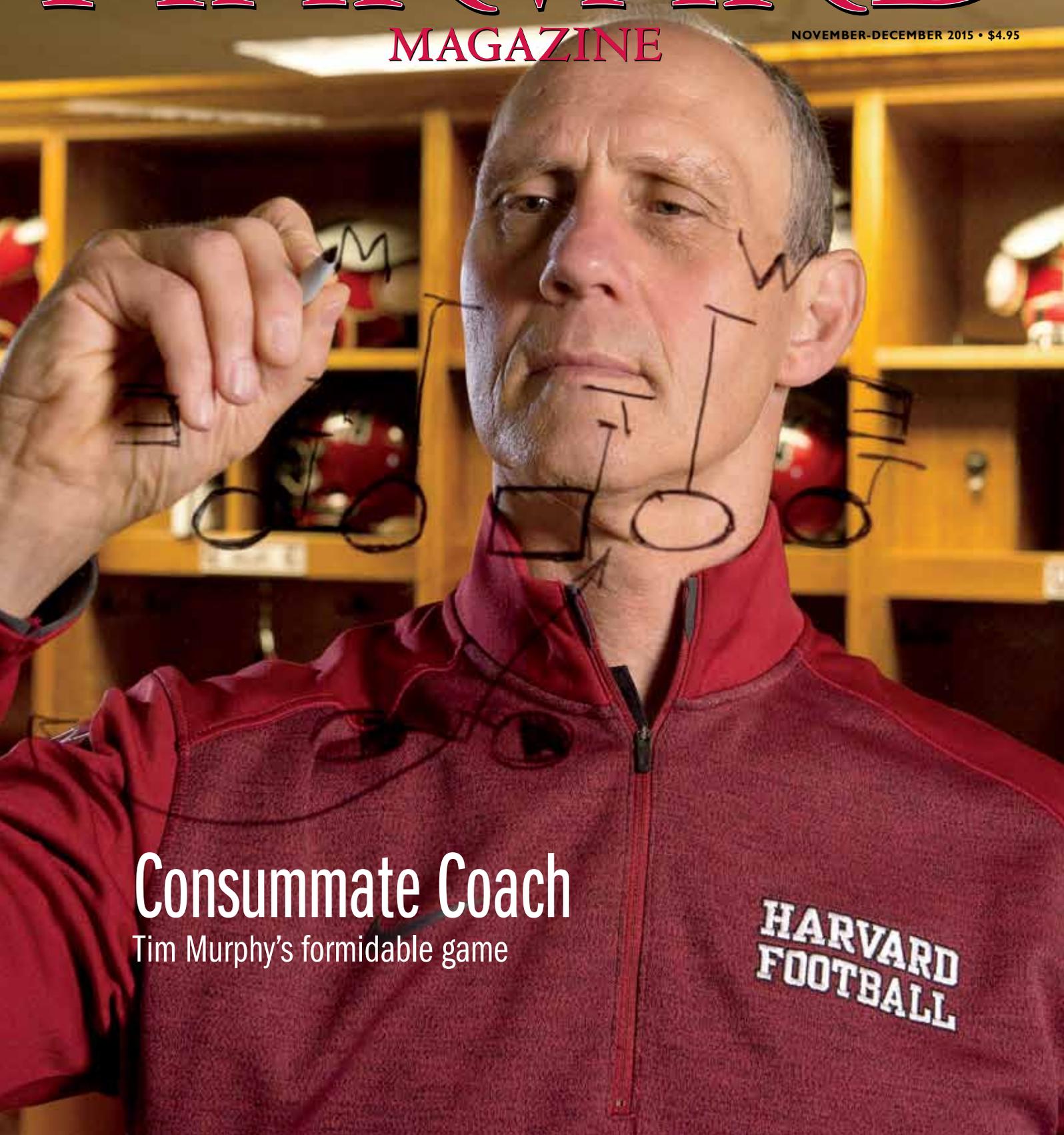


Daniel Aaron • Max Beckmann's Modernity • Sexual Assault

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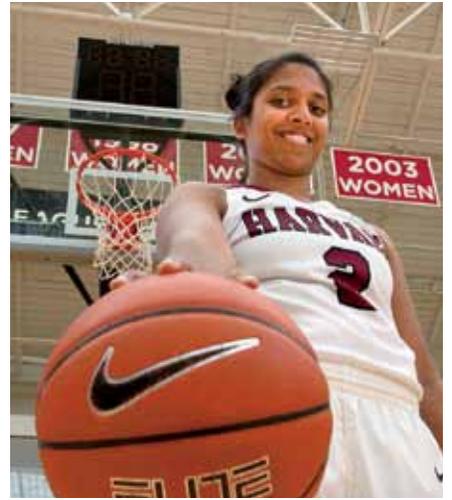
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On the cover: Harvard football coach Tim Murphy. Photograph by Jim Harrison

TOP TO BOTTOM: JIM HARRISON; MAX BECKMANN, SELF-PORTRAIT IN TUXEDO, 1927, OIL ON CANVAS, HARVARD ART MUSEUMS/BUSCH-REISINGER MUSEUM, ASSOCIATION FUND, BR41.37. © ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK; IYG BILD-KUNST, BONN. PHOTO: © PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE; HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Cambridge 02138

“Cowboy doctors,” Gen Ed, Corita Kent

BASE OF THE PYRAMID

THANK YOU for the important article about impact investing (“Business for the Other Billions,” September-October, page 31), which offers perhaps the best hope for alleviating poverty, and should appeal to anyone at any point along the political and ideological spectrum. A friend involved and influential in impact investing gave me further examples

of such entrepreneurial ventures: in one, purified water can be obtained at low cost by running an electric current through salt water (electrochlorination), and then distributed to rural villagers for a few pennies per gallon, generating a profit and solving a pervasive problem. Other enterprises provide low-cost solar-powered light and power products for people without access to reli-

7 WARE STREET

A Borrower Be

IN LATE 2008, at the depths of the financial crisis, the University borrowed \$2.5 billion, expensively (at tax-exempt and taxable interest rates of 5.4 percent and 5.8 percent) to shore up its liquidity and provide flexibility within the endowment, and for other defensive purposes. Interest expense, about 4.2 percent of the budget in fiscal year 2008, shot painfully up to 7.1 percent of constrained spending two years later. Harvard retained its top-tier AAA/Aaa credit rating—important for some endowment-management strategies, and useful for restraining future borrowing costs. Administrators made it clear that they were henceforth debt-averse, and that deans bent on building something should secure donations to do so.

Fast-forward to 2015. The Harvard Campaign has already secured more than \$6 billion (see page 20), and will be the largest of its kind in higher-education history. The endowment has exceeded its pre-crisis peak (at least nominally; see page 22). So it may seem counterintuitive to borrow again, but the logic suggests that the University can, and will, for academic purposes—sooner rather than later.

Plans have been unveiled for the huge science and engineering center in Allston, where much of the engineering and applied sciences faculty is to be housed before the

end of the decade (see page 27). Fundraisers are soliciting for gift support, but absent some *deus ex machina* (and the campaign has already produced several), debt will be needed to get the job done. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences is redoubling appeals to pay for House renewal; but according to its financial statements, it continues to decapitalize endowment appreciation, to the tune of some hundreds of millions of dollars, to fund that and other priorities—perhaps a significant reason its endowment is still a half-billion dollars below the 2008 level. Its House renewal plan explicitly envisions use of endowment funds, gifts, reserves, cash from operations, and “incremental” long-term debt to finish the job. And there are other high priorities for gifts.

Borrowing funds might complicate the fundraisers’ story somewhat. But many of Harvard’s most significant donors are financially sophisticated investors who use debt to achieve returns; they will understand. Rates for Harvard to borrow long term are in the range of 4 percent—below endowment returns. It would be unfortunate to pay top dollar in 2008 and then miss the low point for loan costs today. And the rating agencies have indicated they are in a tolerant mood, given the University’s strengthened balance sheet and financial disciplines. The fundraising success enables borrowing, rather than precluding it.

—JOHN S. ROSENBERG, *Editor*

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Vigorous Immortality

One of the best descriptions of the promise of endowments is just two words long: vigorous immortality. This succinct phrase, from John Campbell, Morton L. and Carole S. Olshan Professor of Economics in Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, communicates especially well the significant—and frequently misunderstood—tension at the heart of an important source of funding and stability for hundreds of colleges and universities. Individuals make contributions to endowments with the understanding that their philanthropy will have an effect on both the present and the future, supporting activities and driving progress forever.

What does this mean for Harvard? The endowment is our largest financial asset and our largest source of revenue. It is invested to generate income that each year funds approximately 35 percent of the university's operating budget. At the same time, the corpus of the endowment must be preserved to continue to generate income permanently, taking into account the reality that a scholarship or a professorship is, given inflation, inevitably going to cost more over time. We currently aim to spend approximately 5 percent of the endowment's total value each year, estimating a 3 percent inflation rate and an 8 percent average investment return. If we spent less, we judge we would not be using our resources vigorously enough in the present; if we spent more, we would be eroding the principal and undermining its immortality. A recent study undertaken by Amherst College explored what it would mean for that institution to spend its endowment—which funds half of its operating budget—at an 8 percent annual rate, a number increasingly suggested by some critics of higher education's endowment policies. The Amherst endowment would be 60 percent smaller after twenty-five years, and the college would have to turn to other means, like tuition, to fund its basic operations. Similar policies would have a parallel impact at Harvard.

The majority of our donors give to the endowment with specific objectives in mind, and we are required by law to honor these purposes: resources donated for a professorship of government cannot be used to fund a professorship of medicine or a library collection. About 70 percent of Harvard's endowment is restricted, its designated purposes reflecting a range of endeavors that extends far beyond the College and the graduate and professional schools in which we offer instruction and degrees. Harvard's endowment also funds an institute for advanced study, a major theater that regularly sends productions to Broadway, and museums of art, culture, and science that house some of the finest collections held by any University. It funds a 265-acre arboretum that serves as a public park for the City of Boston and attracts more than a quarter million visitors each year, a research library and collection in Washington, DC, devoted to Byzantine and pre-Columbian studies that welcomes the public to its gardens and museum, and an Italian Renaissance



research center in Florence, Italy, that hosts scholars from around the world. These are just a few illustrations of the scale and scope of the endowment's responsibilities.

With more than twelve thousand funds, Harvard's endowment tells the stories of people's relationships with the University through time, a kind of collected works of philanthropy. What mattered most to those people? What did they consider essential and want to see preserved? Where did they believe their generosity could do the most good? Nearly 375 years have passed since Ann Radcliffe donated one hundred pounds to aid "some poore Scholar" at Harvard College. It was the first scholarship, an unprecedented gift that laid the groundwork for centuries of giving to support students. The endowment has enabled Harvard to award \$1.4 billion in financial aid to undergraduates over the past decade, and net tuition paid by families has declined in recent years as a result.

At Harvard, the endowment connects us to predecessors who believed in the ideals and purposes of the University, who sought to extend its good work for all time. The endowment's thoughtful stewardship and preservation will enable our successors to meet and shape the age that is waiting before. This is our sacred trust—an aim pursued, as ever before, with the promise of vigorous immortality.

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EVAN HOORNEMAN, J.D. '63
South Harwich, Mass.

I READ the article with rising incredulity. After all, capitalism created and maintains the pyramid, without which it could not continue to function. A world in which the “bottom of the pyramid” was flourishing would not be capitalistic. Capitalism stole a large percentage of the adult workforce of Africa, and transported it to the American continents. Both the slave trade and slave labor created huge returns on investments, and according to many individuals then and now, was enormously beneficial to the Africans, at least the ones who survived.

Meanwhile, capitalism stole African land and resources, shattered traditional cultural patterns, and created a cash economy that forced the dispossessed and traumatized Africans to work the plantations and mines. Again, capitalism created hefty returns on investment, and proclaimed great benefit to the Africans, who were thereby introduced to “industrial discipline.”

I suppose it makes sense to send young students of capitalism to the ravaged source of so much of the world’s wealth. Yet I must ask the professors of capitalism, in the words of Joseph Welch, “Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sense of decency?”

LORRAINE BABER '68
Oakland, Calif.

“COWBOY DOCTORS”

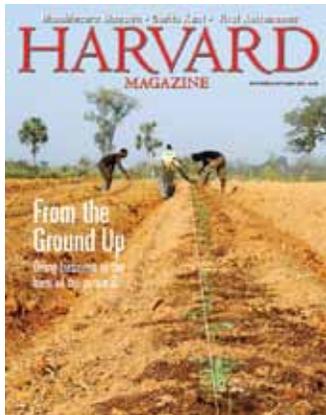
IT WAS TRANSPARENT to me why “Cowboy Doctors’ and Health Costs” (September-October, page 7) came to the conclusion that physicians are to blame for driving up healthcare costs. The author only referenced and gave the perspectives of analysts and business administrators: the people who are responsible for balance sheets—not clinical outcomes; the people who don’t get their hands dirty. The article suggests that it is a “lack of financial penalty” that causes doc-

tors to “recommend unnecessary procedures.” I would have to disagree, however, as doctors have to consider malpractice and work within parameters that produce inefficiencies that are designed to protect the finances of third parties. Are healthcare analysts, hospital administrators, and health-insurance executives held accountable for each individual patient?

I question that someone who is going to be held accountable for an individual patient outcome would “draw an analogy to auto mechanics,” as was proposed in this article. Let the analysts and administrators

have the bedside conversation with a patient about getting a new life and donating the one they have for scrap parts. It’s easy to tell the “cowboy” how to ride when you’ve never been on a horse.

DINA D. STRACHAN '88,
M.D.
Aglow Dermatology
New York City



I FOUND the article’s unsubstantiated generalizations insulting, inaccurate, and not in the best interest of patient care or our society. It is very trendy to blame doctors for the escalating costs of patient care and to claim they just do as they wish without regard to patient wishes (as in the second-to-last paragraph). I’d suggest you actually talk to some front-line physicians who are practicing every day, making decisions with patients every day, and using their years of knowledge to help guide care that is in the best interest of the patient. I find it funny that your author and [Dartmouth health-policy professor Elliott] Fisher lament the “imbalance in the physician-patient relationship.” What exactly are you referencing? Is it the four years of medical school and three to nine years of postgraduate medical education that physicians pursue in order to become experts at caring for patients? Is it the responsibility that we have sworn to do no harm and do good?

I know the point you’re trying to make is that healthcare is a team sport. Roger, got it. But what you are actually trying to do is turn healthcare into a consumer sport: “The customer is always right.” Sorry, guys, that ain’t the truth. The next line, “pay more attention to the patient’s preferences, instead of relying on their

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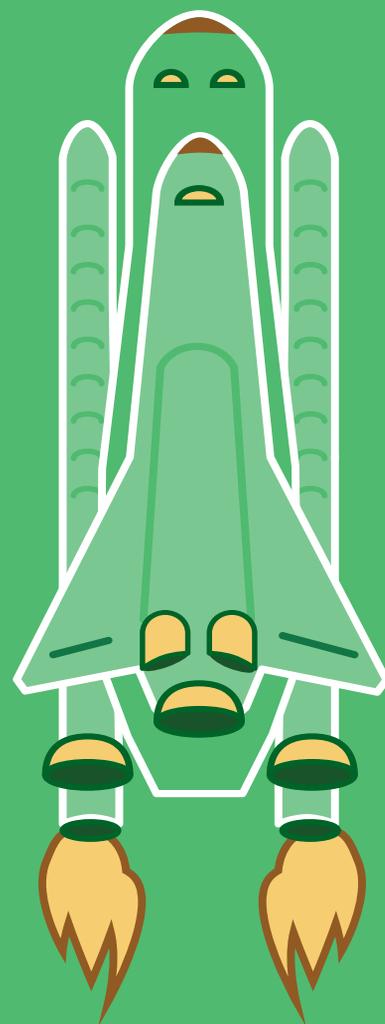
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LETTERS

own experience” is comical. Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services (CMS) has just determined that 1 percent of my pay (soon to be more) will be based on “patient satisfaction.” Every day I have patients who demand an MRI, who want expensive tests they don’t need. Every week, I care for patients at the end of their lives who have no chance of survival and whose families *insist* that I keep resuscitating. What is my mechanism to say no? There is none. So, should I just order them to improve my patient satisfaction scores and reduce my liability risk?

I’d look deeply at the true costs of healthcare. I’m paid the exact amount now that I was paid in 2008. It is about the same (adjusting for inflation) as my dad made in the 1980s. I can tell you that billions are spent on administrative costs, inappropriate transfers of patients, outdated EMS protocols, CMS compliance, billing, ridiculous coding, etc. All of which provide little actual benefit to the patient.

You should strongly consider editing the article to read “physicians surveyed” rather

than “doctors” or “physicians.” That, and maybe get a doctor involved.

DAVID W. CALLAWAY, M.P.A. ’09, M.D.
Harvard Medical School instructor in medicine,
2008-2010
Charlotte, N.C.

Researchers David Cutler, Jon Skinner, and Ariel Stern respond: Physician behavior and the appropriateness of medical practices clearly strike a chord with practitioners and patients, as evidenced by the letters published above and several sent independently to us. It may be helpful to lay out what we know. First, in the United States there is enormous variation in medi-

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cal practice across areas. This variation is not associated with sicker patients or better health outcomes. Second, when a large group of physicians are presented with a set of vignettes describing hypothetical patients, roughly 25 percent suggest treatments not recommended by professional society guidelines. In our paper, written with David Wennberg, M.D., we labeled these physicians “cowboys” *not* in the sense of being aberrant, but in the sense of being individualistic—much like John Wayne’s cowboy characters who make their own rules. Third, regions with a higher fraction of cowboys experience greater per capita spending, especially at the end of life.

None of these facts implies that physicians are greedy or not subject to considerable (and growing) pressures from patients and management in today’s challenging healthcare environment. Many of the letter writers colorfully point out these other pressures. Nor do these facts speak in the least to stagnant physician salaries, another issue that clearly (and rightly) bothers some readers.

What our results do show is that physi-

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cian beliefs about treatments for chronically ill patients still strongly determine how aggressively such patients are treated. Some might argue that we should just let the cowboys be cowboys, without any financial incentives or patient-focused information. We disagree. To paraphrase a famous economist, the lives affected are our own, and the money is ours, too.

GENERAL EDUCATION

I READ WITH INTEREST about the ongoing review of the College's General Education program ("Tough Grading for Gen Ed," September-October, page 32), Melanie Wang's reflections on her own and her peers' experience of Gen Ed ("The Scientists' Daughter," September-October, page 36), and the review committee's Interim Report.

I was surprised, however, to see little discussion of what was most valuable and distinctive in my own experience of general education: learning to recognize connections among different disciplines, and how each discipline might be brought to bear on thoughtful, active engagement with the world at large.

My general education (within the Core framework then in place) yielded something not entirely captured by either the transdisciplinary values that are the stated goal of the current Gen Ed program or the interdisciplinary well-roundedness associated with distribution requirements.

What I learned over four years of fine courses on modern American poetry with Helen Vendler, on organic chemistry with Eric Jacobsen, on justice and medieval castles and civil infrastructure and the Vietnam War, was that the worlds of thought and of action—and of different forms of thought, and different kinds of action—can profitably be brought together in myriad ways. This is not so far from how Wang describes her experience: "I do earnestly believe that the values, skills, goals, and perspectives with which I approach the world have been shaped by my four years here."

I don't think that the integrating function these courses served for me was always consciously intended. But it could be, and I would argue should be, incorporated in the design of courses explic-

itly intended for general education. Such a requirement need not be onerous—it could take the form of one or two lectures in which a professor takes up subject matter usually associated with another discipline, or considers another discipline's perspective on the subject matter of her own.

An ambitious program of general education should not be merely a bulwark against excessive focus on a chosen concentration, nor merely a prod to push "excellent sheep" (in the words of Bill Deresiewicz) out of their pens. It should be a key that unlocks the methods of particular disciplines to be applied and adapted across the whole range of challenges that constitute, as the committee puts it, *ars vivendi in mundo*.

EVAN HEPLER-SMITH '06

*Ph.D. candidate in history of science, Princeton
Newark, N.J.*

TERRY MURPHY'S LETTER, "Undergraduate Education" (September-October, page 5), which laments—rightfully—the loss of the undergraduate General Education requirements of the 1950s, has one small error: John



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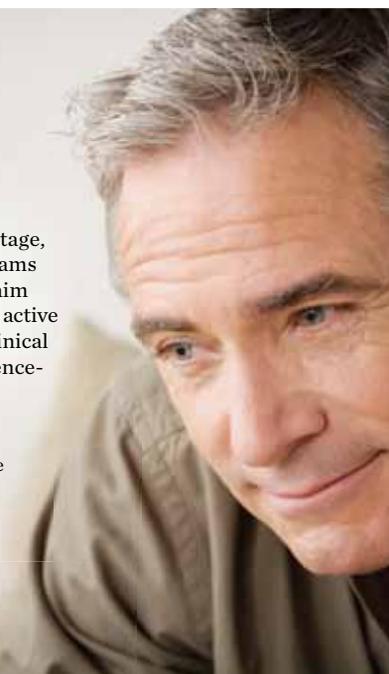
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LETTERS

Conway was the master of Leverett House, not Kirkland.

BLAIR F. BIGELOW '60
Pelham, Mass.

POP-ART NUN

I WAS INTERESTED and informed by "Nun with a Pop Art Habit" (September-October, page 48). I have loved Corita Kent's beautiful *Boston Gas Tank (Rainbow Tank)* and always eagerly look for it when I am on that stretch of highway (which doesn't have much else to recommend it).

But why didn't your story mention the Ho Chi Minh profile Kent hid in the blue stripe? Surely it is an interesting wrinkle that Kent was a nun who became a major pop artist...and apparently admirer of the communist leader!

JONATHAN PORITZ '85
Colorado Springs

Editor's note: The exhibition curator says the Ho Chi Minh story is an urban legend, with no basis in fact, and that the artist herself consistently declined to discuss it.

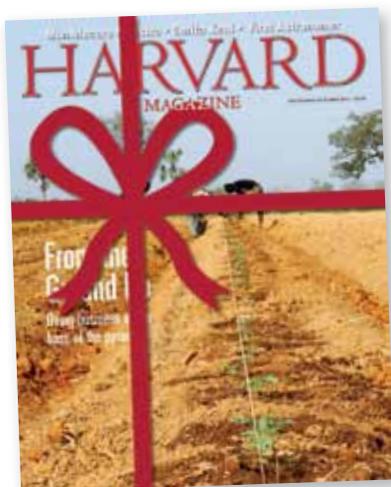
IN THE ARTICLE, *Rainbow Tank* is referred to as a "much beloved landmark." The description in one of the informative texts posted by the Harvard Art Museums curators (which are wonderfully educational) gives much the same sense of the piece.

That's the way I've long thought of it—and dismissed it—before seeing the tank in the context of Kent's other works in the exhibition. Now I don't see how one can overlook the religious irony of this work, given the pervasive spiritual irony Kent evidently conveyed in her other work. As the article and exhibition point out, Kent repeatedly jolted the viewer by juxtaposing words of consumerism with words freighted with religious or spiritual meaning. So in *Boston Gas Tank*, we have the rainbow, a symbol from the biblical story of Noah and the Flood, but also, as sung in the African-American spiritual, "no more water, be fire next time." This on a natural-gas tank bearing, at the time of Kent's commission, the logo of Boston Gas, complete with small flame. Did Kent seek to go beyond simply decorating a corporate icon, by imbuing the result with additional meaning? Or is this interpretation (please turn to page 91)



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HOUSES PROVIDE LIFELONG MEMORIES

HOUSE RENEWAL REVITALIZES CHERISHED LIVING-LEARNING COMMUNITIES

Adams. Cabot. Currier. Dunster. Eliot. Kirkland. Leverett. Lowell.
Mather. Pforzheimer. Quincy. Winthrop.

These are more than Harvard's residential Houses. These are the communities where learning comes alive, friendships are formed, and memories are created. Central to the Harvard College experience, Houses are where students eat, sleep, study, perform, compete, and relax together—and where they grow and learn from one another and their extended family of House masters, tutors, and advisors.

These places of possibility are now being revitalized through House Renewal, the ambitious effort to adapt the Houses—which first opened in the 1930s—to meet the needs of 21st-century students. House Renewal is about nurturing community through improved spaces that foster interaction among students, faculty, and tutors. It's about making creative use of previously underused areas while adding luster to the buildings' historic character. It's about magnifying the impact of the treasured House system for the students of today and tomorrow.

MORE THAN A HOUSE, A HOME

Looking back on his College days, Kewsong Lee '86, MBA '90, P'19, '16 remembers meaningful times with Lowell House friends—debating over dinner, ringing the Russian bells, attending the celebrated House teas, and “becoming who I am,” he says. “House life is such a formative aspect of your time at Harvard. As much learning goes on outside the classroom as inside, and much of that happens in the Houses.”

Lowell House is also where Lee met his future wife, Zita J. Ezpeleta '88, JD '91, P'19, '16, when she was a sophomore and he was a senior. Loyal Harvard volunteers, the Larchmont, New York, couple has established a challenge fund to support House Renewal and the undergraduate experience, with the goal of helping alumni extend the impact of their philanthropy.

Says Ezpeleta, “The Houses form the precious bedrock of undergraduate life. They foster an enduring sense of connectedness and are home to shared memories and experiences. In many cases, not just ours, the Houses nurture relationships that become lifelong friendships.” Lee, a partner with a global investment firm, agrees, “We are deeply committed to the Houses and want to encourage alumni to support House Renewal with us, to help Harvard keep pushing forward and improving the student experience.”

THE ENDURING IMPACT OF A HOUSE TUTOR

Daniel J. Ulliyot '58, P'91, '89 came to Harvard College from Minnesota in the 1950s and shared a Leverett House suite with three fellow ice hockey players from his home state. They grew close with senior tutor Richard Gill '48, PhD '56, P'83, '78, '76 and his family. “I am indebted to Mr. Gill for his encouragement and kindness during

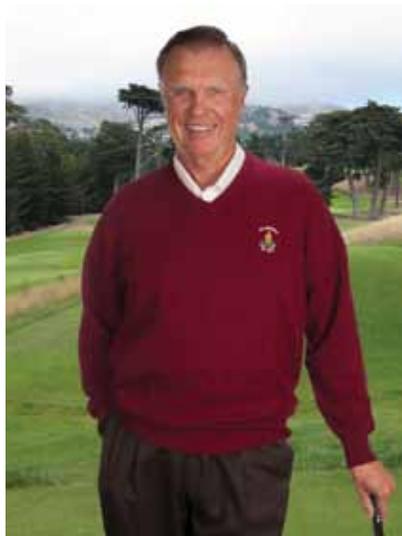


ZITA J. EZPELETA AND KEWSONG LEE

those years,” Ulyot says of Gill, a Harvard economist who became Leverett House master and then a professional opera singer. “I want others to have the same positive interaction with their tutors.”

To that end, Ulyot has named an advising community in Leverett House’s McKinlock Hall, which was recently renewed. An advising community is a cluster of rooms on the same hallway that’s designed to spark encounters between students and their resident tutors. “A gift to Harvard was already part of my estate plan,” Ulyot notes, “and the opportunity to also give something of contemporary significance was compelling.”

After Harvard, the now-retired Ulyot became a cardiac surgeon and professor of surgery at the University of California, San Francisco. His brother, two sons, and a niece also attended the College. “Harvard changed my life in positive ways too numerous to mention and has my enduring loyalty and support,” Ulyot says. “I firmly believe in the value of a lived experience in a liberal arts community.”



DANIEL J. ULLYOT

HOUSES INSPIRE HARVARD CITIZENS

As a freshman, William E. Markus ’60 had longed to live in the strikingly beautiful Dunster House, and the experience surpassed his expectations. During his three years in Dunster, he formed lifelong bonds with friends who dined together each night. He found a valued mentor in senior tutor Carroll “Stan” Miles MPA ’49, PhD ’56. And, shortly before graduation, Markus looked out his window and saw literary giants T. S. Eliot and Walter Lippmann, both Class of 1910, chatting in the courtyard at their 50th Reunion. “That remarkable incident spoke so much of Harvard and the House system,” Markus says.

Markus and his wife, Carole, have named a seminar room in Dunster, the first full House to undergo renewal. The gift, which helps to foster student-faculty exchange, is one reflection of their commitment to Harvard. Markus serves on various alumni and fundraising committees, chaired the Harvard Varsity Club committee that produced



CAROLE AND WILLIAM E. MARKUS

“House life is such a formative aspect of your time at Harvard. As much learning goes on outside the classroom as inside, and much of that happens in the Houses.”

—KEWSONG LEE ’86, MBA ’90, P’19, ’16

the *Third H Book of Harvard Athletics*, and is a regular at Crimson sporting events, including traveling with Carole from Pittsburgh to attend virtually every varsity football game. The couple celebrated his 55th Reunion this past May.

Markus, a former political science professor at Duquesne University, says Harvard helped shape him professionally and personally, “and the House system was a big part of that preparation for life. It’s wonderful to have the opportunity to support the future of the Houses.”

Right Now

The expanding Harvard universe

AESTHETICS, INDUSTRIALIZED

The Data on Drama

HISTORY CATALOGS failure far less frequently than success—and sometimes, says assistant professor of English Derek Miller, that is a mistake. Miller, who studies theatrical history, is engaged in an experimental project he calls *Visualizing Broadway* that uses data about Broadway shows—some of which rank among the world’s most economically successful cultural juggernauts—to suggest new and better approaches to the study of theater. For example, “We tend to teach successes, for good reasons,” he points out, “but most of the work that gets made is a failure”—both economically and, by extension, artistically, in the sense that it “doesn’t get seen and reproduced.”

Miller argues that the traditional focus

on success may make sense in other literary genres, but in the performing arts, “You can’t distinguish process from product.” This makes failures far more meaningful. “Every show on Broadway has had the same number of weeks of rehearsal, more or less, the same investment of people’s time and energy, more or less, no matter whether it runs for 15 years or...a day,” he says. “And if the primary work of creativity happens in the rehearsal and for those first few performances, *before* the people who make the work settle into a pattern of delivering a product to an audience over a long period, then the failures matter just as much as the successes—and we have really crowded failures out of our histories.”

At the heart of *Visualizing Broadway* is a

database that includes virtually every musical and play that has appeared there since 1900. Included are authors and directors, writers and producers, actors and actresses, set designers, press agents, orchestrators, and music directors. Miller has compiled data on run length, number of roles, long-term shifts in opening dates, networks of people involved in production, and changes in average ticket prices, among many other kinds of industry information.

What stories do the data tell? In English 144a, “*American Plays and Musicals, 1940-1960*,” which he taught in the spring terms of 2014 and 2015, Miller asked if his students had ever heard of Jo Mielziner. Most hadn’t. But a visualization of mid-century Broadway professional networks shows the set and light designer as more connected to other people working on Broadway than virtually anyone else. “Everyone knew him,” says Miller. Nominated for 12 Tony Awards and the winner of seven, “he designed, back to back” vastly different megahits: the play *Death of a Salesman* and the musical *South Pacific*. More than any actor or playwright, Miller asserts, people like Mielziner, “working on show after show, set the tone for what it meant to be a professional creator, and defined what good work should look like.”

Academic study of theater history often treats plays and musicals separately, even though “Jo Mielziner’s design for *South Pacific* isn’t an isolated form that came out of nowhere.” Given Mielziner’s backstage role in those two major productions—which “share a lot in common in terms of the way they flow in and out of different worlds, moving particularly fluidly between big set pieces and forestage crossover scenes”—and the fact that they

In vibrant Times Square, Broadway plays and musicals compete to become the next megahit.



CHRISTIAN BARTO SCHREIBER/ISTOCK

appeared on Broadway at the same time, writing about them together might make sense, but Miller says no one does. Broadening the range of such comparative studies is one aim of the Visualizing Broadway project.

Miller's data-centric approach to theater history has led to other kinds of insights, too. "We are not used to thinking about periods of growth or decline or relative stability," he says, yet the traditional focus of theater historians on specific decades, such as "Broadway in the '40s," might make less sense than a study keyed to periods of expansion or contraction in the industry that become visible through the data.

At shorter time-scales, Miller's work shows that the Tony Awards have led to a compression of the theater season. An increasing number of productions open in April, right before nominations for the award are announced. That means more and more rehearsals take place in February, he explains, intensifying an already fierce competition for theater space, actors, producers, set designers, musicians, and other scarce resources. His data also reveal that run lengths have increased dramatically over time, hand in hand with the well-documented rise of mega-musicals. Successful productions such as *Cats* and *Phantom of the Opera* absorb a lot of resources—but from an industry perspective, he points out, they

Award-winning set designer Jo Mielziner touches up a figurine for a set design executed on a glass pane in this January 1945 photograph.



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also represent stability.

Miller sees Visualizing Broadway leading primarily to better questions, rather than to answers alone. That perspective might foster new chronological periods to analyze; a reconsideration of who really were the creative forces in the industry; research on how the allocation of scarce resources interacts with aesthetic judgments; and studies of the ways in which shows that end in commercial failure nevertheless represent a large part of the Broadway experience gained by collaborating artists, actors, designers, producers, and orchestrators who put them on. By showing how the creative process takes place within the context of an industry, Miller hopes his data motivate a rethinking of some of the fundamental assumptions of traditional theater history.

—JONATHAN SHAW

DEREK MILLER WEBSITE:
<http://scholar.harvard.edu/dmiller>

HVAC ARCHITECTURE

Termites' Cathedral Mounds

LOOMING METERS TALL, dotting hot climates on four continents, termite mounds have long mystified scientists. In each colony's underground nest, the millimeter-sized insects store wood for food, cultivate the fungus that helps digestion, rear young, and tend to their queen. Yet the porous, cathedral-like mounds they build from soil and their own saliva and dung remain enigmatically empty.

In September, Harvard physicists pub-

lished research asserting that the "cathedral" mounds built by *Odontotermes obesus*, in southern India, function as aboveground "lungs." The mounds' architecture features a large central chimney, where the temperature remains relatively constant, surrounded by thin outer flutes where temperatures fluctuate. During the daytime, these outer conduits heat up much more quickly than the internal chamber, forcing air up the flutes and down the chimney. At

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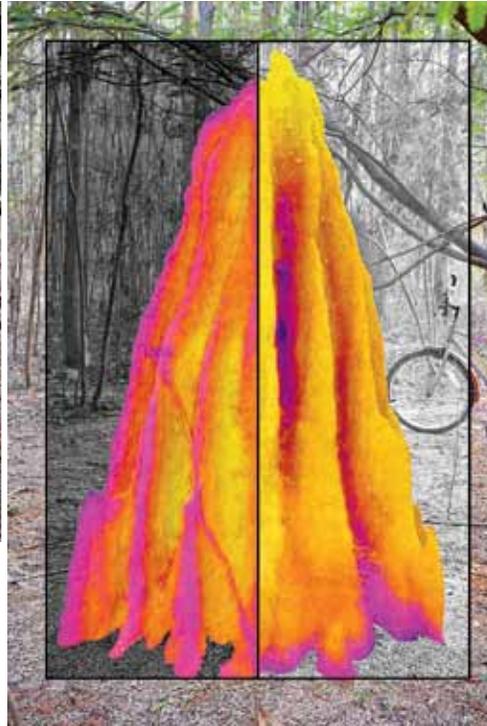
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night, the process reverses, with air going up the chimney and down the flutes.

This process also ventilates the underground gallery where the colony lives and works. The scientists initially expected near-constant gas exchange that halted only when the convection cell reversed its direction twice a day. What they found when they measured carbon dioxide concentration levels surprised them. Because the top of the mound is hotter than the nest, keeping internal airflows due to convection



Thermal maps (right) superimposed on this termite mound show contrasting temperature profiles for night (left half) and day (right half).



small, the gas actually builds up during the day. But when the upper mound cools at night, relatively warmer air from the subterranean nest rises and diffuses through the walls. Stagnant air thus flushes out of the nest, reports researcher Sam Ocko: “We sometimes call it ‘the sneeze event.’”

