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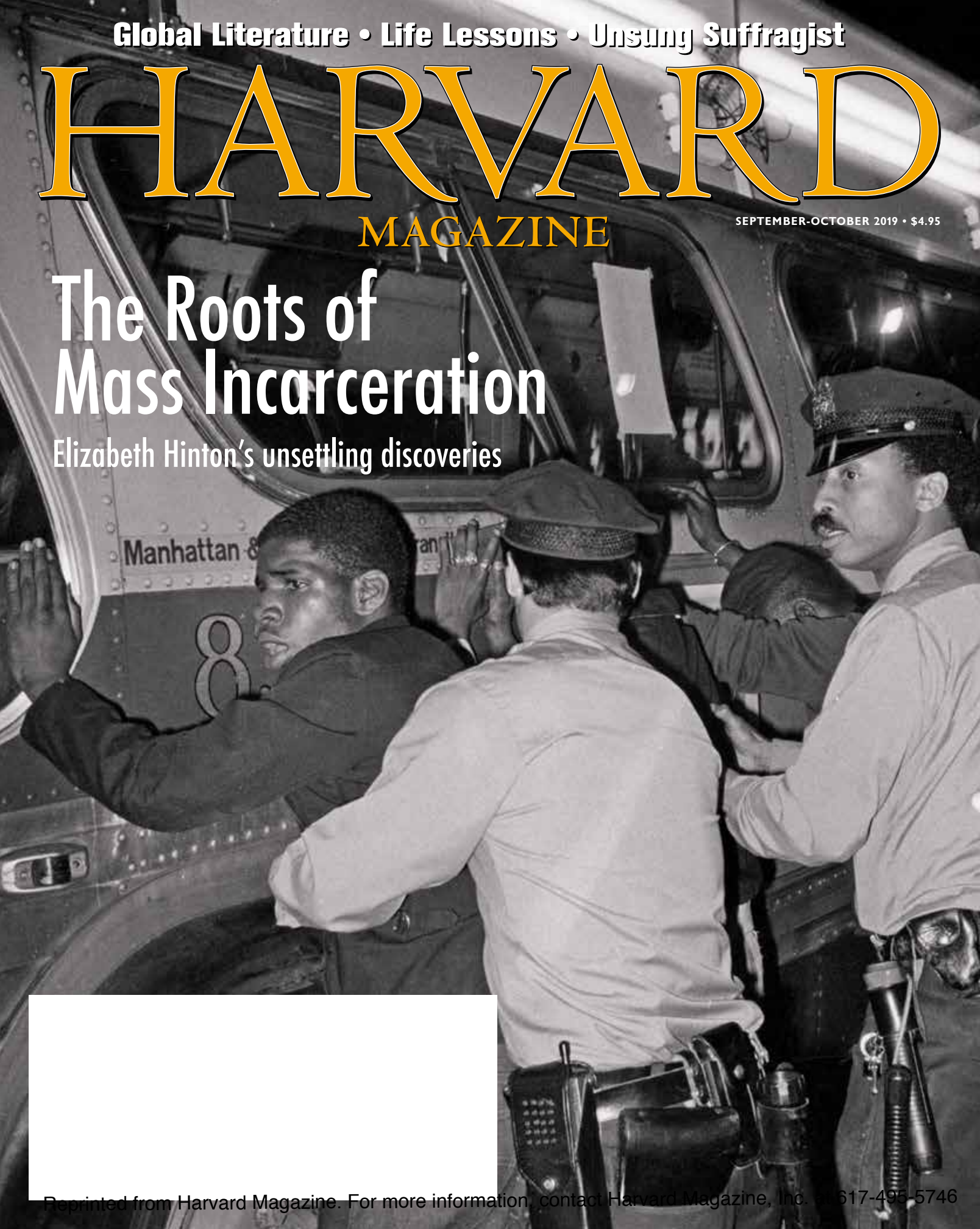
HARVARD

MAGAZINE

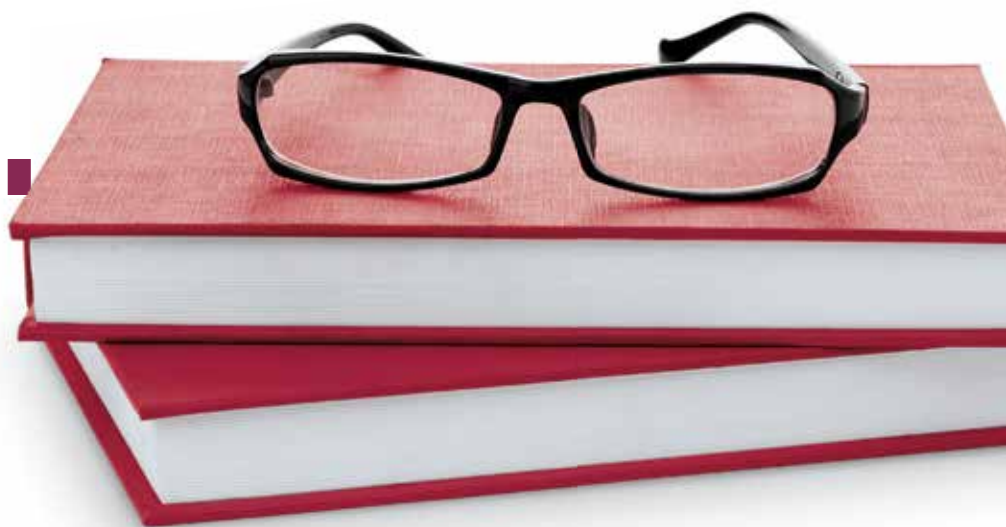
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The Roots of Mass Incarceration

Elizabeth Hinton's unsettling discoveries



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HARVARD MAGAZINE

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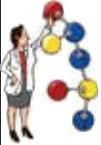
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On the cover: Police officers frisk suspects against a bus in New York City, 1980.
Photograph by Jill Freedman/Getty Images

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Cambridge 02138

Dani Rodrik, opioid associations, origins of life

OTHER TRUTHS

LIKE Professor Stuart Schreiber, I found out by accident that my dad was not actually my biological father ("Truth: A Love Story," July-August, page 53). Unlike Schreiber, however, I discovered this at age 16, and was able to determine within 24 hours the identity of my bio-dad, when I walked into my girlfriend's home room and told her "I found out the most amazing thing last night." She replied, "I know what you're going to tell me. Everyone in Logan [our small town in southeastern Ohio] has known about it for years." I learned that bio-dad was a doctor who had graduated from Ohio State and who had met my mother when she was a nursing student.

The discovery explained a lot of mysteries, such as why both my younger brothers were six inches taller than me, why I received much more physical and especially mental abuse from my dad, and why he would go into a rage whenever my mother even talked with a doctor.

We never talked about this in the family until after Dad died. At that time, around 2001, I wrote a letter to my bio-dad, but never received a response. Then, in 2016, my wife determined that she was going to get some answers, and finally located my half-sister in Fort Bragg, California. After a series of letters and emails, we finally met with my half-sister and two half-brothers in Santa Rosa in 2017.

I had often wondered how my life would have been different if I had grown up in a family headed by a successful doctor rather than in the abusive environment that I was so happy to escape when I headed east to Harvard. When I finally met my half-siblings,



however, I learned that they too had been abused by their father, my bio-dad.

Not until my twenty-fifth reunion did I come to the realization that I had to quit dwelling on the past and concentrate on the future. My classmates have been so helpful and supportive in my healing process, and I thank them for that.

JEFF GERKEN '71
Leland, N.C.

STUART SCHREIBER'S story is extraordinary on many levels: for its honesty and intimacy, but also for what it tells us about the false nature-nurture dichotomy. Schreiber couldn't be more successful in the terms the world and the world of Harvard value. We credit his intellect, hard work, character traits, resilience, and luck among other factors. Without knowing the back story told by his DNA/family tree studies, we would look to his "brilliant" father and "angel" mother and muse that "the apple does not fall far from the tree." We might also give due credit for his success to the environment he grew up in—"zip code" advantages. But then he tells us of abuse, adultery, prostitution, moonshine, and even murder, all part of his family story. It's also likely that being Cajun in Louisiana/Mississippi didn't confer much advantage.

I gained from Schreiber's story a new respect both for the science he practices and for the vast unknowns that make us what we are. It also gave me a new appreciation of the variegated fabric that makes up this amazing American people in this amazing "land of opportunity." From "wretched refuse," slaves, refugees, indentured servants,

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Climate Change

UNIVERSITIES are among the most creative and powerful forces for shaping the future. At our best, we prepare students to devote their lives to causes larger than themselves. We bring together scholars whose insights help illuminate and address society's greatest challenges. We convene conversations that help envision how tomorrow might be better than today.

If the future is our genuine concern, we must face up to the stark reality of climate change. The scientific consensus is by now clear: the threat is real, the potential consequences are grave, and the time to focus on solutions is now. Climate change poses an immediate and concrete test of whether we, as members of a university and responsible inhabitants of our planet, will fulfill a sacred obligation: to enable future generations to enjoy, as we are privileged to enjoy, the wonders of life on Earth.

While there is much we are already doing, we have far more still to do. Our faculty, students, and staff are seeking to understand the mechanisms and effects of climate change, and to devise technologies that can accelerate the transition to cleaner, greener energy. They are exploring how best to shape policies and incentives conducive to decarbonizing the global economy and mitigating climate risks locally, nationally, and internationally. They are imagining the future of buildings, transportation systems, and communities and cities large and small, in a world where sustainability progresses from emerging ideal to pervasive practice. They are addressing the crucial role industry must play in reducing the world's dependence on fossil fuels and embracing an ethos of sustainability. They are asking how individuals, organizations, and entire societies can be motivated to pursue transformative and disorienting change in the face of uncertainty, inertia, and sometimes outright denial. Our efforts must include addressing the concerns of people understandably anxious about the impact of such change on their jobs, their families, and their ways of life. Effectively confronting climate change is a social, economic, political, and human challenge no less than a scientific and technological one.

This work is not easy, and the solutions are not obvious—all the more reason they demand our attention. We must build on the efforts of our Climate Change Solutions Fund, our University Center for the Environment, and the growing array of programs and initiatives across our schools that regard climate change and the future of energy as a focal concern. We must meet a perennial Harvard challenge: not just multiplying our distributed efforts but finding ways to connect and amplify them. We must be a willing partner and active convener in the search for solutions. The stakes are too high, and the need for cooperative effort too great, for us not to engage others in forging pathways forward.



As we redouble our research, education, and engagement, we must also pursue sustainable practices on campus—with emphasis on reducing our energy consumption, embracing renewable sources, and mitigating greenhouse gas emissions and their harmful effects. Through the Climate Action Plan adopted in 2018, we hope to become fossil fuel-neutral by 2026 and fossil fuel-free by 2050. With the guidance of our Office for Sustainability, we are committed to serving as a living lab for innovative approaches, hoping our work can help others as well. Sustainability is the daily work of each of us—in what we choose to consume, how we travel, how we live our everyday lives.

Amid our larger academic and institutional efforts, debate over investment policy—including demands to divest from the fossil fuel industry—will no doubt continue at Harvard and beyond. This debate is healthy. And while I, like my predecessors, believe that engaging with industry to confront the challenge of climate change is ultimately a sounder and more effective approach for our university, I respect the views of those who think otherwise. We may differ on means. But I believe we seek the same ends—a decarbonized future in which life on Earth can flourish for ages to come.

Reaching that goal means recognizing climate change as a defining challenge of our time. I hope we can all find common cause in the wider search for innovative, collaborative, effective solutions. We owe the future nothing less.

Sincerely,

One of Trump's themes has been globalization's negative impact on "the working classes."

and convicts, as well as pious pilgrims and planters, emerges a strong diverse people that includes stars like Stuart Schreiber.

ANN BARNET, M.D. '55
Washington, D.C.

I WAS STRUCK BY the amount of domestic violence in this article. The author says that his maternal grandmother was forced into prostitution at the age of 14 and that both he and his mother were physically abused by his father for what seems to be at least 10 years. Both the author and his mother were trauma victims. For the effects of trauma, which are severe and long-lasting, see *Trauma and Recovery* by Dr. Judith Herman and other works in this field. I was very impressed that the author eventually gained the respect of his father and was able to come to terms with his father by his own, unaided efforts. I think that's rare for trauma victims.

LYNN LICHTENSTEIN '65
Chevy Chase, Md.

THE TRILEMMA

I SEE THAT the Ford Foundation professor of international political economy at the Kennedy School, Dani Rodrik, thinks promoting unionization and Elizabeth Warren's proposal for worker participation on corporate boards marvelous ideas ("The Trilemma," July-August, page 46). Gee whiz, I would never have guessed that.

JOHN BRAEMAN '54
Champaign, Ill.

