The Post*: not only is she the star, she's played by 21-time Oscar nominee Meryl Streep.

LEVIN'S LEAVING

After 35 years in Congress, **Sander Levin**, AB'52 (D-Michigan), announced he will retire at the end of his current term. Levin, 86, served for almost three decades on the House Ways and Means Committee, and was the committee's ranking Democrat from 2010 to 2016. He will join the Gerald R. Ford School of Public Policy at the University of Michigan as a distinguished policy maker in residence in January 2019.

NIELSON NOMINATED; EID CONFIRMED

On September 28, president Donald Trump nominated **Howard C. Nielson Jr.**, JD'97, to the federal bench. If confirmed, Nielson will serve as a district judge on the US District Court for the District of Utah. Nielson, a former clerk to Supreme Court justice Anthony Kennedy, is currently a partner at Cooper & Kirk in Washington, DC. He served in the US Department of Justice from 2001 to 2005. **Allison Eid's** (JD'91) nomination to the US Court of Appeals for the 10th Circuit was confirmed November 2.

AN EMMY FOR BELL

United Shades of America with **W. Kamau Bell** received an



AN ILLUMINATING EXHIBITION

The Art Institute of Chicago is displaying a selection of medieval and Renaissance manuscript illuminations donated by Sandra Hindman, AB'66, a scholar, collector, and dealer of medieval art. The exhibited works, many of them tiny in scale, present a microcosm of daily life and art in medieval Europe. Hindman, a professor emerita at Northwestern, is the founder of Les Enluminures, a gallery specializing in manuscripts and miniatures with locations in Paris, New York, and Chicago. *The Medieval World at Our Fingertips* is on view until May 28, 2018.

Emmy Award for Outstanding Unstructured Reality Program on September 9. The show, produced by and starring **W. Kamau Bell**, LAB'90, follows the comedian as he visits communities across America to discuss topics including racism, immigration, and incarceration. Bell has said the series is about "showing the power of awkward conversations to be the initiator of change." *United Shades of America's* third season will air on CNN in 2018.

HISTORIAN TO PRESIDENT

Legal historian **Paul Finkelman**, AM'72, PhD'76, was named president of Gratz College in Melrose Park, Pennsylvania, on December 1. Finkelman, who taught most recently at the University of Ottawa School of Law, is the author or editor of more than 50 books, including *Supreme Injustice: Slavery in the Nation's Highest Court* (Harvard University Press, 2018; see Releases, page 59). He has written and lectured about issues including American Jewish history, religious liberty, and the separation of church and state. He is the 11th president of Gratz, one of the oldest Jewish colleges in the United States.

RED WINE, GOLDEN STATE

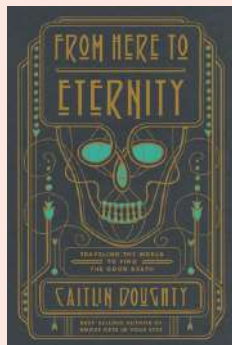
Winemaker **Warren Winiarski**, AM'62, founder of Stag's Leap Wine Cellars, whose cabernet sauvignon famously outmatched French counterparts in the 1976 Judgment of Paris, was inducted into the California Hall of Fame on December 5. Recognized for his achievements as a vintner and his efforts to preserve and showcase the California winemaking tradition, Winiarski is also an advocate for agricultural land preservation in the Napa Valley, and has placed almost 200 acres of his land into a conservation easement that protects it from development. He and fellow Hall of Fame inductees, including Steven Spielberg and Michael Tilson Thomas, received a "Spirit of California" medal from Governor Jerry Brown.
—Susie Allen, AB'09



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RELEASES

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FROM HERE TO ETERNITY: TRAVELING THE WORLD TO FIND THE GOOD DEATH

By Caitlin Doughty, AB'12 (Class of 2006); Norton, 2017

Americans, argues mortician **Caitlin Doughty**, are afraid not only of death but also of dead bodies, which they transport as quickly as possible from homes and hospitals into the hands of professionals. In her second book, Doughty compares this practice with more intimate funerary customs around the world: in Japan, families remove their loved one's bones from cremation ashes with chopsticks and transfer them to an urn; in parts of Indonesia, an embalmed body might remain in the family's home for several years. By understanding how other cultures experience death, Doughty suggests, we can confront grief and mortality less fearfully and more deeply.