A now-debunked but long-accepted theory, proposed in 1960 by Swiss entomologist Martin Lüscher, had claimed that the mound served as an air conditioner for the nest below, with the termites’ metabolic activity driving heated, stale air out from the center. (The Eastgate Centre in Harare, Zimbabwe, built in 1996, modeled its cooling and ventilation system on this supposed insect-inspired innovation.) More recently, SUNY biology professor J. Scott Turner—after years of research during which he pumped mounds with tracer gas, scanned them with lasers, and filled them with plaster—suggested a different hypothesis: that the mound manipulates external wind and the transient energy in its turbulence via intricate internal tunnels that “sloshed” fresh air in. In collaboration with Turner, Harvard’s de Valpine professor of applied mathematics, Lakshminarayanan “Maha” Mahadevan, and postdoctoral fellows Ocko and Hunter King, decided to try another approach—directly measuring the airflows inside a mound. (For more about Mahadevan’s work, see “The Physics of the Familiar,” March-April 2008, page 48.)

Easier said than done. In the mound, air moves slowly—and because “measuring

slowly moving air is not something that people normally try to do,” King explains, commercial sensors couldn’t do the job. The complex geometry of the confined, opaque chambers posed an additional challenge. Then there were the mound’s residents: the colony’s soldiers rush to repel any intrusion, emitting a gluey, corrosive saliva onto the probe or attacking it with their mandibles. The team had to custom-design a sensor—something “very sensitive, calibrateable in these funny geometries, and very cheap, because you’re going to lose it every once in a while,” reports King—which they inserted into the mound after boring in with a hole saw.

They also adopted a strategy of what Ocko calls “hit-and-run measurements,” never lingering for more than five minutes and never poking into the same location twice, to avoid interrupting termite repairs. They also carried around a bucket of mound material and water for sealing the holes back up, “just as a courtesy,” says King. During their weeks in Bangalore, they bushwhacked through the forest to find more mounds to study, stomping to scare snakes out from underfoot. By the end, they’d taken around 80 measurements across 25 living and dead mounds. Investigating gas exchange was less hectic: King kept vigil for almost 24 hours by a mound, measuring carbon-dioxide levels every 15 minutes while snacking on the fruit of a nearby tamarind tree. (As termite lore goes, this is nothing: the poet who wrote the Ra-

mayana is said to have meditated for so long that the insects built a mound around his body, and he had to be dug out by a passing sage.)

The resulting view into termite ventilation is particularly striking: the system uses oscillations, harnessing change itself. “Getting useful work out of a varying parameter, like temperature, is a novel mechanism,” King says, because “that’s not how things are usually engineered for humans,” who typically extract en-

ergy (whether from winds, waves, or the sun’s heat) from unidirectional flow.

To test whether these mechanisms are generalizable across species, the researchers are working on a paper about different mound-building termites, in Namibia. Their mounds endure more dramatic temperature extremes, Ocko reports, as well as daylong, full-sun exposure, which heats the sides of the mound unevenly. Additionally, this species produces a different mound shape—conical, without buttresses—and the reasons for the divergence in architecture remain unknown. “One question that we don’t have a good handle on is, why do some of them look one way, and some of them look another way?” says Ocko. “From an evolutionary perspective, are some strategies better at some times, and other strategies better in other places? Or is this some byproduct of termite behavior?”

Insights from termite behavior may prove useful to human engineers, from architects trying to design more efficient buildings to computer scientists interested in swarm intelligence. In the larger biological picture of how local decisions give rise to complex behavior, understanding the mound—knowing what solution these tiny, silent insects sought for their environment—is a vital piece.

~SOPHIA NGUYEN

MAHADEVAN GROUP WEBSITE:
www.seas.harvard.edu/softmat

DIVIDED WE FALL

Putting Social Progress on Par with Prosperity

WHAT ARE the ingredients of a healthy, inclusive society—one that offers its citizens opportunity, happiness, and a positive quality of life? According to Lawrence University Professor Michael E. Porter, models of human development based on economic growth alone are incomplete; nations that thrive provide personal rights, nutrition and basic medical care, ecosystem sustainability, and access to advanced education, among other goods—and it is possible to measure progress toward providing these social benefits.

Porter's 2015 Social Progress Index (SPI)—released in April and developed in collaboration with Sarnoff professor Scott Stern of MIT's Sloan School and the nonprofit Social Progress Imperative—ranks 133 countries on multiple dimensions of social and environmental performance in three main categories: Basic Human Needs (food, water, shelter, safety); Foundations of Wellbeing (basic education, information, health, and a sustainable environment); and Opportunity (freedom of choice, freedom from discrimination, and access to higher education). Porter considers the index “the most comprehensive framework developed for measuring social progress, and the first to measure social progress independently of gross domestic product (GDP).”

The index, he explains, is in some sense “a measure of inclusiveness,” developed based on discussions with stakeholders around the world about what is missed when policymakers concentrate on GDP (which tallies the value of all the goods and services produced by a country each year) to the exclusion of social performance. The framework focuses on several distinct questions: Does a country provide for its people's most essential needs? Are

the building blocks in place for individuals and communities to enhance and sustain well-being? Is there opportunity for all individuals to reach their full potential?

The United States may rank sixth among countries in terms of GDP per capita, but its results on the Social Progress Index are lackluster. It is sixteenth over-

slow down. As a society, he points out, Americans slowly became more divided, and important priorities such as health-care, education, and politics suffered. “We had gridlock, whether it's unions or whether it's ideological differences, and—although we've made some big steps in certain areas of human rights like gay rights—if you think about the really core things like our education system and our health system, we're just not moving,” he says. “I think our political system isn't helping, because we're all about political gains and blocking the other guy, rather than compromising and getting things done.”

Meanwhile, he notes that even though other fast-growing nations such as India and China haven't been able to attain a level of social progress commensurate with their economic progress either, certain countries such as Rwanda have “knocked the cover off the ball” in terms of social progress. “They went through a genocide, were devastated, and, to bring the society together, there was a consensus, led by the president, that their first job was to re-energize and restock the society and the capacity of their citizens,” he says. For example, the country achieved a 61 percent reduction in child mortality in a single decade, and today, primary-school enrollment stands at 95 percent. Rwanda also ranks high for gender equity, as women constitute a majority of the parliament—partly he says, because a lot of men were killed, but also

because the country set out to be a place where women are not just equals, but leaders.

Porter hopes his continuing work on the index will help explain why the United States is “doing poorly” relative to other countries that are doing well. His team had “a pretty big mountain to climb” just to get the SPI recognized by national leaders and scholars, mainly because GDP has become the main way of measuring a nation's success. The goal now is to get the United States to use their tool at the state and city level to assess local performance, and then set priorities for improvement.

How Does the United States Rank?

Access to Basic Knowledge

Do people have the educational foundations to improve their lives?

- 1 Japan
- 10 Iceland
- 20 Cyprus
- 30 Lithuania
- 40 Saudi Arabia
- 45 United States**
- 50 Chile
- 60 Ecuador
- 70 Iran
- 80 Philippines

Health and Wellness

Do people live long and healthy lives?

- 1 Peru
- 10 Panama
- 20 Netherlands
- 30 Ethiopia
- 40 Cambodia
- 50 Germany
- 60 Ghana
- 68 United States**
- 70 Zambia
- 80 Jordan

all in social progress: well below Canada, the United Kingdom, Germany, and Japan in several key areas, including citizens' quality of life and provision of basic human needs. The nation ranks thirtieth in personal safety, forty-fifth in access to basic knowledge, sixty-eighth on health and wellness, and seventy-fourth in ecosystem sustainability. “We had a lot of firsts in social progress over the years in America,” Porter points out, “but we kind of lost our rhythm and our momentum.”

About 20 or 30 years ago, for reasons Porter says he cannot completely explain, the rate of progress in America began to

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The United States is more threatened now, globally and economically, than it has been in generations.

In terms of progress for the average citizen, Porter warns, the United States is more threatened now, globally and economically, than it has been in generations. This phenomenon, he argues, reflects a legacy of anti-progressive politics, as well as bad economic policy. As a result, "We can't fix our tax system, we can't improve our infrastructure, we can't deal with our public schools, and we can't rein in this excessively costly legal system that we have that doesn't necessarily achieve better results."

Yet the Social Progress Index, Porter hopes, could prove to be a useful tool that will propel America in the right direction. He is currently working with leaders on the national level in several countries, including Brazil, Colombia, and Paraguay, where the SPI is a core element of their national development plan. "Now the general awareness is that this is a critical tool and a necessity—people are starting to use it in thinking about how we [achieve social progress] in our country, in our society, in our region, in our city," he says. "We're encouraged—but we've got a long way to go." ~LAURA LEVIS

MICHAEL E. PORTER WEBSITE:

www.hbs.edu/faculty/Pages/profile.aspx?facId=6532

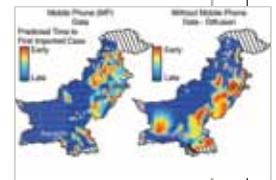
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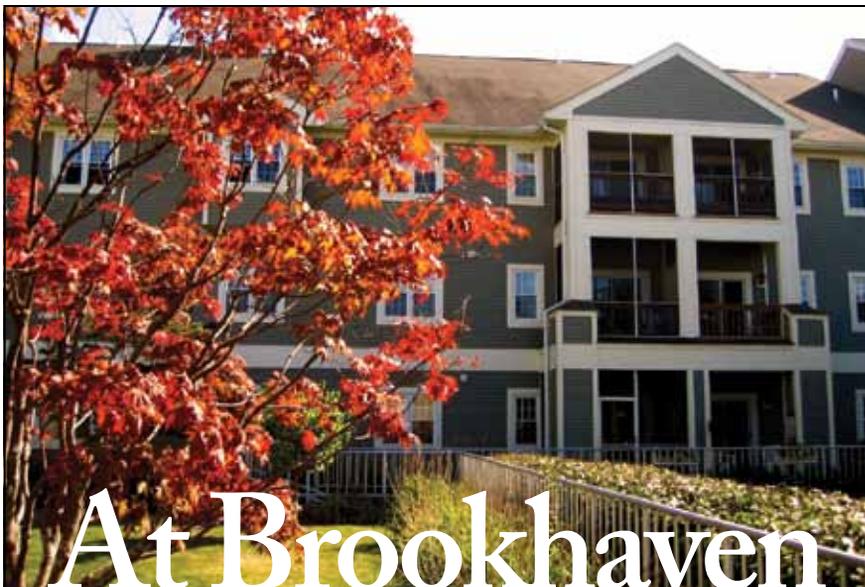
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(From left) *River Running Between Pastures*, c. 1850, by Christopher Pearse Cranch, Div 1835, at the Fruitlands Museum; vocalist Angélique Kidjo lectures at Harvard; and a glimpse of George Kuchar's holiday video diaries at the Harvard Film Archive

FROM LEFT: FRUITLANDS MUSEUM; COURTESY OF ANGÉLIQUE KIDJO; HARVARD FILM ARCHIVE



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STAFF PICK: The Art of Juxtapositions

Lorraine O'Grady first drew attention in 1980 as her own rebellious creation, *Mlle Bourgeoise Noire*. The whip-wielding beauty queen, gowned in white dinner gloves, showed up at events, guerilla-style, to protest racial and class divides, notably in the New York-centered art world. At 81, the conceptual artist and writer is still mining the timely themes of racial identity, cultural legacies, and what it means to be female—as seen in *Lorraine O'Grady: Where Margins Become Centers*, at the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts (CCVA), October 29-January 10. (O'Grady will discuss her life and career on November 17 at the Harvard Art Museums.)

The Carpenter show offers selections from five bodies of work (dating from 1980 to 2012) and highlights O'Grady's use of "images and ideas that are seemingly disparate, juxtaposing them to reveal and inform new perspectives," says CCVA director James Voorhies. On



ELIA ALBA

Lorraine O'Grady

display are diptychs from *The First and the Last Modernists* (2010) that pair Michael Jackson with Charles Baudelaire; a 2010/2011 video, *Landscape (Western Hemisphere)*—essentially close-up footage of O'Grady's hair moving in the wind; and a photographic montage, *The Fir-Palm* (1991/2012), in which a tree rooted into a curvaceous brown body under a wide sky streaked with clouds forms a sensuous landscape.

In a work from the *Miscegenated Family Album* series (1980/1994), left, the young woman is Kimberly, a daughter of O'Grady's late sister, Devonia Evangeline O'Grady; the statue is of Nefertiti. It is among 16 diptychs that stem from a 1980 O'Grady performance titled *Nefertiti/Devonia Evangeline*; the diptychs compare the heterogeneity and legendary conflicts within ancient Egypt's royal families to O'Grady's own mixed-race heritage (she was born in Boston to middle- and upper-class Jamaican immigrants and graduated from Wellesley) and fraught relationship with Devonia. O'Grady works with personal and public images, collage, and text; she is not a traditional photographer, Voorhies notes.

A diptych from O'Grady's *Miscegenated Family Album* series

"She uses art as a means of cultural criticism."

~N.P.B.

Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts
www.ccva.fas.harvard.edu
Through January 10



Paine Hall (November 17). Kidjo also conducts a master class at Paine Hall on November 18, through Harvard's Office for the Arts' Learning From Performers series.

MUSIC

Holden Voice Recital

www.holdenchoruses.fas.harvard.edu

Members of the Holden Choruses perform solos, art songs, and arias accom-

panied by piano. Holden Chapel. (November 15)

Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra

www.boxoffice.harvard.edu

The winner of the 2015 Yannatos Concerto Competition performs with the orchestra. Sanders Theatre. (November 19)

Jazz Masters Danilo Pérez, John Patitucci, and Brian Blade

www.boxoffice.harvard.edu

The trio performs *Children of the Light* with special guest Joey Alexander, a 12-year-old jazz pianist from Bali.

Sanders Theatre. (November 20)

Billy Collins and Aimee Mann

www.boxoffice.harvard.edu

The country's former poet laureate and the singer-songwriter team up for a night of guitar-strumming, verse, and conversation. Sanders Theatre. (November 21)

Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum

www.holdenchoruses.fas.harvard.edu

Handel's *Messiah*, with an introduction by Knafel professor of music Thomas F. Kelly. Sanders Theatre. (December 4)

NATURE AND SCIENCE

The Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics

www.cfa.harvard.edu/events/mon.html

"Rediscovering Pluto" with *Sky & Telescope* magazine's Kelly Beatty. (November 19)

DANCE

The Harvard Dance Program

www.ofa.fas.harvard.edu/dance

Gym Dances features new Merce Cunningham-based works created by Harvard stu-

The annual event features the **Harvard University Choir**. (December 13 and 14)

Harvard Film Archive

www.hcl.harvard.edu/hfa

The **Vintage Holiday Show** includes cartoons, TV shows, and live-action short films suitable for all ages. (December 13)

Dear Video Diary: Christmas with Anne Robertson and George Kuchar.

Autobiographical footage reflects "contrasting visions of sugar plums." (December 18)

Boston Baroque: New Year's Celebration

www.boxoffice.harvard.edu

The Four Seasons, among other works by Vivaldi. Sanders Theatre. (December 31)

LECTURES

The Harvard Department of Music

www.music.fas.harvard.edu

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Singer-songwriter and activist **Angélique**

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HARVARD SQUARED

dents, along with pieces by visiting artist Francesca Harper and dance program director Jill Johnson. (November 11-15)

POETRY

Woodberry Poetry Room

www.hcl.harvard.edu/poetryroom

Alicia Jo Rabin reads from her award-

Spotlight



Look closely through the monumental portal drawn on the wall just inside Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. What appears to be a fearsome ocean vessel chugging madly toward the horizon is actually an aircraft carrier-cum-St. Paul's Cathedral in London (and a few other fantastical bits). The illustration, *Seastead*, is by the Boston-based artist Ethan Murrow, best known for creating massive, photorealistic graphite drawings that often depict (with humor and a whiff of melancholy) man's earnest struggles with forces of nature. *Seastead* is based on digital projections of found photographs; it took Murrow and three assistants two weeks—and 400 Sharpie markers—to complete the piece, which is essentially composed of countless infinitesimal marks and cross-hatchings. *Seastead* begs to be narrated; playfully, it seems, Murrow has left that far less laborious task to viewers.

Institute of Contemporary Art

www.icaboston.org

Through November 27

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winning collection, *Divinity School*, and performs with her band, **Girls in Trouble**, whose music is inspired by stories of women in the Bible. At Harvard Hillel. (November 16)

Reel Time: On the Astonishment Tapes elucidates the life and work of poet **Robert Blaser**, who, among other things, sparked the influential Berkeley Poetry Renaissance in the 1940s with literary companions Robert Duncan and Jack Spicer. (December 6)

THEATER

American Repertory Theater

www.americanrepertorytheater.org

One Child Born: The Music of Laura Nyro, starring Kate Ferber, celebrates the soulful singer-songwriter and pianist. Oberon theater. (December 2-4)

EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

Harvard Museum of Natural History

www.hmn.harvard.edu

The new exhibit **Marine Life** features a floor-to-ceiling model of New England's coastal waters and a special focus on the "world of jellyfish." (Opens November 21)

Lecture (and book signing) by science journalist **Matt Kaplan**, author of *Science and the Magical: From the Holy Grail, to Love Potions, to Superpowers*. (December 5)

Cooper Gallery of African & African American Art

www.coopergalleryhc.org

The new gallery at Harvard's Hutchins Center offers **Black Chronicles II**, a stunning set of newly discovered portraits of black subjects, ranging from artists to missionaries

1960s teak pepper mills by Danish designer Jens Herold Quistgaard (Dansk Designs) at the Concord Museum



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to royalty (see harvardmag.com/cooper-15), from nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Britain. (Through December 5)

Harvard Art Museums

www.harvardartmuseums.org

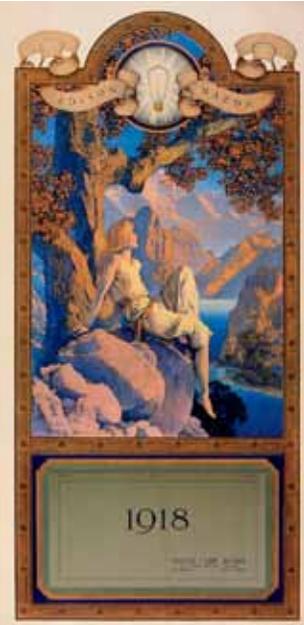
In conjunction with **Corita Kent and the Language of Pop** (see harvardmag.com/kent-15), NYU professor Thomas Crow looks at works by Kent and New Zealand's Colin McCahon, in **"Reinventing Religious Art in the 1960s."** (December 10)

Houghton Library

www.hcl.harvard.edu/info/exhibitions

The World of Walter Crane highlights the English illustrator, painter, interior designer, and decorator who was aligned with the Arts and Crafts Movement. (Through December 19)

DAVID PUTNAM



Fruitlands Museum

www.fruitlands.org

Hidden Hudson. Rarely seen Hudson River School landscapes by George Inness, Sanford Gifford, and Frederick Church, among others. (Through November 22)

Currier Museum of Art

www.currier.org

Maxfield Parrish: The Power of Print reveals the incalculable impact this classically trained artist had on the rise of mass media. (Through January 10)

RISD Museum

www.risdmuseum.org

Heads Up! Recent Gifts to the Collection. Some 35 portraits—prints, drawings, and photographs—of

Edison Mazda Lamp Works Calendar featuring Dawn, 1918, by Maxfield Parrish, at the Currier Museum of Art



The Harvard Museum of Natural History's new exhibit, **Marine Life**, includes the hardy Northern Puffer.

the noggin by artists such as Sally Mann, Jim Dine, Nicole Eisenman, and Weegee. (Through January 10)

Concord Museum

www.concordmuseum.org

Middlesex County Modern delves into the region's mid-century architectural revolution. (Through March 20)

Events listings are also accessible at www.harvardmagazine.com.

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Life On a Tabletop

An ancient art form thrives at the Puppet Showplace Theater

by NELL PORTER BROWN



BEND, A SOLO PERFORMANCE by theater artist and puppeteer Kimi Maeda, tells the story of her father, who crossed paths as a boy with the sculptor Isamu Noguchi at a Japanese-American internment camp during World War II. (Robert Maeda later became an Asian art history professor at Brandeis, focusing much of his research on Noguchi, who had volunteered to be interned.) On stage, Maeda creates images with wooden blocks and drawings in sand that are projected, along with 1940s archival footage, on a large screen behind her. She also uses artifacts, like a leather suitcase from which sand pours, as if in an hourglass, as she walks, and plays audio clips of wartime news reports and personal narratives spoken by her and her father, who now has dementia. Her artful animation of a painful slice of American history and its effects on both men is a meditation on loss, identity, and the fluidity of memories.

For Roxanna Myhrum '05, artistic direc-

Brad Shur (above) performing in his new show, *Cardboard Explosion!*; Kimi Maeda in *Bend* (right); and puppeteers receding in a scene from Anna Fitzgerald's *Reverse Cascade*

tor of the Puppet Showplace Theater, in Brookline, Massachusetts, where *Bend* plays in February, artists like Maeda are using the ancient art form “to explore profound humanistic questions.” Many people think of puppetry as “dolly-waggling,” she adds, “which is what we in the biz call bad puppetry: ‘Oh, I’ve got a puppet on my hand. I’m going to wave it around and put on a show.’” What excites Myhrum, also president of the Puppeteers of America, is how the theater encompasses everything from sock puppets, Muppets, and marionettes to passionate amateur acts during “Puppet

Slams” and more conceptual pieces like *Bend* “that push the boundaries of visual and object theater.”

RICHARD TERMINÉ



Clockwise from above: Roxanna Myhrum with the unflappable star of *Robin Hood*; Michelle Finston telling *Fairytale*; a scene from Bonnie Duncan's "poignantly silly" *Squirrel Stole My Underpants*; students engaged in the art of shadow puppetry; duking it out in Sherwood Forest



RICHARD TERMINNE

Her role at the Brookline Village nonprofit, she says, is like running a church-cum-start up: "Our theater is a cathedral of joy and wonder—and the audience is our congregation," and yet "so much has changed economically for puppeteers, and we are in danger of losing this unique art form. It's a huge priority for us to recruit new talent and support innovation and experimentation." The theater was founded in 1974 by the late Mary Putnam Churchill '52, who first began using puppets to engage students when she was a reading tutor. During 23 years she built the organization from a few weekend shows to an internationally recognized puppetry center; there are only a handful like it in the country.

A cozy space, it seats 95 and offers more than 300 shows annually, along with educational programs in schools, a summer youth camp, and year-round classes and workshops like "Introduction to Shadow

Puppetry" and "Furry Monsters 101" for adults. In 2013 Myhrum reconfigured the theater's incubator program to support new works by local emerging artists, and has since premiered six new shows. Resident artist Brad Shur also gives about 60 performances a year and has eight original shows in his repertoire, including January's interactive *Cardboard Explosion!*

But the majority of performances at the theater are by outside artists—local, national, and international—and are geared to younger audiences. Bonnie Duncan often combines puppetry, dance, and acrobatics in original works like *Squirrel Stole My Underpants* (about a girl's imaginary journey to reclaim a beloved article of clothing), to be performed on November 27-29. The holiday season also brings Margaret Moody's *The Monkey King* (December 10-13) and the National Marionette Theatre's *Peter and the Wolf* (December 31-January 3) "We are often children's first exposure to live theater," says Myhrum. It's electronic-free and often interactive, thereby stimulating imaginations, role-playing, and the practice of storytelling, she adds. For Susan Linn, Ed.M. '75, Ed.D. '90, a ventriloquist, children's entertainer, and pioneer



LIZ LINDER

A native of Springfield, Massachusetts, Myhrum began acting lessons locally at The Drama Studio in third grade, then discovered puppetry. At 15, she had a "mind-blowing experience: telling the story of the universe and of Chinese totalitarianism—with puppets" as the youngest person chosen to work on Hua Hua Zhang's *The Bell*, based on mythological Chinese characters, at the National Puppetry Conference at the Eugene O'Neill Theater in New London, Connecticut. Myhrum also directs and produces opera and theater and has worked as a puppetry director or coach at almost all of Boston's regional companies, in addition to serving as resident stage director of the Lowell House Opera.

in the use of puppets in psychotherapy, the theater (where she has also performed) is a critical forum for children and adults to “experience human creativity, firsthand,” free of the onslaught of commercialism and technology. “Puppeteers are swimming against a cultural tide,” adds Linn, who also founded the nonprofit Campaign for a Commercial Free Childhood. “So many children are immersed in the mainstream culture that’s basically run by three or four companies like Disney, Nickelodeon, and Fox...*Frozen* was a good movie, but then there is *Frozen* everything: video, apps, video games, zillions of toys. And so that creates an unfortunate norm for what people think children need in or-



der to enjoy themselves. The puppet theater is a whole different experience.”

At a recent performance of *The Swan*, an original, wordless work by Quebec’s Théâtre de Deux Mains, puppeteer Louis-Philippe Paulhus played all the parts amid an intimate stage set with hand-made trees and a pond (in fact, a monitor that changed colors) inspired by a Tiffany glass window. After the show he answered questions from the preschool audience. “Was the water real?” “What is the bird doing now?” “How do they talk?” To that, Paulhus gently answered, “When I make the mouth move, I have to make the sound at the same time.”

Like many puppets, the swan emitted not words but raw vocalizations that reverberated emotionally. That ability to engage in nonverbal communication, says Myhrum (who, like all serious puppeteers, had to learn the art of speaking gibberish) makes puppetry especially accessible to children and useful in therapeutic contexts and cross-cultural communications. The art form is more akin to dance and



pantomime than to traditional theater, she adds, because it readily conveys universal experiences: “Psychologically, puppetry demands an engaged audience. When a puppeteer is doing her job, an inanimate figure will activate our hearts, minds, and imaginations. It’s the audience’s job to bring the character to life.” As they process what’s going on, attendees are drawn into perceiving action on a metaphoric level, using their “puppetry sense,” she says: “a sensory capacity that is different from the verbal language of human actors’ theater.”

The intimate setting and often miniature scale of the productions—from the portable stage set to the cast of pint-sized “actors”—signify “small and vulnerable,” according to Myhrum. “Puppet shows trigger the part of us that says, ‘Care for pets, care for small animals.’” On the flip side, “characters can also be over-the-top, invincible,” she says. They can even be subversive or negative, hence the common use of puppets to engage in taboo subjects and political satire, or as a way to help those suffering from illnesses or as victims of trauma voice their experiences. Linn calls puppets “a valuable tool for expression because they are simultaneously ‘me and not me’”: puppets are like “a psychological screen. We don’t have to take responsibility for what we make them say—for that reason they are incredibly dis-



Visit harvardmag.com to view several puppet performance videos.



The Monkey King (top left) features traditional Chinese puppets. At the Puppet Slams, almost anything goes: witness *Dentist* (Lindsey Z. Briggs), *Minimo* (Edgar Cardenas), and the “old man” who stars in a work set to music by Erik Satie (Brad Shur).



inhibiting.” Puppets, Myhrum asserts, “can say and do things that human actors [and audiences] wouldn’t dare. That’s what makes them so powerful.”

And not just for kids. Although caregivers can and do enjoy shows with simple themes, the theater’s “Puppets at Night” events, like *Bend*, are strictly for adults. The bimonthly Puppet Slams (the next falls on January 16) offer a wide range of acts, including a bloody trip to the dentist. The theater began the slams in 1996; the movement has since expanded across the country and is financially supported by the Puppet Slam Network, founded by Heather Henson, daughter of the Muppets’ creators Jim and Jane Henson.

The Muppet Show and *Sesame Street* were a popular catalyst for the development of American puppetry in recent decades. But the art of animating inanimate objects has ancient origins across the globe, and at one time was restricted to a culture’s healers and religious figures. “There is always something profoundly sacred about the puppet, dwelling as it does on that indefinite border between life and its absence,” curator Leslee Asch, a former executive director of the Jim Henson Foundation and now head of the Silvermine Arts Center in Connecticut, wrote for the Katonah Museum’s 2010 exhibit, *The Art of Contemporary Puppet Theater*. “Puppetry serves as an extraordinarily powerful means of giving form to the internal or invisible.” The willing suspension of disbelief, Asch continued, allows the audience to engage and accept that the created actors are “real.” Puppetry is so often relegated to children’s entertainment, she laments, because “sadly, in our society only children have been allowed to maintain the capacity for wonder, awe, and fantasy.”

Myhrum agrees. Puppetry’s “magic” is seducing an audience into identifying with characters composed of papier mâché, cardboard, cloth, plastic,



Jonathan Little teaching “Furry Monsters 101” (for adults); and an “On-Camera Puppetry Intensive” with Ronald Binion (at far left)



wood, or clay. In 2014 the theater premiered the adult show *Reverse Cascade*, by Anna Fitzgerald, a wordless story about circus performer Judy Finelli’s struggle with multiple sclerosis. Several black-clad, nearly invisible puppeteers create “Finelli,” the only character in the play, by tying together four silk scarves (the type jugglers use). The audience sees “her” miraculous circus tricks, the scarves moving in graceful arcs and dance steps, before her lithe body starts to fail—terribly. Cello music plays, the art-

ist flails and flops, trying to gain control of her body, which is fragile because it’s composed of scarves. Through a slow and painful process she manages to pull herself up to balance on aerial circus rings, but soon those rings become the wheels of her wheelchair. “The audience sees that this woman has knots in her leg because she *has* knots in her leg—the abstraction becomes real,” Myhrum notes. “A puppet is a visual metaphor for a human struggle that takes place on this little tabletop stage.”

ALL IN A DAY: The Arboretum’s Winterland

Winter is the best time to get out and see New England’s trees in all their naked glory. The Arnold Arboretum, open year-round, offers just such forays with “Fall Into Health” (November 21), a brisk walk along lesser-known paths, and a “Winter Wellness Walk” (December 13), when the landscape is, perhaps, at its boniest. Those preferring an unguided jaunt followed by a stint inside to view nature on paper and canvas might enjoy *Drawing Trees, Painting the Landscape: Frank M. Rines (1892-1962)*, on display through February 14. Lectures and classes are also on tap. Writer, designer, and historian Kathryn Aalto reveals the magic, at least in the mind of A.A. Milne, of England’s Ashdown Forest in “The Natural World of Winnie-the-Pooh: The



Forest That Inspired the Hundred Acre Wood” (the topic of her new book) on November 15. And on December 8, MIT physics professor Frank Wilczek explores “A Beautiful Question: Finding Nature’s Deep Design.” Check the arboretum’s website for full details. ~N.P.B.

The Arnold Arboretum
www.arboretum.harvard.edu

Dinner Without the Din

In search of Greater Boston's quieter restaurants



Clockwise from upper left: scenes from Beacon Hill Bistro, Lumière, Changsho, and Sycamore

AFTER SPENDING the evening at an unnamed establishment, hollering at fellow dinner guests just to be heard, we were inspired to find a few reliably conversation-friendly haunts. A call to the Massachusetts Restaurant Association, seeking guidance and maybe the names of a few of its 1,800 members who had successfully assuaged customers' concerns over noise levels, prompted an e-mail from president/CEO Bob Luz.

"I think restaurants purposely manage their environment to meet the expectations, needs and desires of their prospective guests," he wrote. "Most want to create a room that will exhibit a buzz and a certain level of excitement, and acoustically work towards achieving that goal within the buildout, furniture,

music systems, genre of music and volume. Others want to create a more businesslike atmosphere, where deals/business/or more intimate moments can occur."

Given that full industry disclosure, the following is a select list of places that we found—at least on the nights we were there (i.e., no guarantees)—conducive to conversation without feeling like a monastery.

The town of Belmont, it turns out, offers two such spots. For fresh, solid Italian food and evening themes—Wednesday is Girls Night Out and Thursday is reserved for live jazz—try Savinos Grill (www.savinosgrill.com).

The place has a friendly staff and warm-toned décor (creamy whites and autumnal rust), along with inventive triangular-shaped partitions that jut out from the main walls, offering privacy to many tables, and welcome dimensionality in the otherwise boxy space. Most important: the bar, close to the entrance, is tiny, which precludes any gathering of loud drinkers.

Across the street is **Kitchen On Common** (www.kitchenoncommon.com), where chef/owner Joh Kokubo serves simple, fresh meals in a casual setting with eight tables. There is no music. *At all*. Soft talk among diners seems to be the rule—except when the phone rings at the hostess station. (That jarring sound could be turned down.)

More polished and a little less muted is West Newton's Lumière (www.lumiereres-restaurant.com). From a nuanced color scheme and velvet curtains to flattering mood lighting, this established French bistro fosters calm consumption of its meticulously prepared food. Plan for an early movie at the West Newton Cinema, down the street, then linger over dinner and dessert. We recommend the dark chocolate *crèmeux* with coconut cream and salted rum caramel (\$12).

Sycamore (www.sycamorenewton.com) is newer, and newly lauded with a 2015 nod from *Boston Magazine's* "Best of Boston" list. The Newton Centre restaurant has a hip vibe amid naturalistic décor: lots of wood, exposed brick, and a few soft brown banquettes. Mature Newtonians mix with younger folks; all seem devoted to chef David Punch (formerly of Ten Tables in Cambridge) and his inventive Mediterranean-style dishes, which bring out the best in any vegetable. Pickled ramps, fried okra, charred Japanese eggplant, and a chanterelle mushroom soup topped the fall menu. Even smaller and quieter than Sycamore, however, is the nearby Farmstead Table (www.farmsteadtable.com). This modern space washed in white tones serves food with a rustic New England bent—slow-cooked meat and potatoes—and folksy desserts, like the "s'mores tart," dressed up with ganache (\$9).

For quiet and cozy, the Beacon Hill Bistro, on the first floor of the eponymous hotel (www.beaconhillhotel.com), is a good bet. Even with 60 seats in a relatively small storefront space, the restaurant rarely seems overcrowded. Enjoy the French-styled comfort food in peace, then take a stroll down Charles Street, where window shopping at night can be more pleasurable than buying.

Late nights at the Museum of Fine Arts (Wednesday through Friday) are also the best time to view exhibits. Crowds have likely waned at *Class Distinctions: Dutch Paintings in the Age of Rembrandt and Vermeer*, up through January 18, and Bravo (www.mfa.org) is open for drinks and "new American" cuisine at its festive bar or at a distinctly separate area with tables. Delightfully low-key jazz trios play on Friday nights.

Harvest, the Harvard Square mainstay, shares an equally equable ambience. Neutral tones and natural fibers offer a chic airiness, yet Harvest feels solid—like its "classic" shrimp cocktail (\$18)—and the bar is a snug haven on a cold, dark night.

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HARVARD
MAGAZINE

changshorestaurant.com), another cherished standby, snug. On Massachusetts Avenue a short walk from the Square, the restaurant seats upward of 180 people amid large-scale Chinese accoutrements that include vases, paintings, and string instruments. Yet Changsho is homey, thanks to all the family diners and to its well-spaced tables, warm spot lighting, and the large-patterned carpet that invisibly soaks up spilled

tea and soy sauce. Somehow the acoustics here dull sounds—even those emanating from the large parties of chin-wagging academics often in attendance.

For those desperate for serious quietude surrounded by floors of utter silence, there's always the Boston Public Library's **Courtyard Restaurant** (www.thecateredaffair.com/bpl/courtyard). It's not open for dinner, but does serve a lovely, if pricey, lunch.

Try the poached hen egg and bitter greens (\$14) or the more grizzled open-face sirloin sandwich (\$21). And the afternoon tea—the sample menu mentions raspberry thumbprints, scones with lemon curd, and savory cucumber and lemon cream-cheese sandwiches—might please even the pickiest Anglophile. But no lusty munching, or exclamations...Please! ~N.P.B.

CURIOSITIES: Picking Up a Hobby

William Blake saw “a World in a Grain of Sand.” Stan Munro saw the Taj Mahal in a toothpick—or, more precisely, thousands of toothpicks stuck together with Elmer's Glue. He also envisioned Stonehenge, the Eiffel Tower, and the International Space Station, and reproduced them, too, along with more than 200 other architectural wonders, at a scale of 1:164 in the basement of his home in North Syracuse, New York.