I SKIMMED the article because it is longer than need be. I was irritated right at the beginning with the author's characterizing Trump's administration as "authoritarian," which is false. Had she thought some more about what she was writing she might

have more accurately described the Trump government as concerned with the same aspects of globalization that Professor Rodrik is. One of Trump's central themes has been that globalization has had an extraordinarily negative impact on "the working classes" in this country. Unlike Rodrik, Trump has been able to do something about it. The reality is that Rodrik, as an academic, has reached many of the same conclusions that Trump and his advisers have: globalization has hurt the American working class and severely weakened our manufacturing ability; has benefited those in the upper income/investment classes disproportionately; has not had the beneficial impact hoped for in developing countries; and has endangered American sovereignty by subordinating our interests to countries like China. I know it would get the editor fired if he/she had taken this approach, but it would have been interesting to read what Rodrik sees as beneficial about Trump's trade moves.

CHARLES C. KESSLER '64, M.B.A. '71
Houston, Minn.

Editor's note: Neither editor nor author is at risk of, or in fear of, being fired for the magazine's reporting.

OPIOID ASSOCIATIONS

AS A CONCERNED alumnus and physician, I would urge Harvard to take a strong stand against the purveyors of opioids in the current health crisis that is contributing to declining life expectancy in the United States. In my view, the best way to do this is to sever ties to the Sackler family and remove the Sackler name from the museum that is part of the Harvard Art Museums.

The Sackler family needs to be held accountable for their role in the opioid epidemic in this country, much as the tobacco magnates were held accountable in a past era. There hasn't been any remorse expressed by the Sacklers for their role in the opioid epidemic, which is particularly troubling.

By not taking a strong stand for victims of opioid addiction, my concern is that Harvard's reputation on this issue is being sullied. The public outcry against the Sacklers is growing, and it seems clear at this point

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7 WARE STREET

A Chill in the Air?

ON JUNE 3—four days after Commencement, with graduates gone and undergraduates scattered for the summer—the College announced a shift in its academic-support paradigm, from *counseling*, provided since 1947 through the Bureau of Study Counsel (BSC), to skill-oriented *coaching*, to be delivered through a new Academic Resource Center (ARC). The emailed note from dean of undergraduate education Amanda Claybaugh and College dean Rakesh Khurana began briskly: “Nothing is more important to us than ensuring that you thrive academically at Harvard.” Rightly so: this is an educational institution, and students’ learning is central to its work.

There is much to be said for the change (detailed at harvardmag.com/bsc-to-arc-19).

- Students report a lot of academic stress, and techniques exist to help them do their work better—and make academic and extracurricular commitments more manageable.

- The students who might benefit from such skills are far more diverse than those thronging Cambridge after World War II. They arrived then with varying degrees of study savvy and combat trauma—but were otherwise more uniform (read: white, male).

- Other forms of diversity have cropped up, too—among them, the nation’s commitment to understanding and addressing the learning challenges of students formerly cast aside but now known to be coping with ADD, ADHD, dyslexia, and physical limitations, for which there are effective solutions.

- Among today’s campus cohort, the gap in K-12 preparation is probably wider—perhaps much wider—than for their mid-century predecessors; ditto their families’ socioeconomic circumstances. Some observers have noted that the distinctions among such students include different degrees of willingness to consult or accept anything associated with mental-health counseling—which can be seen as inappropriate, or even socially stigmatized.

So, there is much to favor changing academic support—from alignment with Harvard’s mission (educating undergraduates and training graduate students), to bringing effective skills to bear on the sources of stress.

MUCH, but not everything.

Not all sources of stress that affect academic performance are associated with readily coachable study or time-management skills. What is one to make of students, say,

who come to college having internalized strong parental pressure to be premed—only to find they neither want to pursue that path, nor really know how to set out on another? Or whose families rupture once they leave home—or require their continuing financial contribution to make ends meet?

These tensions, loaded on to an adolescent newly enrolled in a community lacking familiar friends and family supports, may call for some level of counseling and support that does not rise to the level of full mental-health care. And for some of the students who most need that intermediate support between academic coaching and mental-health services (which may be far more stigmatized than a “counseling” relationship), BSC may be a kinder, gentler, more effective acronym, and organization, than the new ARC.

More broadly, today’s students at Harvard (and other similarly selective, elite institutions) differ from their predecessors in another way *not* associated with familiar ethnic, racial, or socioeconomic metrics. Nearly all of them got into a college or university that has the narrowest of funnels—which all but requires the highest levels of prior performance, academically and otherwise, to make the cut. In the prevailing high-stakes admissions game, many undergraduates seem *hyperdeveloped* intellectually and in their extracurriculars (valedictorian *and* state champion in soccer/orchestra/debate)—and *underdeveloped* emotionally. Advisers and tutors can tell stories about binge drinking and sexual hookups that have nothing to do with classroom challenges or grades. At least some of this seems to come from young people with high IQs and low EQs who don’t know how to have casual conversations, or go out on a date, or accept a minor setback without flipping out. (Advocates of collegiate sports say that one thing most student-athletes have going for them is losing without losing it: going out to compete again the next day. Many teachers lament that students who arrive with stellar transcripts refuse to take real risks in a seminar, lest they be seen making a mistake.)

Finally, there is the matter of Harvard’s distinctive culture. Some years ago, when the College was considering whether to create a summer academic enrichment program for entering students from first-generation backgrounds or under-resourced high schools, one reason for *not* doing so was that participants would be stigmatized. Peer schools like Princeton and Yale have not found that to be

the case, and there is even research conducted by a Harvard Graduate School of Education Ed.D., all the way over on Appian Way, demonstrating that students have *embraced* such identities (see “Mastering the ‘Hidden Curriculum,’” November-December 2017, page 18). But the Crimson culture famously prizes every tub on its own bottom—both structurally, in terms of the individual schools, and in its assumption that everyone admitted to the community can cut it individually: going to office hours for extra help, seeking other kinds of support.

The brand is wildly successful (consult the application data, admission rate, and yield). But there are those who will tell you that Harvard can be an impersonal place, especially for people who find, or feel, they aren’t winning at every moment of every day. It ought not to be excessively proud of that.

THE ARC may focus resources productively on academic needs, applying the best current techniques from learning science and cognition to real problems, thus helping students succeed academically at Harvard. Resources aren’t infinite, and innovative universities like this one too infrequently close legacy operations in an effort to be at least a little lean. So the business case is clear.

Nonetheless, in moving simultaneously to close the BSC, the place may inadvertently cast some students adrift: interpreting their needs in terms that seem more efficient but are in fact less effective, thereby making their experience chillier and more challenging.

VARSITY BLUES POSTSCRIPT. “Thinner Ice” (the July-August column) focused on the crooked admissions scandal. Higher-ed economists Sandy Baum, emerita from Skidmore, and Michael S. McPherson, past president of the Spencer Foundation and of Macalester College, usefully observe that the students involved are a tiny fraction of the tiny fraction of those at selective schools—which educate less than 5 percent of undergraduates.

Given the real issue (“opportunities to prepare well for demanding colleges are so unequally shared”), Baum and McPherson conclude, the scandal “invites close scrutiny of the admission practices of the colleges themselves,” including preferences for the children of alumni and the rich and famous: “Colleges have their own reasons...for maintaining these practices, but there will never be a better time for colleges to weigh their costs and benefits.”—JOHN S. ROSENBERG, *Editor*

that history will not view these purveyors of opioid addiction in a favorable light.

THEODORE T. SUH '88, M.D., Ph.D., M.H.S.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Editor's note: The University has issued this statement in response to questions about the use of the Sackler name: "Dr. Arthur M. Sackler generously donated funds in 1982 that contributed to the construction of the original building that housed the Arthur M. Sackler Museum at 485 Broadway. In 2014, the Arthur M. Sackler Museum was relocated to 32 Quincy Street, as part of the renovation and expansion of the Harvard Art Museums. Dr. Sackler died in 1987, before OxyContin was developed and marketed.

"Suffragette" was used by those who thought it cute that the "girls" were asking for a vote.

Given these circumstances and legal and contractual considerations, Harvard does not have plans to remove Dr. Sackler's name from the museum. The Arthur M. Sackler Foundation does not fund the Arthur M. Sackler Museum at Harvard."

For *Harvard Magazine* reporting on the crisis, see "The Opioids Emergency" (March-April 2019, page 37) and harvardmag.com/opioids-summit-19.

NOMENCLATURE

CYNTHIA WACHTELL'S wonderful article on Ellen Newbold LaMotte in the July-August issue unfortunately uses the word "suffragette" (Vita, page 54). The diminutive *-ette* ending was used by opponents of suffrage and those who thought it cute that the "girls" were asking for a vote. As my *Random House Dictionary* notes, the suffix tends to have a "trivializing effect." Suffrage supporters should be more respectfully called suffragists.

Also, a letter from Diana Altman (July-August, page 6) recalls being kept out of Houghton Library when she was a graduate student in the early 1960s. I was there then, too, as an undergraduate. My memory is that Houghton was as accessible as any holder of rare documents is. The library generally closed to women was Lamont, which is also where poetry readings like the one Altman remembers were commonly held. As a special favor, women were allowed to attend those. Smart Harvard undergraduates often discovered that the Radcliffe Library had more copies of books on reserve

and a pleasanter atmosphere than Lamont anyhow. And it allowed men.

SUE BASS '65
Belmont, Mass.

Senior editor Jean Martin responds: Women associated with Emmeline Pankhurst's movement in Great Britain are generally referred to as "suffragettes," which is why Cynthia Wachtell used the term in one sentence of her Vita. The other two references to the suffrage movement in her text use "suffragist," the term preferred by suffrage activists in the United States such as Alice Paul (Vita, November-December 2010, page 46). But "suffragette" is still the term many people think of first in connection with "Votes for Wom-

en"; perhaps the events being planned to honor the centennial of the Nineteenth Amendment will help change that. The Vita in this issue, on page 54, continues in this vein.

And Diana Altman acknowledges her error: "Yikes! I hope Houghton will forgive us!"

ORIGINS OF LIFE

CERTAIN PHRASES run the risk of reinforcing the overwhelmingly common, unscientific view of evolution as something that has been done "on purpose" ("How Life Began," July-August, page 40). When, for example, in the third sentence, author Erin O'Donnell asks rhetorically, "How did those primitive cells start...passing on advantageous traits to the next generation?" she may give the impression that these cells—and, perhaps by extension, whole organisms and even species—were deciding which traits to pass on.

The truth is that all sorts of traits, beneficial and otherwise, and including mutations, are constantly being transmitted, blindly and automatically. It is only with hindsight that one might call certain ones "advantageous"; these are the traits eventually associated with higher survival rates for future generations. Nowhere in the whole wondrous process (until perhaps the most recent 0.0003 percent of it, among *homo sapiens*) is any cell, organism, or species selectively trying to endow the next generation with the "right" characteristics, nor is there any plausible way they might do so.

ROLAND STARK '87, M.Ed.
Maynard, Mass.

I SUSPECT I'm not the only reader who noticed the interesting juxtaposition of cover "headlines" for two pieces in the July-August issue—"Life's Origins" and "Commencement"—since for many the latter is in fact what the former is. If not intended, a nice stroke of continuity. Among certain ethnic groups, the theological question of when life begins is reputed to be "On graduation from law school."

ROBERT H. GOLDSTEIN '53, Ph.D.
Professor emeritus of psychiatry (psychology)
University of Rochester School of Medicine
Rochester, N.Y.

VERSE DEBUGGED

IN A LETTER to this department (July-August, page 1), Murray Levin recalls from Chem 1 with Eugene Rochow a couplet about bugs being bitten by smaller bugs. The version I am familiar with is:

Big fleas have little fleas upon their
backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and
so *ad infinitum*.

When Levin took chemistry in 1953, I would have been nine or 10 years old, but knew the above lines already: my parents had been taking night courses, and my mother enjoyed that couplet, from a text in (I think) parasitology.

A few years ago I did an online search, and found that this goes back to Jonathan Swift, who in a poem, *On Poetry*, wrote:

So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite
'em,

And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind.

GEORGE BERGMAN, Ph.D. '68
Orinda, Calif.

LONG-TERM INVESTING

TELL ME you're kidding, right? That's my comment on "Long-Term Investing, Short-Term Thinking" (July-August, page 9). Anyone who thinks that "some top institutional managers move to the private sector, where they will be paid more but are scrutinized less" may have an opinion relative to the vagaries of markets, but few should take them seriously. To also add that "patience is more than a virtue, it pays," would have some credibility, but only if they added "sometimes yes, sometimes no." Pros, or anyone else who think they can measure up, are



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MARSHALL STERMAN, M.B.A. '55
Beverly, Mass.

MORE ON POLICING

THE LETTER "1969" on anti-police bias and its response (July-August, page 5) reminded me of numerous experiences as a student. I mention only one. During a peaceful antiwar demonstration in 1968, I appreciated the polite uniformed police, but also noticed some tough-looking apparent "plain clothes" officers. When I asked one of them if he were a policeman, he asked why, and I said I wanted to know from whom I should take orders. He responded "no," with a sneer. As the crowd moved, I turned my head and he clubbed me to the ground. I did a pushup to hold myself off the body of a uniformed officer who had lost his footing, and on whom blood from my face was dripping.

After receiving stitches at the hospital, I visited my usual Harvard Square liquor store and had to explain why my face looked

so bad. The burly man behind the counter smiled and shared with me that he was a former police officer and that the technique was to slide your billy club down the sleeve so one could show an open hand and still club someone in the face unexpectedly.