SUPREME INJUSTICE: SLAVERY IN THE NATION'S HIGHEST COURT

By Paul Finkelman, AM'72, PhD'76; Harvard University Press, 2018

Why did three influential early Supreme Court justices uphold the legality of slavery in ruling after ruling? Legal historian **Paul Finkelman** looks at the personal lives and political thought of John Marshall, Roger Taney, and Joseph Story to understand their proslavery positions. Marshall, he reveals, bought and sold slaves, while Taney freed some of

his own slaves but opposed granting them constitutional rights. Story, a critic of slavery earlier in his judicial career, ruled against enslaved people who sued for freedom when he served on the nation's highest court. By tracing how slavery shaped the lives of these three men, Finkelman sheds light on how and why it was protected for so long.

THE SHATTERED LENS: A WAR PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRUE STORY OF CAPTIVITY AND SURVIVAL IN SYRIA

By Jonathan Alpeyrie, AB'03; Atria Books, 2017

In April 2013 photojournalist **Jonathan Alpeyrie** was kidnapped by Syrian rebels while covering the country's brutal civil war. For the first three weeks of his 81-day captivity, Alpeyrie sat blindfolded and handcuffed, listening to shelling outside the house where he was held. As his imprisonment stretched on, Alpeyrie rediscovered his faith, allowing him to endure an unimaginable trauma and see the humanity in his captors. In this memoir he weighs the personal costs of working in war zones against the importance of documenting them.

ORIGIN OF KIBOSH

By Gerald Cohen, Stephen Goranson, and Matthew Little, AM'72, PhD'75; Routledge, 2018

For years etymologists have struggled to determine the origins of the word *kibosh*. Is it Yiddish? Gaelic? Italian? With no convincing evidence, most dictionaries leave it at "origin unknown." **Matthew Little** and his coauthors aim to put the kibosh on the debate, arguing the word derives from *kurbash*, a type of whip made from hippopotamus or rhinoceros hide and used for torture during the Ottoman Empire.

CENSORSHIP IN VIETNAM: BRAVE NEW WORLD

By Thomas A. Bass, AB'73; University of Massachusetts Press, 2017

Thomas Bass's *The Spy Who Loved Us*, an account of the Vietnamese journalist and double agent Pham Xuan An, was published in 2005. It took another nine years for the book to be released in Vietnam, and when it did come out, the text was heavily

redacted. Curious about the lives and work of his censors, Bass flew to Vietnam to meet them in person. *Censorship in Vietnam* probes the effects of widespread censorship on a country's sense of its history and culture.

HIT REFRESH: THE QUEST TO REDISCOVER MICROSOFT'S SOUL AND IMAGINE A BETTER FUTURE FOR EVERYONE

By Satya Nadella, MBA'97; Harper Business, 2017

When **Satya Nadella** became CEO of Microsoft in 2014, he pledged to transform the iconic company, in part by focusing on its culture. In *Hit Refresh* he describes the changes under way at Microsoft and the technological breakthroughs on the horizon—among them, artificial intelligence and quantum computing. Nadella also looks back on the experiences that have reshaped his own life, from immigrating to the United States to becoming the father of a son with severe disabilities.



DEBRIEFING: COLLECTED STORIES

By Susan Sontag, AB'51; edited by Benjamin Taylor; Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2017

The first complete collection of Susan Sontag's short fiction, *Debriefing* includes unusually autobiographical pieces alongside more experimental works. In "Pilgrimage" (1987), a story based on Sontag's meeting with Thomas Mann, the story's teenage narrator is invited to Mann's house for tea, only to leave disappointed by the experience. "The Way We Live Now" (1986) captures the anguished early days of the AIDS epidemic in New York, while the *Twilight Zone*-esque "The Dummy" (1963) imagines a dissatisfied businessman who replaces himself with a clone.