“We decided these would be very intriguing to see,” says Michael McMillan, associate curator at the Fuller Craft Museum. And so 22 of Munro's structures, including models of Boston landmarks Trinity Church, Fenway Park, and Hancock Place, will be on display at the Brockton, Massachusetts, museum in *Toothpick World: From Sliver to Skyline*, starting December 19.

Photographs don't do the work justice. Adults and children alike, looking for a day trip during school vacation especially, will enjoy seeing these astounding works up close. They are educational—lessons in architecture, engineering, and charm—but they also testify to a capacity for zeal. “We spend a lot of time, whether because of academic gravitas or the stigma often attached to ‘craft,’ differentiating between applied arts and fine arts,” says McMillan. “What Stan does gets to the core of what we do at the museum, which is to highlight the power of the handmade. This is an examination of the passion of working with the hands, and it's done in

a successful way that people can relate to.”

Munro has worked as a TV reporter, true-crime writer, and hospital administrator, and has been “toothpicking” (his term) for fun since fifth grade. It became a vocation around 2003, when he was staying home to care for his wife, who had been diagnosed with polycystic kidney-liver disease. She is now doing well—yet toothpicking stuck for Munro, and is now his full-time job. The iconic Basílica de la Sagrada Família in Barcelona, for example, took him about nine months to construct, but he erected the Washington Monument in one very long day.

He sold his first collection, *Toothpick City I*—50 of the world's tallest buildings—to a museum in Spain in 2006; it was later acquired by Ripley's Believe It or Not!, in Baltimore. He currently has two traveling exhibits—*Toothpick City II*, which includes Yankee Stadium, Tokyo City Hall, the *Queen Mary II*, and Burj Al Arab (the luxury hotel in Dubai)—and the larger but equally eclectic *Toothpick World*. Where else could the Stratosphere Tower (Las Vegas), Grand Mosque (Mecca), and headquarters of MI-6 (London) be corralled? In all,

Munro has employed more than four million toothpicks (now bought wholesale), along with untold vats of glue.

“Stan's used to showing a lot of his work in libraries, more casual places, a bar or a restaurant,” says McMillan, who is excited to widen the audience for fine folk art. “When he came here to visit, he looked around and said, ‘Oh, this is a real museum.’” ~N.P.B.



The Fuller Craft Museum
www.fullercraft.org
December 19-March 27

Towering over artist Stan Munro are his “toothpicked” versions of the Eiffel Tower and the Empire State and Chrysler buildings. He's also built St. Basil's Cathedral (Moscow), the White House, and the Statue of Liberty.



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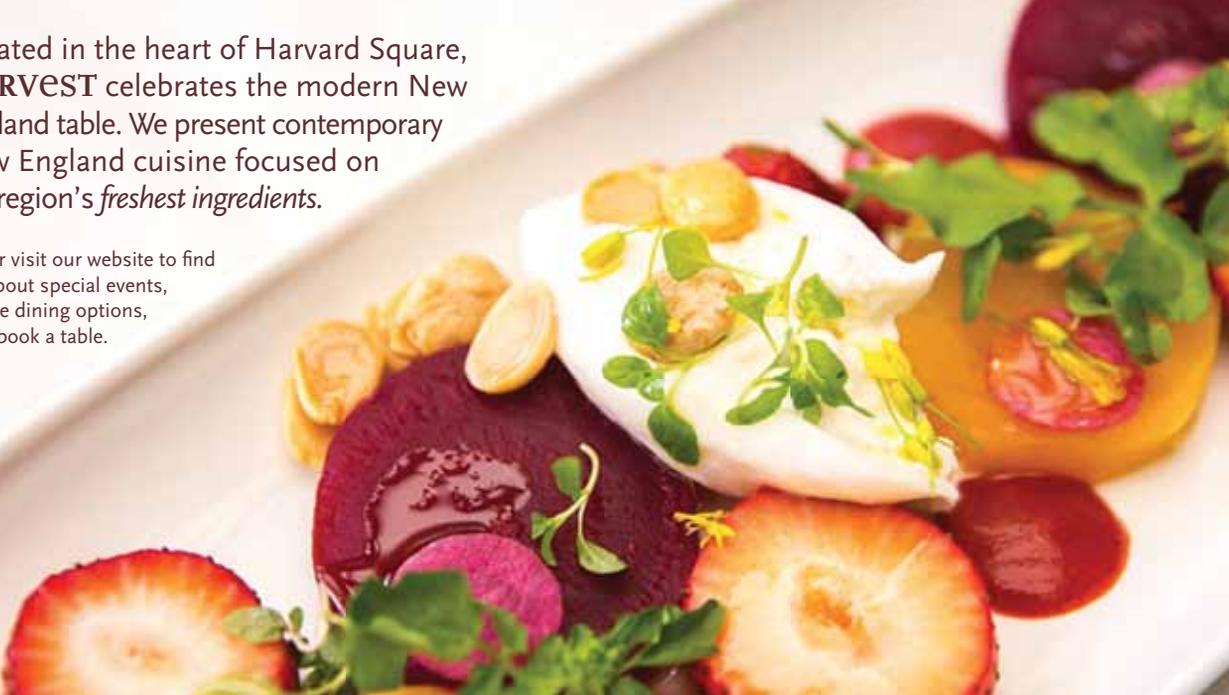
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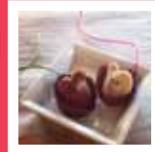
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J O H N H A R V A R D ' S

JOURNAL

UNDER WRAPS: As planning proceeds for the conversion of the former Holyoke Center into the Smith Campus Center, Josep Lluís Sert's International Style icon, built from 1962 to 1967, gets its half-century exterior toning and face lift—a formidable challenge in the tight confines of Harvard Square. Stage One is the staging itself: here, the Dunster Street scaffolding in the first week of autumn.

Photograph by Stu Rosner

Reprinted from Harvard Magazine. For more information, contact Harvard Magazine, Inc. at 617-495-5746

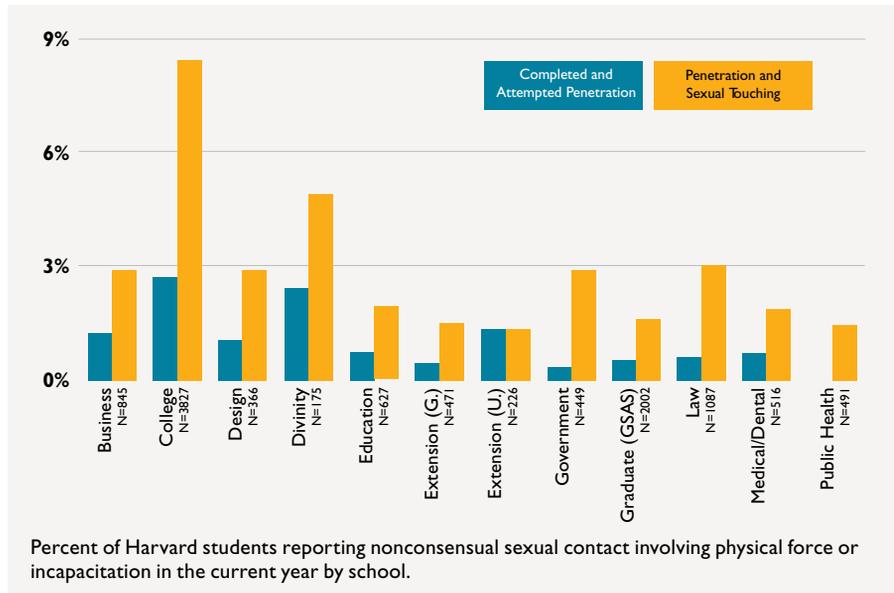
Harvard's Sexual-Assault Problem

ON SEPTEMBER 21, Harvard released the results of a sexual-conduct survey conducted among its undergraduate, graduate, and professional-school students during the spring of 2015. The results—echoing those from the 26 other private and public Association of American Universities (AAU) institutions that participated—are troubling for the University, for U.S. higher education generally, and particularly for Harvard College. In a letter to President Drew Faust, released in conjunction with the AAU aggregate report, former University provost Steven E. Hyman, who chairs the Harvard Task Force on the Prevention of Sexual Assault (formed in 2014), called “the incidence of nonconsensual sexual contact by physical force or incapacitation...unacceptable” and said that it “requires concerted action from the entire community.” Among the most pertinent results Hyman detailed:

- Sixteen percent of female seniors in the College report completed or attempted penetration that was nonconsensual during their time at Harvard.
- When figures for nonconsensual touching are included, that figure rises to 31.2 percent.
- Consumption of alcohol—by the perpetrator, the victim, or both—played a role in the majority of incidents of complete or attempted penetration perpetrated by force, and for nearly 90 percent of the respondents who reported completed or attempted penetration by incapacitation.
- Although College females reported that the location where completed or attempted penetration most commonly took place (more than 75 percent) was in a dormitory, about 15 percent of incidents took place in single-sex organizations that were not a fraternity or sorority (i.e., in final clubs and other club settings).

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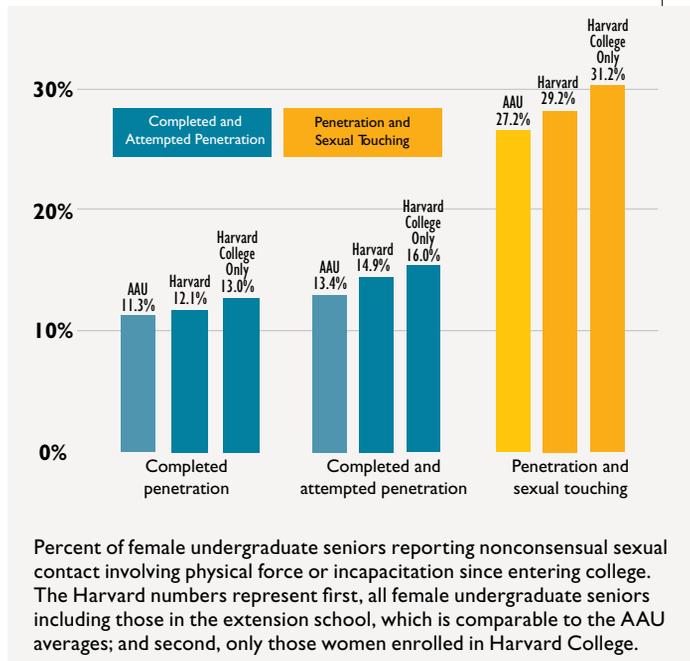
SOURCE: Letter from Steven E. Hyman to President Drew Faust, September 21, 2015

- Rates of nonconsensual penetration and touching are substantially higher among both men and women in the LBQAN (Lesbian or Gay, Bisexual, Asexual, Questioning and Not Listed) community throughout the University.

- Female undergraduates at Harvard are less likely to believe that campus officials would take a report seriously, conduct a fair investigation, or take action against an offender than the full Harvard cohort are. Worse, only 16 percent of Harvard female undergraduates believe it very or extremely likely that campus officials would take action against an offender, compared to 37 percent of female undergraduates at the full set of AAU institutions surveyed, and 25 percent of female undergraduates at the subset of private AAU institutions.

- Among female Harvard College students who indicated they experienced an incident of penetration by force, 69 percent did not formally report it, nor did 80 percent of those women who experienced an incident of penetration by incapacitation. “The most frequently cited reason for not reporting,” Hyman wrote, “was a belief that it was not serious enough to report.”

At an open meeting later that day attended by several hundred students, Faust and other administrators responded to questions—a sharp contrast with the handling of past crises, such as the revela-



SOURCE: Data aggregated from letter of Steven E. Hyman to President Drew Faust, September 21, 2015

tion of widespread academic misconduct in 2012-2013. The president acknowledged that the University’s current measures intended to address the prevalence of sexual assault are “completely insufficient,” though she emphasized that improving the situation is a collective responsibility of all members of the Harvard community, not just administrators.

In a letter to the community, Faust wrote:

These deeply disturbing survey results must spur us to an even more intent focus on the problem of sexual assault. That means not just how we talk to one another about it, not just what we say in official pronouncements, but how we actually treat one another and live our lives together. All of us share the obligation to create and sustain a community of which we can all be proud, a community whose bedrock is mutual respect and concern for one another. Sexual assault is intolerable, and we owe it to one another to confront it openly, purposefully, and effectively. This is *our* problem.

The problem of sexual assault was brought to the forefront of discussion on campus when *The Harvard Crimson* published “a long, anonymous, first-person account of an unwanted sexual encounter” (see “Addressing Sexual Assaults,” July-August 2014, page 23). Faust announced the formation of the task force headed by Hyman a few days later. Because only a fraction of sexual assaults are reported, surveys have come to be seen as a key way to learn more about the problem. Universities—reacting to government pressure and the threat of lawsuits brought by students under Title IX (the federal law that prevents discrimination on the basis of sex)—are seeking more data so that they can figure out ways to increase reporting, prevent sexual misconduct, and comply with the law.

At Harvard, the data point to the College as the locus of the worst of the problem: the University, including the graduate and professional schools, had a lower rate of nonconsensual sexual contact than the AAU average in the eight months preceding the survey, but the rate at the College was higher. And as noted, undergraduate women were less likely to believe that Harvard officials would take a report seriously, conduct a fair investigation, or take action against an offender. Rakesh Khurana, just starting his second year as dean of Harvard College, spoke in an interview of a “trust deficit,” the need to give “Harvard the institution” a human face, and to bring “moral and emotional urgency” to solving a problem that involves, at root, “a human being who has been deeply impacted.”

Lack of confidence in officials is matched, University-wide, by a paucity of



Jon Hanson

The first time Smart professor of law Jon Hanson lived on wheels, he was managing a restaurant and sharing a trailer with his high-school sweetheart, Kathleen. The newlyweds had bought the trailer cheap and persuaded their shop teacher to let them fix it up during class senior year. Neither planned to attend college. That changed after Hanson's father died, when something jumped out among his father's few possessions: his books. Applying to Rice on Kathleen's suggestion, Hanson got in and soared, earning a fellowship for research in Europe. (They traveled in a camper van there, later taking their three kids across America in an RV.) Then on to Yale—he to the law school, and Kathleen to the college. By Hanson's “2L” year, he'd coauthored his first law-review article, and was off to the scholarly races. At Harvard, Hanson stands out for connecting law to the mind sciences and for his approach to legal education. Teaching 1L torts, the three-time Sacks-Freund teaching-award winner bucks the case-churning norm to spend the semester drilling down on a handful—tracing how each case reveals a “web” of factors that have perpetuated inequities through the years. Last year, with Jacob Lipton, J.D. '14, he launched the “Systemic Justice Project” and two accompanying courses to allow students to plumb the sources of law-related social problems—and tackle problems of their own choosing. Students adore him. “Once you've encountered him, you cannot leave without being impacted,” says Ariel Eckblad, L '16. So Hanson hopes. Law school, he argues, “ought to be a place” where students study the problems that brought them there—and learn “the tools to take those problems on.” ~MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN

student knowledge on policies and procedures: about half or more of all undergraduate and graduate students said they knew little or nothing about what happens when a student reports an incident of sexual assault or sexual misconduct; where to make such a report; or even how sexual assault or misconduct is defined. More than a third said they wouldn't know where to get help if they or a friend

experienced such an incident. This lack of knowledge will doubtless be the focus of follow-up by Harvard researchers; the results suggest at the very least a profound need for better guidance and education.

Faust has asked the task force to provide her with detailed recommendations by January 2016.

For complete coverage, see harvardmag.com/assault-15. ~JONATHAN SHAW

\$6 Billion-Plus

THE HARVARD CAMPAIGN had gathered \$6 billion in gifts and pledges as of June 30, vice president for alumni affairs and development Tamara Elliott Rogers has confirmed. The receipts, 92 percent of the nominal \$6.5-billion goal, are up from \$2.8 billion at the public launch in September 2013, and \$4.3 billion nine months later, as of the end of that fiscal year. The arithmetically inclined will note that, to fundraisers' delight, the pace of giving *accelerated* during the past fiscal year, rising to a 12-month total of between \$1.7 billion and \$1.8 billion.

With even modest luck this fall, including the scheduled public launch of Harvard Law School's fundraising effort, the campaign ought to stride past the higher-education record: \$6.2 billion, realized by The Stanford Challenge at its conclusion in 2012.

Two gifts of unrestricted endowment funds for public health and engineering and applied sciences (\$750 million in toto), announced during the 2014-2015 year, anchored the swelling sum. Other important contributors included an unspecified gift, thought to be \$60 million to \$75 million, for computer-sciences professorships; a \$24-million public-health program; a

\$10-million gift for teacher training; and various deadline donations during the fall 2014 launches of the design, education, and medical school campaigns.

It would not be surprising were the pace to slow a bit. During the first weeks of the fall semester, the avalanche of announcements dwindled compared to 2014; the notable gifts were a \$15-million donation to undergraduate public-service-oriented courses and fellowships, and a \$20-million foundation gift to Harvard Medical School.

Campaign leaders are not spending much time crowing about results: they are focused on pursuing priorities that are not yet fully funded; and the University is not especially eager to prompt envy of Harvard, especially when public institutions' finances remain under duress. (Nor should anyone look for the campaign goal to be raised just for the bragging rights.) Nonetheless, some details are available:

- The Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS) has raised \$2.2 billion toward its \$2.5-billion goal, including the \$400-million endowment gift for engineering and applied sciences,

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bringing funds raised for that school alone to \$589 million. But excluding that gift and the gift for computer-sciences faculty, engineering and applied sciences fundraising could be said to be *lagging* its \$450-million goal—in part reflecting a decadal succession and changes in the development staff. Meanwhile, FAS is redoubling efforts to secure gifts for House renewal, for which \$197 million had been secured as of June 30, against a target of \$400 million (a new challenge fund has just been launched), and pursuing priorities such as Dean Michael D. Smith's "leading in learning" agenda, encompassing online technology, teaching spaces, training, and more (\$62 million raised, \$150 million sought).

- Harvard Business School has raised \$861 million toward its billion-dollar goal.

- The public-health school, beneficiary of the \$350-million endowment gift that conferred naming rights in honor of the late T.H. Chan, has chosen to exclude that sum from its spring report on results, emphasizing the specific priorities for which it still seeks support. On that basis, as of March 31, it had gifts and commitments for \$287 million toward an objective of \$450 million.

- The Graduate School of Education has raised \$177 million as of August 31—71 percent of its \$250-million goal.

- The Radcliffe Institute reported raising \$45 million—64 percent of its \$70-million goal.

Other schools had not provided detailed reports at the time this issue went to press.

Beyond the priorities enumerated above (like House renewal), it is clear that University-level fundraising will continue to focus on these goals:

- endowing *financial aid*, particularly in schools with lower-income alumni;

- securing broad support for *basic scientific research*, in light of the uncertain outlook for federal sponsorship—and especially for the medical school, which (like FAS) is reported to be running a significant budget deficit as research funds have diminished; and

- underwriting the marquee *Allston science and engineering complex*, scheduled for construction beginning next year (see page 27).

With three years of public campaigning to go, the fundraisers regard their work as far from done.

—JOHN S. ROSENBERG

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to read *Harvard Magazine's* **THANK YOU** message to our donors who make this publication possible—and to see a list of those readers who have contributed \$100 or more to support us during the past fiscal year.

Turn to **PAGE 69** for our answer to “Why are you asking me for money when Harvard is so wealthy?”

Yesterday's News

From the pages of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and *Harvard Magazine*

1935 College seniors and juniors are again allowed to cut the last class before, and the first class after, Christmas recess, "but if the records of students who take advantage of this privilege subsequently become unsatisfactory the excuses they offer therefor will be carefully examined."

1940 The Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS), which already gives credit for each year of military or naval science completed at Harvard, extends the privilege to students enrolled in the Civil Aeronautics Administration's pilot-training program or the 90-day Reserve Midshipmen's School.

1955 The Corporation orders the replacement of the Memorial Hall tower's rooftop railing and other metal ornamentation removed in 1945 because of deterioration [unwittingly setting the stage for the conflagration that destroyed all but the base of the tower in 1956].

1960 Addressing the National Interfraternity Conference, Arizona senator Barry Goldwater praises the fraternity system as "a bastion of American

can strength" and asserts that in colleges without fraternities, such as Harvard, "Communism flourishes." In response, the *Bulletin's* Undergraduate columnist reports, a group of students decide to form a chapter of "Iota Beta Phi" and elect Goldwater its Honorary Grand Wizard.

1970 FAS approves a degree in special studies, enabling undergraduates to structure their own fields of concentration.

1980 The "first United States Croquet Association-sanctioned intercollegiate American croquet competition in modern times" (according to a press release) takes place on the Radcliffe Quad a day before The Game. Yale prevails, 30-27.

2000 Moore's professor of biological anthropology Irven DeVore delivers his final lecture in Science B-29, "Human Behavioral Biology" (popularly known as "Sex"), which he has co-taught since 1970, attracting close to a third of all undergraduates during that span with his showmanship and devotion to teaching.

Endowment Gain—and Gaps

THE UNIVERSITY'S endowment was valued at \$37.6 billion on last June 30, the end of fiscal year 2015—a gain of \$1.2 billion (3.3 percent) from a year earlier—finally exceeding the peak value (not adjusted for inflation) realized in fiscal 2008, just before the financial crisis. The fiscal 2015 appreciation reflects investment returns during the year (perhaps \$2.0 to \$2.2 billion—exact figures appear later this fall in Harvard's annual financial report), *minus* distributions for the University's operating budget and other purposes (perhaps \$1.6 billion), *plus* gifts received as The Harvard Campaign proceeds (see page 20).

But that nominal achievement was overshadowed by the relatively modest 5.8 percent rate of return on the assets invested by or under the purview of Harvard Management Company (HMC). In a September 22 letter announcing the results, Stephen Blyth, HMC's president and CEO since last January, starkly outlined the endowment's diminishing investment margin relative to its market benchmarks; its recent performance (lagging several peer institutions' funds); and new objectives and strategies intended to improve performance consistent with the endowment's role in financing Harvard's "preeminence in teaching, learning, and research," as his new HMC mission statement puts it.

Given the relatively challenging investment environment, the 5.8 percent return (after expenses) trailed the 15.4 percent return HMC realized in fiscal 2014. Real-estate and private-equity assets contributed disproportionately to the gains (see chart, page 24); holdings of public stocks produced modestly positive returns, as U.S. equities appreciated (up 12.4 percent), but for-



Illustration by
Mark Steele

eign and emerging-market portfolios produced losses. The buffering expected from absolute-return (hedge-fund) holdings was barely realized, clearly a disappointing underperformance.

Citing an expectation that the endowment should outperform market returns by at least 1 percent on a rolling five-year average annualized basis, Blyth observed that HMC did well from fiscal 2000 through 2008, beating its benchmarks by 3.8 to 6.5 percentage points. But that margin declined thereafter—falling short of the one-point margin in fiscal 2012 and 2013, and averaging only about 1.1 percent during the past six years.

He reported that among a cohort of 10 other universities with managed assets ranging from \$25 billion down to \$9 billion, HMC's performance (measured on the five-year basis) fell in the second quartile from fiscal 2000 through 2003; rose to the first quartile from 2004 through 2008; declined to the third quartile during the financial crisis and recession in 2009-2010; and declined further, to the last quartile, from 2011 through 2014. Different rates of return on huge endowments ultimately translate into a difference of hundreds of millions in funds available to support institutions' academic and operating budgets. HMC's 10-year annualized rate of return is now 7.6 percent, its 20-year figure 11.8 percent; for Yale, the comparable rates of return are 10 percent and 13.7 percent.

Blyth called it "unlikely that our return in...2015 will materially improve our performance relative to our endowment peer group"—and among larger institutions reporting, MIT realized a 13.2 percent return for fiscal 2015, Princeton 12.7 percent, Stanford 7 percent, and Yale 11.5 percent. Yale's investment professionals managed gains of \$2.6 billion—likely more than HMC realized on a pool of assets more than 50 percent larger—and so were able to increase the value of their endowment by 7.1 percent, to \$25.6 billion, after distributions for their university's budget. (Both Harvard and Yale derive about one-third of operating revenues from endowment distributions.)

That rate of asset growth, propelled by investment returns, is what counts. Blyth's critical objective for HMC is "to achieve a real return of 5 percent or more, with inflation measured by the Higher Education Price Index (HEPI) on a rolling 10-year an-

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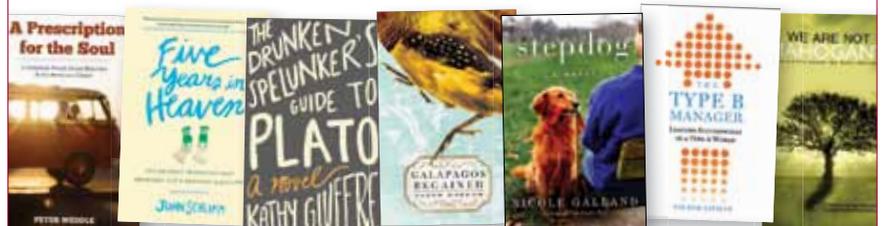
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nualized basis.” The current 10-year annualized inflation measured by HEPI is 2.7 percent—making HMC’s target 7.7 percent. On the evidence, achieving that won’t be easy. (It actually *exceeds* the 7.4 percent goal HMC articulated a year earlier.) But as Blyth pointed out, “real returns have declined steadily over time,” given low interest rates, greater investor interest in diverse asset classes (lowering returns as more money flows in), and so on. Accordingly, he continued, “Delivering a real return of 5 percent will be more challenging in the current environment than in the past.”

In pursuit of that outcome, Blyth outlined:

- a new, analytical approach to *asset allocation*, intended to be more flexible and inter-sectoral than HMC’s traditional “policy portfolio.” The new approach gives broad ranges for investment commitments among the many asset classes; for example, compared to the past goal of 11 percent allocations each to U.S., foreign, and emerging-market equities, the 2016 ranges are, respectively, 6 percent to 16 percent; 6 percent to 11 percent; and 4 percent to 17 percent. (For readily traded assets like stocks and public bonds, it is easy to see how such wide ranges could be accommodated annually. It is less clear how HMC would effect comparably large swings in allocations to illiquid assets—private equity, hedge funds, natural-resources holdings, and real estate—where the model envisions ranges of up to 10 percent: more than \$3 billion at the current endowment size.)

- a more nimble *investment process*. Blyth sketched collaboration and cross-asset-class investments taking advantage of the HMC staff’s aggregate knowledge.

- and, always an issue for HMC, with a significant share of assets under internal management by highly paid professionals, a revised *compensation* system that would apparently tie incentive pay not only to each portfolio’s outperformance relative to its asset class, but also to HMC’s aggregate performance on Harvard’s behalf, in keeping with the mission statement.

Some of the affected personnel will be different. HMC announced that Andrew

Asset Class	HMC Return	Benchmark Return	Difference
Public equities	2.9%	(0.5%)	3.4%
Private equity	11.8	10.8	1.1
Absolute return	0.1	3.5	(3.3)
Natural resources	3.5	3.1	0.4
Real estate	19.4	11.5	7.9
Fixed income	2.1	(2.5)	4.7
Total endowment	5.8%	3.9%	1.9%

Note: Returns may not sum to HMC return, due to rounding.

Wiltshire, head of alternative investments (and the leader of successful timberland investing), is retiring later this year, and Alvaro Aguirre-Simunovic, natural-resources portfolio manager, departed as of October 9; both were among HMC’s most highly compensated staff based on past performance (see harvardmag.com/pays-15), but Blyth characterized fiscal 2015 natural-resources returns as “generally subdued.” On October 2, it became known that Marco Barrozo, head of fixed income, and Satu Parikh, who had just taken over natural resources, had also departed, and that their respective investment portfolios had “been unwound.”

(Boosting results for private-equity and absolute-return investments, where

peers have consistently outperformed, will be important to HMC. The recent addition to its board of directors of Joshua Friedman ’76, M.B.A. ’80, J.D. ’82, co-founder and co-CEO of the Canyon Partners hedge fund, and Safra professor of economics Jeremy Stein, who consults with another hedge fund, may provide useful insights.)

Blyth offered a cautious outlook, citing increased market volatility during the past year; changing regulation of financial institutions; the impact of “the eventual

rise of interest rates” in the United States; and seemingly high valuations for private-equity and venture-capital investments—an “environment...likely to result in lower future returns than in the recent past.”

He concluded on a personal note, emphasizing that “I know that my colleagues...share deeply the special role that HMC plays in the support of our great University.

“We have...laid out straightforward, ambitious investment objectives.... We have challenges ahead and much hard work to be done, but I believe we have gained significant traction in 2015, and I am highly optimistic that we can achieve our goals.”

Read a full report at harvardmag.com/endowment-15. ~JOHN S. ROSENBERG

News Briefs

Term Themes

PRESIDENT DREW FAUST, speaking at Morning Prayers in Appleton Chapel, opened the 2015 fall term by talking about diversity—a frequent theme, sharpened in this case by a lawsuit attacking Harvard’s admissions practices that she characterized as a challenge to Harvard’s “most fundamental values.” More broadly, she said that “simply gathering a diverse mixture of extraordinarily talented people in one place does not in itself ensure the outcome we seek.” She exhorted the commu-

nity to work toward “genuine including and belonging,” with each member playing the role of “generous listeners.” Her full text is reported at harvardmag.com/diversity-15. (Three weeks after she spoke, the U.S. Department of Education concluded that complaints against Princeton for allegedly discriminating against Asian applicants—similar to the issues in the litigation against Harvard—were unwarranted.)

At Freshman Convocation, Harvard College dean Rakesh Khurana reminded his new charges, “You were already admitted to Harvard, and you all belong here,” so they could relax



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and get beyond application-oriented résumé-building. Doing Harvard “the right way,” he suggested, involves intellectual exploration and being willing “to connect with others different from you.” Holding forth the prospective of a transformative Harvard education, Khurana hoped “your experience of college will be one not of showing the world what you *can do*, but, rather by discovering what you *want to do*....” Full convocation coverage appears at harvardmag.com/convocation-15.

Economists' Exodus

HARVARD'S top-ranked economics department has suffered a brain drain, losing five full professors to Stanford's department and business school in recent years. And the Crimson department has failed in recent attempts to recruit Cardinal prospects—developments notable enough to rate coverage in *The New York Times* (“The Star Rising in the West,” September 13). Goldman professor of economics David Laibson, Harvard's chair, told the *Times*, “Stanford's keen interest in recruiting Harvard faculty is testimony to our strength,”

but the losses sting: microeconomist Susan Athey; education expert Caroline M. Hoxby; econometrician Guido W. Imbens; behavioral economist Alvin L. Roth; and, this term, Raj Chetty, acclaimed for work on poverty and opportunity. Roth is a Nobel laureate; Athey and Chetty were John Bates Clark medalists, the top prize for work in economics by a scholar under the age of 40. Whatever the reasons (access to Silicon Valley's innovation economy and big-data capacity, proximity to the Pacific region, attractive offers of spousal employment, consulting opportunities, the weather), the momentum has come to administrators' attention. Responses may include a concerted recruiting effort to bring new members to the department, and finding resources to reconfigure and augment its quarters, in Littauer, which professors have long complained discourage collaboration and increasingly are ill-suited to large-scale, data-intensive research projects.

Health Benefits, Year Two

IN 2014, when the University announced that it would impose coinsurance and deductibles on faculty and nonunionized staff members' health-insurance coverage, in an effort to rein in costs for employee benefits, it encountered sharp criticism from many professors. That prompted President Drew Faust to disclose data underlying the decision and to promise to revisit benefit offerings this fall, for coverage during 2016.

The result, communicated to the community in late August and mid September, is an additional, higher-premium health plan, for participants who wish to eliminate the risk of incurring deductibles or



Freshman Convocation

coinsurance charges. The progressive features of Harvard's health offerings (premiums graduated by income cohorts, and reimbursement for out-of-pocket costs) were made more so—a move perhaps intended to appeal to unionized employees, whose contracts, being renegotiated, still provide them health plans without the cost-sharing features introduced in 2014. None of the new changes will likely lessen the escalation of health costs in the expensive Greater Boston market; indeed, Harvard informed employees that premiums will on average increase 7.3 percent in 2016, more than reversing the reductions realized this year as a result of the shift of costs from the insured portion of their coverage to coinsurance and deductible payments. Full coverage and analysis is available at harvardmag.com/benefits-15.

A New Admissions Architecture?

AN 80-institution Coalition for Access, Affordability, and Success—including all the

Ivy League universities and their peers, many of the nation's selective liberal-arts colleges, and numerous public institutions—is unveiling a free portfolio-based suite of digital tools for high-school freshmen, sophomores, and juniors in an effort, it said, to “recast the college admission process from something that is transactional and limited in time into a more engaged, ongoing and educationally reaffirming experience.” The transactional process is the default mode in this era of plunging admission rates, multiple Common Application submissions, test-tutoring, and other maladies (see “What Ails the Academy?” page 64). The member institutions “also hope to motivate a stronger college-going mindset among students of all backgrounds, especially those from low-income families or under-represented groups who have historically had less access to leading colleges and universities” (because they lack good guidance counseling and the means to secure proprietary private help).

The digital tools are intended to “reshape the process of applying to college as the culmination of students' development over the course of their high-school careers, reducing the unfamiliarity of the application and leveling the playing field for all students.” The application portal will enable each institution to tailor its essays and other individual requirements as well. And because public coalition members have need-based financial aid for in-state residents, and private institutions are committed to meeting admitted applicants' financial needs in full, the coalition obviously has an ambitious social mission, and perhaps even the intent of pushing back against teaching-to-the-test in primary- and secondary-school curriculums.

Dean of admissions and financial aid William R. Fitzsimmons said of the new program, “Harvard has always done everything possible to ensure that the college application process is accessible for all students. We will continue to honor the Common and Universal Applications, and will also now accept applications from the Coalition Group.” —JOHN S. ROSENBERG

Gender Gains?

At a time of heightened campus interest in diversity and inclusiveness (see page 24), and addressing sexual assault (see page 18), *The Harvard Crimson* reported two challenges to traditionally male campus enclaves: The Spee, a final club, extended invitations for its membership “punch” to women, an initial step in prospectively going coed, and women tried out for acting parts in the all-male *Hasty Pudding* *Theatricals* drag revue. The Pudding declined to cast any women (who have long held technical, writing, music, and support roles), at least for this year.

Retaining Recruits

Faculty of Arts and Sciences dean Michael D. Smith's 2015 annual report, released in early October, highlights a troubling phenomenon, persistent since 2007, in efforts to diversify faculty ranks: a smaller percentage of eligible women than men decide to stand for tenure, departing before the scheduled review year. Tenure-track women in FAS reported lower satisfaction with faculty membership than their counterparts in any other Harvard school. Interviews with departing women uncovered “striking” dissatisfaction with departmental culture; the report stated that respondents said the culture “was not conducive to their productivity and was a significant factor in their decision to leave.” Smith has asked academic deans to review departments’ formal mentoring plans, and FAS will launch seminars and symposiums on leadership and other subjects important for tenure-track faculty members’ careers.

Teaching and Learning

Peter Bol, vice provost for advances in learning, has combined the separate research organizations serving HarvardX, which produces online courses, and the Harvard Initiative for Learning and Teaching, which has convened faculty

Brevia



SCIENCE CENTER SCHEMATIC: Harvard planners have introduced the design for the science and engineering complex in Allston, encompassing 586,000 square feet of new construction and repurposed space at 114 Western Avenue. The new building will house much of the School of Engineering and Applied Sciences; a rendering of the south-facing side, shown here, shows green space—sites for future development. The center, the first academic anchor of Harvard's expanded campus, is to begin construction next year, with occupancy scheduled in 2020. For details, see harvardmag.com/seascenter-15.

members and made grants to encourage innovations in classroom practice and learning assessments. The integrated research group reflects convergence in online and classroom techniques and trends, and professionalizes the scholarship of the group, which is hiring full-time research scientists. Professor of government Dustin Tingley directs the new group; he has pursued a deep interest in experiential learning in the social sciences. Professor of education Andrew Ho, who directed HarvardX research, will now chair a faculty committee advising Tingley's staff.