My point is: there was no one profile of police officers; many were dedicated professionals who practiced their role with integrity and courage, but others were indeed bullies, and did take out a resentment of "privileged" students with sadistic enthusiasm.

ROY SMITH '64
Silverdale, Wash.

ADMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

"THINNER ICE" and the letter concerning Harvard's and other selective schools' admission challenges and the reference to the "complication involving a Harvard coach," raise additional questions regarding this behavior of exchanging money for admissions (7 Ware Street, page 3, and letters, page 5, July-August). It would be of great interest for Harvard to conduct a detailed review of all the incidents where parents whose children were applying for admission gave donations

to the school prior to their admission. Are these incidents not to be considered direct "legal" bribes to the University rather than to individuals, as in the current episodes involving athletic coaches? How prevalent were and are these "donor preferences"?

ARTHUR M. FRIEDLANDER '61, M.D.
Montgomery Village, Md.

OVERSEERS OVERSIGHT

AN ANNOUNCEMENT in the July-August issue of the new Harvard Overseers (page 71) reminded me that as a graduate of both Tufts ('77) and Harvard, I have the chance to reflect on one of President Lawrence S. Bacow's accomplishments at Tufts that should be replicated at Harvard: the removal of the word "overseer" from various boards.

Once brought to their attention, most people grasp immediately that "overseer" has a negative connotation dating back to slavery and that there are less offensive and more inclusive alternatives. In an era in which statues and other relics of prior eras are being ques-



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“Overseer” has a negative connotation dating back to slavery. There are less offensive terms.

tioned and removed in our country, changing the name of a board should be achievable.

SETH A. BARAD, M.B.A. '81
San Rafael, Calif.

DIVESTMENT REDUX

I REMEMBER writing this same letter, or a very similar one, 30-odd years ago, about Harvard pulling its considerable endowment investments out of South Africa.

Now it's fossil fuels. The University once again deplores the politicization of its investment decisions.

Gentlemen and ladies, the decision to put those investments into fossil fuels in the first place was political. The status quo is not pristinely apolitical.

If the University officials who chose to make those investments did not see them as political at the time [given the large number of Harvard alumni who hold these positions], that was a failure of Harvard. Now that everyone seems to be questioning the value of a

liberal education, here is more ammo for that questioning. If the status quo can be changed by political action, then it was political in the first place.

MARIAN HENRIQUEZ NEUDEL '63, Div '67
Chicago

AMPLIFICATIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

“EDUCATING EDUCATORS” (July-August, page 25) reported that the Graduate School of Education faculty had voted to approve a “new framework” for the school’s master of education (Ed.M.) program, in part by “elevat[ing] the status of the education profession by defining its key aspects, including core knowledge and skills that all educators should have.” That suggested identifying the “core skills, knowledge, and ways of thinking that are central to the profession of education,” and embedding them in 13 separate Ed.M. tracks. That account was based on a misunderstanding. As part of revisiting its Ed.M. program, the HGSE faculty is focus-

ing on core competencies it considers essential for all degree candidates to prepare them for diverse careers in education. Students would also apparently choose areas of special, focal interest, within their courses of study—but the number of such areas, how they are defined, and how students’ one-year degree programs (a limiting constraint, as opposed to the multiyear courses of study in other professional schools) will be reshaped are all in the process of being determined by the faculty during the coming academic year.

“The Director’s Half Decade,” based on a conversation with Harvard Alumni Association executive director Philip Lovejoy (May-June, page 78), referred to the Harvard Gay and Lesbian Caucus. It has long since been renamed the Harvard Gender & Sexuality Caucus, as its president, John Sylla '81, noted.

The classes studied in the legendary Harvard Student Study (Commencement Confection, July-August, page 20) enrolled in 1960 and 1961, respectively, but were the *graduating* classes of '64 and '65, *not* those of '60 and '61. That is why Michael Kaufman spoke at the class of 1964’s fifty-fifth reunion dinner.

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SMOKE OUT

The Resurrection of the Marlboro Man

BATTLES ABOUT the future of smoking have always been waged over children. For tobacco companies, the young represent the next generation of smokers. Public-health advocates like Barry Bloom and Jay Winsten, on the other hand, know that attitudes shaped as early as elementary school will ultimately

affect how many youngsters will die prematurely from smoking, the leading cause of preventable death in the United States (each year, smoking claims nearly half a million lives, and leads to five million premature deaths). Now Bloom, formerly dean of the School of Public Health (SPH) and currently Jacobson Research Professor of public

health, together with Winsten, Stanton director of SPH's Center for Health Communication (CHC), are raising the alarm over a disturbing confluence of new enticements to smoking that target the nation's most vulnerable cohort.

The latest contests are being waged in movies and video games, on social media, and even in middle- and high-school bathrooms, where students are reportedly inhaling flavored tobacco-free products, predominantly those made by JUUL (pronounced "jewel"), which dominates the e-cigarette market, with more than 70 percent of all sales. Like nearly all e-cigarettes, JUUL's devices deliver nicotine. The company says its products are designed to help adults

quit smoking. But the marketing and flavoring (mint, menthol, mango, and fruit), ease of use (the devices are recharged via USB in any computer), and resemblance to a thumb-drive have made JUUL use popular in schools—and easy to conceal.

"The argument," says Bloom, is "Oh, it's only nicotine that doesn't have tobacco tars and cancer agents.' Nicotine is one of the most addictive substances known. And the object of the tobacco companies, if you get addicted to nicotine, the next step is cigarettes."

Altria, the parent company of tobacco giant Philip Morris, pur-



chased 35 percent of JUUL in 2018. Nicotine use in adolescence can harm the parts of the brain that control attention, learning, mood, and impulse control, according to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), and may also lead to increased risk of future addiction to other drugs. (Even the second-hand aerosols from e-cigarettes contain substances—including fine particles, chemicals linked to irreversible lung disease and cancer, and heavy metals—that are probably not safe, particularly for children). The average age when young people begin smoking, says Winsten, was 12.4 in the year 2000. (A study of data from 2014–2016 indicated an average age for cigarette smoking initiation of 12.6 years, and for e-cigarettes of 14.1 years.)

Bloom, Winsten, and CHC deputy director Susan Moses are veterans of these battles. In 2007, building on the work of other advocates, they successfully persuaded the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), which includes all the Hollywood studios, to include smoking among the criteria used to assign an “R” rating to a film. Dan Glickman, then chairman of the MPAA, had met Bloom while serving as director of the Institute of Politics at the Harvard Kennedy School, and invited him to come speak to the organization. Bloom, Winsten, and epidemiologist Jonathan Samet ’66, S.M. ’77, then at Johns Hopkins, presented the scientific evidence and consensus, after an introduction from Glickman in which he “pointed out that both his parents were smokers and both died of lung cancer,” Bloom recalls. Screenwriters raised objections over First Amendment free-speech rights, but Bloom felt that none of their concerns represented a substantive constraint on artistic freedom and cited the Supreme Court decision *Schenck v. United States*; *Baer v. United States* (1919), in which Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., A.B. 1861, LL.B. ’66, LL.D. ’95, wrote, “The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theatre and causing a panic.”

Winsten illustrated for his audience the power of the Hollywood creative community to effect social change for good by recalling its critical role in promulgating the concept of the designated driver in the 1980s, a concept CHC borrowed from Scandinavia that was rapidly adopted in the United States when writers, at Harvard’s request, incorporated the idea into scripts of top-rated television series such as *Cheers*, *L.A. Law*, and *The Cosby Show*. In 2012, the U.S.

The incidence of smoking in movies rated PG-13 (with material that may be inappropriate for children 12 and under) “has been creeping up.”

Surgeon General’s office quantified the effect of MPAA action, concluding in a report that if movies depicting smoking received an “R” rating, that would “reduce the number of teen smokers by nearly 1 in 5 (18 percent), preventing up to 1 million deaths from smoking among children alive today.”

Although there is less smoking overall in films than there was prior to 2007, says Bloom, the incidence of smoking in movies rated PG-13 (containing some material that may be inappropriate for children age 12 and under) “has been creeping up.” And, he adds, “There is more smoking per film than there used to be, and few of those films have been R-rated at the level one might have expected because of that.”

What concerns Bloom and Winsten most, however, are the new contexts in which children are socially conditioned about behavioral norms. Much has changed since 2007, from smartphones, to YouTube, to streaming services, to targeted advertising on social media. “What’s really worrisome is that there are no constraints on streaming films, which is now an increasing part of what kids watch at home; no legal constraints on JUUL other than that the manufacturer has agreed, in principle, not

to market to people under 16, or 18, or 21, depending on the state; and no constraints whatsoever on video games, where smoking has become prevalent—and in some cases is necessary in order to win the game.

The shifting media landscape notwithstanding, are there lessons that can be extrapolated from the 2007 appeal to the MPAA? Bloom and Winsten believe so. The MPAA still has enormous influence on what goes into movies and television shows, they say. Google, which owns YouTube, could restrict smoking messages from reaching children. And companies like Netflix, whose own productions reportedly depict smoking at twice the rate of other studios, they say, must also be persuaded of the imminent harm that smoking in entertainment can exert, years hence. The pair believe it is time for a renewed effort to enlist the entertainment industry’s help, beginning with an appeal to the MPAA through its current CEO, Charles Rivkin, M.B.A. ’88.

—JONATHAN SHAW

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RICH OR POOR?

The Rawlsian Revolution

JOHN RAWLS IS to modern political philosophy, perhaps, what John Maynard Keynes is to economics. Many Harvard students and graduates will remember his 1971 work *A Theory of Justice*, mandatory reading in Bass professor of government Michael Sandel’s “Justice,” and in a number of philosophy and intellectual-history courses. Rawls famously posed the “original position,” a thought experiment in which people must decide how they would organize their ideal society without knowing what social position they will hold in it: rich or poor, man or woman, majority or minority. The late Conant University Professor trained

some of the most influential philosophers in the world today. But he, and the nuances of his work, are also widely misremembered, argues assistant professor of government and social studies Katrina Forrester. Her forthcoming book, *In the Shadow of Justice: Postwar Liberalism and the Remaking of Political Philosophy* (Princeton University Press), excavates the complex history of Rawlsian thought, showing how his work remade political philosophy, and how philosophers today grapple with contemporary problems in Rawls’s shadow.

To understand Rawls’s impact, it’s important to understand the state of political phi-

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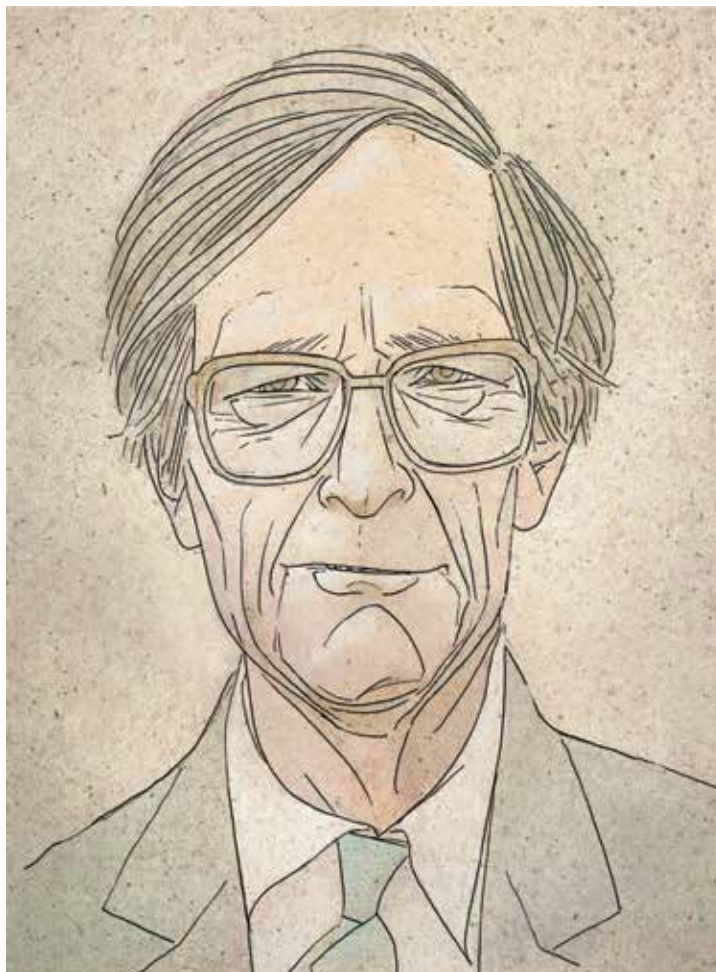


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losophy before him. He started his doctorate in 1946, just after the war against Nazi totalitarianism had cost millions of lives and destruction worldwide, and left Eastern Europe under Stalinism. Political thinkers were concerned about state control over people's lives, and skeptical of government expansion. They focused on restraining state power, not imagining the good that government could do for people.