—Susie Allen, AB'09



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DEATHS

FACULTY AND STAFF

C. Knight Aldrich, the first chair of psychiatry at UChicago, died November 3 in Charlottesville, VA. He was 103. Aldrich believed all physicians should have training in psychiatry and, as chair from 1955 to 1964, worked to incorporate psychiatric training into medical education. He coauthored *The Student Physician as Psychotherapist* (1963), a guide to introducing medical students to psychiatry. Aldrich also helped build the University's sleep research program. He went on to work in community mental health clinics in Newark, NJ, and Charlottesville, where he also taught at the University of Virginia. In retirement he continued to advocate for improving treatment for the seriously mentally ill. He is survived by daughter **Carol Aldrich Barkin**, LAB'61; son **Robert Aldrich**, LAB'69; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Brian Baldea, associate director of athletics and the University's former head baseball coach, of Oak Lawn, IL, died December 5. He was 62. Baldea was the winningest baseball coach in the program's history, with a career record of 411–377–5. Before coming to UChicago he was an assistant baseball coach at Illinois State University. During that time Baldea coached a franchise in a summer collegiate league for promising college players, where he recruited and worked with about 40 players who went on to receive professional contracts with Major League Baseball. He is survived by his wife, Kathryn; a daughter; and a son, **Anthony Baldea**, MD'06.

Daniel S. Follmer, deputy dean and director of College Admissions at the University, died November 4 of cancer. He was 34. A graduate of Grinnell College and Harvard's Graduate School of Education, Follmer joined the UChicago admissions office in 2008. At the time of his death, he was responsible for overseeing the office's daily operations and helping design and implement recruitment strategy. He is survived by his wife, Jessica Rhoades; his mother, Anita Samen, retired University of Chicago Press managing editor; his father, **David Follmer**, AM'66; his sister, **Sarah Follmer**, AB'05; and a brother.

Morton A. Kaplan, distinguished service professor emeritus of political science, died September 26 in Chicago. He was 96. A scholar of international relations and a pioneer of systems theory, Kaplan is best known for his book *System and Process in International Politics* (1957). He is the namesake of a prize for master's students in the Committee on International Relations, which he chaired before his 1991 retirement. Kaplan wrote or edited 30 books and more than 100 articles on a variety of topics in political science. He is survived by a son.

Jonathan Z. Smith, Robert O. Anderson Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus in the Humanities, died December 30. He was 79. An influential historian of religion, Smith was a member of the UChicago faculty for 45 years. His fascination with the relationship between myth and philosophy as an undergraduate led him to an academic career examining the nature and history of religions across cultures, from Maori cults in the 19th century to the mass suicide in Jonestown, Guyana. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a past president of the Society for Biblical Literature and the North American Association for the Study of Religion, and a winner of the Quantrell Award for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching. He is survived by his wife, Elaine; a daughter; a son, **Jason Smith**, LAB'90; a sister; and a granddaughter.

David Lee Wallace, professor emeritus in statistics, died October 9 in Chicago. He was 88. Using novel statistical and computational techniques, Wallace and Frederick Mosteller of Harvard in 1964 solved a historical mystery, identifying James Madison as the author of 12 unsigned Federalist Papers. They published their findings in *Interference and Disputed Authorship: The Federalist* (1964). Wallace also helped devise new ways of forecasting election outcomes using early results, and worked with NBC on its election coverage in the 1960s. He joined the UChicago faculty in 1954 and served as chair of statistics from 1977 to 1980. He is survived by his wife, **Anna Mary Wallace**, AM'52; daughters **Meg Wallace**, LAB'75, and **Kathryn M. Wallace**, LAB'76; a son, **Edward D. Wallace**, LAB'80; a brother; and three grandchildren.