Learning Online

Harvard and MIT researchers for edX have documented the new phenomenon of cheating in online courses, as regis-

trants use multiple identities to tease out quiz answers and then enter the correct ones in their main account. That perversion of “experiential” engagement aside, researchers from Carnegie Mellon demonstrated the teaching power of exercises (as opposed to mere watching of videos) in online courses—as in classrooms. Nobel laureate Carl Wieman, now a professor of education at Stanford, has proposed evaluating teachers (always a fuzzy art) objectively by measuring their use of practices shown to promote student outcomes, at least in the sciences. Coursera,

edX's for-profit rival, raised a \$49.5-million round of new financing, and published a survey of registrants who completed courses, revealing career advancement as an even greater motivation for enrolling than general educational advancement. And Harvard Business School began offering its HBX courses for college credit through the Extension School.

On Other Campuses

The University of Michigan has launched a \$100-million Data Science Initiative, aiming to hire 35 new faculty members during the next four years to augment work on “big data” issues. (In a September interview with the *Harvard Gazette*, President Drew Faust disclosed that planning for an academic “Gateway” building in Allston may encompass “a big-data initiative [that] can be moved forward intellectually and also in terms of a physical presence there in the years to come”—near the Business School and the science and engineering complex. Units such as Harvard's Institute for Quantitative Social Science have long been bruited about as possible candidates for that location.) Separately, the University of Wisconsin, squeezed by state budget cuts, announced that a matching-gift program had raised \$250 million to endow professorships and chairs, doubling the number to 300.

Nota Bene

CURATORIAL COHORT. Refreshing its curatorial ranks, Harvard Art Museums has made four appointments, effective this fall. Ethan Lasser is now Stebbins curator of American art and head of the division of European and American art (he joined the staff in 2012 and had been acting head since December 2014). A. Cassandra Albinson, arriving from the Yale Center for British Art, is Winthrop curator of European art. Elizabeth M. Rudy, a staff member since 2011, is now Weyerhaeuser associate curator of prints. Rachel Saunders, her Harvard dissertation just completed, is Rockefeller associate curator of Asian art.



Ethan Lasser

COURTESY ETHAN LASSER



A. Cassandra Albinson

ANTONETTE HOOG

HUMANITIES HONORANDS. Thomas professor of history and of African and African American studies Evelyn Brooks Higginbotham has been recognized with the National Humanities Medal, conferred by President Barack Obama on September 10. Everett L. Fly, who in 1977 became the first African American to earn a master of landscape architecture degree from the Graduate School of Design, was also honored. Their work is described at harvardmag.com/fly-15.

MACARTHUR FELLOWS. Two professors and two alumni are among the MacArthur

Foundation's 24 fellows for 2015 (each receives \$625,000 of unrestricted support): associate professor of sociology and of social studies Matthew S. Desmond (whose work on eviction and poverty was featured in "Disrupted Lives," the January-February 2014 cover story); assistant professor of neurology Beth Stevens (cited for work on brain development); Heidi Williams, Ph.D. '10 (a healthcare economist at MIT); and Peidong Yang, Ph.D. '97 (an inorganic chemist at the University of California, Berkeley).



Matthew S. Desmond

COURTESY OF THE MACARTHUR FOUNDATION

GENETICS GIANTS. Mendel professor of genetics and of medicine Stephen J. Elledge and Evelyn M. Witkin of Rutgers have been awarded the Lasker Basic Medical Research Award, a preeminent honor in biomedical science, for their studies of DNA damage and responses to protect the cell.

DUELING DEVELOPMENTS. As Harvard proceeds to clean the site and plan for its future "enterprise research campus" along Western Avenue and the Charles River (see "A New Era in Allston," March-April, page 18), MIT is proceeding to add six buildings with offices, labs, housing, and stores along Main Street, and Boston Properties is pursuing rezoning for 1 million square feet of new development along Broadway. Both sites are in Kendall Square, perhaps the nation's strongest market for biomedical and technology research space. The Harvard zone, when developed, could be a competing venue for such tenants.

COLD COMFORT: Bright-Landry Hockey Center has expanded and renovated in recent years, with new locker rooms, sports-medicine and workout facilities, and more. This season, it's the fans' turn, as the rink features new, very Crimson-friendly seating.

SOLDIERS FIELD RIP? Harvard Athletics has renamed Soldiers Field, the lacrosse and soccer venue, in honor of sports benefactor Gerald R. Jordan '61, and reflagged the previous Jordan Field, home of field hockey, the Harvard Field Hockey Stadium. Left somewhat in the lurch is Soldiers Field itself, the 1890 gift from great University benefactor Henry Lee Higginson, LL.D. 1882, whose donation was "absolutely without condition of any kind," but memorialized his friends who served during the Civil War (see "Civil Soldiers," The College Pump, May-June 2002, page 76). The Soldiers Field name lives on, generically, for the area as a whole, and for softball games.

MISCELLANY. Amid extensive building at Harvard (see "Campuses Under Construction," September-October, page 16), the University's chief for all things construction-related, Mark R. Johnson, vice president for capital planning and project management since 2010, departed in late October to join a private developer undertaking a huge project in east Cambridge.... Consumer advocate Ralph Nader, LL.B. '58, in September opened the American Museum of Tort Law in Winsted, Connecticut, his home town.... Architect Richard Rogers has reportedly donated to the Graduate School of Design a house he co-designed in 1967 near Wimbledon as a home for his parents; it is intended as a center for advanced architecture students to stay and study when their work takes them to London.... Former School of Engineering and Applied Sciences dean Cherry A. Murray has been nominated as director of the office of science in the U.S. Department of Energy.... Robert Steven Kaplan, formerly Marshall professor of management practice and senior associate dean for external relations at Harvard Business School—a capital-campaign leadership role—has been appointed president and CEO of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas. He was previously vice chair of Goldman Sachs.... *The Crimson* reported that qualifying students enrolled in the Humanities 10 colloquium will be able to use it to fulfill their 20-level Expository Writing course, a departure from the prevailing required writing class.



Reading, Remembered

by BAILEY TRELA '16

I'm running an experiment on the first floor of Lamont Library. With my right forefinger I de-shelve C.S. Lewis's slender book of criticism on John Milton and flip to its first page to check a quote. Milton "is writing epic poetry, which is a species of narrative poetry, and neither the species nor the genus is very well understood at present."

The symptoms that led Lewis to this diagnosis of higher illiteracy are abundant, he assures me; they speckle the page like a rash and afflict, most prevalently, second-hand books: "In them you find often enough a number of not very remarkable lines underscored with pencil in the first two pages, and all the rest of the book virgin."

Continuing the experiment, I move one shelf over and grab the frowziest-looking copy of *Paradise Lost* in sight (for my purposes, down-at-heel means ideal). But in flipping through its pages, it seems the tome I've chosen is healthy: there's not a single annotation in sight.

As the critic sees it, books, and the sentences that comprise them, function musically. The words and passages support one another. They should be allowed to resonate freely. Effects are slowly developed over long passages; a pedantic view—exemplified by the isolation of single lines or words—curtails these effects, and dampens the book as a whole.

This is no incisive or newfangled conception of reading—in fact, it's really as basic as such conceptions get, more like natural, instinctual knowledge—but I feel it's often ignored or forgotten today, perhaps precisely because it is so obvious.

A few feet away from me, at desks, in wingback

chairs, are students who are reading, apparently with varying levels of success. Some of their faces are squinched in attempted concentration, while others are blank, as if they've given up.

I look down at the pristine copy of *Paradise Lost* in my hand and realize that its purity doesn't necessarily signal a win for our critic.

Blank pages may mean ignorance, or frustration, as well as immersion.

THIS IS ROUTINE: I open a Google doc and see the draft of an article bruised black, blue, and red by annotations. To the right, a mesh of comments, emendations, and tracked changes cascades down the screen, while up above a multicolored set of blinkers tells me who else is currently viewing the document.

I find it's hard not to sigh or groan or chew nervously at my lower lip when confronted by this welter of collaboration. The cursors move discursively, frantic as flies: words are excised and commas injected, proper nouns capitalized prompt-

ly. Before I've had time to orient myself, to take stock of the text's essence, the document has dissolved into a protean shimmer of minute changes, reconstituted in a thousand small ways.

For basically anyone unsworn to Ludism, the insinuation of digital collaboration into modern college life is a *fait accompli*. Generally with faculty blessing, we students have begun to share everything—essays, study guides, and drafts of creative writing—crowdsourcing the production of prose. We fill margins with half-jokes and our particular grammatical prejudices, contributing, in bits and prods, to a communal text. And all of this we do eagerly, hungrily, as if we've stumbled upon an unimpeachable boon.

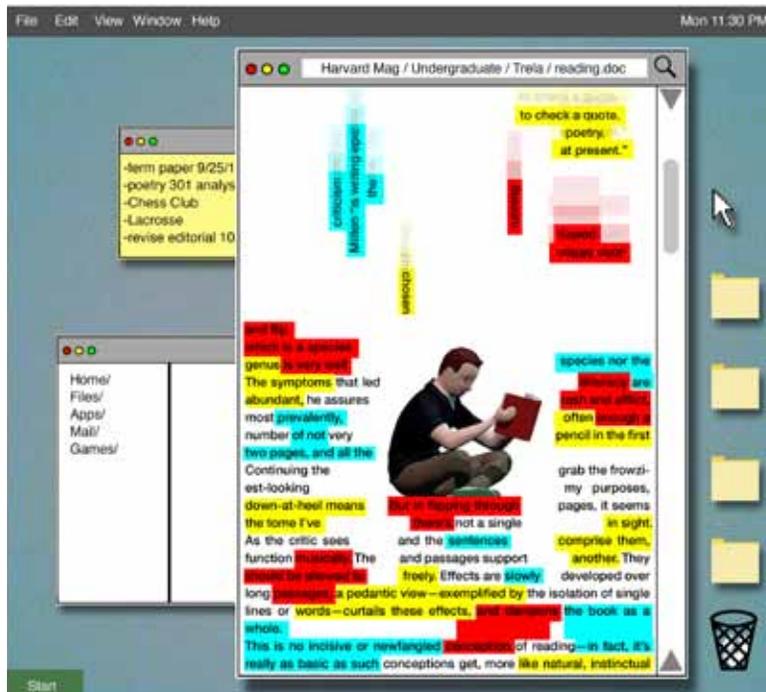
And yet, for me, this phenomenon has always remained linked to a vague anxiety; though I can't put my finger on the thing precisely, something about digital collaboration has always struck me, instinctually, as inimical to the way we ought to read and interact with texts.

The longer I've been at Harvard, the harder I've found it to engage in the calm, deliberate, sustained reading—unbroken, even, by the act of annotation—that Lewis championed. If I'm trying to read soon after interacting with a Google doc, the task becomes even harder; my eyes and mind, adjusted to a more frenetic pace, to a type of reading that is in a very real sense a brand of multitasking, flutter about nervously, struggling to light on individual words, incapable of easing into a measured rhythm.

The problem isn't simply that I can't focus. It's that, in a way, I don't *want* to focus. When compared to the high-paced, noisy causerie of digital collaboration, the solitary act of reading a book can begin to seem—and this is a painful word to write—*boring*.

Even worse, when compared to the ebullient camaraderie of digital collaboration, the ordinarily pleasant and reassuring solitude of a tête-à-tête with a physical book can begin to feel a little like loneliness.

When I come back to



printed books after swimming in the phosphorescent shallows of a screen, I have to assure myself that this is in fact a way of reading. I have to convince myself again of the value of the old routine: clock faces occluded so I don't worry about the time; my

I'm quietly reading the products of a quiet reading, emulating how Nabokov must have sat.

feet up, my back curved, my chin downturned; a fan running, or the light just right on the page. I have to mollify my overexcited nerves and set about consciously remembering how to act as the sole reader of a text. The rituals help, of course; they remind me that I've read like this before. That I'll probably do so again.

And I always do remember, in the end. But it's still a shame I have to.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE TIME, you can register for an account and submit a request and end up on a Friday morning in Houghton Library's reading room with a two-volume facsimile of a fifteenth-century Flemish illuminated manuscript (though given this description, general interest might be a limiting factor as well).

On the facsimile's first page—a glossy blankness—the book's previous owner has scribbled the following: “property of V. Nabokov,” and beneath that, “butterflies identified by him.”

The manuscript, as I discovered on just such a Friday morning, is primarily interested in hagiographic imagery: Saint Veronica displays a cloth on which the shadow of Christ's face is imprinted; Saint Anthony Abbot walks in the wilderness in the company of wild beasts.

But Nabokov, the inveterate literary trickster, has eyes only for the butterflies.

His indelicate scrawl, pressed into the page by what, it seems, had been the fine nib of a mechanical pencil, provides their scientific names: *Issoria lathmia*, *Vanessa atalanta*, *Abraxas grossulariata*. Occasionally a question mark appears next to a specimen, perhaps because the writer has been stumped, or perhaps (and this is more likely, as the marks are quick and cruel, almost sardonic) because the manuscript's illuminator has whimsically and irresponsibly confected from stray colors and patterns a chimerical species.

On this Friday morning, I'm absorbed

in my inspection of the manuscript. The reading room is comfortable and quiet, the air the perfect temperature and the light the perfect lambency to facilitate immersive reading.

On the few occasions that I do glance up,

I can't help but notice that there are no other undergraduates in the reading room. The desks are peopled by old men with frosty beards and willowy women in muted dresses; they inspect piles of letters and yellowed tomes with crazed leather bindings. The room is peaceful. The sibilance of turned pages rises occasionally out of the silence.

The thought occurs to me that I'm quietly reading the products of a quiet reading, emulating the very way Nabokov must have sat, the way he must have focused, his brow curled and eyes poised.

This, too, is a form of collaboration, albeit silent, protracted, and completely voluntary. I can consider the previous reader's presence if I want to—it is not forced upon me. Likewise I can ignore his annotations, the sediment of his prior perusals.

I feel strange pondering what must have been Nabokov's own thought process while inspecting this manuscript. He was, after all, a master of literary mystification, and so it's odd to find him impugning the playful creation of new breeds of butterflies that exist only in, and as, art.

He must, I assume, have fallen so fully into his reading that the whole vast mecha-

nism of his strong literary opinions and wonted modes of analysis fell away. In their absence, a very small and ardent aspect of his mind assumed complete authority. He must have read selfishly, passionately, and without a thought for anyone else.

After a while my phone buzzes (an alarm; an appointment) and I stand up to leave and realize, to my pleasure, that I've been doing just the same.

A LITTLE BIT LATER, I return to my room. There are many things I need to read: novels, tracts, monographs. They're stacked on my desk, passive as bricks.

Sometimes I feel a breed of dread when I think of the reading I've got to do. I worry if I'll be able to focus; I'm afraid that the pages and the words they bear will swirl into nonsense like the symbols and signs of an abstruse theorem.

Trained by the screen to consider the gazes of others, to react quickly and decisively to their smallest suggestions, I worry that they'll follow me into the book, that I'll hear their mutterings while I pick my way through befuddling syntax.

And of course, this feeling's worse today. I'm certain I'll have the shade of Nabokov staring over my shoulder.

But then I remember that he read alone, and right now my room is quiet and the fan is slued in my direction, and the light's coming nicely through the window.

I feel very alone.

He probably wouldn't have cared. ♡

Berta Greenwald Ledecy Fellow Bailey Trela '16 hasn't seen a real butterfly in a long time.

SPORTS

Rolling Along

Formidable early-season football

BEFORE the Harvard football team kicked off the school's 142nd gridiron season, coach Tim Murphy's toughest foe was a familiar one: his 2014 squad, one of the greatest in Crimson

history. This year, after all, could not end any better than last year's 10-0 campaign, which culminated in a heart-stopping 31-24 win over Yale last November 22 at Harvard Stadium. During the Ivy League's preseason

teleconference, when *The Harvard Crimson's* Sam Danello '18 asked how to keep this year's edition from resting on the program's considerable laurels, Murphy declared, "You have to get rid of those skeletons. At every team meeting, the first thing I say is, 'Hey, Zack Hodges isn't walking through that door. Conner isn't walking through that door'—references, respectively, to Harvard's all-time sacks leader and one of its best big-game quarterbacks, who both graduated last May. "We're *not* destined to go 10-0," Murphy's peroration continued. "If for any reason you think you're entitled to it because your teammates have won three of the last four Ivy championships, you'll get hammered. You can make the case that every team in the league is improved—maybe except Harvard." (See "Murphy Time," page 35, for an in-depth profile of Tim Murphy, and his place in Harvard football history.)

In the early going, either because of Murphy's message or despite it, Harvard kept right on rolling. Showcasing a strong all-around game, the Crimson demolished its first three opponents, extending its winning streak to 17. Nevertheless, the apparent haplessness of the foes raised questions about just how good this year's team would be.

The rest of the Ivy League could be forgiven for thinking that Murphy was poor-mouthing. (In the preseason writers' poll, the Crimson was favored to repeat as champions, if narrowly over Dartmouth.) Entering his twenty-second year on the Crimson sideline, the coach had retained an enviable nucleus, many of them All-Ivy in '14. On defense, seniors Jake Lindsey, Eric Medes, and captain Matt Koran headed the seasoned linebacking corps. The defensive backfield sported their classmates Sean Ahern, Asante Gibson, and Scott Peters (who made the clinching interception against Yale) and junior Chris Evans. Power-and-cutback runner extraordinaire Paul Stanton Jr. '16 spearheaded the offense, and the wide receivers included fellow seniors Andrew Fischer (who caught Hempel's winning touchdown pass against the Elis) and Seitu Smith. Ben Braunecker '16 and Anthony Firkser '17 were foremost in a flotilla of versatile tight ends. (Harvard spawns tight ends the way Britain produces actors.) The mighty offensive line had lost All-Ivy center Nick Easton '15 but retained such primordial blockers as Cole Toner, Adam Redmond, and Anthony Fa-



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Having picked off a Brown pass, defensive back Asante Gibson—wearing his team's new, Nike-designed home uniform—heads goalward during the Crimson's second-quarter onslaught.

HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS

biano, all class of '16. Moreover, there were intriguing freshman newcomers such as wide receiver Justice Shelton-Mosley and running back Noah Reimers.

Still...who would replace Hempel? The main candidates to start at quarterback were Scott Hosch '16, who as the primary backup in 2014 steered the Crimson to six wins, and Joseph Viviano '17, whom Murphy termed "probably as talented a kid as we have recruited at that position." In pre-season drills, the 6-foot-5 Viviano made a strong impression—until he broke his left foot in a non-contact play and needed surgery. By default, Hosch was number one.

Murphy continually lauds Hosch's "high football IQ," and the latter's intelligence as well as his touch were on display on September 19 during a 41-10 victory over Colonial Athletic Association member Rhode Island at Kingston. The 6-foot-3 Georgian completed 18 of 27 pass attempts for a career-high 336 yards, spreading the ball deftly among a half-dozen receivers while tossing for three touchdowns, a performance that won Ivy League player of the week honors. (It helped mightily that the offensive line allowed the Rams pass-rushers to get no closer than Woonsocket.) The first score, a 25-yarder to Ryan Halvorson '17 (yet another tight end), came on

Another Saturday, another victory for Crimson quarterback Scott Hosch '16, who passed for three touchdowns and a career-high 336 yards against Rhode Island.

ing a punt; cornerback Kolbi Brown '17 picked the ball up and scampered into the end zone. Then came some magical punctuation. In mop-up duty at quarterback entered Hosch's fellow Georgian Jimmy Meyer '16, who took a snap at the Rams 37, dropped back, and let fly. The ball sizzled like a howitzer shell and whistled into the hands of Shelton-Mosley in the end zone. It was Meyer's first pass in varsity play, and the first catch for Shelton-Mosley. A new placekicker, Kenny Smart '18, was six for seven on extra-point conversions.



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tackles and an interception that set up a touchdown), and a quarterback sack by Ahern that enabled Lindsey to scoop up the ball at the Brown 11 and run it into the end zone—the first Harvard fumble recovery for a score in five years. The blowout



KIT WUTTHE/HARVARD CRIMSON

In his first extended action, freshman Noah Reimers gained 60 yards and ripped off two touchdown jaunts against Brown.

(which completed an Ocean State sweep) also afforded Reimers the opportunity to strut his stuff: the 5-foot-11, 200-pounder from Virginia delivered with 60 yards on eight carries, including touchdown jaunts of 16 and 27 yards.

The following Friday, another night game yielded another blowout, this one over outmanned Georgetown, 45-0. The Crimson scored six touchdowns, all on the ground, the most impressive being Stanton's 37-yard, second-quarter scamper. Reimers got into the end zone thrice on short runs and flashed some nifty open-field moves, once even hurdling a would-be Hoya tackler. The defense made another fumble-forcing sack (by lineman Miles McCollum '17) followed by a runback (by Koran). And in what was becoming a signature, there was for the third straight week a punt block, this one by defensive back Tanner Lee '18.

Murphy pronounced this walkover

“the end of the pre-season.” Six Ivy games loomed, including all the top contenders. The outcomes would determine whether during next year's preseason Murphy would invoke as inspiration the names Hosch, Stanton, and Koran.

TIDBITS: With the victory at Rhode Island, Harvard is 117-23-2 in season openers....The win over Brown brought Murphy's record in Ivy openers to 17-5....The Georgetown victory ran the Crimson's mark in home night games to 11-0....Thirty states are represent-



ed on the 2015 roster: California leads the way with 19; Texas is next (12), followed by Ohio (11) and Georgia (nine). Traditional suppliers Massachusetts and New Jersey have furnished six each. ~DICK FRIEDMAN

Taking Her Shot

Post-surgery, a top athlete reestablishes herself.

IN BASKETBALL, a three-point play (a three-point shot or a two-point shot, plus a free throw) is an accomplishment. A four-point play (a three-pointer and a free throw) is rare. A five-point play is virtually impossible—but that's what the Harvard women's basketball team accomplished last January, and Shilpa Tummala '16 initiated the action.

The Crimson trailed Dartmouth by 14 points late in the second half, and Harvard needed a comeback to avoid a 0-2 start in conference play to preserve its chance at an Ivy League championship.

Enter Tummala. After scoring a layup to cut the deficit to 12, she held the ball beyond the three-point line with just under six minutes remaining. Temi Fagbenle '15 set a screen to initiate a pick and roll, but instead of driving to the hoop, Tummala did what she does best: letting it fly from three-point range. The ball went in. Then the whistle blew, and everyone stopped. Dartmouth had fouled Fagbenle, sending the center to the foul line. The three counted, as did the free throws, slicing the deficit to seven.

Tummala wasn't done. During the next five minutes, she made a steal, a free throw, and then the go-ahead three in Harvard's 75-69 win. “I was in shock,” she said of her performance and the comeback. “People in the locker room [were] crying because they had never experienced a game so devastatingly weird.” But women's basketball coach Kathy Delaney-Smith took the performance in stride: “I'm never surprised when Shilpa does that,” she said. “I believe she just loves pressure.”

In fact, Tummala's scoring itself was deeply surprising. Having suffered severe shoulder injuries during her first two years of college play, her very presence on the court was amazing.

THE CRIMSON GUARD regards excellent three-point scoring as a byproduct not just of shooting but of complementary skills like dribbling and passing as well. Growing up in Arizona, she modeled her game after the Phoenix Suns' Steve Nash, an elite point guard who was considered one of the NBA's most creative passers and an excellent shooter. Tummala is a similar dual threat, capable of taking her shot or driving to the basket and finding open teammates. Several weeks after defeating Dartmouth, for example, when the Crimson trailed Columbia by

two points with just under a minute remaining, she again held the ball, but instead of shooting, she went to the hoop, drew the defense, and passed to Erin McDonnell '15, who hit the game-winning three.

Tummala likes creating scoring opportunities for her teammates, but she also recognizes that passing opens up her own arsenal. “That's what helps with my scoring abilities,” she said, “because people aren't necessarily sure if I'm going to attack to create or attack for myself.” Or, as was the case against Dartmouth, attack from three.

The five-foot-eleven player also makes use of her size: she is bigger than most shooting guards in women's basketball. According to her even taller brother, Sai, a six-foot-six forward on the University of Hawaii men's basketball team, this enables her to be more “aggressive” and “use her body to get to the basket.” It also means that she can shoot over shorter defenders.

Yet for Tummala, the key to great shooting is repetition. Growing up, she dragged her father, Sekhar, outside daily to work on her shot. They would start with layups and continue to take one step back, build her strength, and hone her form. To this day, her father's guidance remains influential. “When I'm at the free-throw line, I

literally hear his voice,” Tummala explains. “Bend your knees, make sure you bend your knees. Make sure your elbow is in. Make sure it’s at a 90-degree angle. Feet shoulder-width apart.”

This attention to detail and repetition becomes even more important from three-point range (almost six feet further from the basket); given the greater distance and heightened stakes, there is both a smaller margin of error and, as Tummala said, “more pressure to succeed.” Consequently, she focuses intensely on her mechanics, including the details her father emphasized. For every shot, she also squares her body with the basket, and positions the ball in her shooting pocket (a space just to the right of her torso, and above her waist). She jumps straight up and down, releases the ball quickly, and follows through. Executing this technique successfully depends heavily on leg strength, particularly in late-game scenarios when shooters tire, so leg exercises designed to help her jump and explode through her release are part of her regular routine.

She has also trained her mind. She thinks the best three-point shooters—like reigning NBA MVP Steph Curry—benefit from a bad short-term memory (they quickly forget misses), confidence, and above all the ability to get into a rhythm. “I don’t want to sound Confucius-y,” she said, “but you really want to become ‘one’ with the ball.” This doesn’t always happen, she emphasizes, but by practicing visualization exercises and exploring ways to involve her teammates, she thinks less about *making* the three-point shot and more on *finding* it and her teammates in the flow of the game.

Having honed her form, strength, and focus, she has the confidence and instincts to launch big shots without forethought—just as she did in Hanover.

AS SHE ENTERED college, many expected Tummala to hit game-changing threes routinely. As a high-school senior, she was one of the top-100 recruits in the country and

placed second in a national high-school three-point contest at the 2012 NCAA Final Four. But after suffering season-ending shoulder injuries during her freshman and sophomore years at Harvard, she couldn’t lift a basketball, let alone shoot, with her right hand. The situation was so bleak that her parents broached the possibility of her quitting, but the sharpshooter refused, emphasizing, as her father recalled, that “bas-



Shilpa Tummala

ketball is a major part of her life.”

Instead she went back to work. In the spring of her sophomore year, when her right arm was in a sling, she began practicing dribbling and shooting left-handed. That summer, she woke up at 4:30 A.M. daily to lift weights and do rehab exercises before going to organic chemistry class and section for at least five hours every weekday. By the fall, she was practicing; halfway through the season, she cemented her place in the starting lineup; and against Dartmouth, she reemerged as an impact player. That second-half stretch was not just the team’s comeback of the season; it was the inflection point in Tummala’s personal recovery.

In part because she missed so much time due to injury, Tummala’s statistics last year—5.8 points and 2.9 rebounds per game—were not gaudy. But the numbers belie her impact: she hit three-pointers in 19 of Harvard’s last 23 games, many of them crucial, including a go-ahead basket against Yale. “She lost almost three years of the transition from high school to Division I college basketball,” Delaney-Smith noted, “and then she still ended up being a starter for us.”

A NEUROBIOLOGY concentrator with a secondary concentration in chemistry, Tummala spent this past summer researching her neuro-oncology thesis, taking the MCAT (she plans to apply to medical school), and working out in Cambridge. She and her brother also traveled to India with Crossover Basketball & Scholars Academy, a nonprofit that uses basketball to create educational opportunities and community change. Reflecting on her undergraduate experience last spring, she said, “The day I stepped on Harvard’s [campus], I was like, ‘Okay, this is who I want to be when I leave this place.’ I’m a junior, and I’m already that person.”

Now, as the start of her senior season approaches, Tummala is as healthy as she has been as a college basketball player and is poised to make an enormous impact on the court. “I couldn’t be more excited about her senior year,” said Delaney-Smith. “I’ve seen wonderful, quiet leadership. I’ve seen a senior emerge with the drive to change things here in our program.”

Tummala is similarly enthusiastic. “I think that Harvard and the basketball team, and the program, has given me literally everything that it possibly could have,” she said. “I’m hoping that at the end of this year I can say that I’ve given a program that’s so wonderful and so amazing, everything that I have to offer.”

She is ready to take her shot.

~DAVID L. TANNENWALD

Freelance writer David L. Tannenwald '08 has covered Crimson basketball for the magazine.



JULIE MOSCATEL/HPAC

MURPHY TIME

Harvard's greatest
football coach—and one of
the best anywhere

by **DICK FRIEDMAN**

NOVEMBER 19, 2011. The Yale Bowl. There are seven minutes remaining in the second quarter and the heavily favored Harvard football team is being given all it can handle by scrappy archrival Yale. Nursing a 14-7 lead, the Crimson has driven to the Eli 5, where it faces a fourth down and goal. Given Harvard's solid field-goal kicker, David Mothander '14, the orthodox play is to take the points. Let Mothander boot the chip shot and widen the lead to 10 points, making it, in football parlance, "a two-score game."

Kneeling at the 12, presumptive holder Colton Chapple '13 takes the snap from center. But wait! Instead of plunking the ball on the ground in preparation for the placekick, Chapple pitches it to Mothander, who in his previous football life was a quarterback at St. Margaret's Episcopal School in San Juan Capistrano, California. Mothander sets sail around the Yale left end—vacated by unwary Elis defenders—and waltzes into the end zone. On the next snap, he does kick the ball through the uprights. The extra point gives Har-

vard a 21-7 lead. There are almost 37 minutes to play, but for all intents the game—The 128th Game—is over. The Crimson goes on to win 45-7, matching its largest victory margin in the series and completing an undefeated Ivy League season.

The architect of the strategy—the man who gave the green light to the fake—was Harvard head coach Tim Murphy. The maneuver revealed the essence of his philosophy as well his uncanny talent for taking the temperature of a game. The prospect of failure (and the second-guessing of Sunday-morning quarterbacks) neither daunted nor deterred him. To Murphy, it was an irresistible gamble. "If you pull it off, they're on the ropes. You've buried 'em," he explains in his forthright, matter-of-fact fashion. (In appearance and demeanor, he bears some resemblance to the actor Christopher Meloni, best known for playing a blunt-spoken detective on TV's *Law and Order: SVU*.) "You go with your gut, and if you have that feel that this is the opportunity to put a team away, there's a risk/reward that's worth it." Such audacity is in his DNA. "We want to take x amount of shots per

game,” he says. “Whether that’s an onside kick, a fake field goal, a fake punt, a reverse pass, fill in the blank...you have to have one of those because sometimes you need it to change the tempo of the game, sometimes you need to get back in the game, sometimes you need it to put a team away.”

Now in his twenty-second season as Harvard’s coach—only its third in 59 years, following John Yovicsin and Joe Restic—Timothy Lester Murphy, who turned 59 on October 9, is a master of the art of putting teams away. Beginning in 1994, when he arrived from Cincinnati to replace Restic (23 seasons, 117 wins, five Ivy titles won or shared), through last year, Murphy has amassed an overall record of 147-62. In Ivy play he is 104-43, and he has won or shared eight league titles, including last year when his team was 10-0; a pulsating 31-24 win in The Game capped his third perfect season, to match those in 2001 and 2004. His teams have beaten Yale 16 times in 21 tries. In the Murphy era, the Crimson has outscored the Elis 533-363. Last November’s win—which characteristically featured a trick-play touchdown pass off a reverse from one wide receiver, Seitu Smith ’15, to another, Andrew Fischer ’16—was particularly heartening: It came nine months after Murphy underwent triple coronary-bypass surgery.

Most remarkable is Murphy’s record beginning in 2001: 114-25, the best mark in NCAA Division I’s Football Championship Subdivision (FCS) in that span. It includes 13 wins over Yale in 14 years, and victories in the last eight Games in a row. (Aggregate score in those 14 years: Harvard 403, Yale 215.) During that period, in no season has Harvard won fewer than seven games, a consistency that boggles his counterparts. “It’s almost unheard of in this league,” marvels

The Murphy effect: Having eschewed an easy field goal, Harvard placekicker David Mothander (37) carried out the fake called by his coach and crashed over the goal line for a momentum-building touchdown against Yale in 2011. The eventual 45-7 victory also included the Murphy era’s trademark rugged defense, as practiced by linebacker Bobby Schneider (35).

Jack Siedlecki, Yale’s coach from 1997 through 2008 and Murphy’s roommate when they were youthful assistants at Lafayette. Murphy’s teams have not lost back-to-back games since 2006, when they dropped their final two contests, to Penn and Yale. Harvard has not been shut out since 1998—a span of 168 games and an Ivy record. (For a report on this season’s early games, see page 30.)

By longevity as well as accomplishment, Murphy has become Harvard’s greatest football coach, surpassing even pigskin genius Percy Duncan Haughton, A.B. 1899, a seminal figure who from 1908 through 1916 guided the Crimson to a 71-7-5 mark and three national championships. (A frieze dedicated to P.D. is affixed to the open end of the Stadium on the home side.) The Haughton era always has been referred to as “the golden age of Harvard football,” but now it must share space with the Murphy epoch.

During his tenure Murphy also has etched himself on Ivy League football’s coaching Mount Rushmore, along with Bob Blackman (seven titles at Dartmouth from 1955 through 1970), Carmen Cozza (11 at Yale from 1965 through 1996) and Al Bagnoli (10 at Penn from 1992 through 2014 and who is now coaching at Columbia). He has won a passel of awards, including the inaugural Ivy League Coach of the Year honor last year. In 2012 he served as president of the American Football Coaches Association. There is even a budding Murphy coaching tree. But because he prowls the sidelines on most autumn Saturdays before only a few thousand passionate souls, Murphy is not often mentioned in the discussion when sports-talk pundits rank the nation’s top coaches, with names coming from the usual Football Bowl Subdivision power seats: Tuscaloosa, Columbus, Ann Arbor.

Two decades ago Murphy was on track to enthrone himself in one of those seats. Instead, he settled in Cambridge to become the Thomas Stephenson Family Head Coach of Harvard Football. “I made a gut decision that less is more,” he says. “When you put it all together, I could not have conceived how well it would turn out.”



The Apprentice

IN THE EARLY 1970s, in Kingston, Massachusetts (about five miles north of Plymouth), Silver Lake Regional High football coach John Montosi had on his squads a star quarterback named Eugene (Buddy) Teevens and a scrappy end/linebacker



FROM LEFT: JIM SHANNON/REUTERS/COORBIS IMAGES; HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS

Sunday soldiers: Quarterback Ryan Fitzpatrick (near right) and tight end Kyle Juszczyk blossomed under Murphy, then went on to solid careers in the NFL.



HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS (2)

named Timothy Murphy. The two boys and their classmates stare out from the pages of the school's yearbook, *The Torch*, looking for all the world like refugees from *Dazed and Confused*, the iconic Richard Linklater film set in that time period. Growing up, Buddy and Murph were as close as brothers, and remain so, except for the one day each year (this season, Friday night, October 30 at the Stadium) when Harvard plays Dartmouth.

"If you could have got odds in seventh grade that Buddy Teevens and I would end up Ivy League football coaches, you could have got a million to one," says Murphy. Buddy Teevens went on to become All-Ivy at Dartmouth and now is in his second stint as head coach of his alma mater.

"He's never changed," says Teevens of Murphy. "He's the guy that I grew up with....Do [things] the right way, do [them] consistently....The essence of who he is has not changed since the first day I met him."

John Montosi does not admit to envisioning two future coaches, but both boys made an impression. "Timmy was probably the most serious one on the team," he says. "Probably because nothing was given to him—he had to earn it. He was a late maturer as far



Sixteen months later, I was 220 pounds. I talked different, walked different, I played different. The one thing I can take pride in: I was tough, I was resilient, and I was driven. Those are things you can decide to be, or it's in your wiring, or a combination. That's who I was." As a senior, Murphy was named a small college All New England linebacker. "My idol back in those days was Dick Butkus. He was tough, physical, someone you can rely on. I wasn't a great player, but I loved the game and I played it hard."