With Rawls, that all changed. "Rawls completely transformed how political philosophy was done, and the kinds of questions philosophers asked," says Forrester. He "showed that philosophy, which had been hard hit by the war..., could be ambitious and dream big," she continues. "He made political philosophy about finding the right conception of distributive justice—of who gets what. After Rawls, that's what philosophers focused on—not on other questions of order, stability, legitimacy, revolution, transformation, domination, oppression. They asked questions about distribution and redistribution—about...how to limit social inequality and how to justify inequalities that existed."

Although Rawls represented a departure from his time, a thinker who enabled the field to emerge from the shadow of World War II, Forrester argues that it's also crucial to understand him as a *product* of that period. In his early, unpublished writing from the 1950s, held in Harvard's archives, he shares "a skepticism of the state with anti-statists, who opposed the expansion of the state that came with the New Deal and the Second World War," Forrester explains. "He emphasizes that government should leave people alone and not control their lives, except insofar as it has to provide the minimum necessary for them to have a fair chance in life." The purpose of the state was to enforce a minimal set of rules, like contracts and traffic laws; the government as "umpire" was a popular metaphor among liberals at the time. Young



Rawls cared more about protecting property rights, Forrester noted in a lecture, than "active redistribution by a planning state."

This matters, Forrester says, not just because "the most influential political philosopher of the late twentieth century isn't always who we think he is," but also because it displays just how different today's political reality is from that of Rawls's era: "The main worry for many liberals then was the expanding state; today it's the weakness of the state in the face of the dominance of corporations." Although Rawls came from a tradition that

was wary of government, Forrester notes, "today his moderate schemes for redistribution... look very radical.... This in itself shows how far to the right our politics has moved since the mid twentieth century."

Much of *In the Shadow of Justice* turns on this final point: on how effectively or not Rawlsians have responded to neoliberalism, the loose concept that describes the rise of privatization, austerity, and deregulation all over the world since the 1970s. "Rawls himself grew quite worried about the rise of marketization," Forrester says. Her analysis deftly makes sense of what might seem to a lay reader to be a paradox of the Rawlsian revolution. If Rawls was one of the most influential thinkers of the last century (Forrester notes that he "had a substantial influence on professional elites, from lawyers to policymakers"), then why have his social-democratic ideas remained so marginal in actual politics?

Part of the answer, she writes, is that "much debate [in political philosophy today] still takes place in the shadow of a set of ideas that reflect the assumptions of a different age." Concretely, she says, this means that "in the 1960s when the liberal philosophers who made Rawls essential reading at all universities came of age, the assumption was that the civil-rights movement would bring racial equality and desegregation. Things were getting better—and the reformism at the heart of political philosophy reflected that. Today, it's not at all clear things are getting better." Societies face climate change, in-

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creasingly short-term and precarious types of work (see “How U.S. Companies Stole American Jobs” July-August 2017, page 10), “as well as new and persistent forms of inequality. Our questions are also different: the political and economic instability that has followed the financial crisis of 2007-08 means that the worth of capitalism and the possibility of socialism are on the political agenda in ways they haven’t been for decades.” The Rawlsian tradition hasn’t provided a path to *realizing* its goals of redistribution, and in an age of dramatic inequality, Forrester says, that is no longer enough. It also has little to contribute to newly urgent questions, such as the future of work, which has been unsettled by radical shifts in contingent labor and automation. “Should we characterize the data we provide to Facebook as a form of work?” Forrester asks. “What do philosophers think of as the big political puzzles of our time? The answer should not be the same as ‘what Rawls thought.’”

—MARINA N. BOLOTNIKOVA

KATRINA FORRESTER WEBSITE:

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CANCER BEATERS

Are “Super Responders” Special?

AS A MEDICAL STUDENT in the 1980s, Isaac “Zak” Kohane heard stories—from patients, mentors, and colleagues—of nearly miraculous recoveries from cancer. A patient given weeks to live instead survives for years. An experimental drug works exceptionally well—in only one patient. Or, most controversially, a patient rejects chemotherapy, radiation, and surgery, and somehow lives. As a trainee, Kohane found many such stories quite literally unbelievable. “Frankly,” he says, “I assumed that they didn’t really have a cancer.”

Now Nelson professor of biomedical informatics at Harvard Medical School (see “Toward Precision Medicine,” May-June 2015, page 17), Kohane not only believes

these stories, he’s seeking them out. A year ago, he began a project to find “exceptional responders” to cancer treatment—those who have beaten the cancer odds many times over—in order to figure out what makes them special.

He was inspired initially by a very different group of patients. Since 2014, Kohane has coordinated a nationwide program to study and aid patients whose affliction with rare, undiagnosed diseases mark them as statistical outliers. “Outliers, by definition, are interesting,” he explains, because they are different from everybody else, “so there are things to be learned. By finding these outliers, we have been able to make breakthroughs both for the patient but also scientifically,” diagnosing more than



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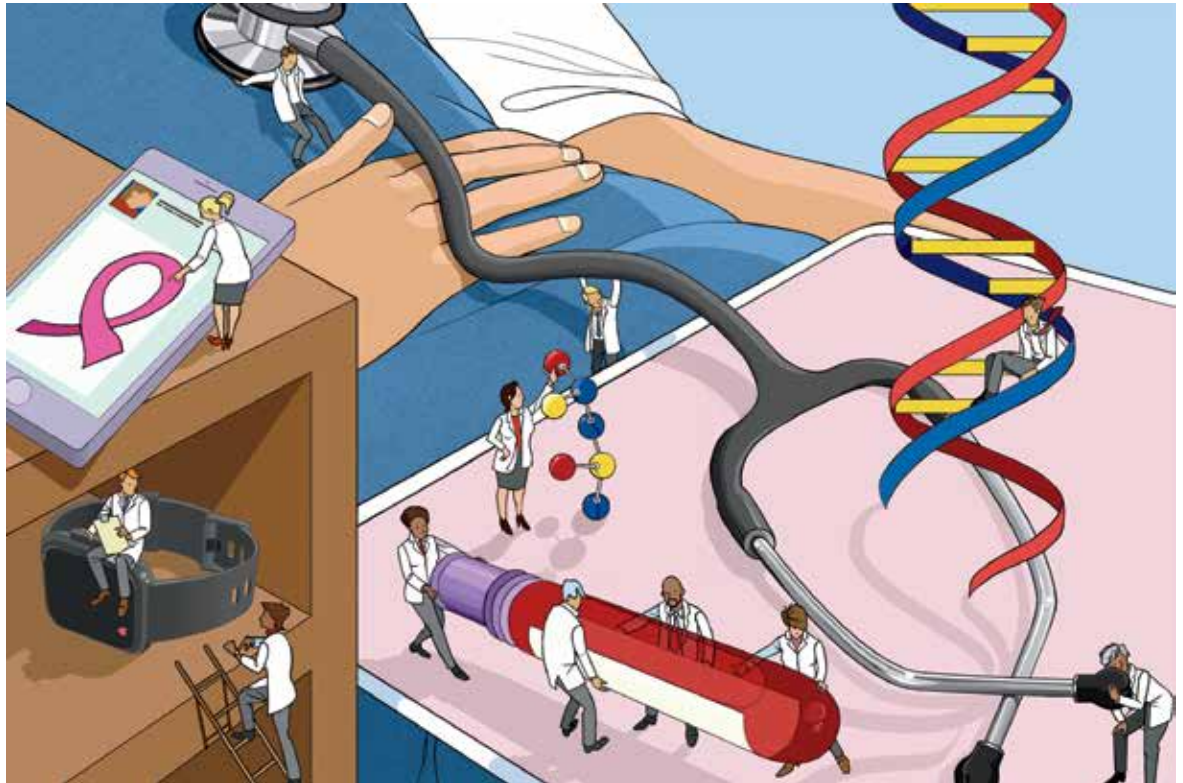
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300 patients suffering from newly discovered genetic diseases in five years.

By investigating exceptional responders, Kohane now hopes to find new paths to cancer *treatment*, rather than new *diseases*. The study has thus far recruited more than 75 participants from around the United States, representing 24 different types of cancer. Many of the subjects responded exceptionally well to a conventional combination of surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy; others took part in clinical trials of new therapies, and were profoundly successful. At least one survived

with no conventional therapy at all. By collecting as much data as possible from these patients—sequencing their DNA, inventorying their gut microbes, and even asking them for access to data from their social-media pages and FitBit fitness trackers—Kohane hopes to draw connections between their successes and the underlying causes that may have saved them.

Such comprehensive study, he says, is possible in large part because of recent medical advances, not only in the genetic sequencing that will give the researchers gigabytes of



shared exposure to a particular infectious disease long before cancer struck. “Doctors, human beings, will look for individual things,” says Kohane. “These programs are looking for *everything*.”

Of course, there’s a sizable gap between finding something a few exceptional responders have in common and understanding whether—and how—that explains their success. “Certain kinds of associations will be indistinguishable from a fluke,” he says, especially when they pertain only to a handful of participants. “For those rare cases,

Technological advances aside, though, Kohane says the study has also been enabled and inspired by a newly powerful trend affecting and directing medical research. “The notion of patient-driven, advocacy-driven medicine is very different from the paternalistic view of medicine of even 30 years ago,” he explains. He describes the exceptional responders—eager to share their health data for research, with little or no benefit to themselves—as “data altruists.” Though he’s careful to warn them that genetic information is difficult to keep entirely anonymous, and the data, though not public, will be shared widely with other researchers, “They’re urgently passionate that we need to look at them.”

To empower this altruistic impulse, the exceptional-responder study will give participants access to all the data it collects on them, to discuss with their own physicians, or share with other studies. But Kohane says they see another benefit of joining the study. “We get letters from patients saying, ‘I’ve been wondering why I alone of all my cohort in this clinical trial survived,’” he explains. “This is giving meaning to their experience, that maybe their experience could actually help others.”

—BENNETT MCINTOSH

“We get letters from patients saying, ‘I’ve been wondering why I alone of all my cohort in this clinical trial survived.’”

data about the participants’ genomes, tumors, microbiomes, and immune systems, but also in the machine-learning systems that make it possible to sift through all that biometric data, and other, more narrative information. “Some of our patients,” Kohane points out, “will have hundreds if not thousands of pages detailing their [medical] history.” He aims to use automated systems to sift through those histories for common elements, to make connections that unaided humans couldn’t—for example, noticing a

we’ll have to find a mechanism, something that actually explains the association.”

But he also hopes the study will find some trait that many exceptional responders possess, across their different cancer types. “We think in addition to the smattering of exceptional but rare [responses], there will be some common mechanism for a subset of these patients that will have to do either with the immune system or with the way it manages chromosomal instability” (the ability to repair DNA copying errors).

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From left: *Child 1980*, a dye-diffusion print, among works by photographer Olivia Parker at the Peabody Essex Museum; the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra, in Sanders Theatre; from *Fruits in Decay*, at the Harvard Museum of Natural History

Democratic Republic of Congo documentary **Dieudo Hamadi**, director of *Kinshasa Makambo*, the extraordinary 2018 account of three young political activists, is this year's McMillan-Stewart Fellow in Distinguished Filmmaking, and will be on hand to share and discuss his work. (October 4-9)

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NATURE AND SCIENCE

Garden In the Woods

nativeplanttrust.org

Step out for late-bloomers, libations, live music, and after-hours strolls during **Asters in the Evening**. (September 27)

The Arnold Arboretum

arboretum.harvard.edu

Fabric, Fiber & Phenology offers botanical-

art prints, made from pressed leaves and other materials, by Steffanie Schwam and the citizen-science Tree Spotters Program. (Through October 6)

LECTURES

Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study radcliffe.harvard.edu

"Writing Black Lives." Institute dean and Harvard Law School Paul professor of constitutional law **Tomiko Brown-Nagin**, joined by Princeton's Hughes-Rogers professor of African American studies **Imani**

Perry and Harvard professor of studies of women, gender, and sexuality **Robert Reid-Pharr**, discuss how their work as biographers addresses timely topics. Knafel Center. (October 11)

"Science Symposium on Gene Editing" brings together leading international scientists, clinicians, and ethicists to explore case studies of select gene therapies—and the bioethical implications of such research. Knafel Center. (October 25)

MUSIC

Harvard Music Department

music.fas.harvard.edu

The Blodgett Chamber Music Series features the **Parker Quartet** performing works by Shostakovich and Dvořák. Paine Concert Hall. (September 20)

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Avoid the crowd and order Henrietta's Table breakfast straight to your room.

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Spotlight



Catch the last of this year's family-friendly "traveling biergartens" hosted by The Trustees and Notch Brewing. The European-style community gatherings (at various beautiful and historic sites owned by the conservation organization) offer locally crafted, lower-alcohol "session" beers, along with activities like lawn games, live music, scavenger hunts, and property tours. This fall, the gatherings are held at: Minton Stable Community Garden, in Boston's Jamaica Plain neighborhood (September 20-21); Appleton Farms, in Ipswich/Hamilton (October 4-6); and at Weir River Farm, in Hingham (October 12-13). If biergartens aren't appealing, then check out "After Work Adventure: Bonfire on the Beach" (September 19 and 24), featuring a twilight hike in the dunes, sunset views, and a cozy blaze at The Trustees's Crane Beach, on Boston's North Shore.