1930s

Jane Hoffer Seaborg, LAB'34, AB'39, died October 5 in Westminster, CO. She was 99. In the 1950s and '60s, Seaborg taught in public schools in Downers Grove, IL, and was active in the American Association of University Women. In retirement she volunteered for adult literacy programs. An adventurous traveler, Seaborg once rode in a Jeep with sloths in Belize and slept on an ice floe in Greenland. Her husband, Earl W. Seaborg, EX'35, died in 1984. She is survived by two daughters, one son, nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

1940s

Darwin Mayfield, SM'44, died April 29 in Pasadena, CA. He was 97. Mayfield taught chemistry at the University of Idaho and California State University, Long Beach (CSULB), where he also served as chemistry department chair and director of research. After his retirement from CSULB in 1990, students at the university created the Mayfield Outstanding Professor Award in his honor. Mayfield continued to

teach in retirement, working with elementary school students and incoming freshmen at CSULB. His wife, Norma Mayfield, AM'46, died in 2012. He is survived by two daughters, one granddaughter, one grandson, and a great-grandson.

Georg G. Iggers, AM'45, PhD'51, died November 26 in Amherst, NY. He was 90. Born in Hamburg, Germany, Iggers, with his family, fled the Nazis and came to the United States in 1938. A scholar of European intellectual history, he began his teaching career at Philander Smith College, a historically black college in Little Rock, AR, where he became active in the NAACP and wrote a report crucial to the lawsuit that ultimately desegregated the city's public schools. He continued his civil rights activism at Dillard University in New Orleans and the University at Buffalo, where he taught until 2007. His publications include *The German Conception of History* (1968), *New Directions in European Historiography* (1975), and *Historiography in the 20th Century* (1997). He is survived by his wife, **Wilma Iggers**, AM'43, PhD'52; three sons; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Janet Caruk, PhD'46, MBA'49, of Palatine, IL, died October 11. She was 92. Caruk worked at Duff & Phelps, Booz Allen Hamilton, and BMO Harris Bank. With her husband, she traveled widely, including in France, England, and throughout the United States. Caruk is survived by two daughters, including **Rosemary Caruk**, AB'83; and one grandson.

Homer B. Goldberg, AB'47, AM'48, PhD'61, died August 29 in Minneapolis. He was 93. A World War II Army veteran and a Fulbright Scholar, Goldberg held faculty positions at Haverford College and UChicago before joining the State University of New York, Stony Brook, where he taught for 35 years, retiring as a distinguished teaching professor emeritus of English. A scholar of Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Goldberg wrote *The Art of "Joseph Andrews"* (1969) and edited the Norton Critical Edition of the novel (1987). He is survived by his wife, Bette; a daughter; a son; a sister; and four grandsons.

Roger H. Farrell, PhD'47, SM'51, died September 28 in Ithaca, NY. He was 88. A professor emeritus of mathematics at Cornell University, where he had been since 1959, Farrell worked on the application of decision theory methods to statistical problems. He authored two textbooks, *Techniques of Multivariate Calculation* (1976) and *Multivariate Calculation: Use of the Continuous Groups* (1985). Farrell is survived by his wife, LeMoyne.

Dorothy Baker Windhorst, AB'48, SB'54, MD'54, died August 27 in Princeton, NJ. She was 89. Windhorst helped bring the breakthrough cystic acne drug Accutane to market as the director of clinical research in dermatology at Hoffman LaRoche. In 1982 she became the director of clinical operations at Pfizer. During her career,

which also included academic appointments at Washington University in St. Louis, the University of Minnesota, and Columbia University, she authored or coauthored more than 70 papers. She is survived by two daughters, a brother, a sister, and five grandchildren.

Richard Leftwich, AM'48, PhD'50, died November 10 in Bloomington, IN. He was 90. Leftwich was a professor of economics at Oklahoma State University from 1948 to 1985, serving as department chair for a decade. He directed the university's Market Economy Education Center. Leftwich is best known for his textbook *The Price System and Resource Allocation* (1960), which was translated into eight languages. He was also an instrument-rated pilot with more than 5,000 hours of flying time. His wife, Maxine D. Leftwich, AM'44, died in 2005. He is survived by his son, **Bradley Leftwich**, AM'79; a brother; and a grandson.