"I was tough, I was resilient, and I was driven," says Murphy. "Those are things you can decide to be, or it's in your wiring, or a combination. That's who I was."

as height and weight. [Murphy eventually sprouted to 6-foot-3.] But he became a starting tackle and defensive end and was a very good player. We had one toughness drill that we used to do, and when Timmy was in the middle no one wanted any part of him."

Montosi made an impression on Murphy as well. "I knew what I wanted to do I when I was a junior in high school," he says. "Coaches had a huge impact on my life, from a very early age. I'm not positive I can tell you the name of my ninth-grade French teacher, but from my Little League coaches Freddy Smith and Louis Nogueira, to my high-school basketball coaches Dick Arietta and John Cuccinato, to my high-school football coaches John Montosi and Bob Murphy, to my college coach, Howie Vandersea, they had an impact on my life." They became his role models for male authority. "Those guys, they really cared," Murphy says. "And you can't fake caring."

Though he made all-league, Murphy attracted scant notice from colleges. "I was so sophisticated I went to the school that sent me a form letter," he says with a chuckle. Arriving at Springfield (Massachusetts) College to play for Vandersea, "I was 175 pounds.

Murphy also was learning from Vandersea, who had his physical-education majors create and present a football playbook. Recalls Vandersea, "Tim had an excellent playbook that was attentive to detail, as was his oral presentation."

Upon graduation in 1978, Murphy began his coaching apprenticeship as a graduate assistant on John Anderson's staff at Brown. "I got \$800 for the year," he says. At the same time, "I actually worked in a factory, in an extrusion mill, Union Camp Corporation in Providence, Rhode Island, on the graveyard shift." Murphy was quickly captivated by the Ivy ambiance. "I met a guy named Mike Kachmer, a Brown engineering student and football player who had been an All-Ivy safety and now also was a graduate assistant," Murphy says. "He was from Poland, Ohio. We immediately hit it off—two peas in a pod. One day I said, 'How did you end up in a place like Brown?'" Kachmer replied, "My parents always made sure I did my homework, I was a pretty good athlete, highly motivated. All of a sudden I started getting letters from Ivy League schools."

"That was an epiphany for me," Murphy says. "I realized, It's



A coaching phenom at Maine and Cincinnati (top left and left), Murphy shocked the profession in 1994 by moving to Harvard. During his first seven up-and-down seasons, the constant was his family (from left): Grace, Molly, Conor, and Martha.

signed to become head coach at his alma mater. Murphy was offered the Black Bears job. “I’d worked so hard to get into a good school and I was so conflicted,” he says. “I asked Kellogg to defer me for a year and I’ll get this head coaching thing out of my system. Twenty-eight years later, I still haven’t.”

The Jagged Path to the Top

WHEN MURPHY TOOK OVER at Maine, he was the youngest head coach in college football. Two years and one Yankee Conference title later, when he moved to probation-wracked Cincinnati, he was the youngest head coach in Division I. (Before relocating, he married Swampscott, Massachusetts, native Martha Kennedy, a health-insurance executive. As a busy two-career couple, they have yet to go on their honeymoon. All three of their children have gone to Harvard: Molly ’14, Conor ’16, and Grace ’18.) He stayed five years. His third Bearcats team lost to Penn State 81-0. The next year Cincinnati gave the Nittany Lions a scare before succumbing 24-22. In Murphy’s final year the team was 8-3—the school’s first winning season in 11 years.

As befits a major-college coach, Murphy was making major money (his compensation included a country-club membership), and he stood to make more—at Cincinnati or at one of the traditional powers. But he had become keenly aware of the job’s pitfalls. Before the Bearcats’ turnaround, “There was an ah-ha moment from my wife,” he says. “We were at a New Year’s Eve party with one of our neighbors. He probably had a little too much to drink, and his back was to us. He said, ‘Yeah, if Murph doesn’t win next year, he should be fired.’ She has never forgiven him. I tried to tell her, that’s the way it is. That’s the job.”

When Restic retired in 1993, Murphy decided to apply for the Harvard post. William J. Cleary ’56, the athletic director at the time, looked beyond Murphy’s overall 17-37-1 record at Cincinnati. “You could see he was a well-organized individual,” says Cleary, who also was wowed by Murphy’s intense preparations for business school. “I said to myself, ‘Any guy who did what he did to try to get ahead, he’s a man who’ll do well at Harvard, because he’s got his priorities set. Obviously, academics means something to him. That’s the type of guy you want here.’” (Adds Cleary, “I have to say that was one of my best hires.”)

not enough to have a goal in life—you have to have a plan. As crazy

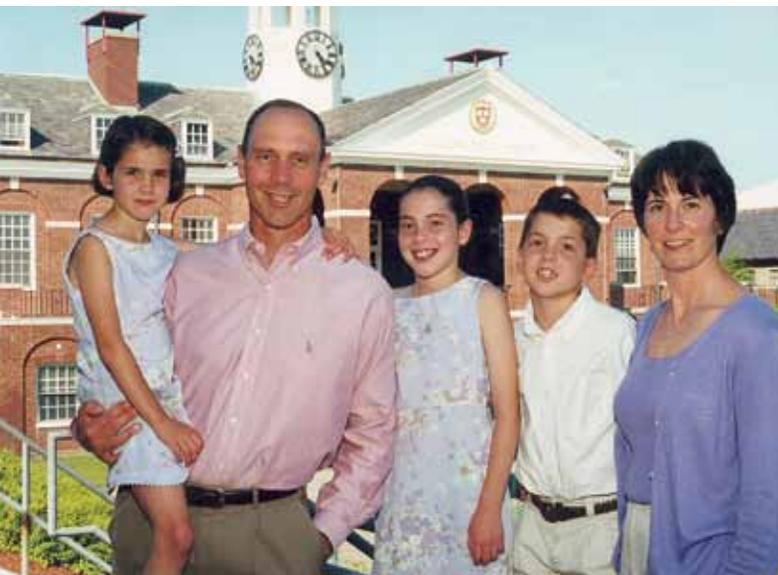
as it may sound, I went back to my office—really a broom closet with a desk in it—and I set a goal that I would be a head coach by the time I was 30, and if not, I was going to go back and get my M.B.A., which when you look back seems really ridiculous.”

After spending another year at Brown as assistant offensive-line coach and a year as defensive-line coach at Lafayette, Murphy prepped for the M.B.A. route in earnest during three years on Rick Taylor’s staff at Boston University. “I took courses I’d need for the GMAT and M.B.A.,” he says. “I remember being in a summer calculus class with freshman engineering majors who were much smarter than I was. I had to figure out a way to get an A, and I did. I had to work way harder than they did.” In 1985, Teevens became head coach at Maine, and he brought along Murphy as offensive coordinator.

After his second season in Orono, Murphy was ready to pack it in: He had applied to and been accepted by Northwestern’s Kellogg School of Management and the Darden School of Business at Virginia. He prepared to move to Evanston. “My thirtieth birthday had come and gone,” he says. “Of the five schools I had applied to, the only two that accepted me were the two that required an interview. Which taught me a very valuable lesson: You don’t really know until you meet somebody. So much of it is your gut. That really has become the heart and soul of my own recruitment process—getting a gut feeling about people and making bets on that.”

Before Murphy could become a business student, Teevens re-

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: BOTTOM: UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI; ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS; UNIVERSITY OF MAINE; ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS; HARVARD; ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS (8)



Murphy's move to Cambridge—dropping down, in effect—ran against all the tenets of the coaching food chain. “My assistant coaches were just stunned,” he says. “They said, ‘Coach, you are committing professional suicide.’ And there was a 40 percent pay cut. Even my wife was not without concerns. But there were a couple of things. One, my mom was terminally ill at the time,” and being back in Massachusetts would put Murphy closer to her. “Two, I had just thoroughly enjoyed the experience at Brown—how driven these kids were.”

The Crimson was coming off six consecutive losing seasons, so Murphy set out to instill that same drive. At his introductory press conference, he vowed that Harvard would win the Ivy title

Harvard's players began to get used to something called “Murphy time.” As Dan Vereb describes it, “The meeting was announced to start at 9:00, but he started at 8:55. So you learned to arrive at 8:50.”

within four years—by the time his first set of recruits graduated. Murphy scrapped Restic's vaunted multiflex offense, which had bamboozled foes but also occasionally the Harvard players, in favor of a no-huddle, hurry-up attack that could wear out a defense. He also introduced a new level of commitment. “It was revolutionary in the attention to detail, conditioning, the hard work, the effort,” says Dan Vereb '96, an offensive lineman recruited by Restic who played his final two seasons for Murphy. “A couple of the big things were hiring a strength and conditioning coach, and having a specified four-day-a-week workout program that was monitored, in season and out of season. In the off-season, there were running groups at six in the morning. These were new things that didn't exist under Restic. During the Restic period, on Thursday night if you had a lab, you skipped practice and went to the lab. Under the dedicated concept, you made sure you scheduled your lab on Monday”—when there was no practice. Otherwise, you might not play on Saturday. “This was never done in an intimidating way,” says Vereb. “It was: ‘Hey, you want to win, you got to put the time in.’”

Harvard's players also began to get accustomed to something called “Murphy Time.” As Vereb describes it: “The meeting was announced to start at 9:00, but he started at 8:55. So you learned to arrive at 8:50.” Successive generations of Crimson players have continued to operate in that time zone. Kyle Juszczyk '13, an All-Ivy tight end, now plays for the National Football League's Baltimore Ravens. “I still run on Murphy time,” Juszczyk says with a laugh. “I set all my clocks five or 10 minutes ahead.” (And it's not just the players. When asked for her father's main precepts, Grace Murphy responds: “Failing to plan is planning to fail. Always be early. Never quit.”)

Finally, to capture some of that school spirit, Murphy began having his players sing “Ten Thousand Men of Harvard” after games and practices. “We had [a fight song] at Maine,” Murphy says. “Cincinnati didn't have one—so we made one up. At Harvard, when we started this great and sort of iconic tradition, kids [were] like, ‘Coach, this is so corny.’ But I guarantee that the first time they sang it, they got it! The connection was there, and the rest was history.” In the YouTube era, the Crimson's locker-room renditions after victories have gone viral.

The first three seasons produced a mere 10 of those opportunities for postgame songfests, against 20 defeats, some of them heartrending, including a 6-3 loss to Dartmouth in '96: the potential tying field goal, attempted on the final play of regulation, clanked off the right upright. Still, some saw the seeds of victory. John Veneziano, who was then the school's sports information director and is the author of the football chapter in the recently published *Third Book of Harvard Athletics*, says that defeat against the Big Green “was absolutely the moment when I realized the transformation that was taking place with the program. Funny that it came in a loss when the team didn't even score a touchdown, but the fight that was in the Harvard kids that day left no

doubt where the program was heading. Even stranger, that was our eleventh straight home loss—losing to Brown the following week made it 12. So where it may have been easy for some to see despair and frustration, if you stepped back, you saw that something special was on the horizon.”

Everything came together in 1997, Murphy's fourth year—just the way he had drawn it up. Behind such stalwarts as (among others) quarterback Rich Linden '00, running back Chris Menick '00, offensive lineman Matt Birk '98, linebacker Isaiah Kacyvenski '00, and defensive end Tim Fleizser '98—all players brought in under Murphy—Harvard was 7-0 in the Ivy League (its first title since 1987) and 9-1 overall, with only a 24-20 loss to Bucknell marring perfection. “It seems like a linear thing, but it's not,” says Murphy of the jagged path to the top. “But we made a commitment to that first class, that if you come here we will win an Ivy championship. So that year was special.”

But the next three seasons saw a regression to mediocrity, marked by some of the most excruciating losses in Harvard foot-



FROM LEFT: JON CHASE/HFAC; HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS

ball history, including two nailbiters to Yale and a humiliating collapse in 2000 at the Stadium against Cornell, which rallied from a 28-point deficit to win 29-28. “When you get used to winning, the lows are much lower than the highs are high. I remember the losses a lot better than I remember the wins,” says Murphy, who ranks this debacle with 2012’s 39-34 defeat at Princeton as his two most brutal setbacks. (That day, the *other* Murphy’s Law truly prevailed as the Tigers rallied for 29 fourth-quarter points.) “I take full responsibility,” say Murphy. “I remember vividly coming home [from the Cornell game] and my wife said, ‘Conor really wants to play football with you.’ And I said, ‘I just can’t...’ But when you’re home, you’re home...so I grudgingly went out. An hour later? You couldn’t believe how therapeutic it was. A reminder that this football stuff is not life and death. We’re not curing cancer.”

After seven seasons in Cambridge, Murphy’s record was 33-37. Against Yale he was 3-4. If this had been another school in today’s what-have-you-done-for-me-lately world, it’s possible Murphy would have been jettisoned, to be ranked just above two postwar Crimson coaches, Arthur Valpey (1948-1949, 5-11) and Lloyd Jordan (1950-1956, 24-33-3). And everyone would have missed out on the next 14 years.

The Educator

THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY has seen what seems an assembly line of Harvard football greats. The honor roll is worth reciting, if only to show the waves opponents have had to confront. At quarterback, Neil Rose ’03 has yielded to Ryan Fitzpatrick ’05 to Chris Pizzotti ’08 to Collier Winters ’12 to Colton Chapple to Connor Hempel ’15. They have handed the ball off to running backs Clifton Dawson ’07 and Gino Gordon ’11 and Treavor Scales ’13 and Paul Stanton Jr. ’16, and thrown it to Carl Morris ’03 (a two-time Ivy Player of the Year), Brian Edwards ’05, Corey Mazza ’07, Matt Luft ’10, Kyle Juszczuk, Cam Brate ’14, and Andrew Fischer while being protected by Justin Stark ’02, Brian Lapham ’05, James Williams ’10, Kevin Murphy ’12, Nick Easton ’15, and Cole Toner ’16. The defense has featured linemen Mike Berg ’07, Desmond Bryant ’09, Matt Curtis ’09, Josue Ortiz ’12, Nnamdi Obukwelu ’13, and Zack Hodges ’15, linebackers Dante Balestracci ’04, Bobby Everett ’05, Glenn Dorris ’09, Alex Gedeon ’12, Bobby Schneider ’13, and this year’s captain, Matt Koran ’16; and defensive backs Andy Fried ’02, Sean Tracy ’05, Steve Williams ’08, Doug Hewlett ’08, Andrew Berry ’09, Derrick Barker ’10, Collin Zych ’11, and Norman Hayes ’15.

A first-quarter touchdown by Chris Menick keyed a 17-7 victory over Yale in 1997 (left), a win that gave Murphy his first Ivy League title and fulfilled a promise to his first recruiting class. In 2001 he celebrated his first perfect season, as Steve Collins helped heft the trophy.

At times the riches have been embarrassing and perhaps overwhelming to foes struggling to find *one* decent player at each position. In 2001 against Princeton, the injured Rose—who would be named All-Ivy—was replaced by freshman Fitzpatrick, who later would be a worthy NFL quarterback. (He’s now with the New York Jets.) Fitzpatrick guided the Crimson to a 28-26 win. The next week, after falling behind 21-0 at the half, the Crimson rallied behind Fitzpatrick for its largest comeback ever, a 31-21 win that was a highlight of Murphy’s first perfect season. (In 2004, Fitzpatrick and Harvard matched that bounceback, beating Brown 35-34 after trailing 31-10 at the half.) In 2012, at the varying position of tight end/H-back (the latter lines up similarly to a tight end but a step in back of the line), Murphy could deploy two future NFLers, Juszczuk and Brate.

Just as telling, though, are the times when the talent is not A-list. “They’ve had superstars and they’ve had pluggers,” notes John Veneziano, who cites the 2001 season, when two undersized backs—5-foot-8 Nick Palazzo ’03 (556 yards) and 5-foot-10 Josh Staph ’01 (492)—were the rushing leaders.

Opposing coaches are in awe not only of Murphy’s ability to evaluate and attract such athletes, but also of the way he and his staff use them. Al Bagnoli is the one coach who has had Murphy’s number; his Penn teams won 11 of 21 games against the Crimson. “I know Harvard is Harvard, but you still have to go out there and find the kids and develop the kids,” Bagnoli says. “And they do as good a job as anybody in terms of identifying kids and then working with them. And that’s really a credit to [Murphy].

“Offensively, they utilize their personnel in so many different capacities,” he continues. “When they had Kyle Juszczuk, they had him all over the place. He could have been a split receiver, a fullback, an H-Back. And they did that with both tight ends. They’re not afraid to deploy big kids on the perimeter. Usually when that happens, you see wide receivers run into the game and you can match up. The versatility of their kids is an asset. They do a great job of

Opposing coaches are in awe not only of Murphy's ability to evaluate and attract such athletes, but also of the way he and his staff use them.

making you think about where everybody is." The wealth of talent has given Murphy the luxury of mixing things up. "Balance is really important, because the minute you become statistically predictable, you are in big trouble," he says. In this respect, last year's undefeated team was an offensive paragon: It averaged 230.5 yards a game rushing and 230.9 passing. (You'd be hard-pressed to find a more amazing sports statistic, unless it is career hits of St. Louis Cardinals Hall of Famer Stan Musial: 1,815 at home and 1,815 on the road.)

On defense, says Bagnoli of the Crimson, "They don't give up vertical plays [for long gains downfield]. When you score against them, you really earn it. They're really sound schematically. They do enough to keep you off balance, but not so much as to confuse themselves."

Murphy is a savvy and flexible motivator, but no pushover. ("He is a combination of a lawyer, a priest and a drill sergeant," *The Boston Globe's* Bob Monahan once wrote.) "I broke my hand my junior year and missed the next few games," says Fitzpatrick. "I told him I was completely healthy and ready to go. I played in the Dartmouth game—badly. It was probably too early. We didn't talk for a week and a half or two weeks. We'd pass in the hallways and he'd give me the cold shoulder. It was almost like he was a father but he knew how to get to me and show me how disappointed he was" for not being completely honest.

There are other ingredients to Murphy's success. "One thing he teaches is how important it is to overcome adversity," says Paul Stanton Jr., whose brilliant running keyed a second-half comeback against Penn last year. "He's always calm, cool, and collected. He tells us that we know we're the better team and train harder than anyone else." Beneath that even exterior, though, his players can sense the churn. Dante Balestracci likens it to "watching a duck swim. It looks smooth and effortless, but if you had

a camera underneath, those legs are absolutely flying." Nevertheless, says Balestracci, Murphy's "ability to steer the ship and keep that calm demeanor always resonated with me."

Another element in Murphy's success is his audacity. As he proved with that fake field goal against Yale in 2011, Murphy will go for it—even on fourth down in his own territory. "As a player, I really love that," says Stanton. "It shows everybody on the field that he believes in us."

Finally, there is his ingenuity, particularly at crucial moments. "There's always one play you haven't seen till the Yale game," says Veneziano. Former Eli coach Siedlecki notes how his old roomie keeps opponents awake at night: "By the time we played Harvard, we'd seen eight to 10 junk plays—the reverse passes, the double reverses—on film, and at least two or three punt fakes. One year they had a run play off of which came five different reverse passes or flea-flickers. I said to my staff, 'I don't know what [the gimmick] will be [this year] but it will come off of that play.' You need to spend time [preparing for] that stuff. And that takes away from your preparation for some of the other things."

The Organization Man

"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY you can do this job: 100 miles an hour and your hair on fire," says Tim Murphy. "That's just the way it is."

He is sitting in his orderly office on the first floor of the Dillon Field House. Opening kickoff is still almost 12 weeks away, but activity is ceaseless, particularly with prospective recruits on the phone. "People have an impression of the Ivy League that it has a Division III mentality," he says. "You're a good guy, you can coach forever." During his tenure, Murphy has seen 22 coaches at the other seven schools come and go. "I say, Listen: Our alums are like all alums. These are really smart people, really competitive people. Trust me

Familiar sights: Harvard defensive back Steve Williams picked off an Eli pass and Murphy received the celebratory traditional Gatorade shower after the Crimson's 37-6 win in the 2007 Game—the triumph that launched the current eight-year streak.



FROM LEFT: HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS; BARRY CHIN/THE BOSTON GLOBE/GETTY IMAGES

“You go through the competitive season in which you work 100 straight days, 100 straight 12- to 15-hour shifts,” says Murphy. “If you went much longer it would kill you.”

on this: There is not as much patience as you might think.”

For Murphy, to every thing there is a season. “One thing I love about my job is that every three months the landscape kind of changes,” he says. “You go through the competitive season in which you work 100 straight days, 100 straight 12- to 15-hour shifts without a day off—and if you went much longer it would kill you. It’s like being on a submarine. I don’t watch any television during the season. Zero.

“Then you’re into your formal recruiting period, where you’re on an airplane five days a week and flying home on weekends. Then your developmental phase: offseason strength and conditioning and spring football. Then the organizational phase where you [plan] the upcoming 12 months, and speaking and fundraising for our program.”

He points to a loose-leaf binder. “Every summer I’ll plan the next 12 months, and I’ll give [this] to my staff and players. Maybe it’s a little bit compulsive,” he says with a laugh. “But it’s so everybody is on the same page.” Sure enough: If you want to know where you’re supposed to be on February 11 at 6:30 A.M. (the answer: strength and conditioning), you need only consult the guide. He also provides his players with a summer reading list. This year’s featured 11 books, including *Gates of Fire* by Steven Pressfield (“historically accurate and epic novel of the Battle of Thermopylae. Makes ‘300’ seem like a cartoon”) and *The Big Short* by Michael Lewis (“Author is pretty impressive for a Princeton grad. Story about the market crash in the 21st century. Fascinating take on how so few saw it coming and how so few profited.”).

Workouts and game weeks are similarly mapped. “Practices are completely scripted, generally in 24 five-minute blocks,” he says. “Within each block, we script what the tempo is: is it high and hard? Polish? Scrimmage? The Ivy League adopted a rule about five years ago to never hit two days in a row in practice. I’ve been doing this for 25 years. I believe it’s like boxing. You need x amount of live punches, but you want to minimize it as much as you can. One of the reasons I think we have been so successful in a very rugged

schedule in November over the years is that we are as fresh as any team that we play....We’ve probably done less hitting here than any team in the nation. But when we do it, it’s highly intense.”

Murphy is the position coach for the tight ends/H-backs. “He was a phenomenal teacher,” says Juszczyk. “I really feel that that’s where I honed most of my skills. He really challenged me. When I showed up [in Cambridge], I felt pretty good about myself as a player, but he used the ‘break ‘em down to build ‘em up’ technique on me. There were times during my freshman year when I went back to my dorm room and I wondered if I should even be there. But after a tough year of coaching he started to see what he wanted from me and we had a really positive relationship from then on.”

Once play begins, coaches and players are on a treadmill. “Sunday is a long day,” says Murphy. “At one o’clock P.M., the kids report to sports medicine. At two, there’s strength and conditioning. From three to five you go over the video from the previous game. At five o’clock you have a meeting on the field to showcase your next opponent. Monday is a day off mandated by the NCAA.” But not for the staff. “We get the video Monday morning [of the next opponent]. We also get statistical computerized analyses of all tendencies—field position, down and distance, personnel....We’ll watch all the situations and formulate a game plan, bit by bit.

“Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday are the same: a three o’clock meeting, four o’clock practice, off the field at six. In season we don’t do any scrimmaging. We call it high and hard tempo: nobody leaves his feet, kind of an NFL mentality. Thursday—and I’ve been doing this for 30 years—we take the pads off.” No protective gear means no blocking or tackling. “On Friday we have what we call a ‘mental practice.’ We go through every possible scenario of the coming game. Every position on our team has a test. To some extent, we tell our players that this is a take-home exam.”

The Recruiter

THE PHONE RINGS. It is a prospective recruit. Murphy provides guidance on courses that might buttress his transcript for the admissions committee. (He has gone through this process, after all, with his own children.) The pool of good football players who also have the academic record to get into an Ivy school is small, and every coach in the league knows who they are. Murphy and his coaches (helped by the generosity of the Friends of Harvard Football) range far and wide to find them. Last year, Texas and Georgia each supplied the roster with 13 players;

Current star Paul Stanton Jr. (rambling for the clinching touchdown at Penn in 2014), from Kenner, Louisiana, is one of a seemingly unbroken and unstoppable line of stellar and punishing Crimson runners.



HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS



the winning touchdown pass against Yale went from a Kentuckian (Hempel) to a Californian (Fischer).

Murphy says he is not necessarily seeking a specific kind of player, but does concede, “We look for three-sport athletes. We think those kids have the most potential.” Offensive coordinator Joel Lamb ’93 says that the task during recruiting is to look beyond what’s on film and fasten on players “who will be a good fit for Harvard football, as well as having great off-the-field qualities to make them successful at Harvard.” Ryan Fitzpatrick zeroes in on Murphy’s favorites: “He’s going after blue-collar, humble kids who are willing to put in the work. Either they have overcome [adversity] or come from great families.” When Fitzpatrick was being recruited out of Highland High in Gilbert, Arizona, “My parents were nothing but impressed with the way he presented himself—especially his honesty. He’s brutally honest about his expectations of each player. He won’t sugar-coat it. You have to work for your grades, and for your playing time.”

While keeping tabs on recruits, Murphy is also touching base with former players and staffers. By his count, nine former assistants have become head coaches, most notably the Baltimore Ravens’ John Harbaugh (Murphy’s special teams coordinator at Cincinnati), the Miami Dolphins’ Joe Philbin (offensive-line coach and coordinator at Harvard from 1997 to ’99) and Yale’s Tony Reno (the Crimson’s special-teams coordinator from 2009 to ’12). Kyle Juszczyk reports that on the Ravens, he and Harbaugh bond with two other Murphy products, special-teams coordinator Jerry Rosburg (linebacker coach at Cincinnati) and senior offensive assistant Craig Ver Steeg (a former Harvard quarterbacks and receivers coach, and recruiting coordinator). “We talk about ‘Murphisms,’” says Juszczyk. Such as? “The way he shakes your hand—he kind of tucks his elbows in, and not all his fingers are very straight and he comes in for a firm, tight handshake.”

For the entire extended Murphy network, the triple-bypass surgery in February 2014 was a jolt, especially because the work-out-warrior coach is always in fighting trim. When he returned after a six-week convalescence, Murphy made one concession to his illness: “Last year was first year in 30 years I didn’t call plays.” Whatever works: The job he, Lamb, defensive coordinator Scott Larkee ’99, and the rest of the staff did was perhaps the most masterly of the Murphy regime, especially in view of injuries to key players such as starting quarterback Hempel. (Backup Scott Hoesch ’16 grittily stepped in to engineer six of the 10 wins.)

Martha Murphy thinks last November’s victory over Yale was her husband’s most satisfying, writing in an e-mail: “Considering that it was nine months post open-heart surgery, [the presence of] ESPN

Coach speak: At Franklin Field last year, Murphy chatted with Al Bagnoli, the only Ivy coach to have a winning record against Murphy’s Crimson. The year before, at the Stadium, Murphy consulted with his assistants before a 38-30 victory over Bagnoli’s Quakers.

GameDay and national television, winning at home versus Yale, completing a perfect season and then to end our night having a wonderful family dinner in a quiet room in the Square was magical. A journey starting just nine short months [before] when my children and I were very concerned and to see how hard Tim and all the coaches and players worked to prevail and come back even stronger and have a perfect season.” Grace Murphy says her dad “takes time now, he absorbs more. Before surgery life was more compartmentalized for him, there was a time for work and a time for pleasure. Now he enjoys the incremental victories (on and off the field). Growing up we rarely went out to eat, and especially not during football season, but now we go out after many games and celebrate what has been achieved so far. It’s no longer about waiting till the end of the season after a victorious Yale game.”

Someday, Crimson supporters will have to sweat the end of the victorious Murphy era. Harvard will not reveal how long he is signed for. In the past, Murphy has had overtures from schools such as Indiana and Navy, and was even rumored to be under consideration at Penn State when the late Joe Paterno stepped down four years ago. Buddy Teevens says of any potential Murphy move, “He’s been very appreciative of Harvard. The Cincinnati experience gave him the full spectrum of the good, the bad, and the ugly. People have taken a run at him, but it would have to have been very special. And he would take a look, but he’d step back and say, [Harvard] is a very special place.”

Then again, the man has been known to pull off some magnificent fakes. ¶

Contributing editor Dick Friedman ’73 spent two decades as an editor at Sports Illustrated. He began watching Harvard football during the second season of John Yovicsin’s tenure.



Visit harvardmag.com/murphy-15 to see the versatile ways Coach Murphy uses tight ends and halfbacks.



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THOMAS PROFESSOR of history of art and architecture Joseph Koerner, an affiliate of the department of Germanic languages and literatures and a senior fellow of the Society of Fellows, spoke last April at a Radcliffe Institute conference on the “University as Collector.” At Harvard Magazine’s request, he revised and extended his remarks into the following essay. ~The Editors

MAX BECKMANN’S *Self-Portrait in Tuxedo* hangs in the newly renovated, combined Harvard Art Museums at the focal point of the architectural vista into the Busch-Reisinger Museum galleries, establishing—visibly and physically—an identity for this discrete institution within this triad of museums. The curators’ decision makes obvious sense. That painting is, after all, the Busch-Reisinger’s most famous work, the object most often requested for loans. It’s also an “iconic” work, to use that much-overused word. It’s iconic of the Busch-Reisinger. It’s iconic of its maker, Max Beckmann. It’s iconic of the artistic movement called Expressionism. And it has become iconic of the Weimar Republic, and therefore of a decisive era in the history of Germany and of the Europe centered on, and unsettled by, Weimar Germany.

In the Busch galleries in their current installation, Beckmann’s canvas presides over an art historical trajectory that goes (roughly) from Viennese modernism via German Expressionism to the Bauhaus. Thus its placement also makes sense because, for almost everyone, Beckmann and the German Expressionist movement are an important climax within the history of European art, because, internationally, German art is felt to have only two great high points: one during the early sixteenth century, in the art and the era of Albrecht Dürer; the other in the early twentieth, in the art of Franz Marc, Käthe Kollwitz, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner—and Beckmann.

From afar, in fact, the work looks less like an artist’s self-portrait than like one of those official portraits you see at the entrance to single-collector museums such as the Thyssen-Bornemisza Museum, where the donors preside permanently over their holdings in the form of life-size painted likenesses. That is, Beckmann looks less like a painter than like a patron, perhaps like the beer magnate Adolphus Busch, after whom the Busch-Reisinger Museum was partly named. Indeed one critic, writing in 1927 when the canvas was painted, noted that Beckmann had painted himself to look like a “young baron of industry.”

To do justice to the impact of this person, this persona, you really have to stand before the picture, or better yet, lead a discussion with friends or students in front of it. But I’ll suggest a few obvious aspects of the work.

One of the features that makes the painting so visually compelling is the casualness with which the sitter—Beckmann—confronts us, with one hand on his hip, the other holding the cigarette ready, the two hands bringing the body together at its

center. This man (the setup tells us) can stand here a long time; the cigarette even gives him something to do. Probably nowadays, because he wouldn’t be allowed to smoke in the galleries, he’d be holding his cell phone so that he could see the screen. But he’s not smoking his cigarette or checking his phone: he’s looking at us. And that is the other *incredible* feature of the painting: this confrontational relationship to the viewer.

The painter’s relation to us is too direct and too intimate to be friendly. His frontal gaze has almost an aggressive character. And as anyone who paints will know, it’s very hard to paint a frontal likeness of someone convincingly. The look of a face is better captured slightly from the side, in what’s called a three-quarters view, where the outlines of the nose and the shape of the forehead, cheeks, and chin are clarified. Frontality is natural to self-portraiture, because the painter looks straight at the mirror. But in Beckmann’s hands, the frontal view gives rise to a highly complex image of the human face, as we’ll see.

The last feature I want to point out are the artist’s clothes, that black tuxedo which makes everyone, as they enter the gallery, feel a little bit underdressed in comparison—unless, of course, you are lucky enough to be at some museum opening and wearing a tuxedo, too. But even then, Beckmann will be there before you, and seem more at ease. And in how he stands and where he’s chosen to stand, it’s also clear that he can leave, that he can move out the door just to his right. Again, the sense that he belongs here, that he knows better than you how to dress and what to do, gives the impression that you aren’t an audience viewing him, but that he is giving *you* an audience instead.

He belongs, we don’t, or don’t so well as he. What better image for the Busch-Reisinger to station front and center in its galleries than this picture that seems so much to belong. But the tuxedo also signals a certain *kind* of belonging. The great Viennese critic and architect Adolph Loos captured this in his commentary on men’s clothing. He said that an article of dress is modern if, “when wearing it on a particular occasion in the *best* society at the center of one’s culture, one attracts as little attention as possible to oneself.” Loos wrote this in 1898, and what he meant is that somehow one should disappear into the woodwork, but only at the center of society—which for him meant high society in London or in New York. Loos noted, amused, that if you actually showed up in Vienna at the time wearing casually fitting London or New York attire, you would stand out, or be laughed at, because the Viennese were still provincial or backward in their dress. *Their* elegance would stand out in London, but it also stood out in Vienna, as it was local and exaggerated. Loos was saying that to become cosmopolitan was to disappear into one’s surroundings, and that to do this was the mark of being a *modern* person. Modern persons don’t display themselves as individuals through their clothing. They choose instead to vanish into the crowd—perhaps to distinguish them-

Making Modernity

Max Beckmann’s *Self-Portrait in Tuxedo*

by JOSEPH KOERNER

selves elsewhere, through art or commerce.

Max Beckmann wrote something similar about 30 years later, in 1927, in an essay exactly contemporary with the painting. He said that the new priests at the center of culture must be dressed in dark suits, or on state occasions must appear in tuxedo. By priests, Beckmann meant the creative artists, and their religion was one in which God was finally discovered to be nothing more nor less than a human being. The artists are priests of this new religion because they are shapers, and what they shape is identity. They shape identity not as merely a physical image of a person, but in the very way they shape: the form that his painting takes is the identity that the painter makes not just for himself but for the whole of society.

So why the tuxedo? Because, Beckmann argues, a tuxedo is specifically what you wear at an “occasion of state.” So that is what he’s doing in that tuxedo. He is at an official event: the moment of the shaping or new formation of the state, a shaping or formation that the artist himself accomplishes by the way he paints and the way he is. From his text, we can glean, further, that the new kind of state Beckmann is imagining is a European state balanced between powers—hence the formal balance of the painting’s composition. The whole picture is that programmatic! The new state should also be centered, rather than fragmented and localized; it should be like the centered body of the artist, but not by having any single capital, say, in Paris, London, Vienna, or Berlin. Rather, it should be centered in the person—in the modern individual—and should therefore be not a polis but instead a *cosmopolis*.

THE SELF-PORTRAIT, then, is a great object for the Harvard Art Museums, that cosmopolitan gathering of all the world’s art. But how did it come to be in the Busch-Reisinger, a collection that

There are reports that people were expected to laugh loudly while they passed through the galleries; otherwise they might be suspected of liking the art and sympathizing with the enemy.

(compared to the Fogg) has to do with a more local geographic and cultural identity?

As it happened, the University acquired the painting in 1941, at a moment that could not have been less cosmopolitan, indeed the most violently riven moment of the twentieth century, after France had fallen to Germany and on the eve of the U.S. entry into World War II.

Why did the Busch acquire this German picture at that time? Very briefly, Beckmann’s *Self-Portrait in Tuxedo* was adored by critics when it was first exhibited in 1927. Immediately, it was understood to be a representation of a new persona, a new mask: a persona or mask for the “modern” person, a being who was of the time—modern in the sense Baudelaire meant when he wrote of “modernity” and of painters of “modern life.” Critics understood, and Beckmann in his writings explained, that this new person, this new persona presented in the painting, was a balanced self, a self internally balanced in itself, and therefore mobile in every sense. Much praised and much discussed, the painting was immediately acquired by the novelist and art critic Julius Meier-Graefe. It then came to the National Gallery in Berlin, where it was given its own room—so it was at least as important a painting when it was painted as it is today.