THE TRUSTEES

The riveting Canadian conductor and soprano **Barbara Hannigan**, subject of the documentary *I'm a Creative Animal*, delivers the Elson Lecture on "Equilibrium." Paine Concert Hall. (September 23)

Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra

harvardradcliffeorchestra.org

The student-managed, professionally conducted symphony orchestra opens its 212th season with Gustav Mahler's monumental *Ninth Symphony*, his final completed work. Sanders Theatre. (October 5)

EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

Harvard Museum of Natural History

hmn.harvard.edu

A temporary special exhibit of the celebrated glass flowers, *Fruits in Decay*, features fascinatingly precise renditions of formerly edible objects. (Opens August 31)

Harvard Art Museums

harvardartmuseums.org

Winslow Homer: Eyewitness highlights illustrations that the American realist produced for *Harper's Weekly*. (Opens August 31)

Through more than 40 works by a cross-section of global contemporary artists, the ambitious exhibit **Crossing Lines, Constructing Home: Displacement and Belonging in Contemporary Art** examines the concepts of both national, political, and cultural boundaries and "evolving hybrid spaces, identities, languages, and beliefs created by the movement of peoples." (Opens September 6)

Peabody Museum of Archaeology & Ethnology

peabody.harvard.edu

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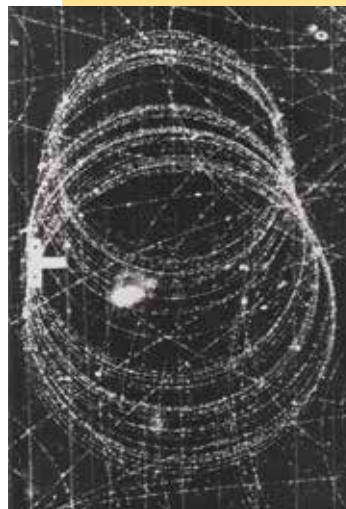
IDIL SUKAN/DRAW HQ

STAFF PICK: Seeing Science

"Visual Science: The Art of Research," opening September 20, explores how objects and images have long been used to prove or convey scientific principles. The works, drawn from collections and laboratories across the University, can "record fleeting observations, whether a painting of an animal glimpsed in the field, or an interaction between subatomic particles that lasts a fraction of a second," the exhibit notes. "They can also make unseen things visible."

Like vibrational patterns of sound. "Sand plate" images, based on experiments by eighteenth-century German physicist and musician Ernst Chladni, reveal how stroking a string instrument's bow across the edge of a metal plate sprinkled with sand shifts the grains into variable designs that trace the vibrational waves.

Also on display at the Collection of Historical Scientific Instruments (chsi.harvard.edu), gallery in the Science Center, is the picture of an



COURTESY OF THE HARVARD COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

electron spiraling in a high-powered magnetic field (at left), recorded at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, in Berkeley, California. (Lab founder Ernest Orlando Lawrence, Sc.D. '41, won the 1939 Nobel Prize in physics for inventing the atom-smashing cyclotron, a pivotal breakthrough in conducting high-energy physics.)

The "Mondrian" color-paper collage (above) is among the 1970s materials used by scientist Edwin H. Land '30, S.D. '57, to develop his influential "Retinex Theory of Color Vision." Land studied chemistry at Harvard, but dropped out and went on to invent Polaroid photography (and co-found the eponymous Cambridge-based corporation; see *Treasure*, March-April 2017, page 76), which popularized the art form—arguably setting the stage for today's image-driven digital revolution. ~N.P.B.



COURTESY OF THE HARVARD COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

nous Languages," Mexican designer Gabriella Badiillo, among others, presents her work during a program about **"Maintaining Heritage Languages in Our Communities"** (October 12). Badiillo is also a featured guest for **"Animated Tales for All,"** a series of short films narrated in 68 different indigenous languages of Mexico. (October 14)

Rose Art Museum

brandeis.edu

Through photographs, prints, drawings, sculptures—and rarely seen archival materials—**Gordon Matta-Clark: Anarchitect** explores the role of an artist in

Six, at American Repertory Theater, features tales told by the wives of King Henry VIII.

activism and in chronicling homelessness and derelict urban environments, especially during the tumultuous 1970s. (Opens September 21)

deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum

decordova.org

Truthiness and the News highlights the evidentiary role of photography, from the first half of the twentieth century and the heyday of print newspapers to the current era of "alternative facts." (Opens October 11)

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HARVARD SQUARED

Kim. Peruse everything from wearable art and housewares to photographs, sculptures, and fine jewelry—with plenty of holiday-gift options. (October 12)

Peabody Essex Museum

pem.org

Order of the Imagination: The Photographs of Olivia Parker reveals the artist's masterly ability to spur dialogues among "nature and abstraction, permanence and ephemerality."

(Through November 11)

THEATER

American Repertory Theater

americanrepertorytheater.org

In **Black Light**, performance artist Daniel Alexander Jones sings, struts, and tells it like it is as his glamorous alter-ego Jomama Jones. Oberon. (September 19-29)

Billed as a galvanizing musical testament to "girl power," **Six** spotlights the historic stories of King Henry VIII's doomed wives. Loeb Drama Center. (Through September 27)

Central Square Theater

centralsquaretheater.org

The Crucible. A well-timed production of Arthur Miller's American classic about corrosive power. (September 12-October 13)

Huntington Theater

huntingtontheater.org

Tom Stoppard's Tony Award-winning tragicomedy **Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead** envisions the trajectories of two minor characters from *Hamlet*. (September 20-October 20)

Boston Lyric Opera

americanrepertorytheater.org

The season's debut, **Pagliacci**, stars tenor Rafael Rojas and soprano Lauren Michelle. (September 27-October 6)

Events listings are also available at www.harvardmagazine.edu.



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Spotlight

Works by Colby Charpentier and Natalia Arbelaez, Harvard Ceramics Program artists in residence, stretch the expressive language of clay—in the disparate directions of mind and body.

In "Devitrified," which refers to the growth of crystalline structures, Charpentier's technically precise, clean forms explore material questions: "What if we took clay out of the vessel and glaze was all that remained?" and "What does it mean to replicate a 3-D printing process by hand?" (September 3-27)

The Miami-born, Colombian-raised Arbelaez, however, creates earthy figures, like *Montañas de Fuego* (above). They evoke collective human memory and cultural identity, namely of Latin American and Amerindian people. As Arbelaez explains, these objects "contribute to a contemporary dialogue while simultaneously continuing the work of my ancestors." (October 5-November 1)

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Classic, Funny, Macabre

Explorer J.W. Ocker's quest for what remains

by NELL PORTER BROWN



Clockwise, from top: buildings at the historic Medfield State Hospital complex; USS Albacore, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; spray-painted skull mural on climbable rockface near the Lynn Woods Reservation; Ocker, out and about at the ruins of Bancroft Castle, in Groton, Massachusetts; and the “Rocking Horse Graveyard,” in Lincoln, Massachusetts—“It’s a fun, whimsical thing with a flea-market feel,” Ocker says. “But at night it’s one of the creepiest sights on the planet.”

unique, abandoned world that anybody can access.”

Opened in 1896 as the Medfield Insane Asylum, the Massachusetts institution featured an innovative “cottage-style” design: smaller buildings, a chapel, and a central common—all meant to provide restorative fresh air, sunlight, walking paths, and occupations, such as

NEW ENGLAND IS FILLED with peculiar places, and J.W. Ocker plans to find them all. The New Hampshire-based explorer—and creator of the *OTIS: Odd Things I've Seen* travel blog, podcast, and related books—gravitates to anything offbeat, haunting, or macabre. “It’s just my aesthetic,” he says on a crisp morning stroll among the 40 shuttered red-brick buildings of historic Medfield State Hospital—once a pioneering institution that housed chronically ill patients for more than a century.

OTIS began in 2007 as a hobby that got Ocker away from the TV and out of the house, and now features his funny, slightly snarky accounts of many of the more than 1,000 such sites and objects he has visited—across the country and abroad, including hundreds in New England. Old mills, factories, and esoteric inventions fit his catch-all “odd” criterion, as do cemeteries, ruins, historic literary haunts, movie-set locales, kitschy attractions, and purported centers of paranormal events.

Mostly because he’s an introvert, Ocker seeks eccentric physical sites and objects—



not live people, unless they *collect* oddities—that concretize the complexities, absurd and sorrowful alike, of human nature and history. That explains his fascination with the Medfield site. “Thousands of people walked and worked around here, were in these wards—some for their entire lives,” he says. “It’s not a story in a book. It’s this

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: COURTESY OF J.W. OKKER/OTIS (6); HARVARD MAGAZINE/JC



ERIN PAUL DONOVAN/LAMY STOCK PHOTO

Nature reclaiming the stones of Madame Sherri's Castle, in New Hampshire

laboring on its affiliated farm, in a village-like setting. Unlike similar institutions that were closed, razed, or turned into condominiums, the Medfield property was bought by the town in 2014 and opened as a public park. Plans are in the works to re-develop the complex, which includes buildings on the National Registry of Historic Places, while preserving some open space as well as aspects of its critical role in the history of mental-health care in the United States.

Ocker also recommends stopping at the hospital's cemetery down the road. More than 800 patients were buried there under small plaques bearing only numbers, until the grounds were refurbished, starting in 2005. Then names replaced the numbers on new headstones, and a sign was installed: "Remember us for we too have lived, loved and laughed." Cemeteries not only reflect local history, they are often "beautiful, quiet places, with funerary art, animals, plants, and trees," Ocker notes. "Every family trip, I try to squeeze one in."

Strange monuments are another unofficial OTIS subgenre. Take the two statues of Hannah Duston, an English colonist from Haverhill, Massachusetts, who was captured in 1697 by Native Americans toward the end

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NORTH WIND PICTURE ARCHIVE/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

The Hannah Duston statue in Haverhill memorializes the axe-wielding English colonist.

of King William's War. She finally managed to escape by killing and scalping nine of her captors, and her story was recorded by the prominent Puritan minister Cotton Mather, A.B. 1678. "Was she a hero, or not?" Ocker asks. "This is about the history of survival. But it's also the story of a woman killing people. And these are believed to be the first official statues of a woman in the United States." The bronze figure in her hometown

wields an axe, and in the granite monument on a Merrimack River island north of Concord, New Hampshire, she holds scalps—for which she was paid.

Not everything on OTIS is as grim. Ocker raves about the whimsical "Rocking Horse Graveyard" (a.k.a. Ponyhenge), in Lincoln, Massachusetts. Nobody's sure what engendered the herd of more than 30 plastic and wooden horses in a field on Old Sudbury Road, but around 2010 one appeared, and, over time, "as a sort of community in-joke or light-hearted art display, people have added to it," he says. "Sometimes I'll go and someone's rearranged it all—into lines facing each other, like in battle, or in a circle, or paired off."

Similarly, he appreciates the creative drive behind the Andres Institute of Art, a 140-acre sculpture park in Brookline, New Hampshire. Scattered along trails on Big Bear Mountain, contemporary works offer an active day out, tinged with culture.

The Phoenix (1999), made by Latvian artist Janis Karlovs from granite found on the property of the Andres Institute of Art, stands 15 feet high and weighs 11 tons.

As Ocker puts it: "Just the fact that there's something around the next bend beyond poison ivy makes it a much more pleasurable experience than your average hiking trail." It's open daily, year-round, from dawn to dusk—and it's free. Ocker's picks tend to cost nothing more than gas money.

THE IDEA for OTIS arose when Ocker, out of college and an aspiring writer living in his native Maryland, just wasn't that happy. "I didn't really like my life. I didn't really like me," he says. To help break a sense of inertia, he began driving to unusual places. Digital cameras were becoming popular, so he took pictures and posted them online with humorous, informative texts. It pro-



RANDY DUCHAINE/LALMY STOCK PHOTO

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vided a focus, even meaning, and became “a life-changing time of discovering the world outside myself.”

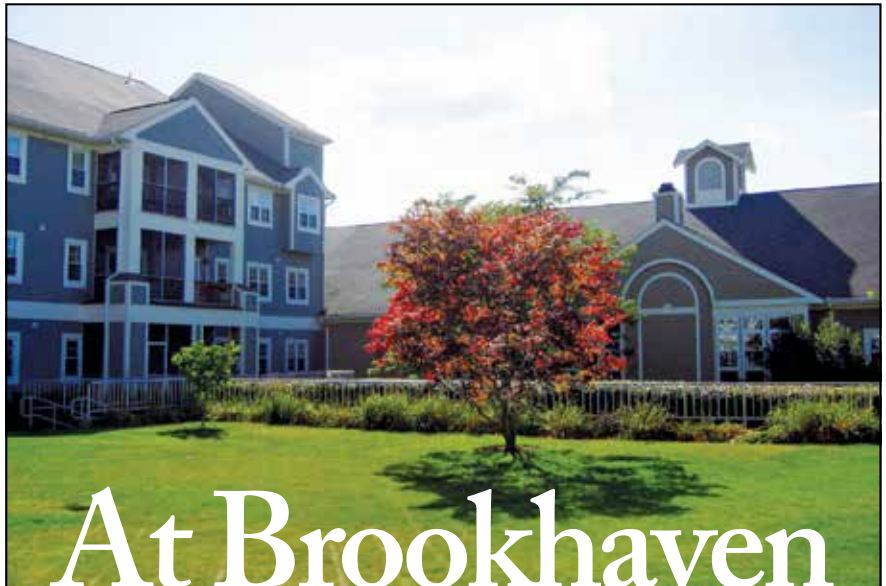
Kindred curated urban explorer or “off-the-beaten-path” sites like *Atlas Obscura*, *RoadsideAmerica*, and *Roadtrippers* are slicker; they have cinematic visuals and battalions of scouts and writers across the globe. *OTIS* is personal and homegrown—one man’s nearly obsessive project.