Henry Odell, MBA'48, died October 30 in Seattle. He was 92. Odell was a cofounder of the Regal Beloit Corporation in Beloit, WI, which manufactures electric motors. He served as treasurer and executive vice president of the company until 1968, and remained on its board until 1994. Retiring from Regal Beloit after almost 40 years, Odell taught management and entrepreneurship at the University of Virginia's McIntyre School of Commerce. He is survived by his wife, Evelyn; five children; a sister; eight grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

Elizabeth Bonner Head, AB'49, JD'52, died September 21 in New York. She was 86. The first woman attorney at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom and the first female partner at Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays & Handler, Head began her legal career at the National Labor Relations Board. She served as Columbia University's general counsel for seven years before her retirement in 1996. Her husband, C. J. Head, JD'52, died in 2017. She is survived by her daughter and her brother, **William Bonner**, AB'52, SM'60, PhD'65.

1950s

Barbara Scott Huszagh, LAB'45, AB'50, died September 7 in Naperville, IL. She was 87. After earning a master's degree in social work, she was employed at a nursing home and an adoption agency. For three decades she taught English as a second language at the College of DuPage. Huszagh founded the Wheaton Youth Center in Wheaton, IL, and volunteered with the Wheaton Drama Club, the YMCA, and a literacy program at the DuPage County Jail. Huszagh is survived by two daughters, two sons, four grandchildren, and two step-grandchildren.

John A. Sonquist, AB'51, PhD'69, died September 20 in Santa Barbara, CA. He was 86. Sonquist served as director of computer services at the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research before becoming a professor of sociology at the University of

California, Santa Barbara. His research and teaching focused on the application of computer science to the social sciences. A pianist since the age of 4, Sonquist enjoyed listening to and performing chamber music, and served on the board of the Piano Club of Santa Barbara. His wife, Hanne D. Sonquist, AB'54, AB'59, died in 2009. He is survived by two daughters, a son, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Morris Scharff, SM'51, PhD'53, died November 22 in La Jolla, CA. He was 88. A physicist, Scharff spent seven years at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California before moving to La Jolla to take a position at General Atomic, where he led a group working on Project Orion, an effort to build a nuclear propelled spacecraft. Scharff later founded S-Cubed (Systems, Science, and Software) and became a vice president at Science Applications International Corporation, leading a range of applied science initiatives. He is survived by a daughter; a son; and a grandson.

Bette Howland, AB'55, died December 13 in Tulsa, OK. She was 80. Her books include *W-3* (1974), about her attempted suicide and its aftermath; the largely autobiographical *Blue in Chicago* (1978), about a working-class Jewish family; and *Things to Come and Go: Three Stories* (1983). Howland received a MacArthur Fellowship in 1984, the foundation praising her work's "uncompromised, lyrical vision." Howland was a longtime friend of Saul Bellow's (EX'39) and exchanged letters with the novelist throughout her life. A new collection of Howland's stories, *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, is forthcoming in 2018 from a book imprint of the literary magazine *A Public Space*, which plans to reissue all of her works. She is survived by two sons; a sister; five grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

Lansing Raymond Felker Jr., AB'55, AB'60, AM'67, of Bethesda, MD, died December 6. He was 83. Felker served in the US Navy as a fighter pilot before embarking on a career as a policy analyst at the Bureau of the Budget and the Departments of Defense, Energy, and Commerce. He is survived by his wife, Barbara; six children; a sister, **Mary Elizabeth (Molly) Lunsford**, AB'52, AM'57; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Meryl Steigman, AM'55, of Bethesda, MD, died November 19. She was 85. A one-time legislative aide on Capitol Hill, Steigman traveled with her husband, a foreign service officer, to four postings in Africa and one in Paris. For 25 years she was the executive director of the Bulgarian-American Society. She is survived by her husband, Andrew; daughter **Daria Steigman**, AB'83; son **Jonathan Steigman**, AB'86; a sister; and a grandson.