Then Hitler came to power in 1933, and institutions came under party control—especially institutions of culture, because the Nazis deemed their movement a cultural revolution. And at that moment, the enemy that had to be vilified and destroyed, in their view, was precisely the modern, modernist artist. Most changes were immediate, though it took some years for this antagonism to reach its final form. In 1937, it took the terrifying shape of an exhibition of “Degenerate Art” (*entartete Kunst*).

For me, that exhibition is a teaching moment *par excellence* about art collecting, because artists’ works were gathered in order to be mocked, slandered, and destroyed. In German, the adjective *entartet* has a much more racist meaning than “degenerate.” Derived from the noun *Art* (meaning kind, species, or race) plus *ent-* (meaning a reversal or conversion into its opposite), *entartet* conveyed the idea that culture had become degenerate, was no longer what it should be, because of troubles with species or race. The racial problem

was the intermingling of races, and particularly the introduction of a foreign, Jewish, component into German culture.

Adolf Hitler in Dresden, 1935, visiting an “exhibition of disgrace,” the precursor to the “Exhibit of Degenerate Art,” for which crowds gathered (left) on opening day in Munich, July 19, 1937



The imagined Jewishness of modern art degenerated art by making it no longer of its kind; instead of being local (the expression of a people or *volk*), it became global (the expression of the false collectivity of “all peoples”). Global meant mobile, nomadic, rootless: it was this rootlessness that was identified with modern painting and modernity and that the exhibition held up for ridicule. Pressing original artworks and mock slogans together in a wild collage, the show turned the aesthetic of Expressionism against itself.

There are reports that people were expected to laugh loudly while they passed through the galleries; otherwise they might be suspected of liking the art and sympathizing with the enemy. In fact, in many photographs of the heavily attended exhibition, it is hard to tell who was for the exhibition and who was against it, who went to hate the art and who went silently to say goodbye to the art they loved.

A page from the exhibition catalog says it all by saying nothing: “All commentary is superfluous”—meaning that the five sculptures reproduced are somehow self-evidently repugnant. This is an amazing moment for art historians: it shows that sometimes commentary is *urgently* needed. It is needed, for example, when we see in one of the photographs from the exhibition a work that now hangs in the galleries of the Busch. It is especially needed when that work is *The Mulatto*, by Ernst Nolde, an artist who held political and racist views similar to those of the exhibit organizers, but who was (to his complete surprise) vilified by them and exhibited as an enemy.

After the exhibition, the works gathered and displayed were deaccessioned from public collections and destroyed or sold. The *Self-Portrait* that Van Gogh dedicated to Paul Gauguin, along with Beckmann’s *Self-Portrait*, Nolde’s *Mulatto*, and several other key works were auctioned, and eventually made their way to Harvard.

THIS DOESN’T EXPLAIN why Harvard bought the Beckmann. Originally, the Busch-Reisinger Museum contained plaster casts and photographs. Founded in 1903, it was supported by Kaiser Wilhelm II himself and intended to foster a sense of German identity among German Americans who (it was felt) shed their ethnic identity in the New World more rapidly than other immigrant groups. The museum’s opening was ill-fated. World War I began barely a decade later, making celebrations of Germanness for a time unthinkable in the United States. By the time World War II broke out, however, another identity had been found not only for the Busch, but also for the Fogg: instead of collecting reproductions (casts and photographs), they collected original works of art.

Beckmann’s *Self-Portrait in Tuxedo* is, in fact, the first modern work of art the Busch ever purchased. And what a strange and amazing beginning, to have this work, of all things, effectively purchased, polemically, as representative of a Germany “other” than Hitler’s: a cosmopolitan and thus not quite German Germany of men wearing tuxedos, a Germany now exiled from its own country, but becoming a potent symbol of that country, defining the country in exile as still potentially devoted to a cosmopolitan ideal.



Artworks confiscated from museums were exhibited as objects of ridicule and then sold at auction. Harvard eventually acquired a Van Gogh self-portrait and Ernst Nolde’s *The Mulatto*, seen at far left in the photograph (right) of visitors to the “Exhibit of Degenerate Art.”



This vexed provenance makes the Beckmann fitting for a museum that has itself been repeatedly called upon to redefine its identity. (This gives the Busch an advantage over the Fogg, which has always treated its identity in a cosmopolitan fashion, as a neutral thing.) But all this backstory would be of little interest were it not that so much of what I’ve said is contained and outdone, transcended, made problematic, made visual, made visible, made speakable, by the painting itself.

One can learn about the balance of power and about painting and politics just by looking at how Beckmann paints his thumb, or how the whole frontal representation of the body is, as it were, negotiated, or crossed out, by the radical splitting of the body into two parts, the black and the white, a splitting that goes right through the sitter’s face. This is an incredibly counterintuitive move, to place at the center of a face, your own face, this fragmenting device of shadow and light, of chiaroscuro that doesn’t unite the composition and or set forth the body but rather fragments and distorts. But what better emblem of the attempt to *belong* and at the same time to be always moving elsewhere, to be at home and at the same time be in exile?

That one painting can do this, and do this in a university setting, with classes grouped around it and countless discussions provoked by it, is extraordinary. More extraordinary still is that, all during the classes and discussions, that painted cigarette still seems to burn, making us feel that the picture is happening right now, and that its modernity is therefore still with us. I think this goes some way toward answering *what* and *why* a university should collect: that this one little bit of an artwork—a bit of lead white paint standing for ash—can provoke some of the deepest questions imaginable. ♡

Joseph T. Walker

Brief life of a scientific sleuth: 1908-1952

by THOMAS W. WALKER

IN 1934, chemist Joseph T. Walker, Ph.D. '33, took on the task of creating a crime-detection laboratory for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Using science in crime detection wasn't new—Arthur Conan Doyle had envisioned it in his Sherlock Holmes mysteries, and excellent work had begun in New York City in the 1920s—but applying such skills statewide was. Yet from his first tiny lab at the State House, the 26-year-old “redhead” (as one newspaper reporter dubbed him) immediately and confidently expounded on what such a facility, if properly equipped (he needed a spectrograph), could do.

Walker's project prospered beyond all expectations, due partly to his dogged determination, but also to the receptive environment in Massachusetts. His New York City counterparts were blocked at various turns by ill-informed or corrupt city administrators, while his lab received spacious accommodations, equipment, and supplies. He also developed a good relationship with the State Police; in 1936, he took basic training and graduated with the rank of lieutenant, thus gaining the authority to secure crime scenes.

His efforts were aided significantly by the remarkable crime-detection enthusiast and philanthropist Frances Glessner Lee, who proselytized about Massachusetts-style scientific crime detection by holding multiday seminars on the subject throughout the country. She also gave Harvard a large grant to endow a department of legal medicine, where, from 1939 onward, Walker taught courses on toxicology. In 1951, speaking in behalf of the Harvard Associates in Police Science, she told him, “No other lecturer has helped individuals and the whole training program as you have.”

Sharing his findings brought more support. In 1937, his *New England Journal of Medicine* article “Chemistry and Legal Medicine” cited the assertion, by the American Medical Association's Committee on Medicolegal Problems, that each state should have a crime lab; he then listed ways to use chemistry in crime detection, including his new method to determine shooting distances “through the location of each individual grain of powder” on victims' clothes. Future articles explored such topics as “Bullet Holes and Chemical Residues in Shooting Cases,” “Visualizing of Writing on Charred Paper,” “The Spectrograph as an Aid in Criminal Investigation,” “The Quantitative Estimation of Barbiturates in Blood by Ultraviolet Spectrophotometry,” and “Paper Chromatography in Criminal Investigation.”

But what gained the greatest respect for Walker's field was the actual work his laboratory performed, especially in a number of spectacular cases. The “Case of the Merry Widow,” which drew prolonged international attention, concerned the 1936 murder and dismemberment of socialite Grayce Asquith. Solving the murder



involved identification of blood type (from the contents of a clogged bathtub drain) and the first-ever use of a toe print (left in blood under the tub) in a criminal trial. That case was fairly simple; others were not. In 1945, a prominent lawyer was convicted of electrocuting an infant son born with Down syndrome after Walker proved that only deliberate action by the father could account for the presence of microscopic quantities of copper from an electric cord on both the infant's body and a metal tray.

Other states sought to benefit from Walker's expertise. As late as 1950, though already ill with Hodgkin's disease—probably the result of inhaling benzene fumes in his own laboratory—he traveled to Maine to teach 25 state policemen about forensic science and to give evidence at the retrial of a deputy sheriff convicted of murder in 1938. Walker testified that the man's gun—allegedly the weapon used in a very bloody bludgeoning—had, in fact, tested negative for even minute quantities of blood; the deputy was subsequently released on the grounds that he had been fraudulently convicted.

The energy, and the eagerness to invent and improve, that Walker brought to his work characterized him off the job as well. In the 1940s, he aided the war effort by cultivating large “victory gardens” and, like others with home metal lathes, making precision parts for Allied bombers. Realizing that the pH of the birth canal is critical in conception, he devised a simple chemical remedy that enabled

Forensic pioneer Joseph T. Walker (at far right) worked hard indoors (in his lab in 1948) and out (collecting blood and scraps of flesh from the bathtub drain of a 1936 murder victim).

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his wife and several friends to have children—and, when his toddler son accidentally consumed arsenic by licking ant bait, he saved the child's life by insisting that the hospital administer an untried chemical remedy that harmlessly sequestered the poison. Just before his death, he was working on a device to vacuum-dry food-stuffs and participating in the effort to launch WGBH—one of the first public-television stations in the country.

When he died, his last words were “People are wonderful”—strange, perhaps, considering the nature of his work, but understandable given the support and enriching professional friendships he had enjoyed. (Lawyer-turned-mystery-writer Erle Stanley Gardner called him “the greatest real-life detective” he had known.) In

his 18-year career, Walker had clearly established the importance of scientific crime detection, and many more states had or would soon have modern crime laboratories. An obituary in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology* stated: “Throughout the world his methods are used, his name is known, and all men benefit.” An honor guard of police troopers from all six New England states and New York stood erect throughout his funeral service. The short, very driven, “redhead” had done a lot of living in a mere 44 years. ♡

Thomas W. Walker, professor emeritus of political science at Ohio University, is writing a biography of his father.



Chronicler of Two Americas

The uncommon Daniel Aaron

by CHRISTOPH IRMSCHER

I FIRST MET Daniel Aaron 23 years ago. He was almost 80 then, retired for several years from his professorship at Harvard: a lean, fit, cheerful man, with a sharp profile, his skin nearly matching the color of his still dark brown hair. “Dan,” as he would almost immediately ask you to call him, was on the faculty of the Stuttgart Seminar, a summer school devoted to international exchange. I knew I wanted to work with him. I had bought his *Writers on the Left* in London when I was student at University College, at my professor’s urgent recommendation. During all the years I had spent locked up in the dusty ivory tower of German academe, weaned on densely footnoted pseudo-profundities, I had never encountered anyone who wrote so clearly, so crisply, with such evident joy in the capacity of words to mean things: “American literature, for all its affirmative spirit, is the most searching and unabashed criticism of our national limitations that exists.” Here was the rationale—one I hadn’t been able to articulate so well to myself—for the field of study I had chosen more or less intuitively.

After the seminar, Dan stayed in touch, and as I write this sentence, I still feel a mixture of shock and elation that a man of such distinction would have made the effort to write to a newly minted German Ph.D. without real accomplishments or significant prospects. When I won a postdoctoral fellowship and told him I was

planning to move to Canada for a year, he called and suggested I come to Harvard instead. “But I don’t know anyone there,” I said, mindful of the fact that he was officially retired. “You know me!” he said, in a voice that brooked no disagreement.

I had been studying American literature for years, but at Har-

vard, Dan helped me find my own place in that vast experiment of American culture that, as he never ceased to remind me, had been shaped as much by outsiders like me—people who never felt the “whoop of the PEeraries” in them, to quote Ezra Pound—as by American-bred boys like him. Dan also taught me to take responsibility for my writing. When I handed him an early version of a chapter I had just completed, adding that I wasn’t yet happy with it, he returned it right away: “I want to read it when you’re happy with it.”

DAN RECENTLY CELEBRATED his 103rd birthday, and he did so in style: with the publication of a brand-new volume, *Commonplace Book, 1934-2012* (Pressed Wafer). It is the summation of an extraordinary writing life that began when he started keeping a journal in his late teens. Born in Chicago to Russian-Jewish immigrants, he spent the first dozen years of his life in Los Angeles. After the deaths of both of his parents, he returned to the Midwest, attending high school in Chicago before enrolling, barely 17 years old, at the University of Michigan. Harvard was not his first choice for graduate school, but the University of London had imposed what he remembers as “time-consuming conditions.” And once Dan arrived in Cambridge, his gift for friendship quickly asserted itself, and he stayed. Widener Library, that hub of Harvard’s campus, helped: here Dan, set apart from other Harvard students by his name and origin, found his true intellectual home. In due course, he became the first “counselor” in the newly created program in American civilization at Harvard as well as the first recipient of a Ph.D. in that field, in 1943.

Yet, as Dan later realized, he had always lived at an angle to the American cultural landscape: from the west to the east, traveling the “course of the empire” in reverse, as he noted in his autobiography. His dissertation, on the development of Cincinnati, the “Queen City of the West,” between 1819 and 1838, characteristically challenged a central assumption of Frederick Jackson Turner’s famous “frontier thesis.” In his paean to the

single-minded American pioneer, Turner had not distinguished the urban from the rural West and had failed to recognize the role that values such as mutual aid and cooperation had played in the formation of American society. Gripped by unshakable optimism, early Cincinnatians sailed through financial panics and natural disasters, their eyes firmly on the future, though they also forgot to plan, as Dan acidly added, “for the contingencies which always accompany social and economic progress.”

Some of the optimism in Dan’s dissertation carried over into the two groundbreaking books he completed during 30 years spent at Smith College, where he had gone in 1939. *Men of Good Hope: A Story of American Progressives* (1951) and *Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism* (1961) addressed the efforts, “how-

ever blundering and ineffective,” of American writers from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Max Eastman to change the world. But the final volume in his great trilogy, *The Unwritten War*, completed after Dan had returned to Harvard as Thomas professor of English and American literature, presented the darker side of the country he loves: the dismal failure of a society enmeshed in racial hatreds to confront honestly, decently, and without sentimentality, the evil of slavery. In American literature, he wrote, the Civil War was “not so much unfelt as unfaced.” It did not free the slaves but trivialized them, reducing them to ciphers. Reading the book, his friend Ralph Ellison found plenty of material to support his theory of the black man’s enforced invisibility. *The Unwritten War* (where in the world did Dan always find such great titles?) was published in 1973, the year of Watergate. While Nixon, stumbling over the word “integrity,” assured the nation that he wasn’t a crook, Dan stared unflinchingly into what one of his favorite writers, the essayist John Jay Chapman, had once deemed the cold heart of America.

But it is also due to Dan’s scholarly work that the very notion of an American literature that, warts and all, needed to be studied, probed, and preserved came into being. The critic Edmund Wilson, with whom Dan had maintained a cautious friendship since the 1950s, had first floated the idea of a Great American Library, a series of classics of American literature to rival the editions of the French “Bibliothèque de la Pléiade.” The volumes, handsomely bound and edited

1948 An Afternoon with Sinclair Lewis

April 16: Join Day Tuttle (Smith College theater department), who has planned a visit to South Williamstown to discuss dramatization of *Kingsblood Royal*. We arrive at “Thorvale” (large spacious white house inside 800 acres of hilly land at the base of the Taconic Trail).

Lewis asleep when we arrive. A Mrs. Powers, white-haired and alert, lets us in. We go into a large living room with a splendid view of Mt. Greylock and long running fields. Enter Lewis: tall and gangling, shuffling walk. Thin wisps of yellow-white hair, combed back, large red patch on the right side of his face, marked palsy. A copy of Anais Nin’s book on his living room table, shelves of records, a set of the Nonesuch Dickens. Lewis is proud of his house and obviously enjoys his possessions.

We take a walk through a beautiful birch grove. I ask him if Veblen had influenced him. (No, he’d never read him.) Mrs. Powers had whisky laid out for use on our return. Lewis, now a reluctant teetotaler, doesn’t enjoy watching others drink.

Yeats and Keats, his favorite poets.

Sherwood Anderson largely a fake. (I challenge him and compare Anderson to Whitman.) “Whitman is a ‘fake’ too,” he replies. Describes a mellow evening with Eugene Debs and Carl Sandburg in West Side Chicago, Debs—the romantic, the lovely soul—getting wildly high and describing how the railroad dicks would follow him from train to train, and how he could always spot them before inviting them to sit with his conductor and fireman friends near the stove to keep warm.

Some reminiscences of his father doctor, of Upton Sinclair and Helicon Hall; his dislike of Yale architecture; his fondness for the writers of the 1890s (Harold Frederic, Hamlin Garland); his son Wells Lewis (whom I knew at Harvard). Says he should have been a Methodist exhorter. Likes to win, enjoys violence and enthusiasms, distrusts silent people who have no strong likes and dislikes. Quickly called me Dan and said he’d remember “Aaron” since it was the first name of the hero in his next book—a historical novel about life in Minnesota in the 1840s (missionaries, Calvinism, etc.). He wants to visit Northampton and meet our friends and wives. Eager for more talk.

according to the best scholarly principles but affordable enough to make it into the homes of ordinary readers, were not intended to enshrine what people already knew. As Dan recalls, Wilson was simply annoyed that so many writers he liked had gone out of print. Dan was perfectly suited to make Wilson's dream an institutional reality. Never one to waste much time on critical orthodoxies but affable and diplomatic enough to garner wide-ranging support, he co-founded the Library of America in 1979. Dan's all-encompassing reading interests, unimpeded by narrow definitions of what makes a text "literary," manifest themselves to this day in the list of authors that the Library of America has published, from the familiar (Hawthorne, James, Melville) to the unexpected (John James Audubon, Pauline Kael, Reinhold Niebuhr, and anthologies of writings on food, environment, and baseball).

Never one to seek honors, the honors sought him. In 2007, Harvard made Dan an honorary doctor of letters, lauding him, appropriately, as a "man of good hope." And in 2010, President Obama awarded him the National Humanities Medal. And yet Dan has never been an uncritical advocate of a country to which he has always felt he doesn't unreservedly belong. In his intellectual memoir, titled, with considerable irony, *The Americanist* (2007), Dan meditated on his lifelong struggle to reconcile the warm, welcoming America to which, as an unrepentant child, he had once pledged allegiance, with that other, stranger place that had inevitably reared its head in the literature he has studied: a country shaped by mutual distrust, racial bigotry, and labor strife. But then, he had always known that it was there. In his *Scrap Book* (2014), a collection of his favorite grotesque newspaper clippings, Dan recalls being sent as a small boy to deliver a package to a terrifying neighbor, a retired judge. Sitting on his porch, the judge, tall, angular, and angry, watched Dan approach and then looked him up and down. Dan was wearing a

1952 The American Religious Experience

Note how the Baconian axiom "knowledge is power" becomes a hallmark in America: it sanctifies the pragmatic, the utilitarian. But our writers (Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, Hawthorne, James) divide those who have "lived" from those immured in a "pig lead" world. Perhaps the chief value of the American religious heritage is its counter-materialism. Church and religion were bound to be tarnished by American materialism, to become at times adjuncts of business. Still, Christian doctrines have reminded Americans of something beyond hard realities. Jonathan Edwards attacked easy complacent virtues—the hypocrisy of the moral sense.

1953 On Learning

What joy to learn—more satisfying than love, yet all the better when pursued in the aura of love.

1953 The Difficulty of History

Matthew Paris: "The lot of historical writers is hard; for if they tell the truth they provoke men, and if they write [what] is false they offend God."

kind of jumpsuit that day. "Boy," the judge growled. "Why do your pants go up to your neck?" A weird figure to the boy, the judge had reminded Dan how strange *he* was. Dan would never forget him.

DAN LIKES STRONG VIEWS, and he likes them in other people, too. Occasionally, readers have felt confused by his apparent readiness to feel his way into the minds of people with viewpoints very different from his own. A case in point is the Atlanta-born poet *manqué* Arthur Inman (1895-1963), author of perhaps the largest diary ever kept by an American. Sequestered for the better part of his life in a curtain-shrouded apartment in Back Bay's Garrison Hall, Inman paid scores of men and young women (he much preferred the latter) to come and share their life stories with him. His voluminous diaries, five decades of constant writing, throbbed with intimate details taken from other people's lives:

in the desires and troubles, the small triumphs and big defeats of his "talkers," Arthur recognized himself. Their stories replenished the storehouse of his anguished mind. Arthur Inman was a voyeur, a monster, the epitome of a stunted soul, seething with paranoia and prejudice. A less benign version of Whitman's noiseless spider, he flung out his filaments to see where they might catch and then he would reel his victims in. He admired Hitler and Mussolini, hated Jews, Mexicans,

1953 Truth Too Near the Heels

Sir Walter Raleigh: "Whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth."

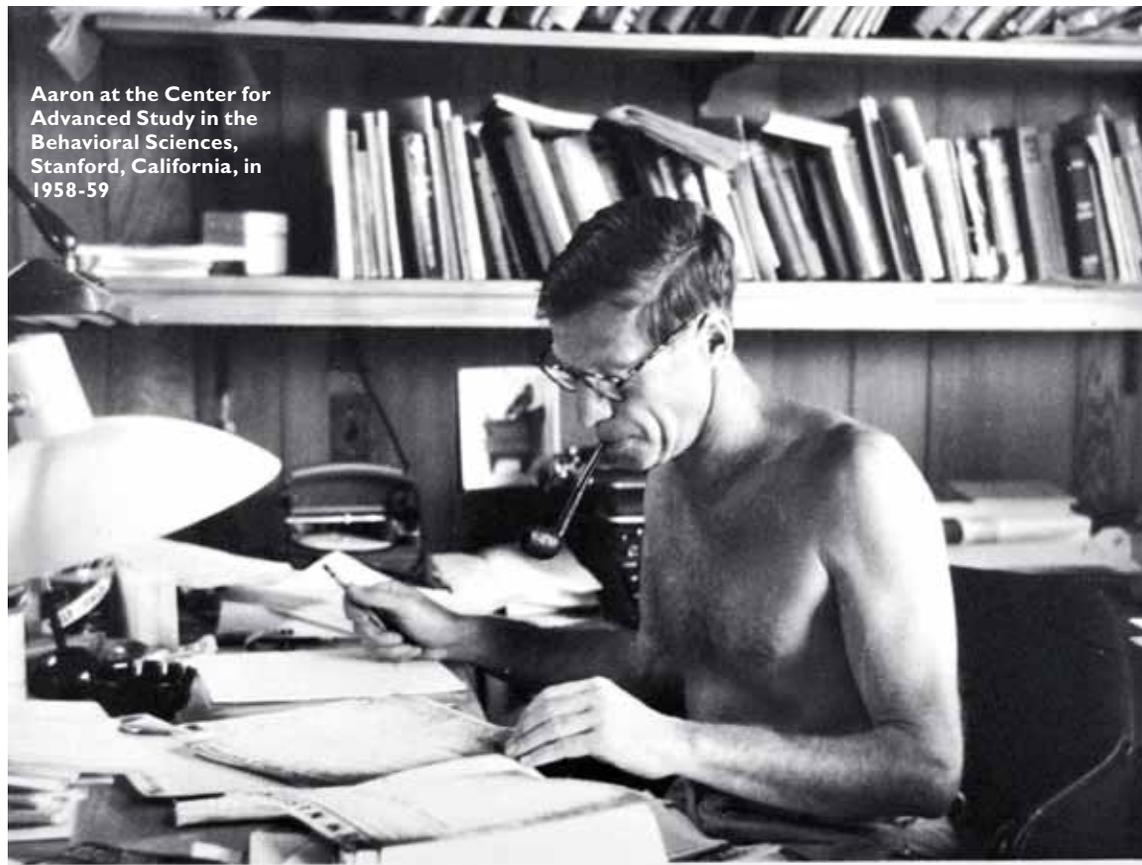
Richard Hofstadter (Quoting *Alain de Lille*): "Authority has a nose of wax; it can be twisted in either direction."

“Mediterraneans,” and African-Americans, humiliated his wife, and fondled the girls who came to see him. When Senator McCarthy died, he was upset. Arthur repulsed Dan, but he fascinated him, too. Commissioned by the Inman estate, Dan spent the better part of a decade condensing Arthur’s 17 million words into two hefty volumes, *The Inman Diary*, published by Harvard University Press in 1985.

In many ways, *Commonplace Book* is his long-overdue anti-*Inman Diary*, the book he needed to write to purge Arthur Inman’s spectral presence from his mind. Like Inman, Dan has been a life-long note-taker. But if Inman collected people’s narratives mainly for what they told him about himself, Dan gathers them for what they tell him about life in general. Typically, a commonplace

book consists of the opinions, definitions, and sayings of others; it is, precisely, *not* a diary, and its purpose is not self-aggrandizement. Temperamentally averse to navel-gazing but constantly pressured by friends and colleagues to reveal more about himself, Dan has appropriated the genre and added a clever new twist. Instead of arranging his entries, as is customary, by topic, they appear chronologically, sorted according to the year in which he first wrote them down, amounting to a kind of unconventional autobiography. And wherever in these pages Dan’s own thoughts and experiences show up, he, too, becomes one of his commonplaces—the most common of all, in fact: “DA.”

Not unexpectedly, death is a constant presence in *Commonplace Book*, but not as something to be feared, as it certainly was for the hypochondriac Inman. “I should like to renew my friendship with the dead,” announced Dan in 1950, “to think of them frequently and to speak to them.” His book is the transcript of such friendly dialogues. His most frequent interlocutors are, significantly, non-American: the German Enlightenment wit Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, a hunchback physicist with a gift for subversive irony; the austere French poet-philosopher Paul Valéry, compiler of a grand intellectual diary he called *Cahiers*; and the melancholy Austrian novelist Robert Musil, creator of Ulrich, the “man without qualities,” a fictional



Aaron at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, Stanford, California, in 1958-59

1964 Note for Our Times

March 5: News item: The police officer handcuffed to Oswald when Oswald was shot by Ruby declared today that he had been blinded by the lights from the TV cameras when he emerged with his prisoner. Therefore he could not see Ruby approaching Oswald with a drawn gun. (The light that obscures; the pitiless light of publicity. What a comment on our news agencies.)

1965 Transmissions from Gods and Devils

Norman Mailer’s *The Presidential Papers* is more interesting than *An American Dream* and certainly more real. NM is a Manichean, a comic Nietzsche, Charlie Chaplin. He wants to live his thoughts. God and the Devil speak to him, and he transmits their messages in the metaphors of violence, scatology, and the absurd.

1967 Young Folk

In 1967, it seems that all “activism”—Left, Right, and Center—is channeled into the mass media. Little is left to chance these days. No ideas are given time to incubate. How to avoid the TV channel, the magazine channel? Tom Hayden, one of the New Left participants, at YMHA. He’s described in the *Hampshire Gazette* as a “resident activist” in Antioch. The Establishment is all-embracing so that protest music, drugs, etc. immediately become “subjects” to be “presented” and, in the process, “de-fanged.”

character Dan has long admired. His own brand of humor is evident everywhere: in the definitions of bizarre words from “Daniel’s Dictionary,” in his trenchant characterizations of contemporaries such as Lillian Hellman and Norman Mailer [43], and in the self-deprecatory poems (or “pomes,” as likes to call them, in honor of

James Joyce) about old age. And who knew that Dan Aaron is a master of nonsense verse? “Relax and have no fear/ Here is Meyerbeer.”

Many entries in *Commonplace Book* deal with the subject of religion. Dan has always insisted that he is not a spiritual person, by a long shot. In *The Americanist*, he speaks proudly of the one and only epiphany of his life, which took place when, as a young man sitting on a log in the woods of upper Wisconsin, he watched the sun going down. The experience lasted all of five seconds. And yet Dan also told me that in college he assembled his own set of pragmatic household gods, each with its own specific function (there even was a God of Dating). He even built a primitive altar for them, offering sacrifices when and if needed. In *Commonplace Book*, he no longer entirely rules out the possibility that the world might be governed by something other than our appetites. One of the most extended vignettes, a “Story Idea” from 1978, involves an emeritus professor and owner of an old, moribund bike that miraculously fixes itself overnight and, exuding music and perfume in its rejuvenated state, convinces the professor to mend his atheist ways. But not so fast: in another vignette, the poem “Prayer” written in 1995, Dan survives a near-collision with a truck on Mount Auburn street and thanks God for having saved him without requiring that he actually believe in Him.

In the book’s final pages, Dan, warily alert, registers his surprise at the many advantages life has bestowed upon him: “I didn’t think I could live this long.” Remembering, in one of the most poignant entries (“New Year’s Day, 2000”), a train ride he took with his family from Chicago to Los Angeles, he thinks of his

1987 Terminal

Santayana: “There is no cure for birth or death save to enjoy the interval.”

2009 Petunias

At the end of Farwell Place, just as it turns into the walk that divides Christ Church from the Cambridge graveyard, you can see a clump of volunteer Petunias, tiny blue flowers modest and winsome. I think what a silly name for such lovely things. I check my dictionary. “Petunia” derives from the obsolete French word *pétun* (tobacco), which in turn comes from the Portuguese *petum*, which is based on a word in the language of the Tupi-Guarani (South American).

So my dislike of the word disappears.

life as just such a journey, with occasional stops—opportunities to look around and take in the scenery. But before this metaphor takes him too far, Dan imagines the end of that journey, too, on a wet and foggy night, when it is time to get off, suitcase in hand, and step across the empty platform. And now, turning around, looking back at all of us who haven’t arrived yet, Dan is smiling. ♡

Christoph Irmscher, Provost professor of English and George F. Getz Jr. professor in the Wells Scholars Program at Indiana University Bloomington, assisted Daniel Aaron in assembling the texts collected in the newly published Commonplace Book, 1934-2012: Quotations (Books, Articles, Reviews, Letters), Recollections (Persons, Places, Events), Words (Archaic, Obsolescent, Technical), including Story Plots, Fancies, Sententiae, Verse, and Nonsense.

1967 DA’s Obituary

Daniel Aaron
Arrived August 4, 1912
Named after no one, in particular
Invented nothing, except in words
Even disposition
Loved a good deal and was loved

Announced early plans for old age
Assisted various and sundry students
Retired at 65
Once released
Never heard of again

1970 Daniel’s Pomes

“Old Age”
When skin
Gets paper thin,
Scratches bleed.

I heed
These hints—
And wince.

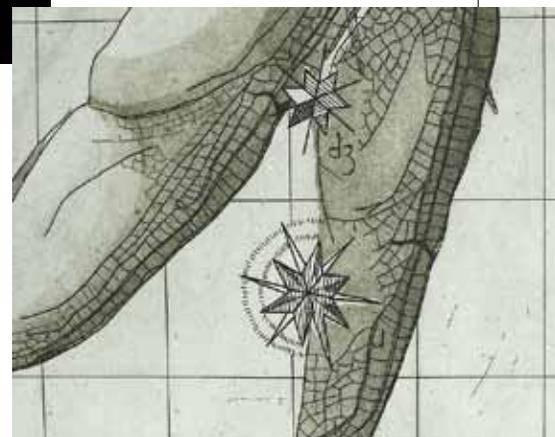
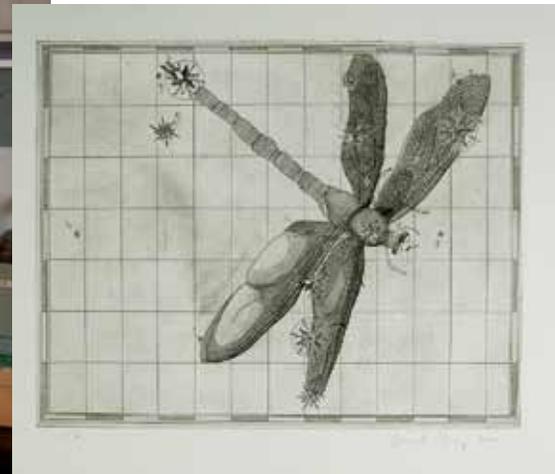


Montage

Art, books, diverse creations



- 62 The Lion's Share
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Hulsey in her studio, with letterpress machines behind her; and a print (with detail below) charting the consonants from a 1603 star atlas and connecting them in their own, dragonfly-shaped constellation, from her series *Stellar Nomenclature* (2015).

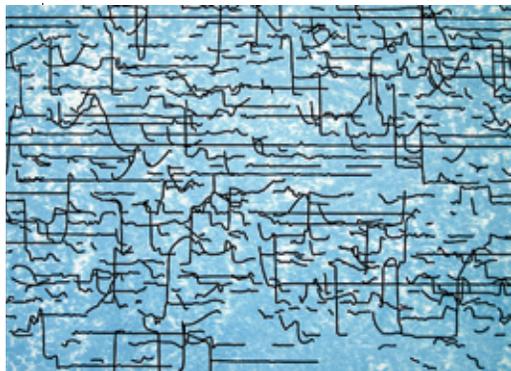
Worth a Thousand Words

A printmaker plays with the hidden patterns of language and art.

by SAMANTHA MALDONADO

DESPITE ITS MUTED color palettes and simple shapes and lines, the art of Sarah Hulsey '01 has a lot to say. Nearly every piece—each screen print, relief print, etching, or artist's book—features letterpress text of some kind. It's not prose, nor is it poetry, and its presence can be confusing. Though the visuals may be mystifying at first, patterns start to emerge, reminiscent of famil-

iar objects: road maps, line graphs, or the periodic table of elements. Hulsey's graphic images are characterized by a sense of careful handcraft: boxes may not be perfect squares, but they are aligned. Recent sources of inspiration include audio recordings of ocean floor maps and Copernicus's drawings of heliocentric solar systems: diagrams, charts, and objects she describes as "really gorgeous, graphical things, apart from what-



Detail and full view of *In the Words of Tharp* (2014), inspired by an historic map of the North Atlantic Ocean's floor; Marie Tharp's geological research provided key evidence for the theories of plate tectonics and continental drift.

ever they're conveying." The same could be said of Hulsey's own pieces—but knowing what information they convey, and her meticulous intellectual approach, makes them all the more captivating.

Hulsey can detail the concepts behind her artwork, but she struggles to describe its aesthetics. "I don't fully speak the same language as people who are more scholarly in the art world," she says. Instead, her vocabulary stems from linguistics itself. The systems and components that make up language and art draw her to both disciplines. Language is composed of parts that fit together in a particular manner: words are ordered in certain ways to form sentences; roots, prefixes, and suffixes fit together to form words. Likewise, movable type on a letterpress must be arranged in a particular manner; books are structured into groupings of lines, pages, chapters, volumes, editions, and series. By appropriating the visual style of diagrams, maps, and charts, Hulsey's pieces marry the craft and rigor of conceptual art with the graphic pop of information design, to edge toward fresh takes on communication it-

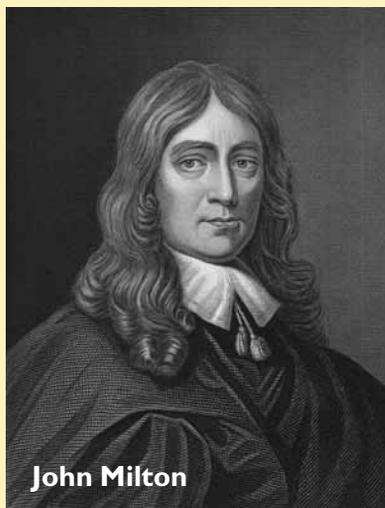
O P E N B O O K

The Civilizing Art

In committing *The Poetry of John Milton* (Harvard, \$39.95), an enormous new book of criticism, professor of English Gordon Teskey begins with a bracing definition of his discipline. He has honed it previously in such capacities as editing the Norton Critical Edition of *Paradise Lost*. From the preface:

The present book is an exercise in the art of literary criticism, which I take to be the appreciation of quality, of excellence, in art made with words. Literary criticism is not science: it does not prove and discover; it persuades and reveals. But the chances of a work of literary criticism being worth reading outside expert scholarly circles are much increased if it first meets their standards, which often do involve proof and discovery. Philology, in the broad sense of the word, is where criticism starts from, but not where it ends.