By 2008, Ocker had moved to New England, where he was thrilled to find that “Everything is old!” Now living in Nashua, New Hampshire, with his wife, Lindsey, a professional photographer, and three young daughters, he adds, “Just going to the grocery store, I pass three historic cemeteries. My friends who grew up here don’t even know any of this stuff—but it’s all so ripe for exploring.”

He has a full-time day job, as an executive at a digital creative agency in Boston, but *OTIS* has also morphed into far more than a pastime. He still travels for it, often taking along willing family members, like five-year-old Hazel. In addition to *The New England Grimpendum: A Guide to Ghostly and Macabre Sites*, and a sister volume focused on New York State (both won top awards from the Society of American Travel Writers Foundation), his book on Edgar Allan Poe-related sites earned an Edgar Award from Mystery Writers of America. *A Season with the Witch* chronicles the month-long Halloween extravaganza in Salem, Massachusetts, and due out for the holiday this year is his adult horror novel, *Twelve Nights at Rotter House*. It’s about a travel writer drawn to the paranormal who plans to produce a bestseller based on his time in a haunted mansion. Sound familiar? Ocker laughs. “Yeah, I originally conceived of it as a nonfiction account of staying in a haunted house for a few weeks, and then I realized that would be boring, so I turned it into fiction.”

His worldview easily flexes both ways. Researching his sixth book, now titled *Cursed Objects*, has brought him closer than usual to notions of psychic phenomena and the spirit realm. He’s intrigued by the staying power of claims like “Ötzi’s curse,” the idea that people linked to the “iceman” found preserved in the Alps “come to a bad end,” he intones melodramatically. “You can try and go see him. Or maybe not. Maybe play this one safe.”

Does he believe in ghosts? He laughs. “I don’t, unfortunately. I like the paranormal, the stories, and the people who chase phenomena. But I just don’t believe in it—



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ALL IN A DAY: Purgatory—and Beyond

Shimmying through “Fat Man’s Misery,” a cleft in towering granite bedrock, is among the pure, kid-like joys of scrambling in **Purgatory Chasm State Reservation**. The entire site is a geological funhouse—of uncertain origins. “It’s a fault,” posits Nichols College geology professor and glaciologist Mauri S. Pelto, who has studied the area south of Worcester and updated previous theories, “and the fault was exploited by a glacier that plucked out the rocks” that now litter the adjacent Purgatory Brook Valley. It was also likely a sacred place for the regional Nipmuc peoples—and given its pejorative name, conventional wisdom holds, by colonists intent on Christianizing them.

Whatever the history, the very essence of the 70-foot gorge and its cavernous, perhaps ominous, terrain still captures the imagination. Check out the precipitous outcroppings—“Lovers’ Leap” and “Devil’s Pulpit”—or take the half-mile loop that winds through the boulder-strewn bottom and then circles back on a rough path along the cliffs. For those less eager to test their agility by clambering, the 1,800-acre park—celebrating its centennial this year—has tamer trails following brooks or through the woods, along with a playground, grilling zones, and a visitors’ center.

After everyone’s exercised, drive through pastoral scenery, stopping for snacks or lunch at the **Sutton Center Store**, en route to exploring art, culture, and food in **Worcester**.

The **Worcester Art Museum’s** exhibit “**Knights!?**” offers medieval arms and combat—with live demonstrations—using objects from the Higgins Armory Collection (through November 6). “**With Child: Otto Dix/Carmen Winant,**” opening September 21, looks at women’s social, political, and medical conditions, notably during the Weimar Republic, and includes “The Trouble with Pregnancy: A Forum on Art and Reproduction,”

on October 18, as well as a community arts showcase on the subject.

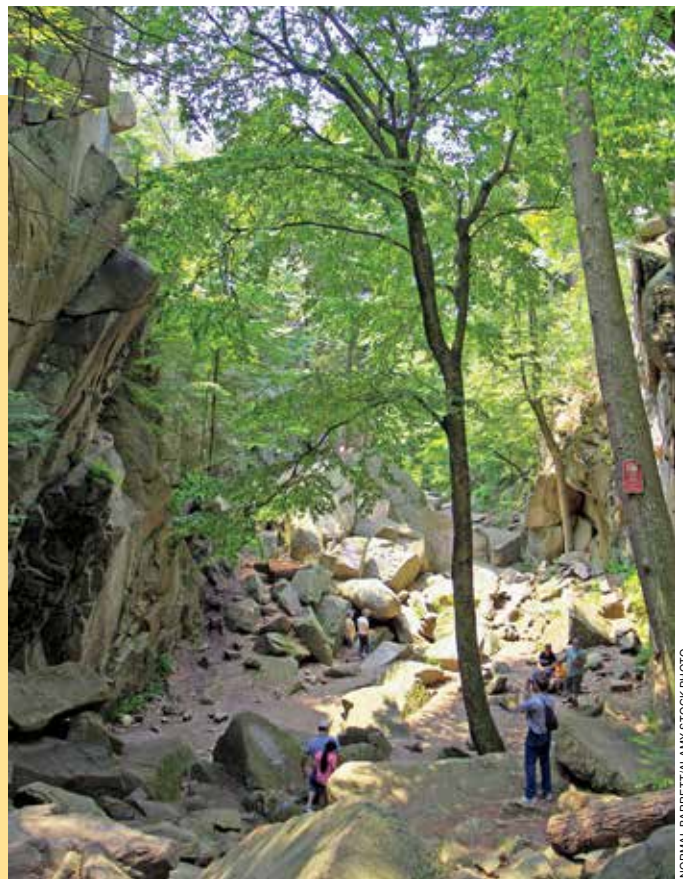
Check out the city’s emerging artsy **Canal District**, with its giant murals, Saturday farmers’ market, shops, bars, and restau-

rants. A self-guided walking tour explains the 1820s Blackstone Canal, which linked to Providence’s seaport, and the ensuing industrial boom. **Lock 50** serves super-fresh salads, burgers, and crêpes, or go to **El Patrón Mexican Restaurant** for enchiladas and tortas. **Binh An Market** offers Asian teas and take-out fare, such as Vietnamese spring rolls and honey-soaked pastries; walk a few blocks and eat them in the courtyard of a converted factory that now holds the **Crompton Collective**—stalls of vintage clothing, antiques, and local artwork. Upstairs, don’t miss the “lifestyle and plant boutique” **Seed to Stem**, packed with ingenious botanical creations and home goods.

Get back into nature at the nearby **Ecotarium**, a kid-oriented science center. It has hands-on experiment stations, a planetarium, walking trails, and a new **Wild Cat Station** featuring sibling mountain lion kittens found orphaned in California.

Worcester’s food evolution makes dinner easy. For inventive grilled fish, meat, and vegetarian dishes, go to **deadhorse hill**, or dig into the artisanal pies at **Volturino Pizza Napoletana**. **Sole Proprietor** is a traditional favorite for seafood cooked every which way, while the newer **Fatima’s** offers Africa-centric cuisine, like Ethiopian *injera* (spongy flatbread) and Kenyan *ugali* (cornmeal porridge). Eat before or after a show at the historic **Hanover Theatre**, where groundbreaking comic actress **Carol Burnett** appears for *An Evening of Laughter and Reflection* on October 17.

A day in purgatory, it turns out, is not that bad. ~N.P.B.



NORMAN BARRETT/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO



TRACY LEVIN



COURTESY OF THE ECOTARIUM



PAINTING AT LEFT: BPK/BLDGENTUR/KUNSTSAMMLUNG ENCHEMUTZ/BERTRAM KÖBER (PUNCTUM PEIPZIG) / ART RESOURCE, NY ©2019 ARTIST'S RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK, VG BILD-KUNST, BONN.

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and this is coming from a guy who's spent the night in an abandoned prison in West Virginia, at Lizzie Borden's House in Fall River, Massachusetts, and in all kinds of graveyards—all the places that ghosts are supposed to be, and there's not even a single experience that's even twistable into a real paranormal phenomenon."

What he likes about the "Dana Ghost Town," among the communities disincorporated to construct the Quabbin Reservoir in central Massachusetts, is walking through the forest and finding a stone marker: "SITE OF DANA COMMON 1801-1938 To all those who sacrificed their homes and way of life." Only cellar foundations remain, he explains,

The "Clinton Train Tunnel," built in 1903 near the Wachusett Reservoir, goes "from nowhere to nowhere."

but many are posted with placards and images of the buildings that comprised a thriving community—the church, school, and blacksmith. "So it's another family-friendly place, where you can wander around and understand what was there," he says. "Some of the cellar holes even have doors you can walk through."



LINDSEY OCKER

He typically doesn't get scared, at least not anymore. Perhaps as a secondary gain from founding OTIS, Ocker has inured himself to common human fears, such as mortality—or small, tight spaces. A big guy, he confesses to having claustrophobia, yet he boarded the pioneering research vessel *USS Albacore*, now installed on land and open for tours in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Used from 1953 to 1972, the submarine's design helped revolutionize the capabilities of underwater military maneuvers. "It's much smaller than those giant nuclear subs," he reports, "and it's terrifying. You see where they slept, on shelves on top of each other, and even just walking around is hard." One section holds a few multipurpose, foldout tables with checkerboards; "You squeeze yourself out from some tiny slot, and you get to go play checkers. That's what keeps you from going bonkers," Ockers says. "It takes a certain special mindset to do that job."

Over the years, he has become increasingly cautious, traveling to isolated or potentially dangerous places only in the daytime—and he does not condone trespassing or other illegal urban-exploring activities; even so, he has been escorted from a few sites. It's legal to scramble around Skull Cliff, the ghoulish 2001 mural painted on a 30-foot rockface on a ridge in Saugus, Massachusetts. "To get to it you have to go through car dealerships on Route 1," Ocker says, "but at the top you can look out over an old quarry and see the Boston skyline."

He plays with "pushing beyond the fear" factor at many site visits, and knows that getting active outside on weekends and learning something new about the world benefit himself and his children. Not long ago the family explored the "Clinton Train

STAFF PICK: The Air of Contentment

When Jonathan and Grace Fairbanks were invited to live in Contentment, a Puritan community formed in 1636 (now Dedham, Massachusetts), it was likely because of his crucial skill: spinning-wheel maker. Every family needed at least one wheel, to spin flax and raw wool into thread for weaving cloth, says Leslie Griesmer, business manager at the Fairbanks House historic site—"the oldest wood-frame structure still standing in North America." It is open for guided tours through October, and hosts an annual fall festival, this year on September 29.

Walking around the dark, low-ceilinged dwelling that includes a warren of rooms added over time, it's easy to imagine hunkering down there on what was then a frontier. The homestead ultimately accommodated eight generations of Fairbankses, who changed very little before turning it into a museum in 1904. To site curator Dan Neff, therefore, it "feels a lot more like a home than many house museums."

Photographs, furnishings, farm tools, and dishware reflect the lives of previous occupants, giving the interior a ghostly air. A beautiful gateleg, flame-maple table built in the 1650s remains, Neff says: "It's a giant piece of wood—there aren't



trees here big enough to make this table anymore." There's also a pack saddle and a yoke for oxen that are likely from the 1600s, he says, along with a sundial and eight spinning wheels. Whether any were made by a Fairbanks is unclear, but contemporary craftspeople demonstrating spinning, and other traditional skills, will be at the fall festival, along with historic re-enactors portraying soldiers, farmers, doctors, and others who were essential to keeping colonial communities alive.

—N.P.B.



Tunnel,” built in the early 1900s near the Wachusett Reservoir in Massachusetts. At two-tenths of a mile, it “literally goes from nowhere to nowhere,” he says, but as you walk through it, graffiti-covered concrete walls eerily shift to raw rock, dripping with slimy earthy wetness. And it’s dark. A flashlight was required in the disorienting space as he and his little daughter moved toward a porthole of light at the far end. She somehow lost the head of her doll along the way, and Ocker had to go back to find it.

More hauntingly beautiful is Madame Sherri’s Castle, within a forest that bears her name in Chesterfield, New Hampshire. A visit to the once majestic stone chateau, built by a theatrical New York City costume designer, can easily be combined with Mount Monadnock-region hiking, because it only takes a few minutes to take in all that remains of her home, destroyed by fire in 1963: a foundation, a few pillars, and a crumbling, winding staircase. “I tell everyone to go now,” Ocker says, “because places like this don’t stick around forever.”