Paul R. Sellin, AM'55, PhD'63, of Los Gatos, CA, died September 24. He was 86. A distinguished professor emeritus of English at the University of California, Los Angeles, and the Vrije Universiteit in

Amsterdam, he published extensively on English and Dutch literature, Anglo-Dutch relations, and Anglican and Reformed Theology. His most recent book, *Treasure, Treason, and the Tower: El Dorado and the Murder of Sir Walter Raleigh*, was published in 2011. Sellin is survived by his wife, Ake Sellin-Weststrate; two daughters; and one son.

Martin Detmer, MBA'56, died October 11 in Glen Ellyn, IL. He was 89. Detmer joined Inland Steel in 1950 and rose to become president of the company's container division. After retiring from Inland in 1988, he joined the commercial real estate firm Phillips Martin. Detmer also served on the boards of Marianjoy Rehabilitation Hospital in Wheaton, IL, and St. Xavier University in Chicago. He is survived by his wife, Jan-Ann; a daughter; three sons; 15 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Walter Rosenkrantz, AB'57, SB'57, died September 19. He was 79. A professor emeritus of mathematics and statistics at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Rosenkrantz did research in mathematical modeling, simulation, statistical analysis of traffic on communication networks, and financial mathematics. Author of the 1997 textbook *Introduction to Probability and Statistics for Scientists and Engineers*, he retired from UMass in 2005, moving to Washington, DC, where he continued to teach, mentor students, and publish. He is survived by his wife, Linda; a daughter; a son; brother **Gerald Rosenkrantz**, AB'52; and two grandsons.

William Hoyt, PhD'58, died September 14 in Madison, WI. He was 89. A mathematician whose interests included algebraic geometry, elliptic surfaces, and modular forms, Hoyt taught for six years at Brandeis University and spent the rest of his career at Rutgers University. He enjoyed math puzzles and games, sang in several choirs, and was an amateur artist. Hoyt is survived by a daughter; two sons; a sister; and five grandchildren.

Michael Teller, AB'59, AM'63, PhD'85, died November 3 in Chicago. He was 78. Teller taught history for 30 years at Hyde Park's Kenwood Academy, where he established a program to prepare students for legislative careers. Teller also led an annual trip to Springfield, IL, for Kenwood students participating in mock legislature and supreme court sessions. In retirement he volunteered at the Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum, Illinois Masonic Hospital, and the North Pond Nature Sanctuary. He is survived by his son and a brother.

Neale A. Secor, JD'59, died November 14 in Philadelphia. He was 83. Secor gave up a legal career to become an Episcopal priest, and until 1980 was rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Harlem, where he advocated for civil rights, gay rights, and the ordination of women priests. Later, he counseled visiting sailors at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, and expanded the church's programs and services. He is sur-

vived by his husband, Ricardo Liriano; two sons; and four grandchildren.

1960s

James W. Knecht, SB'60, MD'63, died June 14 in Ocean, NJ. He was 78. In his career as a general and vascular surgeon, Knecht taught residents for almost 35 years and served as chair of the department of surgery at Jersey Shore University Medical Center. He also played violin with the Monmouth Symphony Orchestra for 46 seasons. Knecht is survived by his wife, **Judith Knecht**, SB'61, PhD'66; two daughters, including **Mary Shepard**, AB'89; and seven grandchildren.

Brenda Frazier-Clemons, MAT'62, died October 16 in Philadelphia. She was 78. A former Fulbright Scholar, Frazier-Clemons was an assistant professor of Spanish at Howard University, Rutgers University, and the University of Dayton. In 1988, after receiving her JD, Frazier-Clemons became the chief legislative aid to a Philadelphia city councilwoman. She served from 2003 to 2014 as a judge on the common pleas court. She is survived by her son, a sister, and a brother.