That is because criticism has a higher aim, which may be described as moral and humanizing. Literary criticism is the appreciation of verbal art as a power that elevates our ordinary experience in almost every way. Literature cultivates wisdom, courage, generosity, breadth of outlook, intellectual and moral judgment, a reflective passion for justice, and, not the least of these things, pleasure, civilized pleasure as opposed to



John Milton

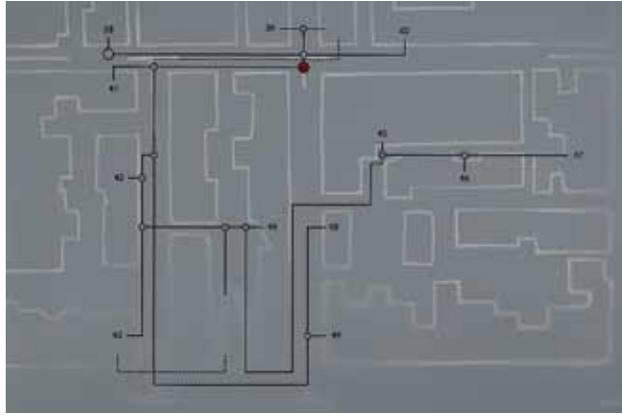
brutal or trivial pleasures. But literature also enhances our capacity for sympathizing with others, or at least for understanding them, by allowing us to travel into different moral worlds, such as that of Homer, or the authors of *Genesis*, or the author of *Paradise Lost*. Literary criticism strives to show why certain works of literature

are good, why they have enduring quality, and, however different their values are from our own, why they are not only civilized but civilizing. I should add that I use the word *civilizing* and *civil*, *civilis* "of the city," with the intention of including politics, concern with the *polis*, the polity. For it seems to me—I say this as someone who cares for all the arts—that literature comes first among them because it is made with our political instrument, language. Certainly John Milton put literature—which for him meant *poetry*—first among the civilizing arts, and I have written this book in agreement with his judgment on the matter.

self. Language, she explains, "is this really elaborate structure that speakers are, for all intents and purposes, totally unaware of"—and her work explores the subtle intricacies that make speech make sense.

When she first pursued printmaking, Hulsey considered it a side interest, completely separate from her academic studies. A linguistics concentrator at Harvard, she worked at the Fogg Art Museum as an art handler under print curator Mar-

jorie Cohn, took a screen-printing class, and learned letterpress at Bow and Arrow Press in Adams House. After graduation, she attended workshops and courses on letterpress printing, papermaking, and bookbinding. While earning her Ph.D. in linguistics at MIT, she kept a studio in nearby Somerville to pursue her hobby. Ten years and one M.F.A. from the University of the Arts (in Philadelphia) later, she has left the world of academic linguistics



Cover and interior pages of *The Space of Poetics* (2015), printed in an edition of 20

one of a kind or printed in small editions) made with woodcut and letterpress. It diagrams a paragraph from French philosopher Gaston Bachelard's treatise *The Poetics of Space*, a work that considers how people

inhabit physical spaces, and how that affects their experiences and memories. To show the syntactical relationships in the excerpt, Hulsey uses imagery gleaned from the 32-volume *Sanborn Fire Insurance Atlas of Philadelphia* of 1916, which collects grid plans of all the city's blocks, color-coded by building material, updated by hand over the years. Just as syntax connects the words in Bachelard's writing, rooms are linked in electrical wiring diagrams and blueprints.

Hulsey's process may sound intimidating, and her subject matter esoteric. Yet the resulting prints are playful, prompting creative interpretation from viewers whether or not they understand the linguistic underpinnings. But unlike traditional maps, or the infographics pervasive in today's media, her art does not merely communicate data points in a pleasing way. Instead, as she puts it, "The former linguist in me hopes that as a body, the work will inspire a little bit of awe at how elaborate and complicated the linguistics system is." By visually investigating elements of language, Hulsey's art compels viewers to look harder, listen better, and notice more. A picture is worth a thousand words, but her works speak in their own way.

but still works in the same studio, pursuing her intellectual interests through artistic practice.

Currently, Hulsey is mapping the words in seventeenth-century astronomy books brought to her attention by a curator at the Huntington Library in Los Angeles. Her creative process has three parts: "There's the aesthetic, visual place where it starts, and then the conceptual part of it is largely analytical, and then there's the manual, craft production of it." Typically, she begins with a visual inspiration, like a star chart, that guides the graphic identity

or overarching style of the piece. She then examines an accompanying text to figure out how its language follows rules and exhibits patterns, whether of word frequency, pitch of sound, or lexical relations. Finally, she depicts her linguistic analyses in the same visual vein as the original diagram—in this series, by using intaglio printing (in which an image is etched onto a plate and the incision holds the ink) in the fashion of the star charts, which map constellations, that appear in the books.

Her recent work *The Space of Poetics* is an artist's book (a handmade art object,

The Lion's Share

Benjamin Scheuer takes his life story out on the road.

by LAURA LEVIS

THE ONLY PROPS in *The Lion*, the critically acclaimed musical by Benjamin Scheuer '04, are the chair he sits on and six gorgeous guitars. Among them, there's a gentle 1929 Martin,

an electric Gibson that growls, and a stylin' Froggy Bottom H-12, which Scheuer got as a thirtieth birthday present.

But the two most important instruments Scheuer has ever played are not on

stage with him. The first is a toy banjo that his lawyer father made for him out of the lid of a cookie tin, some rubber bands, and an old necktie for the strap. Scheuer played it alongside his father on the front porch, mimicking his finger strokes. The second instrument is the guitar his father played, which the teenage Scheuer inherited after a sudden brain aneurysm killed his father and sent his world into chaos.

Told mostly through whimsical and poignant songs, *The Lion* traces Scheuer's quest

to understand the parts of his father that he never could as a boy: the manic rages, the disappointment in his son, and the discouragement regarding music as a career. It's also the story of the son's attempts, across nearly 20 years, to reconnect with the father he loved, the man who taught him the joy of music. "I don't know that I wrote this show in order to come to grips with my father's death," he says. "I think I needed to understand my father's death in order to write the show."

On stage, Scheuer sports a wide boyish grin, a well-tailored suit, and floppy hair. He both charms and disarms the audience with his intensely personal story (told while transitioning among the six guitars). Born as a few songs the New York singer-songwriter had strung together while playing Greenwich Village coffeehouses and bars, *The Lion*, now a 70-minute solo show, has been praised by *The New York Times* and the *Huffington Post*, and has won London's Offie Award for Best New Musical. Scheuer, *The Boston Globe* wrote, "... can pluck the audience's heartstrings as skillfully as he does his guitar." The show, which had earlier runs off-Broadway and at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, began a one-year, five-city tour in August at the Merrimack Repertory Theatre in Lowell, Massachusetts, before traveling to Milwaukee, Rochester, Washington D.C., and Pittsburgh. The animated music videos for two of its songs have won prizes at the Anecy Film Festival, The Crystal Palace Festival, and the British Animation Awards.

Scheuer began delving into his father's death about three years ago, when he released an album, *The Bridge*, recorded with his band, The Escapist Papers. Nervous about performing the songs live, he decided to write down a script that would explain the genesis of his lyrics to the audience. "I was trying to make the banter as good as the songs," he says. "Then I realized that the stories that I'd started to tell *between* songs demanded better or different songs, so I kept writing new ones and more new ones. And the songs that were on *The Bridge* sort of fell away, and I began writing *The Lion*."

Soon after, in 2013, Scheuer met Sean Daniels, who is now the Merrimack theater's artistic director. They formed a fast friendship and began shaping *The Lion* into a full musical, developing an outline for the show based on mythologist Joseph Campbell's theory of the "Hero's Journey." By the end of the week, the two had written the

"Benjamin is dangerously honest. It's so comforting when somebody just goes ahead and tells the truth."

beginnings of many of its songs, including "Cookie Tin Banjo," "When We Get Big," "White Underwear," and the deeply emotional "Dear Dad."

"Sean said to me, 'Hey, you like to write postcards. Have you ever written a postcard to your late father?'" Scheuer recalls. "Then I started crying, and Sean got really concerned, and went out and bought the most expensive bacon he could find and cooked it for me." Inspired by Daniels's prompt, Scheuer wrote "A Surprising Phone-call" as an imagined conversation between his mother, Sylvia, and his late father. "Will you wish a very happy birthday to the boys?/They must be big at 26 and 28," Scheuer sings. "Now I hear that each of them is playing in a band./I guess

the drum-kit and piano and guitars were really tempting fate./Sylvia, you helped them grow./Please forgive me, love. I never meant to go."

Playing himself at age 14 in another scene, Scheuer expresses his anger at not being allowed to attend a much-anticipated band trip to Washington, D.C., because

of a poor grade in math. In response, the teen pins a note to his father's door, calling him "the kind of man that I don't want to play music with, the kind of man that I don't want to be." Scheuer and his father didn't speak for more than a week—and before they could reconcile, his father died.

The show also chronicles other major life events, like the first time Scheuer fell in love, and his diagnosis of stage IV Hodgkin's lymphoma in 2011. In song, he narrates the process of enduring chemotherapy treatments, and the subsequent weight gain, hair loss, depression—and ultimately, a new outlook on life.

"My oncologist told me that as I got better on the inside, I was going to look

Benjamin Scheuer playing one of the six instruments he uses in the course of his one-man musical, *The Lion*



worse on the outside,” he says. “I was horrified and fascinated by this dichotomy, and I thought how interesting it would be to make a visual piece of art out of this.” And so, once a week during his illness, photographer and friend Riya Lerner photographed Scheuer with a medium-format Rolleiflex from the 1970s, resulting in *Between Two Spaces*, a book of 27 black-and-white photographs accompanied by text from his journal. In the book, Scheuer writes: “You can take something, whether it’s an illness, or emotional hardship, or a breakup, and create something out of that: it doesn’t have to be this isolated event that happens to you, but becomes a way

for you to gain control of it, and make it into something new.”

Daniels—who had lost his own father a year before meeting and collaborating with Scheuer—says that working with someone unafraid to examine loss was both terrifying and exciting. “What I always like to say is that Benjamin is dangerously honest. It’s so comforting when somebody just goes ahead and tells the truth.”

In *The Lion*, some of that truth is truly heartwarming—“My father has an old guitar and he plays me folk songs,” Scheuer sings in the show’s opener. “There is nothing I want more than to play

like him”—and some is not, as when Scheuer recounts those fits of rage: “I ask my friend, ‘What do you do when your dad breaks your toys?’” Scheuer recalls in one scene. “And he looks at me like I’m insane.”

Ultimately, for Scheuer, “Songwriting is a way for me to understand what’s going on in my own mind and to be able to share those things with other people. To be able to take the worst things in my life—the things that I feel make me feel disconnected—and use them as connection is just amazing alchemy.”



Visit harvardmag.com to watch two animated music videos from *The Lion*.

What Ails the Academy?

American higher education and its discontents

by JOHN S. ROSENBERG

FROM THE PERSPECTIVE of Harvard Yard—or Yale’s Old Campus, Swarthmore’s sloping lawn, or Stanford’s Main Quad—higher education presents a pleasing prospect: lively students; lovely buildings; an otherworldly serenity (most of the time); visible evidence of stability and strength, and the promise of progress and prosperity.

But shift the view. Away

from the elite, selective universities and colleges that host a single-digit percent of American higher-education seekers, the scene changes utterly: soaring public tuitions and student debt; abysmal rates of degree completion; queues for introductory classes and required courses, often taught by migratory adjuncts; fraught battles pitting liberal learning and education for citi-

zenship against pragmatic focus on vocational training; a stagnant or falling rate of attainment among the population as a whole.

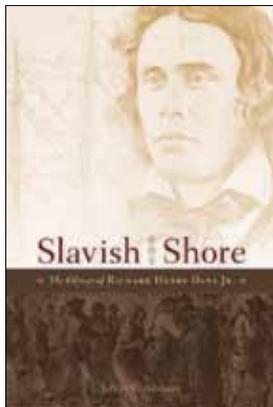
The distressing features of this much larger part of the higher-education industry have spawned a critical, even dire, literature that merits attention for its own sake—and because the issues echo in the elite stratum, too. And for those seeking entry to the top-tier institutions, the ever more frenzied admissions lottery has begun to provoke overdue skepticism. Here, with, an overview of some recent books with heft.

MICHAEL M. CROW, former executive vice provost at Columbia, has since 2002 been president of Arizona State University (ASU), at the center of the public-university problem: rising demand to enroll, and plummeting state funds to pay the bills. He has written and spoken indefatigably about important issues. At the forefront is the need to educate the population at large, given that “our success in maintaining excellence in a relative handful of elite institutions does little to ensure our continued prosperity and competitiveness, especially if we stop to consider the disproportionately few students





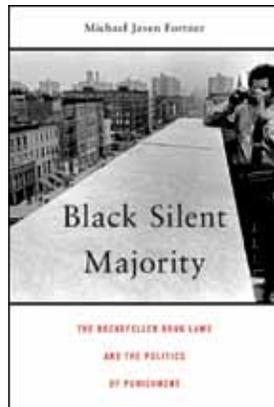
Harvard



Slavish Shore
The Odyssey of
Richard Henry Dana Jr.
Jeffrey L. Amestoy

"Excellently reveals how Dana wrested from the text of the U.S. Constitution the acknowledgment that the African-American slave, a kind of property as far as the traditional reading went, also had rights."

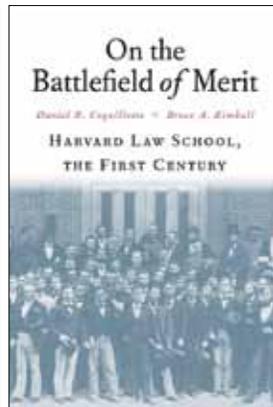
—Carol Bundy, *Wall Street Journal*
\$35.00



Black Silent Majority
The Rockefeller Drug Laws and the Politics of Punishment
Michael Javen Fortner

"Provocative... As Fortner's book makes clear, no political movement can afford to ignore the kind of cruel disorder that we euphemistically call common crime. A police force that kills black citizens is adding to America's history of racial violence; so is a police force that fails to keep them safe."

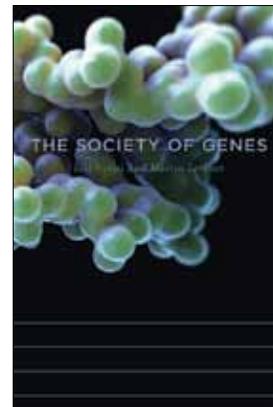
—Kelefa Sanneh, *New Yorker*
\$29.95



On the Battlefield of Merit
Harvard Law School, the First Century
Daniel R. Coquillette • Bruce A. Kimball

"It is no surprise that this book, in its depth of research, breadth of coverage, and unbiased analysis, supersedes the standard histories of Harvard Law School."

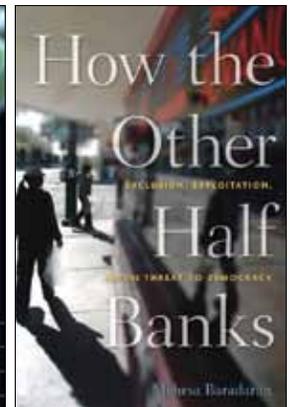
—R. Kent Newmyer, author of *Supreme Court Justice Joseph Story*
\$19.95



The Society of Genes
Itai Yanai • Martin Lercher

"Written by two of the smartest young thinkers in their fields, *The Society of Genes* is an absorbing, thought-provoking exploration of the intersection of genetics, evolutionary biology, and society."

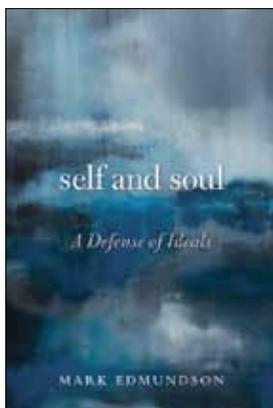
—Eric Lander, Professor of Biology at MIT and founding director of the Broad Institute of MIT and Harvard
\$27.95



How the Other Half Banks
Exclusion, Exploitation, and the Threat to Democracy
Mehrsa Baradaran

"Baradaran charges that nearly half of the American population has been deprived of access to financial services at a fair price thanks to financial deregulation... A comprehensive addition to the ongoing discussions of both inequality and the financial system."

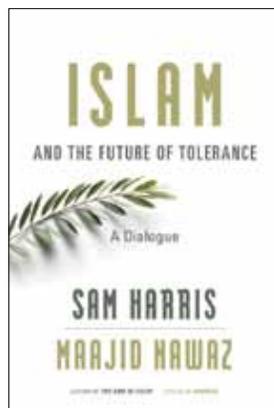
—Kirkus Reviews
\$22.95



Self and Soul
A Defense of Ideals
Mark Edmundson

"[Edmundson's] bold and ambitious new book is partly a demonstration of what a 'real education' in the humanities, inspired by the goal of 'human transformation' and devoted to taking writers seriously, might look like."

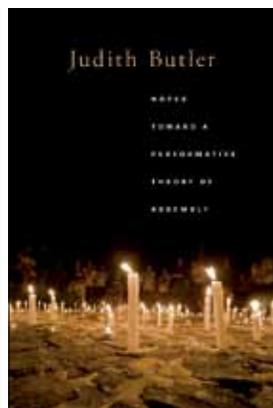
—Mathew Reisz, *Times Higher Education*
\$29.95



Islam and the Future of Tolerance
A Dialogue
Sam Harris • Maajid Nawaz

"The reform of Islam is shaping up to be the most important issue in political ideology of the twenty-first century. This honest and intelligent dialogue is a superb exploration of the intellectual and moral issues involved."

—Steven Pinker
\$17.95



Notes Toward a Performative Theory of Assembly
Judith Butler

"One of the boldest and most radical thinkers of our time."

—*Publishers Weekly*
Mary Flexner Lectures of Bryn Mawr College / \$27.95

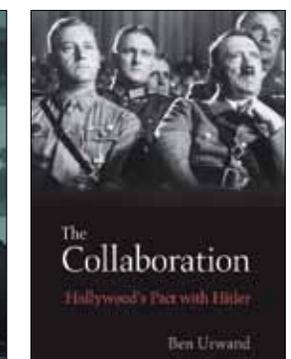
new in paperback



The Lost Art of Finding Our Way
John Edward Huth

"A learned and encyclopedic grab bag, packed with information."

—Michael Dirda, *Washington Post*
Belknap Press / \$20.95



The Collaboration
Hollywood's Pact with Hitler
Ben Urwand

"[An] eye-opening study of Hollywood and the Nazi elite."

—Anthony Quinn, *The Guardian*
Belknap Press / \$19.95

fortunate enough to be admitted to these top schools.” ASU measures itself “not by those whom we exclude, but rather by those whom we include.” He demands that legacy organizations (academic departments, for example) adapt to better meet modern, interdisciplinary challenges. And he champions “use-inspired research” of immediate, practical import (as opposed to, and alongside, curiosity-driven, basic inquiries).

In pursuit of these aims, Crow claims to have set ASU on a fresh trajectory, what he terms the “New American University,” and has helped to organize the “University Innovation Alliance” of 11 major public institutions: a coalition dedicated to the

genuinely essential mission of “making quality college degrees accessible to a diverse body of students,” particularly “large numbers of first generation, low-income students.” In a new category of its annual rankings, *U.S. News & World Report* put ASU atop its “most innovative schools.”

Crow and William B. Dabars have pulled his ideas together in *Designing the New American University* (Johns Hopkins, \$34.95), intended as an inspiration and a road map for quick-marching higher education into the twenty-first century. Given the urgency of the issues raised and Crow’s prominence in doing so, the result is, unfortunately, a missed opportunity.

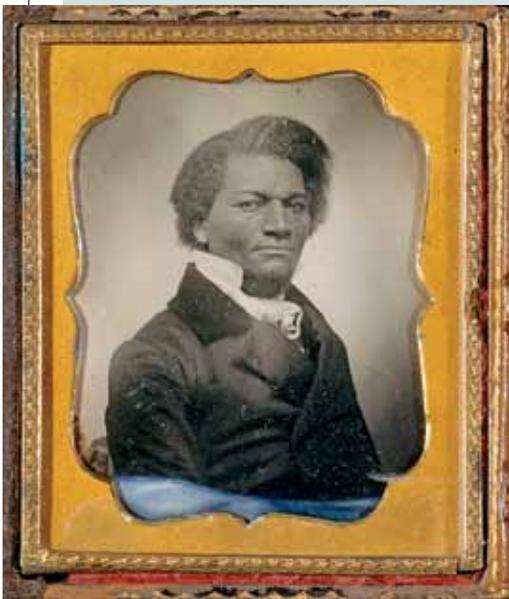
The text alone will dismay lay readers, and tax even committed educators. Take one representative sample: “As the central nodes of an integrative discovery and commercialization network, research universities are key institutional actors in national systems of innovation, a concept that encompasses theoretical and analytical frameworks for the interrelationships between entities that determine the rate and direction of innovation.” The legislator eager to encourage growth may find her attention wandering, and it is hard to imagine how faculty members might respond to this vision.

But the substantive shortcomings mat-

Off the Shelf

Recent books with Harvard connections

Picturing Frederick Douglass, by John Stauffer, professor of English and of African and African American studies, Zoe Trodd, Ph.D. '09, and Celeste-Marie Bernier (Liveright, \$49.95). An “illustrated biography” built around a sumptuous catalog focused on the 160 poses of the man the subtitle calls “the nineteenth century’s most photographed American,” from c. 1841 to a posthumous image of 1895. A fascinating exploration of early photography, as Douglass tried expressions and gestures from “defiant citizen” to “elder statesman,” and wrote about the evolving medium.



academic research tool became a ubiquitous, commercial utility? A deep dive into the engines of privatization and “innovation from the edges”—and the intersection, for remaining doubters, between government-funded basic inquiry and the subsequent growth of enterprise.

Exposed: Desire and Disobedience in the Digital Age, by Bernard E. Harcourt, J.D. '89, Ph.D. '00, S.J.D. '05 (Harvard, \$35). A Columbia law professor brings to light just how “exposed” everyone is in the Internet era, and issues a call for “digital resistance” and for “courage and ethical choice...to do everything we can to resist the excesses of our expository society.”

Witches of America, by Alex Mar '98 (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$26). The author (Alexandra Marolachakis in her *Crimson* phase), a writer and filmmaker, proceeded from one of the latter proj-

An iconic daguerreotype, by an unknown photographer, c. 1853, of Frederick Douglass, the abolitionist leader and America’s most famous ex-slave

How the Internet Became Commercial, by Shane Greenstein, MBA Class of 1957 professor of business administration (Princeton, \$35).



1870s Japan: a pair of hand-tinted albumen prints by Raimund von Stillfried, showing two women posing, and a man costumed as a samurai warrior

ects to explore and engage in the beliefs and practices of the nature-worshipping, sometimes occult stuff of contemporary witchcraft. “I am not what you would call witchy,” she notes early on—an invitation to forget what you think you know.

How We Live Now, by Bella DePaulo, Ph.D. '79 (Atria/Simon & Schuster, \$26). Tract houses there may be, but a social psychologist documents the increasingly nonnuclear families living within, and explores multigenerational households, housemates, cohousing, singledom, and more.

The Love of God, by Jon D. Levenson, List professor of Jewish studies (Princeton,

ter more. For all their emphasis on the “design process” that is supposed to undergird the refashioning of universities, Crow and Dabars remain frustratingly silent on *how* to do so. The chapter on ASU during Crow’s tenure lists examples of departments joined in thematic and multidisciplinary entities, but offers little insight about either the results or other paths toward interfaculty collaboration. The larger question posed by “disruptive innovation” theorists Clayton M. Christensen and Michael B. Horn (see “Colleges in Crisis,” July-August 2011, page 40)—whether universities will be forced to separate their research, teaching, and civic-preparedness

functions—is never addressed head-on. *Should ASU* be a research university, or is remaining so a legacy issue too politically costly to raise with faculty members and the public officials who control the purse strings? Finally, *Designing the New American University* simply has too little to say about *teaching*, which is at the core of ASU’s self-identified mandate to become “an adaptive knowledge enterprise in real time and at scale”—especially given its aggressive, extensive use of technologically based teaching, and its ambition to enroll 100,000 “online and distance-education degree-seeking students.”

The potential of online education itself is

the subject of *The End of College* (Riverhead Books, \$27.95), a journalistic tour of the evolving technology of teaching by Kevin Carey of the New America Foundation, a frequent contributor to *The New York Times* and other media. Carey’s title may suggest a fatal, and unwanted, disassembling of higher education, à la Christensen—and he is indeed critical of the high cost and poor quality of much undergraduate instruction. But his subtitle points in the more positive, or utopian, direction of “Creating the Future of Learning and the University of Everywhere.” In his UoFE, unanchored from, say, desert Arizona, “education resources that have been scarce and expen-

\$29.95). A close interpretation of the core notion of love of God in Judaism’s texts, extending from the legal notion of disparity of power between God and mortals, to personal gratitude for God’s gifts, to the erotic symbolism inherent in this foundational relationship.

This Gulf of Fire, by Mark Molesky, Ph.D. ’00 (Knopf, \$35). A young historian, now at Seton Hall, comprehensively reconstructs the earthquake, tsunami, and fire that destroyed Lisbon in 1755—an “apocalypse in the age of science and reason” (as the subtitle puts it) every bit as shattering and consequential in its era as mankind’s more recent experiences in Aceh, Fukushima, and elsewhere.

Houses for a New World: Builders and Buyers in American Suburbs, 1945-1965, by Barbara Miller Lane, Ph.D. ’62 (Princeton, \$49.95). The Bryn Mawr historian emerita examines the 20 years during which homebuyers and merchant builders transformed house types, suburban tracts, and their wider communities—to the tune of 13 million ranches, split-levels, etc., accommodating more than one-fifth of the population by the 1970 census.

Ametora: How Japan Saved American Style, by W. David Marx ’01 (Basic Books, \$26.99). A cultural history touching on such revealing moments as how rebellious Japanese youths adopted the classical American traditional (*ametora*) style. Cameras and television sets may go out

of fashion, but Japanese fashion icons like Uniqlo have come to dominate the world, in part by sustaining made-in-America statements about clothing.

The Journey of “A Good Type,” by David Odo (Peabody Museum/Harvard, \$45). In an entirely different vein, Odo—a Harvard Art Museums curator and anthropology lecturer—examines the Peabody’s holdings of nineteenth-century photographs of Japan. His arguments about museum collections and anthropology aside, casual viewers will be struck by the preindustrial views of Mount Fuji, the samurai armor and imperial court costumes, chair-bearing porters, and pensive girls—as if from a different, yet familiar, universe.

Database of Dreams: The Lost Quest to Catalog Humanity, by Rebecca Lemov, associate professor of the history of science (Yale, \$35). A young historian of social science—whose teaching examines such subjects as brainwashing and coercive interrogation—examines a pioneering 1950s Harvard-anchored attempt to catalog dreams and other “soft” human experiences, anticipating contemporary databases and “big data” research.

The Secret of Our Success, by Joseph Henrich, professor of human evolution-

ary biology (Princeton, \$29.95). A newly arrived Harvard faculty member (in a relatively new department) comprehensively examines how humans—relatively vulnerable as individuals—succeed. The subtitle of his inquiry, “How Culture Is Driving Human Evolution, Domesticating Our Species, and Making Us Smarter,” suggests the breadth of his work on col-



Henry Hoover’s mid-century modern Peavy House, in Lincoln, Massachusetts, overlooking the Cambridge Reservoir

lective intelligence—so be kind to admirable analogs like bees and ants you may encounter.

Breaking Ground, by Lucretia Hoover Giese, Ph.D. ’85, and Henry B. Hoover Jr. (University Press of New England, \$45 paper). A beautiful catalog and analysis of the striking, iconic modernist homes designed by Henry B. Hoover, M.Arch. ’26—many of them in Harvard bedroom communities that became important residential centers for faculty members during the mid-century academic and suburban boom (see “The Modern Revolution,” May-June, page 16G).

sive for centuries will be abundant and free” through digital pipelines. Admissions “will become an anachronism” because the UofE will be “open to everyone” on Earth. Learning this way “will be challenging,” with “no more ‘gentleman’s Cs,’ no grade inflation, no more slacking through adolescence.” And traditional credentials, based on course units and credit hours, “will fade into memory,” with two- and four-year degrees superseded by students accumulating “digital evidence of their learning throughout their lives.”

Perhaps. One online pioneer, Udacity, has segued from providing massive open online course (MOOC) versions of college classes to fee-based instruction on computer programming, Coursera is venture-funded as a for-profit enterprise, and the Harvard-MIT edX online venture is certainly interested in generating revenue to offset the huge costs of creating its courses, at a minimum. (HBX, Harvard Business School’s separate online venture, is already fee-based, and poised to earn significant revenue on its own and through its new venture with the Extension School.)

Lots of those prospective learners around the world lack reliable Internet access, sufficient prior preparation, or the language skills to take advantage of the courses now on offer. As for rigor and integrity: in August, Harvard and MIT researchers identified a new form of cheat-

knowledge, but often sells teacher training woefully short, making “many American universities...grotesquely expensive and shamefully indifferent to undergraduate learning.” He appreciates the research enterprise, and in fact helpfully guides readers to Stanford, Carnegie Mellon, and else-

Carey criticizes the Ph.D. culture that makes many universities expensive and “shamefully indifferent to undergraduate learning.”

ing on edX courses, in which registrants create multiple accounts to get the right answers to online exercises—particularly in pursuit of an online credential. And thus far, acceptance of credentials from general online courses (as opposed to those nested within a distance-degree program, or a specifically vocational offering like Udacity’s “nanodegrees”) is nil.

But those caveats about *today* aside, Carey validly aims for the not-too-distant future. He is sharp on the Ph.D. culture that understandably prioritizes the creation of

where, to introduce pioneers in computing and cognitive science whose discoveries make it possible to envision major advances in learning.

He is vivid on “the fundamental difference between computers and every other kind of information technology that came before them”: the distinctions between earlier advances in information *storage* (books, film) and *movement* (postal-enabled correspondence courses, radio, TV), and, now, information *processing*, adaptive artificial intelligence, and so on. In the future, but not the indefinite future, online learning will go beyond recorded lectures and even the interactive exercises they now contain to something much better, he believes, finally addressing “the two most important aspects of college: how much it cost and how students learned”—both lamentably unaffected to date.

This vision, beyond the current crops of MOOCs, ultimately extends to transferring certification of learning—the transcript, the diploma—from institutions to the individual learners themselves, “[o]vercoming the college diploma’s tick-like embeddedness in the labor market.” The result, Carey thinks, will be remarkably positive for humanity, but not so much for the current “inefficient hybrid university model” whose hidden costs and internal subsidies are “a feature, not a bug.” Thus, back to the Christensen disruptions looming on the horizon.

THE CHALLENGES that engage Crow and Carey resonate throughout higher education, although thus far with diminished force among the best-endowed, most competitively funded research universities and colleges. For earnest high-school students and their tense parents, the biggest concern is not elite institutions’ viability, but how to

Chapter & Verse

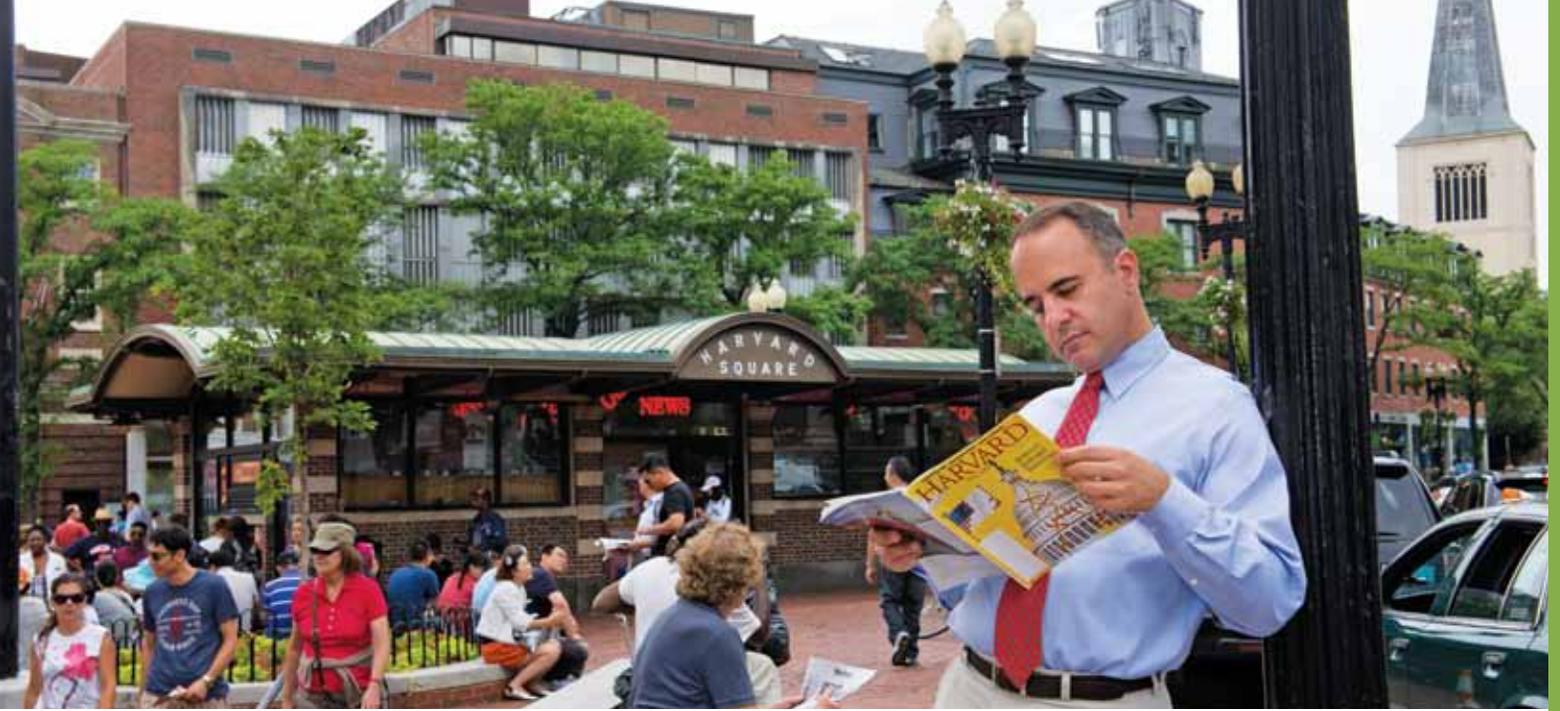
Correspondence on not-so-famous lost words

George Wittenberg seeks the source of the assertion, “Sub-specialization is a form of protective coloration.”

“**his error is himself**” (May-June). Julian Kitay serendipitously came across the very quotation he wrote down in a lecture 67 years ago: “Why argue with any man’s error when it is his error that is he? As well seek to convince a cow that the most dazzling creature on earth is not a cow, or prove to a pig that the finest resident of our world is not a pig.” He is still trying to source it. In response to the original query, meanwhile, Joshua Koltun suggested, “It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it”—which Wikiquote attributes correctly to Upton Sinclair’s 1935 memoir of his candidacy for governor of California: *I, Candidate for Governor: And How I Got Licked* (repr. UC Press, 1994), page 109.

“**A Jew is defined**” (July-August). Michael Bohnen suggested Rabbi Eliezer Berkovits (1908-1992) as a source, citing an April 14, 2014, article (“The Hidden Message of the Four Children”) by Rabbi Avi Weiss in *The Jewish Press.com*, in which the Berkovits remark is offered as a sociological comment on the effect of assimilation. Bernard Witlieb cited an anecdote from Ronnie S. Landau, *The Nazi Holocaust* (2006), page 27: “One wit, who clearly had genuine insights into the social and familial values of the Jewish community, would later turn Hitler’s Nuremberg laws definition on its head and defined a ‘real Jew’ as anyone who has produced three Jewish grandchildren!”