OTIS rarely veers into such sentimentality. Ultimately, “if it’s truly ‘odd,’ there’s

The Quabbin Reservoir’s “Dana Ghost Town” is an archaeological landscape; at a Catholic retreat center on Enders Island, in Mystic, Connecticut, the chapel holds a relic: the severed right arm of Saint Edmund, a learned archbishop of Canterbury who died in 1240.

something macabre about it,” Ocker clarifies, toward the end of the visit to Medfield State Hospital. “For instance, there’s this island off Connecticut that has the severed arm of Saint Edmund in a glass case. And it’s a sacred religious object, which I respect and is interesting, but, at the end of it all, it’s macabre. It’s a body part.”

“Dad?”

Hazel, who’s been gamely trotting along, collecting pinecones, interrupts the adults to ask for a ride on Ocker’s shoulders.

“Maybe later,” he says gently, and then adds, “Look around, see this? This is an abandoned hospital.” He gestures toward the boarded-up chapel, the wards, and the swathes of open lawns.



JAMES M. HUNTY/ALAMY STOCK PHOTOS



COURTESY OF J.W. OCKER

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For the Love of Horses

Contemporary echoes of nineteenth-century sport

by NELL PORTER BROWN



EQUESTRIAN LIFE and sports have long shaped Boston's North Shore. In the late nineteenth century, that primarily agricultural region, with industrial hot spots along the coast and Merrimack River, evolved into "the premiere summer colony of affluent Bostonians, many of whom were avid equestrians," according to a new exhibit at the Wenham Museum: "They rode, hunted, drove carriages, played polo, golf and tennis, swam, and sailed their yachts and steam launches."

Within a 25-mile radius of the museum, says its director of external affairs, Peter G. Gwinn, sporting grounds and facilities for fox hunting, polo, dressage, and three-day eventing emerged over time, drawing riders and fans from across the world. The exhibit strives to "bring riders and non-riders together to learn about, and share, the importance of these sports and traditions," he adds. "We also hope to highlight the land, and the importance—to everyone—of open landscapes and conservation, which all began here because of the love of horses."



A continual driver of these traditions is the Myopia Hunt Club, in abutting South Hamilton, with its foxhunts, polo grounds, and golf course (designed in 1894 by Herbert Corey Leeds, A.B. 1877). It was established by a group largely composed of Harvard graduates, and, apart from two wartime breaks, polo players have competed on Myopia's Gibney Field on summer Sundays since 1887.

Those matches, held this year from June 2 to September 29, are still open to



A child's carriage (ca. 1907), tack-room gear like bridles, blankets, and saddles—along with competition and polo-playing dress—and a collection of toys help celebrate equestrian activities.

the public. The \$15 tickets are sold on site the day of a game; tailgating parties before and during the match are allowed. In addition, the Harvard Polo Club and its men's and women's teams—which feature in the museum exhibit, along with current head coach Crocker Snow Jr. '61, a Myopia



Vintage photographs of riders in motion and displays of full regalia depict the disciplined nature of equestrian sports.

The museum highlights the 1910 union of another Ayer family member, Beatrice Banning Ayer, and a young U.S. Army lieutenant named George S. Patton Jr.—the future four-star general. In 1928, they moved into a South Hamilton homestead, with 27 acres of fertile fields and horse trails along the Ipswich River, that became their family base—and then that of their son,

George Smith Patton IV, a highly decorated U.S. Army major general in his own right. (His widow, Joanne Holbrook Patton, donated the property and family archives to the town of Hamilton and the nonprofit Wenham Museum, respectively; both are

member and former championship-team polo player—are based at the Harvard Polo and Equestrian Center. It's a short woodland ride from Myopia's grounds, where the club's fall-season opening match will be held on September 22.

Besides polo, the sprawling museum show covers dressage (performance of a precise series of movements), foxhunting, and the resurgent Gilded Age coaching revival (with harnessing and driving tournaments), along with displays of saddles, bridles, and garb, horse-themed vintage games and toys, and a play paddock for children. Gwinn notes as well that the North Shore played a significant role in American

eventing, also known as horse trials. Generally comprising dressage, show-jumping, and cross-country, eventing is rooted in historic military competitions during which officers showcased their cavalry horses' "obedience, maneuverability, and endurance." In 1973, Myopia club polo player and huntsman Neil R. Ayer Sr., M.B.A. '54, established a world-renowned eventing course on his family's Ledyard Farm, in Wenham—vestiges of which remain. It was the site of numerous Olympic pre-trials; England's Princess Anne and her then-husband, Captain Mark Phillips, competed there in 1975.



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now open to the public for guided tours, by appointment only.) The famous World War II commander “was raised on a California ranch,” Gwinn says, “and was one hell of a rider and polo player.” In a quote from the exhibit, Patton clearly savored the “virtue of polo as a military accomplishment....It makes a man think fast while he is excited; it reduces his natural respect for his own safety—that is, makes him bold.” His wife, Beatrice, who grew up in Boston’s Ayer Mansion, was also an expert competitive rider, as were other family members, and is

featured in the exhibit’s montage of Patton family home movies narrated by their son.

HARVARD CONNECTIONS to the region’s equestrian community run deep, as the exhibit reveals. Myopia’s predecessor, Myopia 9, was a baseball club formed and named, half-jokingly, by a group that included four near-sighted sons of Boston mayor and steeplechase racer Frederick O. Prince, A.B. 1836. They all played baseball at Harvard, and built the original club house in 1879 in Winchester. Many in the group, however,

soon became infatuated with fox hunting. By 1883, the club was officially re-christened Myopia Hunt Club and relocated to South Hamilton, where members brought a pack of hounds over from England and purchased the Gibney Farm (its main building still serves as the clubhouse) with Harvard polo player Randolph M. Appleton, A.B. 1884, serving as Master of the Hounds from 1883 to 1900. Since 1952 the club’s hunts, which currently run through numerous open-land trails, from Essex and Ipswich to Newburyport, have been “drag hunts”: they follow a pre-laid scent instead of live prey.

Polo, perhaps the world’s oldest team sport, took root in America in the 1870s, and spread to Danvers, Wenham, and Hamilton, the exhibit notes, where spectators arrived “by train, carriage and coach” to enjoy “half-time teas and divot-stamping—but it was the breathtaking speed and the ever-present possibility of risk that gave polo its loyal local following.”

Harvard played an integral role here, too. It formed the first United States intercollegiate polo team in 1883, and in 1890 moved its ponies and operations to land offered by Myopia; the two clubs were among the five charter members of the U.S. Polo Association in 1891. After a decades-long up-and-down history during the second half of the past century, Harvard polo revived in 2006 (see “Polo Renaissance,” November-December 2007, page 85) largely through “horses, a stable, and financial support,” the exhibit notes, from famous actor Tommy Lee Jones ’69, a veteran polo player himself. Its Hamilton equestrian center, a refurbished historic horse farm, opened in 2014.

Although American polo and other equestrian sports are typically expensive, rarefied pursuits, these traditions have influenced the regional character of the North Shore, affecting its residents, economy, and topography. In developing this new exhibit, the Wenham Museum—best known as a family-friendly place with an extensive model-train gallery and collections of antique dolls and toys—is building on its mission to “share local histories that continue to have a connection to and important impact on current and future generations,” Gwinn says. “‘Equestrian Histories’ offers a fun look back at the origins of horse in sport in New England—and beyond—and vivifies, for all ages, the universal values of sport activity, animal appreciation, and ongoing preservation of today’s North Shore landscapes.”

—NELL PORTER BROWN



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All About the Food

Boston Public Market's year-round cornucopia

by NELL PORTER BROWN



Clockwise from top left: the market as a community gathering point; flowers from Field & Vase/Stow Greenhouses; fresh produce at the Siena Farms shop; Red's Best regional seafood; Law of Pasta owner Avery Perry

AT LUNCHTIME, Law of Pasta owner Avery Perry darts around his Boston Public Market shop, stopping just long enough to explain himself: "They call me the 'bad boy of pasta,'" he says, gesturing to cases of freshly extruded noodles, "because I do semolina and whole-wheat—but then I go crazy—throwing in garlic, roasted beets, spicy cocoa, cranberry, blueberry. My limit is my imagination!"

Perry, who's been cooking since he was a child and now teaches pasta-making at the market's KITCHEN (see below), is just the kind of spirited culinary entrepreneur whom the nonprofit, year-round venture promotes. "Our mandate is to support New England farmers and food producers," says marketing coordinator Tim Johnson, "so we are always going to have a balance of vendors."

The Public Market's 34 shops fill the first floor of a building at the busy nexus above the MBTA's Haymarket station, amid City Hall, the North End, and the Freedom Trail. Adjacent outdoor tables and chairs on the Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy Greenway offer space to eat and relax—or you can carry food to the

seating or steps of City Hall Plaza, a terrific spot to watch thronging humans.

More than a decade in the making, the marketplace finally opened in 2015. Focused on seasonal goods, it offers everything from prepared and take-out meals to meats, dairy products, fish, and produce, to flowers, herbs, nuts, and chocolate, to hand-crafted wooden bowls, stone platters, lotions, and woolens.

The family-owned Chestnut Farms, in Hardwick, Massachusetts, began with the 2004 reinvigoration of a former dairy farm, and now operates a community-supported-agriculture (CSA) program as well as the marketplace shop. It sells grass-fed, pasture-raised beef, pork, lamb, goat, and poultry, and underscores the environmental reasons to buy local with a posted chalkboard diagram that asks: "How Far Does Your Meat Travel?"

Across the way, Red's Best sells regionally sourced fish and shellfish, including lobsters and other raw-bar-quality seafood. Founded in 2008 by Jared Auerbach, the company works with a network of about 1,000 fishermen, processing their daily catches and locating buyers—eliminating expenses re-

HARVARD SQUARED

lated to the traditional wholesale-auction system. Red's also tracks the fish loads, so the origins and processing are traceable, which helps monitor environmental sustainability. Red's marketplace menu extends to classic New England crab cakes, lobster rolls, salmon burgers, and fried calamari laced with cherry peppers. For dessert, head to the counter of Crescent Ridge, a family-owned creamery in Sharon, Massachusetts, for ice cream made with milk from the St. Albans Cooperative Creamery in Vermont.

"We get a lunch crowd and a tourist crowd," Tim Johnson says, along with hordes of downtown-area workers who stop by on their way home, via the subway at Haymarket, and pick up groceries or dinner.

Inna's Kitchen features take-home fresh or frozen entrées, like chicken and vegetable pot pies and sweet-and-sour brisket, along with other "Jewish cuisine from around the world," like knishes, latkes, and the inevitable chicken noodle soup. Don't miss the trade-marked "Shakalatkes"—potato pancakes topped with shakshuka (poached eggs in a sauce of tomatoes, garlic, paprika, and chili peppers) and sprinkled with

feta cheese. Next door, as the weather cools, try the nutritious rice, ramen, or noodle bowls loaded with toppings—enoki mushrooms, silky tofu, pork loin, bok choy, or soft-boiled eggs—at Noodle Lab. For bagel sandwiches smeared with deluxe salmon and bluefish paté, check out Boston Smoked Fish Co., or try the smoked-salmon and haddock soft tacos slathered with a cumin-lime-spiced purple-cabbage slaw and cilantro crema.

The marketplace also attracts sports fans on their way to the nearby TD Garden, Johnson says, "but our sustaining crowds are area residents who are doing their grocery shopping here and at our outdoor farmers' markets. We're in what's called the 'emerging market district,' one of the fastest-growing areas in Boston."

Currently, the three farmers' markets are held at City Hall Plaza and in Dewey Square



Shakalatkes, at Inna's Kitchen

(both open through November 19), and at the Seaport (through October 30), but the organization is eager to expand its outdoor locations. Later this year, it will open a second indoor hub at Logan Airport's Terminal C. Five vendors offering prepared and take-out food will form a "food court-style experience," Johnson explains.

There will also be a market bar with local beverages.

Alcohol is also sold at the Haymarket location's Massachusetts Wine Shop, operated by the Massachusetts Farm Wineries & Growers Association. Some 90 varieties of reds, whites, and sparkling wines, along with mead and hard ciders, are stocked, and rotating daily tastings feature products from Westport Rivers, Plymouth Bay Winery, and 1634 Meadery, among others.

Other local products at the marketplace, along with produce, are sold by Siena Farms,



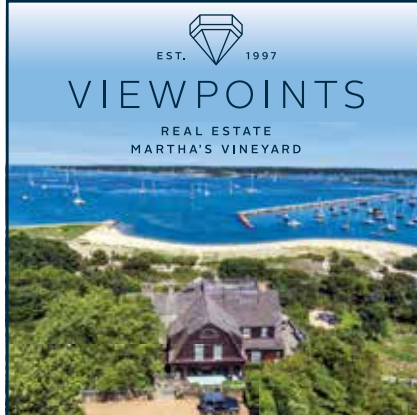
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For bouquets of fresh-cut blooms and foliage (which can also be custom-made and sent to loved ones), stop by the floral design studio and shop Field & Vase, run by Stow Greenhouses. More than 90 varieties of flowers and plants are grown, without pesticides, on the 14-acre Stow, Massachusetts, property, including inside a one-acre-sized greenhouse heated with bio-mass (wood-chip) boilers.