Philip Pitruzzello, PhD'62, died December 5 in Seattle. He was 94. A veteran of World War II, he taught in Fairfield, CT, public schools and rose to become principal of Ridgefield (CT) High School. After earning his PhD, he became superintendent of schools in Ridgefield and then in Herricks School District on Long Island. Pitruzzello was a professor of educational administration at New York University from 1968 until his retirement in 1988. He is survived by his wife, Ann LaBella; a daughter; son **Philip R. Pitruzzello**, AB'75 (Class of 1976); two granddaughters; a grandson; a great-granddaughter; and a great-grandson.

Mary Norton, AM'64, died September 13 in Saint Paul, MN. She was 77. An admirer of Jane Addams since childhood, Norton was a social worker for 30 years at agencies including a senior center; a county planning office; the Veterans Affairs hospital in Madison, WI; and the Geriatrics Clinic at the University of Wisconsin Hospital. She coauthored *Coping with Alzheimer's Disease and Other Dementing Illnesses* (1993). Norton is survived by a daughter; two sons; two sisters; and six grandchildren.

Vanaja Dhruvarajan, AM'64, PhD'81, died December 14. She was 80. A scholar of gender and race, Dhruvarajan authored or edited many publications, including *Hindu Women and the Power of Ideology* (1989); *Women and Well-being* (1990); and *Gender, Race, and Nation: A Global Perspective* (2002). She held professorships at the University of Winnipeg, Simon Fraser University, and Carleton University and founded a charity to help girls in her native India receive an education. Dhruvarajan is survived by two sons, several siblings, and four grandchildren.

Arnold Gittell, MBA'65, of New York City, died October 3. He was 74. A graduate of Ba-

ruch College and the Hunter College School of Social Work, Gittell had a varied career that included stints as a market researcher, farmer, teacher, social worker, actor, and housing rights advocate. He is survived by his partner, Marsha Johnson; three children; a brother; and a granddaughter.

James "Sheldon" Danielson, AB'66, died June 3 in Tucson, AZ. He was 81. Danielson entered the College in 1952, taking a break in his studies to work at the Enrico Fermi Institute and the Chicago classical music station WFMT. In the late 1960s, he joined the University of Washington, where he maintained and computerized mass spectrometers. In 1995 he and a chemist colleague formed PhotoSense LLC, which developed new methods for measuring oxygen in a variety of substances. Danielson was also an amateur musician and astronomer.

Roger K. Chisholm, PhD'67, died September 21 in Little Rock, AR. He was 79. Chisholm was a professor of economics at the University of Kansas, Northwestern University, the University of Memphis, and the University of Arkansas at Little Rock, where he also served as a department chair and dean of the College of Business Administration. He was an expert witness in cases on behalf of several Native American tribal organizations before the Indian Claims Commission. In retirement Chisholm became a lay pastor in the Presbyterian Church (USA). He is survived by his wife, Jean; three daughters; a sister; and seven grandchildren.

Jean Harvey Lightfoot, MAT'69, died November 15 in Chicago. She was 81. At Fisk University, she joined the Jubilee Singers, an ensemble founded in 1871 and famed for preserving and performing spirituals. On a 1956 tour, Lightfoot performed 66 concerts in 56 days, bringing her lauded soprano voice to countries across Europe. She continued singing in Chicago's John W. Work Chorale, which she cofounded, alongside her work as a teacher and administrator at Hyde Park High School, Kennedy-King College, the University of Illinois at Chicago, and Columbia College, where she was dean of students. She is survived by a daughter and two granddaughters.