Send inquiries and answers to “Chapter and Verse,” *Harvard Magazine*, 7 Ware Street, Cambridge 02138 or via e-mail to chapterandverse@harvardmag.com.



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By almost any metric, the process has become unhinged. As admissions rates plunge toward 5 percent (recent Stanford and Harvard classes) and the common application facilitates applying, students who formerly aimed for half a dozen schools routinely send checks off to a score. Standardized-test preparation is a multibillion-dollar industry—and obviously disadvantages lower-income applicants. No parent who knows children in a good prep school, or even a good suburban school system, is unaware of the phonied-up public-service “experience,” often paid for, the chief aim of which is buffing up an essay, world betterment be damned. *The New York Times*, knowing its readership, blogs about admissions, and is now sponsoring a for-fee conference about it. None of this brings credit to anyone, and none of it produces much of worth for society.

One response aims at the students and parents who find themselves mid-frenzy. *Where You Go Is Not Who You'll Be* (Grand Central, \$25), by *Times* columnist Frank Bruni, offers itself as an “antidote” to the

mania. He skewers the “industrialization of the...admission process” with its “Ivory Tower porn” marketing and, to extend the metaphor, “fluffing” of candidates. For those whose efforts fall short, the “great, brutal culling” of rejection falls with the deadly weight of a “conclusive measure of a young person’s worth, a binding verdict on the life that he or she has led up until that point.” As if admission, and not the effect of the ensuing education, wherever

Guinier stresses that a college’s success “is measured by the skills and contributions of its graduates, not its admitted students.”

obtained, were the point of the exercise—sort of like confusing childbirth with the subsequent decades of the new life itself.

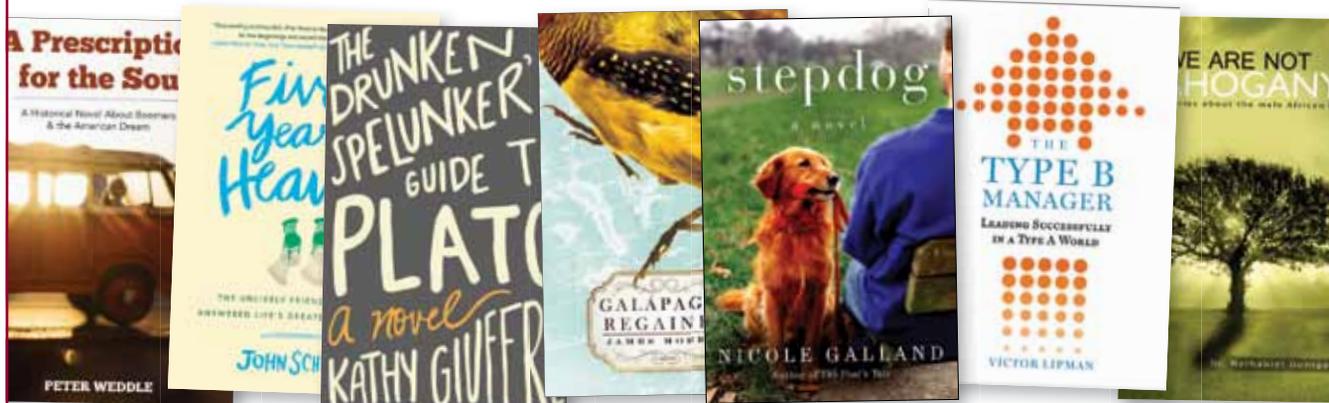
Bruni is a reporter; much of what he does most usefully is report on the lives of people, in every walk of life, who went to less than gilt-edged colleges (some you never dreamed of), learned a great deal, and succeeded in engaging, productive,

worthwhile lives. He also reveals his own collegiate secret: after prepping at Loomis Chaffee, he turned down Yale to enroll at the University of North Carolina (his siblings went to Amherst, Dartmouth, and Princeton)—and had an absolutely foundational, broadening education. He observes the virtue of pursuing a life that does not unfold in a straight line—resisting the false, and unfair, presumption that “life yields to meticulous recipes.” And he

has intriguing things to say about an era of personal “brands” in which “everything imaginable is subdivided into microclimates of privilege and validation”—including higher education, “with needlessly hurtful consequences” that begin with deflated teenagers and their parents, and can end with utterly warped life priorities.

Lani Guinier looks beyond Bruni’s per-

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sonal narratives and advice to the societal consequences of college admissions as the ultimate funneling device. In *The Tyranny of the Meritocracy* (Beacon, \$24.95), the Boskey professor of law advances a broad argument about the definition of merit as social benefit rather than as individual accomplishment, and the role of inclusiveness in strengthening the civic fabric and better addressing human problems.

Focusing on the SAT as a proxy for credentials, and on admissions to selective schools (which she knows as student at Radcliffe and Yale Law, as professor, and as Yale College parent), she goes after the “testocracy, a twenty-first-century cult of standardized, quantifiable merit [that] values perfect scores but ignores character.” Its sway not only excludes those whose life circumstances and means disadvantage them in test-taking (see Bruni’s “fluffing”), but devalues “democratic merit,” an “incentive system that emphasizes not just the possession of individual talent and related personal success but also the ability to collaborate and the commitment to building a better society for more people.”

One need not accept the wider argument to acknowledge Guinier’s focus on the defects, from society’s perspective, of the Darwinian, quantitative admissions process: “Meaningful participation in a democratic society depends upon citizens who are willing to develop and utilize these three skills: collaborative problem solving, independent thinking, and creative leadership. But these skills bear no relationship to success in the testocracy.” Her examples of programs and teaching practices that elicit leadership skills and learning gains underscore the narrowness of rote testing, much grading, and many of the winnowing devices that make deluged admissions officers’ lives simpler—but perhaps deliver little else of value.

In a way, Guinier is attempting to return education to its first principles. In the final exam for a Harvard Law class, she permits (but does not require) students to work in small groups, modeling the way she has practiced law in collaboration with colleagues—a small instance of testing “as a learning opportunity rather than just a judging opportunity.” Her larger point is

HM Explore More

For more online-only articles on the arts and creativity, see:

Existence as Resistance

Black Chronicles II, an exhibit at Harvard’s Cooper Gallery, calls for a more representative history.

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A Conversation with Mia Alvar '00

The fiction writer talks about her short-story collection, *In the Country*. harvardmag.com/alvar-15



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that an educational institution's success "is measured by the skills and contributions of its graduates, not its admitted students." It is distressing to have to be reminded that that is *true* value-added—the antithesis of admissions as personal branding.

Bruni begs students and parents to change their behavior within the applica-

tion process. Guinier would reengineer the system itself. Both refocus on the *aims* of education, rather than the winner-takes-all admissions gauntlet, with its many individual losers and diminished prospects for social gain. What that education will look and feel like in elite institutions is relatively familiar, at least for the nonce.

But for the vast majority of students in the vast majority of less selective schools, the terrain is shifting in face of economic pressure and technological opportunity, from Arizona to the U of Everywhere. ▢

John S. Rosenberg is editor of Harvard Magazine.

ALUMNI

“Once Upon a Time” in Translation

A publisher brings world literature to young Anglophones.

by SPENCER LENFIELD

MOST AMERICAN KIDS have probably never heard of Tonke Dragt's *The Letter for the King*—a fantasy tale of good and evil, feuding kingdoms, and a questing teenage squire named Tiuri—but for millions of Dutch readers the book is a childhood classic, akin to *Charlotte's Web* or *The Hobbit*. First published in 1962, Dragt's book had never been made available to Eng-

lish-language readers until Adam Freudenheim '96, the publisher and managing director of the London-based Pushkin Press and its imprint Pushkin Children's, took on that task and published a new edition last year.

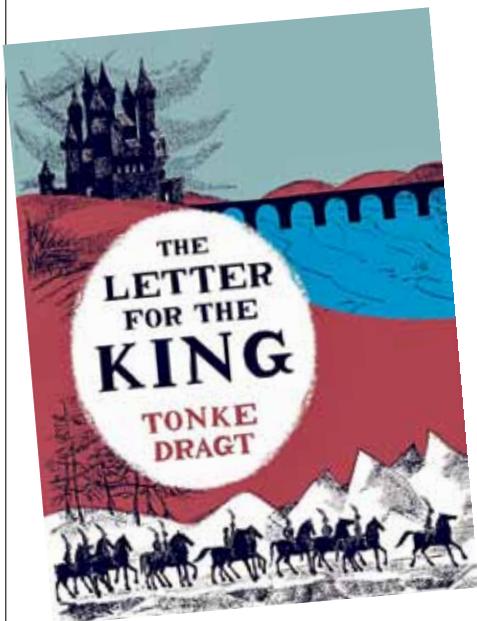
As translator Laura Watkinson finished each chapter, Freudenheim took it home to a highly critical test audience: his two elder children, Nina and Max (then 10 and 8 respectively). "They'd ask, 'What's next?' And I had to say, 'I don't know!'" he recalls. Then Watkinson sent the second half of the book in a single chunk. Freudenheim took it home as usual, but found the next morning that Max had stolen the 150 pages in the middle of the night and read it all in one sitting. That, he says, "is when I knew I had a hit."

The Letter for the King was named a "Book of the Year" by several critics and sold so well, Pushkin has reprinted it three times. More important to Freudenheim is that the book helped fill a gap he has found in the English-language middle-school-aged children's market. Picture books "have had an incredible renaissance over the past couple decades," he explains, and young-

adult books can be rainmakers for publishers. But pickings are far slimmer for the age group in between. Wary of what he calls the abundance of "me-too" series (hastily written to catch the latest trend), Freudenheim decided to look instead for engaging stories "with a literary appeal" and "children's writers who are *writers*, not just writing for children as a cynical marketing exercise."

The result is an impressive and diverse catalog. The Oksa Pollock fantasy series, written by French librarians Anne Plichota and Cendrine Wolf, stars a plucky 13-year-old who learns that she is not only

Adam Freudenheim



a witch, but the queen of a magical country. Ali Smith's *The Story of Antigone* is a beautiful and thoughtful retelling of Sophocles's tragedy. Younger audiences might prefer Bernardo Atxaga's *Shola and the Lions*, from Spain, about a dog convinced she's a lion, or the Brazilian story *Fuzz McFlops*, by Eva Furnari, in which a curmudgeonly rabbit writer just might be badgered into happiness by an unexpected friend.

PUSHKIN CHILDREN'S WEBSITE says its mission is to "share tales from different languages and cultures with younger readers," making it extremely rare among publishers. Around 15 to 20 percent of books published in major European languages are works in translation, Freudenheim explains, but less than 5 percent of the books published in English are. "On the children's side," he adds, "I'd be surprised if it was 1 percent."

Freudenheim's road to this unusual niche in the book business began early. As a high-school student in Washington, D.C., he worked at the Politics and Prose Bookstore; he also spent a year as an exchange student in Germany. At Harvard, he concentrated in German, but gleefully used his electives to rove more widely. "I studied a lot of literature from all over the world," he says, including Russian and Chinese fiction. "I always feel in a way that what makes a good publisher is being a dilettante—you need to be interested in lots of different things superficially." He returned to Germany for a year on Har-



vard's Shaw Fellowship, then studied for a graduate degree in European literature at the University of Cambridge before embarking on a career in publishing—first for U.K. publisher Granta Books, then working up the ranks at Yale University Press.

In 2004, he moved to Penguin Books, where at the age of just 29 he was appointed publisher of the famous Penguin Classics and Modern Classics series. "I was in the right place at the right time with the right mix of skills," Freudenheim explains: "university press background and knowledgeable about a range of literatures in various languages and with a command of German and French." The job, he adds, was a natural fit: "a combination of finding new books and commissioning new translations of existing things, anything from Ancient Greece to the 1970s." He enjoyed significant success in 2010 when he published the first English translation of German novelist Hans Fallada's *Alone in Berlin*, the 1947 novel about a quiet German couple who become Nazi resisters after their son is killed in battle. Retitled *Every*

Man Dies Alone in the United

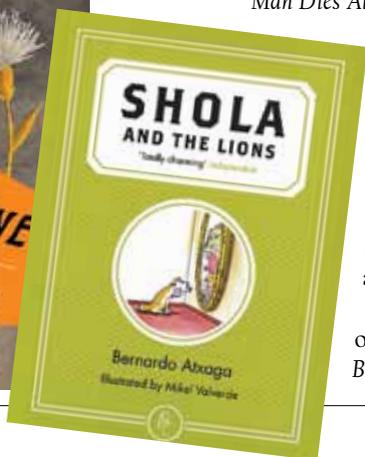
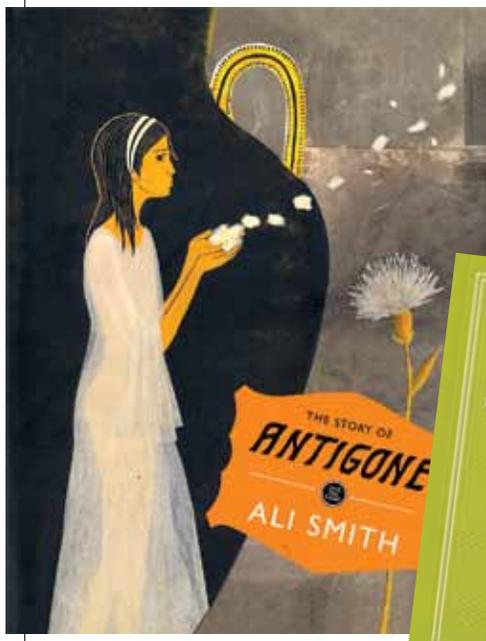
States, it sold half a million copies in the U.K. and 250,000 in the U.S.—an enormous hit in literary publishing—and is being adapted as a film.

The experience of finding *Alone in Berlin* and meet-

ing with European publishers heightened Freudenheim's awareness of how much fine contemporary literature remains inaccessible and unknown to most Anglophones. By 2012, around the same time he had grown eager to share translated literature with a wider audience, the tiny independent literary publisher Pushkin Books (which already specialized in translations, and was best known for publishing the works of Stefan Zweig) went up for sale. When his purchase of Pushkin was announced, so was his plan to translate more children's literature. "I got such an incredible response—'It's so great that you're doing this children's list! There's so much stuff out there,'" he recalls hearing from publishers and translators. "I felt like my gut instinct was proved right."

Pushkin Books now has six (rather than two) full-time employees at its office on a quiet street near Covent Garden. It has nearly 200 books in print, translated from 15 different languages; staff members read fluently in four. And upwards of 30 new titles are published each year, across all Pushkin imprints. That includes the new Pushkin Vertigo, which specializes in twentieth-century international crime classics, such as Soji Shimada's debut mystery *The Tokyo Zodiac Murders*, released in September.

The press has also introduced Israeli novelist Ayelet Gundar-Goshen and Japanese writer Ryu Murakami, reissued out-of-print works by respected writers like Arthur Schnitzler and Julien Gracq, and helped launch new authors—including



Nigerian Chigozie Obioma, whose *The Fishermen* was long-listed for the 2015 Man Booker Prize.

The children's books have also earned critical praise—and, like *The Letter for the King*, have sold unusually well. The U.K. bookstore chain Waterstones chose the first volume of the Oksa Pollock trilogy for its children's book club and *The Story of Antigone* has done well enough to go into paperback. Freudenheim attributes some of the imprint's success to the lack of any real wall between the editing of the adult and children's books: the same editors read the same books in the same room. Pushkin Children's plans to con-

tinue releasing about eight new titles a year—among the newest is the hilariously illustrated *Meet at the Ark at Eight!* by Ulrich Hub, about spirited penguins rushing to claim their spots on Noah's Ark. Some of the imprint's books are distributed to booksellers in North America, and all are available at Pushkin's website (www.pushkinpress.com); the rights to other books have been purchased by American publishers (as often happens): *The Letter for the King*, for instance, is printed by Scholastic in the United States.

FREUDENHEIM IS PLEASED with the progress of the children's imprint. After just

two years, those titles account for a third of Pushkin Press's revenue, despite being far fewer in number than its adult books. "Most of our children's books are reprinting, some of them multiple times," he explains, beaming. "There's really no one doing what we're doing on the children's side."

He has high hopes for Pushkin's first venture into young-adult fiction, *The Red Abbey Chronicles*—a prize-winning Finnish fantasy series by Maria Turtchaninoff, to be published early next year. The first volume, *Maresi*, is "set in an imaginary medieval world where young women live on an island without men," he explains. "It's an incredibly powerful story." Online chatter—all-important—is growing among fantasy fans and advocates for strong female characters in anticipation of the English translation's publication. Most books ultimately become successful through word-of-mouth, Freudenheim says—a phenomenon difficult to manufacture. Publishing, he says, is fundamentally an art of sharing: writers and publishers send a book out into the world and hope people like it. "That's the fun of it," he adds. "Thinking, 'I love this! Now, how do I get you to love it?'"

Spencer Lenfield '12, a former Ledecky Undergraduate Fellow at this magazine, lives in Washington, D.C., where he works for the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library. In May-June 2015, he profiled poet and translator David Ferry.



Seniors Help Houses Thrive

Recognizing the importance of House life, the Harvard Alumni Association (HAA) honored seniors Gabriela D. M. "Gaby" Ruiz-Colón '16, of Quincy House, and Jordan Weiers '16, of Winthrop House, as the 2015 David and Mimi Aloian Memorial Scholars during the fall meeting of its board of directors.

Ruiz-Colón, of Woodbury, Minnesota, the current co-chair of the Quincy House Committee, previously served as operations chair, with responsibility for Quincy's annual Winter Feast and its Cinema Josiah series. She also worked with the Office of Undergraduate Education to create the Transitions Program, which supports undergraduates moving into sophomore year.

As the Resource Efficiency Program representative for Winthrop, Weiers, of Savage, Minnesota, led the House to second place in the annual intramural Recycling Quiz Challenge and founded the Worms of Winthrop composting project, which included both a blog and a music video ("Talk Wormy to Me"), to raise awareness among housemates. And as a House representative on the Harvard Undergraduate Council, he helped organize the gender-neutral housing campaign.

Congratulations Are in Order

SIX ALUMNI received the Harvard Alumni Association (HAA) Awards—for their outstanding service to alumni activities for the University—during the fall meeting of the HAA's board of directors.

Thomas E. "Ted" Blamey, M.B.A. '70, of Sydney, Australia, is a "life member" of the Harvard Club of Australia and received its Legends Award in 2011 for contributions that include chairing its nonprofits program from 2001 to 2015 and helping establish fellowships for the Harvard Business School (HBS) course "Strategic Perspectives in Nonprofit Management." Blamey also initiated the



Thomas E. Blamey

revitalization of the nearby Harvard Club of Victoria in 1998, and has been instrumental in coordinating the annual Krokodiloes tour in Sydney for well over 20 years.

Peter A. Carfagna '75, J.D. '79, of Shaker Heights, Ohio, has been a member of the Harvard Club of Cleveland's schools and scholarships committee since 1979, served as a senior class marshal, been active in the quinquennial reunion-gift committees through the Harvard College Fund, and in 2002 became an elected director of the HAA. The former president of the Harvard Law School Association of Cleveland has also been a visiting lecturer in sports law at the school and faculty adviser to the Sports Law Clinical Placement Program since 2006.



Peter A. Carfagna

Robert P. Fox Jr. '86, of Cambridge, has held numerous roles in the HAA, including vice president for College affairs, chair of the classes and reunions committee, and appointed director. He has also chaired four reunions and serves as class secretary. Fox is active with The Holden Choruses: he recently chaired its long-range planning committee, is the Harvard Glee Club's graduate adviser, and became vice president of the glee club's foundation in October. In September, he chaired the Harvard Gender & Sexuality Caucus's Cambridge conference, "What Should We Do After 'I Do'?"



Robert P. Fox Jr.

Joan Keenan '45, HRP '47, of Lexington, Massachusetts, worked on behalf of Radcliffe for decades, including as a trustee from 1974 to 1980, a class and reunion chair (most recently for her seventieth), and as an officer of the Alumnae and Friends of Radcliffe College. Her contributions, benefiting both the College and the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, earned her the Radcliffe Distinguished Service Award in 1995 and the Radcliffe Institute Apple Tree Award in 2005. Keenan is also a 50-year member and former vice



Joan Keenan

president of the Harvard Club of Boston and a past officer and member of the HBS Club of Boston.

Robert M. Kraft '76, of Encino, California, has co-chaired the Harvard Office for the Arts' advisory committee and been a member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences Arts Resource Council, the Harvard clubs of New York and Southern California, and Harvardwood. A panelist for the "Harvard in Hollywood" Alumni College in 2005, he has also lectured on film music and participated in workshops with student composers. In 2008 he became an HAA elected director.



Robert M. Kraft

Nancy Sinsabaugh '76, M.B.A. '78, of Cambridge, serves as class treasurer (she

has been an executive committee member of the Association of Harvard College Class Secretaries and Treasurers) and has chaired several reunions (including those of her HBS class). A member or former member of Harvard and HBS clubs in France, Luxembourg, Minnesota, New York, and Boston, Sinsabaugh was also an alumni interviewer from 1994 to 2005. As a veteran of the HAA's Happy Observance of Commencement Committee, she designed the hats now worn by its women members and provides televised commentary for the Annual Meeting of the HAA. Her roles on the HAA's board of directors have included treasurer and chair of the classes and reunion committee.



Nancy Sinsabaugh

Hiram Hunn Awards

SEVEN ALUMNI received Hiram S. Hunn Memorial Schools and Scholarships Awards from the Harvard College Office of Admissions and Financial Aid on October 2 for their volunteer work: recruiting and interviewing prospective undergraduates.

William L. ("Ike") Eisenhart '74, of Seattle, has co-chaired the Harvard Club of Seattle's schools and scholarships committee since 2002, following several years of interviewing candidates.

Tanya Ryk Friedman '94, of New York City, is a vice president of the Harvard Club of New York City. A recent past president of the Harvard Club of New York Foundation,



William L. Eisenhart



Tanya Ryk Friedman



Anita Warren Fritze

vard Club of Boston.

Marsha Hirano-Nakanishi, Ed.D. '81, of Los Angeles, is executive vice president of the Harvard Club of Southern California. She also recently served as the interim vice president for the schools and scholarships committee.

Meg Streeter Lauck '79, of Sugar Land, Texas, was the interview coordinator for the Harvard University Club of Houston from 2009 to 2014.

Garrett Scott Olmsted '68, Ph.D. '76, of Tazewell, Virginia, is a long-time admissions interviewer, most recently in western Virginia.

David F. Pinto '82, Ext '88, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, was an alumni interviewer for several years and has chaired the Harvard Club of Western Massachusetts's schools and scholarships committee since 2005.



Marsha Hirano-Nakanishi



Meg Streeter Lauck



Garrett Scott Olmsted

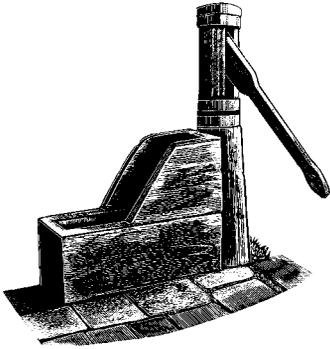


David F. Pinto

she has also served as the club's schools and scholarships committee co-chair.

Anita Warren Fritze '64, of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, has interviewed students for more than 25 years for the Har-

Nuts



“Your wooden arm you hold outstretched to shake with passers-by.”

WHEN PRIMUS was a little one, he had the good fortune to live near Broadway in Manhattan. Each holiday season, his parents would take the family to the Great White Way to see the latest magical musical, *South Pacific* perhaps, or *Guys and Dolls*. Then we would stroll over to the Harvard Club of New York on 44th Street and sit by the fire in the paneled richness of the place. Even the youngest among us was permitted a glass of unexpurgated eggnog, served by a tipsy waiter. These moments live in memory.

When the time came and Primus moved to Cambridge, he searched for similar entertainments for his family in the Boston so-called theatre district, but all he found during Christmas week was precious little. Years later, it's mostly the unstoppable *Blue Man Group* and *The Nutcracker*.

Mrs. Primus had a niece who lived near Hartford, Connecticut, and as soon as the girl learned to walk, she began to dance in *The Nutcracker* with the Hartford Ballet. She danced it year after year after year, and went on to dance it (and other things) professionally with the Nashville Ballet. During this dear girl's childhood, it was necessary to watch her dance in *The Nut-*

cracker. By the time she was grown, Primus had seen the ballet 782 times. What he would have given for some *Guys and Dolls*.

Of course, *The Nutcracker* is the salvation of many ballet companies in America, a crucial part of their economic equations. Jennifer Fisher, a former snowflake and flower, and now associate professor of dance at the University of California, Irvine, has written a book about the ballet, *Nutcracker Nation: How an Old World Ballet Became a Christmas Tradition in the New World*. She notes that after the ballet immigrated to the United States in the mid-twentieth century and was choreographed by George Balanchine, it began to thrive and variegate. Hawaiians added hula, Canadians added hockey, and so on.

Primus strives not to take a dark view of this beloved ballet. Neither does Henry D. Rogers '54, of Jacksonville, Florida. He wrote to report that he had been named Florida Land Realtor of the Year 2014, not only for sales production but also for dancing in *The Nutcracker* for the past 35 years.



Henry D. Rogers performing as Grandfather with Annie Gaybis in 2009

“The 175 or so of us in the production, accompanied by the Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra, are volunteers except two national leads,” he explains. “My first time in *Nutcracker* was in 1977, when my daughter, Katherine, had charge of rehearsing the Party Scene, first act. Three weeks before it was going on stage, she said, ‘Dad, I have to have one more man on stage and you are it,’ knowing that with my ballroom ability it could work out. The first rehearsal I went to, a gorgeous sweet blonde came up to me and said, ‘I am your partner.’ (Where in the hell had I been and why not here? was my thought...) For many years, I was one of the adults in the Party Scene, once as Herr Drosselmeier, a few times as a butler, and for the past 15 years or so as Grandfather. It has been my main volunteer contribution to the city for many years and good for my business.”



PRIMUS cannot stop talking about himself, apparently. At 5:27 P.M. on November 9, 1965, he was sitting with his spouse, cross-legged, on the naked floor of a house they had just bought in Cambridge near the Common, a thing normal people can no longer do. They were with friends, lifting a celebratory glass of something when the lights went out. The entire northeast of the United States and large parts of Canada went dark, creating much mischief and some disaster. That evening 80,000 square miles of habitat were without power, leaving 30 million people in persistent dark. Yours truly scoffed at the darkness. He believed, then as now, that he lived in a citadel of enlightenment.

~ PRIMUS V

LETTERS

(continued from page 8)

as fanciful as the one that found Ho Chi Minh's profile in one of the swaths of color?

JONATHAN BOCKIAN, J.D. '74
Watertown, Mass.

THANK YOU so much for your recent article. I did, however, want to contact you about a few errors. Corita entered the order in 1936, not 1938. The college was Immaculate Heart College; the order was the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The artist mentioned on page 50 is Aaron Rose (not Ross).

Corita did see the Warhol soup-cans show in 1962, the same year she made her first Pop print. However, I disagree with Susan Dackerman's assertion that *the juiciest tomato of all* was a response to the soup-can paintings, as it was made over two years later and there were a number of other Pop prints in between.

RAY SMITH, PH.D.
Director, Corita Art Center
Los Angeles

Exhibition curator Susan Dackerman replies: My apologies for the oversights that Ray Smith pointed out.

As for whether Kent's *tomato* print was influenced by Warhol's soup-can paintings, I stand by that interpretation. Yes, Kent's print did appear two years after Warhol's soup cans, but influence isn't always immediate. Ideas grow as they are rehearsed and fed by related ideas.

WHRB

I AM A BIG FAN of the Harvard radio station: I would not make a decision on our move to a condo until I heard for myself that it had good reception of WHRB ("A Broadcast Cornucopia," September-October, page 63). I am very grateful to the station for providing Boston with the Met opera broadcasts. However, I thought the article was a little hard on "the competition"—in Boston, WCRB, a 24-hour classical station that I've listened to since I was an undergraduate. It has its flaws, including a mysterious aversion to vocal music, but it shouldn't be dismissed so condescendingly. It plays warhorses, but it also plays music of many lesser-known composers, like Antonio Rosetti and J.B. Vanhal, who have certainly enriched my musical experience.

STEPHANIE LANG MARTIN '59
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HARVARD ASTRONOMERS

I AM TROUBLED by the comment (in Vita, "William Cranch Bond," September-October, page 46), "The young nation was an astronomical wasteland." Really? In Philadelphia, Penn faculty member David Rittenhouse (1732-1796) had observed the transit of Venus, determined the distance from earth to the sun, sighted Uranus, built his own telescopes, and constructed numerous orreries (models of the solar system), most of this before Bond was born. Philadelphia's American Philosophical Society sponsored various astronomy projects and published the results. Alan Hirshfeld's article yet again suggests that if something did not happen at Harvard, it did not happen.

EDWARD W. KANE, M.B.A. '75
Concord, Mass.

The author replies: Although there were several individual and civic efforts to bolster U.S. astronomy prior to the so-called "observatory movement" of the 1830s, these were generally short-lived or of limited scientific consequence. Rittenhouse's observatory was shuttered upon his death; the American Philosophical Society leased space for an observatory in 1817, but failed to raise money to install a decent telescope. A comprehensive 1832 report on international astronomy did not mention the U.S. at all. Would-be American astronomers with means traveled to Europe for training. As a Princeton astronomy graduate (who almost daily passed a Rittenhouse orrery on my way to class), I don't view the history of my field through Crimson-colored glasses. That said, post-1830s Harvard was indeed a major force in the rise of modern American astronomy. A fuller account appears in my book, *Starlight Detectives*.

THE INFORMATIVE Vita is subtitled "Brief life of Harvard's first astronomer: 1789-1859." While I can have nothing but admiration for Professor Bond, the position of "Harvard's first astronomer" was already taken, well before his birth. And that position belongs to Professor John Winthrop: 1714-1779.

JAMES R. RICE
Mallinckrodt professor of engineering sciences
and geophysics
Cambridge

Editor's note: In the 1930 *Quinquennial Catalogue of Harvard University*, under "Officers

of Government and Instruction," John Winthrop, A.B. 1732, LL.D. '73, is listed as "Hollis Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy 1738-1779; Fellow 1765-1779; Acting President of the University 1773-1774." He was unquestionably an astronomer as well. William Cranch Bond, A.M. (hon.) 1842, appears as "Astronomer 1840-1845; Director (Astron. Observ.) 1845-1859; Phillips Prof. of Astronomy 1858-1859." "Harvard's first professor of astronomy" would have yielded a more precise, if more visually unwieldy, subtitle.

THE JOYS OF RUNNING

AS A LIFELONG runner and fitness advocate, I want to thank you and Olivia Munk for the marvelous essay describing her "pet peeve"—running (The Undergraduate, "Running Over Murphy's Law," September-October, page 27). I am now both old (71) and slow, but still running after 60-plus years. Two of the very best: 1979-1981, when I spent more time running the Charles River and Commonwealth Ave. than I spent at the Harvard School of Public Health.

Munk's essay describes beautifully how running can impact someone both physically and emotionally. She is very fortunate to have learned this at a young age, as it will continue to be a great positive for her for many years to come. She will also be a fine role model for many, young and old, women and men.

STEPHEN SOBOROFF, M.P.H.-S.M. '81, M.D.
Marion, Ill.

"WHY CAN'T WE MOVE?"

IN THE September-October letters section, John A. Simourian comments about the state of America's transportation facilities (page 4). He characterizes the gasoline tax as "regressive" and advocates a national tax essentially based upon income. He is wrong about the gasoline tax; it has been for over 100 years a user fee based on the concept that those who use our streets, roads, and highways should pay for their construction and maintenance. The 40-year fad of using a truly regressive tax, the sales tax, to finance public transit and even, in some instances, roads, should be the object of his criticism. More relevantly, with the advent of electric and hybrid vehicles on streets paid for by motorists, a better user fee should be based upon miles traveled. The measuring technology exists.

QUENTIN L. KOPP, LL.B. '52
San Francisco

Cuban Connections

Americans as liberators?

THE UNITED STATES FLAG flying over the governor-general's palace in Havana (right). American construction prowess applied to restore roads and bridges left crumbling by the former occupying colonial power (lower right). Such images could not have been taken in Cuba during the past half-century. Even after the reopening of embassies this past August, a symbolic thawing of a frozen Cold War relic, the U.S. relationship with Cuba has a long way to go to become fully normal.

That makes *Occupied Cuba, 1898-1902* an even more pertinent, and disorienting, mirror to history. The exhibition (on display in



Visit harvardmag.com to see more photographs from the exhibition.

Pusey Library through December 31) is drawn from the rich holdings of the Theodore Roosevelt Collection, which extend beyond the

Great Man himself, notes curator Heather Cole. It tells multiple stories succinctly. The first, as captured by photographer Dwight L. Elmendorf, who embedded with the Rough Riders in Tampa and traveled to the island, documents the U.S. intervention in Cuba's war of independence, resulting

in the Spanish-American War in 1898 and the end of Cuba's subservience to Spain. The second demonstrates the colony's impoverished state as the Americans found it, in the wake of the revolutionary uprising of 1868 to 1878; the

continuing exodus of Cubans from their homeland; Spain's exactions and post-1878 war taxation; and its efforts to suppress uprisings by depopulating the countryside and relocating people to urban camps. The third, largely recorded by L. Lamarque, shows Rough Riders commander Leonard Wood, M.D. 1884, as enlightened and uplifting in his next role as governor of the eastern province of Santiago de Cuba, in 1898 (he then became military governor of the entire island from 1899 through the declaration of Cuban independence in 1902).

Some skepticism is warranted. Houghton Library staff member Susan Wyssen, who catalogued the collection's thousands of images and selected those on display, notes their "paternalistic" tone. The photographs of ordinary Cubans tend toward the downtrodden, not the indigent elite or upper-

class Spaniards: local color that justified the military intervention. More broadly, Wyssen says, "This is the story as told by the occupiers, not by the Cubans themselves." The Cubans, colonial underlings and then liberated subjects of an occupation, had limited means to tell their history during a riven century.

Nowhere are the victors' assumptions more clearly revealed than in hand-colored lantern slides of Cuban expatriate volunteers shown wading ashore during the U.S. assault (left). Those in their own clothes are unretouched, but their peers who wear U.S. cavalry tops are rendered—shockingly, to modern eyes—as whites. That, too, was part of the narrative in Jim Crow-era America.

—JOHN S. ROSENBERG



Photographs courtesy of the Houghton Library, Harvard University

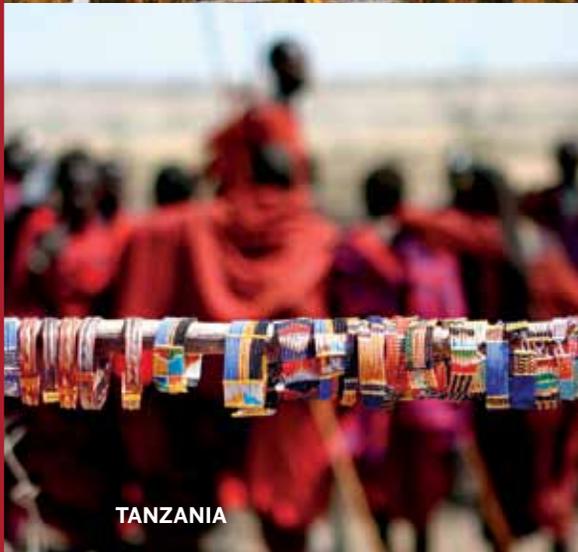
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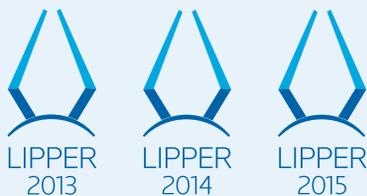


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