1970s

Mary Jule Greeley Durkin, AM'72, DMin'74, died November 29 in Niles, IL. She was 83. The first Catholic woman in the Divinity School's doctoral program, Durkin went on to teach religious studies at DePaul University, the University of Dayton, and Loyola University Chicago's Institute of Pastoral Studies. Her books include *Making Your Family Work* (1988), *The Suburban Woman: Her Changing Role in the Catholic Church* (1975), and, with her late brother, Rev. Andrew Greeley, AM'61, PhD'62, *How to Save the Catholic Church* (1984) and *Angry Catholic Women* (1984). Durkin was active in many Catho-

lic organizations, such as the Chicago Area Lay Movement and the Cana Conference of Chicago. She is survived by four daughters, including **Elizabeth Durkin**, AM'94, PhD'00; two sons, including **John Durkin**, AM'85, PhD'91; and 18 grandchildren.

Anne Marie L. Gonczy, MBA'73, died October 1 in Mount Prospect, IL. She was 72. Gonczy joined the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago in 1967, and over a 38-year career became a senior economist and assistant vice president, briefing the bank's president on key economic indicators such as employment rates, retail sales, and gross domestic product. Gonczy is survived by her husband, Stephen; a daughter; and two brothers.

Richard Pelczar, PhD'73, died September 29 in Urbana, IL. He was 75. Pelczar served in the Peace Corps in Ecuador and joined the Inter-American Development Bank in 1974, working in Chile on education and other social sector development projects. Pelczar's subsequent work with the US Agency for International Development and the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization took him across South and Central America and to Indonesia and France. He is survived by his wife, Lois; two daughters; two sons; a sister; a brother; and one grandson.

Mary Nissenson, JD'77, died of septic shock on October 23 in Greenbrae, CA. She was 65. Nissenson practiced law at Hopkins & Sutter in Chicago before embarking on a career as a broadcast journalist at WBBM in Chicago, WTVJ in Miami, WABC in New York, and NBC News. Her reporting on a labor crisis in Poland in the 1980s earned her a George Foster Peabody Award. Nissenson left broadcast journalism in 1988 to found Foresight Communications, a Chicago-based production company. After facelift surgery left her with severe chronic pain, she founded an advocacy group for fellow chronic pain sufferers. Nissenson is survived by her sister and mother.

1980s

Ravindra Rajmane, AB'88, died December 12 in New York. He was 51. Rajmane was the chief of pulmonology, critical care, and sleep medicine at New York University Langone Hospital—Brooklyn, where he had worked since 2015. He was a past president of the New York State Thoracic Society and an active member of the American Thoracic Society. He is survived by a sister and a brother, **Kiran Rajmane**, AB'98.

1990s

Brian Charles Thompson, AB'95, of Rockville, MD, died November 12. He was 45. Thompson studied philosophy at UChicago and went on to become a master furniture maker and carpenter. A stay-at-home parent, he volunteered at his children's schools and coached their soccer and Odyssey of the Mind teams. He is survived by his wife, Teri Firmiss; a daughter; and a son.

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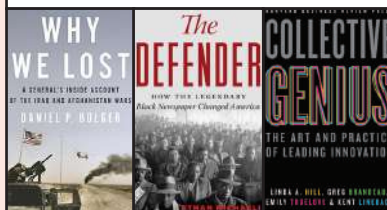
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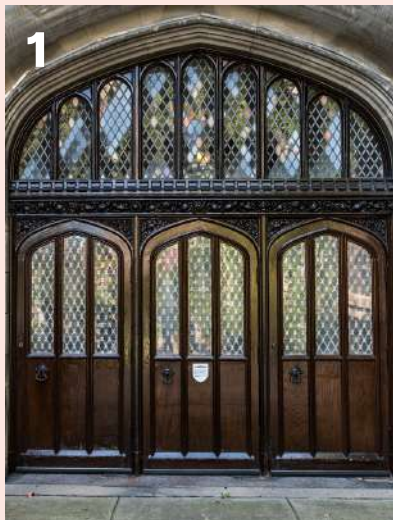
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A man with glasses and a mustache, wearing a red and white checkered shirt under a light blue denim vest, is hugging a woman with long, wavy brown hair. The woman is wearing a yellow and white striped shirt. They are both smiling and appear to be at a social event, possibly a reunion, with other people visible in the background.

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