A few blossoms would sit nicely in a hand-crafted "boulder"—bowls crafted from boulders—produced by another marketplace vendor, American Stonecraft Inc., based in Lowell, Massachusetts. The company depends on about a hundred farmers throughout New England to salvage stones from the land that might otherwise be discarded as junk. "We're up-recycling those stones and making them into objects to use in the home," says the helpful saleswoman. Company owner Gerald Croteau began "foraging" for heirloom-quality stones, and then founded American Stonecraft in 2012. "We do all the cutting, shaping, and polishing—everything—in our studio, and I emphasize *studio* because we want these to be used, but they are also artistic products," she adds. Croteau carefully assesses organic vein-patterns, shapes, colors, and heft in selecting the raw materials for triv-



American Stonecraft transforms foraged stones into unique bowls and platters.

ets, cooking slabs, and platters that stand the test of time.

For those eager to learn more about such regional natural resources and sustainable horticultural practices—or just get news about the local New England food community—Boston Public Market is a hub of information. It hosts speakers and workshops, along with special events like summer's Fermentation Festival and winter's Fiber Farm Festival. "Beyond just being a food market, a place for people to be nourished," Johnson explains, "we are also a guide to the local agricultural system."

One founding member of the marketplace, the nonprofit Trustees, oversees The KITCHEN, a "community gathering place" featuring regional chefs and other culinary innovators. In addition to periodic workshops taught by Law of Pasta's Avery Perry, experts from the Everett-based Short Path Distillery will teach a craft-cocktail mixology class on September 27—and on September 30, chef Peter Ungár, of the haute-styled Tasting Counter, in Somerville, offers a three-course vegetarian cooking class. There's a session on baking hardy, healthy breads on October 6, and a chance to learn creative meatless-cooking techniques with *Epic Vegan* author Dustin Harder on October 19.

The marketplace invites anyone to join its volunteer ranks, and/or attend its October 24 Harvest Party fundraiser. Proceeds support community engagement efforts. "We are a place where people come to learn new skills—about the science of food and agriculture," Johnson notes, and to get any help they might need "to make sure they are making intentional choices about their food."

—NELL PORTER BROWN

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For years, the South End's SoWa Open Market has given up-and-coming artisans, from painters to soap-makers to jewelers, a platform to showcase their work. This year, SoWa enhances the experience with a pop-up beer garden, inviting the region's best brewers to pour drinks normally reserved for their own taprooms. Browse SoWa's wares every Sunday from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. through October and relax over drinks courtesy of Banded Brewing, Finback Brewery, SingleCut Beersmiths, and Schilling Beer Company. Pair your beer with treats from some of Boston's favorite food trucks, including

Blackbird Doughnuts and Bon Me. See the lineup at www.sowaboston.com.

Meanwhile, Thursdays are the marquee day at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. Enjoy their Third Thursday programming on the third Thursday of September and October, with activities facilitated by local artists and thinkers, ranging from live music in the museum's courtyard to talks with city horticulturalists about how to preserve urban green spaces. Learn about their programming at www.gardnermuseum.org.

And on Friday, October 25, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, hosts the latest installment of its ongoing Late Nite series in partnership with local artists. Expect DJs, dancing, and interactive experiences until 2 A.M., along with small plates and cocktails, all while exploring the galleries after hours. Browse the lineup at www.mfa.org.

Across town at the Seaport, the Institute of Contemporary Art is known for its First Friday events, 21-plus theme parties that kick off each month with specialty cocktails, DJs, and dancing. This fall, the ICA will also host several dance performances featuring talents discovered during ICA curators' scouting trips. From September 19 until 21, enjoy choreographer Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker's "Fase," set to music by renowned minimalist composer Steve Reich. On October 18 and 19, watch Zimbabwean choreographer Nora Chipaumire perform pop, punk, and Congolese rumba, highlighting the music of icons such as Grace Jones and Patti Smith. Get tickets (\$35; \$25 for members) at www.icaboston.org.

Finally, the Harvard Art Museums present a new documentary film, *Voices of the Rainforest*, on Monday, October 21. Directed and produced by acclaimed ethnomusicologist Steven Feld, *Voices of the Rainforest* is an experiential documentary about the ecological and aesthetic coevolution of Papua New Guinea's Bosavi rainforest region and its inhabitants. Through sound and image, the film immerses viewers in the rainforest and makes audible



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALI CAMPBELL

connections between the sounds of the rainforest biosphere and the creative practices of singing about it by the Bosavi people. Feld discusses the film with Amahl Bishara, associate professor of anthropology at Tufts University, after the screening. Admission is free; doors open at 5:30 P.M. Learn more at www.harvardartmuseums.org.

~ KARA BASKIN



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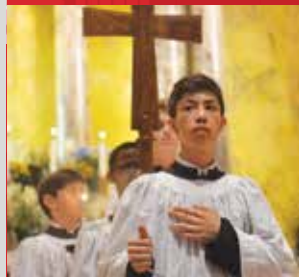
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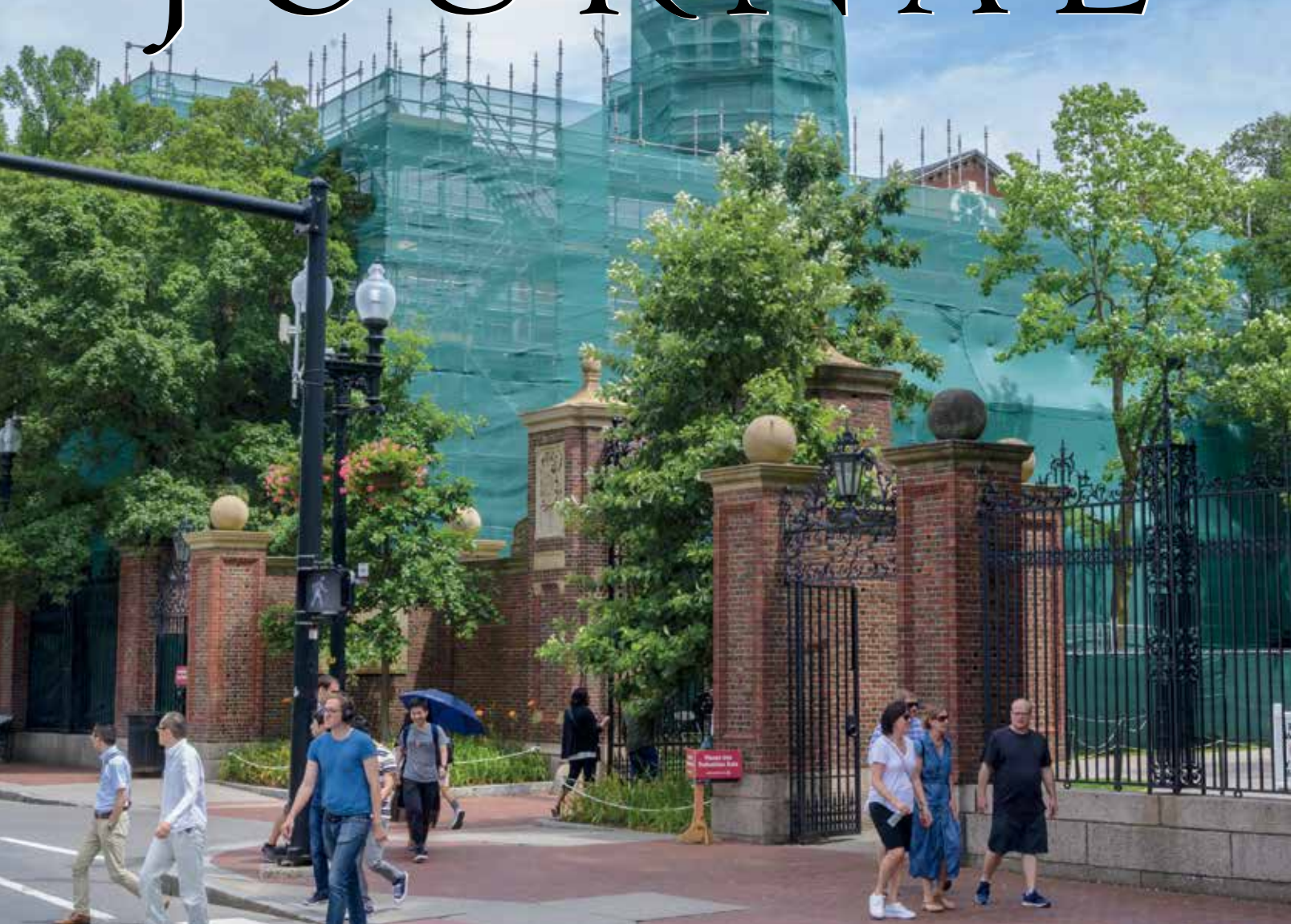
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JOHN HARVARD'S JOURNAL



Under Wraps

NOMINALLY, Harvard's official color is crimson. But this summer, a lot of the place went green—with numerous sites swaddled in or fenced off by construction wrapping, Christo-style, during another *busy* season of renewal, renovation, and repair.

The big-ticket *new* construction remains the action in Allston, during the final year of work on the billion-dollar science and engineering complex, to which much of that faculty will relocate next summer. (Renovation of 114 Western Avenue, part of the same

project, is concluding; it will house School of Engineering and Applied Sciences staff, classrooms, and a new childcare center.) But in toto, Harvard's numerous lower-profile jobs probably create just as much work for architects and members of the building trades, if not more.

As contractors put the finishing touches on Lowell House—the largest House-renewal project to date—the hard, hot work of tearing into Adams House's below-grade utilities and infrastructure, and of gutting Claverly Hall and Senior House, got under

way directly across Mount Auburn Street (see harvardmag.com/adams-renewal-19). The Lowell flag and shield came down at the former Inn at Harvard, now swing housing, and Adams insignia took their place.

A year-long updating, inside and out, of Radcliffe Institute's Schlesinger Library neared completion, yielding new exhibit spaces, a technologically spiffed-up seminar room, and other twenty-first-century enhancements.

Last year, in Harvard Yard, Massachusetts Hall underwent its own makeover, welcom-



COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: OXBLEUE CONSTRUCTION CAMERAS (2); JIM HARRISON (2); MICHAEL NAUGHTON/HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL

ing a new president to refreshed offices (see page 22). But no peace in the neighborhood: beginning in June, just across the roadway entering from Johnston Gate, Harvard Hall was “taken offline.” Its mechanical systems were in dumpsters within days, the first step toward a wholesale redoing of the teaching spaces within, and restoration of the masonry and cupola. Classes will resume by January, at the start of what is (laughably) called “spring” semester.

Notable high-altitude nips and tucks administered during the long-daylight months included redoing the roof atop Sanders Theatre—the first phase of an ambitious reroofing of the entire Memorial Hall, after 140-plus years of service by the original slates; tweaking the subroofing ’neath the Sever tiles, and touching up some stonework and

tiles themselves; fixing part of the Carpenter Center roof (do you detect a theme?) and installing ventilation for new, laser-cutting equipment being brought online for the cutting-edge artists; and forging ahead on replacing the biological laboratories’ massive heating, ventilating, and air-conditioning systems with more energy-efficient ones. Unaccountably, mere months after its opening (“Harvard Hubs,” November-December 2018, page 24), Smith Campus Center was scaffolded *again*, for reroofing—adding to intense construction, both commercial and for the MBTA’s elevator and bus tunnel, in tourist-clogged Harvard Square. (Note to sidewalk superintendents: if you missed out making millions in software, think scaffolding; *somebody* is billing handsomely for all those pipes and joints.) On terra firma, the

Facing page: Harvard Hall renovation begins. This page, clockwise from upper left: the science and engineering complex in Allston; three views of demolition (and interior protection) at the Divinity School’s Andover Hall; scaffolding Adams House; and the Allston cogeneration plant

Graduate School of Design invested in re-waterproofing Gund Hall’s entry plaza.

Farther afield, adjacent to Harvard Business School, a massive, multiyear renovation of the Soldiers Field Park housing complex continued apace. And to the north, in Cambridge, other faculties joined in the uproar, with two big jobs breaking ground. The Law School started to refurbish and augment its Lewis International Law Center, with a western addition and a new top floor, all scheduled for completion in mid 2021. And perhaps the largest project, relative to the size of the facilities and campus, is the wholesale reshaping of the Divinity School’s central space, including catching up on deferred maintenance, replacing internal systems, and augmenting and adding to classrooms and common spaces—all behind spiritually soothing patterned green fencing. When complete in 18 months, the 1911 building *née* Andover Hall will have

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emerged transformed, earning its way into its new identity as Swartz Hall.

For the third year running, it looks as though the Boston-area construction indus-

try will have nearly a billion reasons to say “thank you” to Harvard. Given the projects on deck—remaining House renewals, the Design School’s planned expansion, and the

projected huge first stage of developing the commercial “enterprise research campus” in Allston (page 34), the hard hats’ good times seem likely to roll on. ~JOHN S. ROSENBERG



August 28, 2018: An on-the-run president, out for a run with students

Tufts, “means that I have to work harder to engage.”

In town and farther afield, Bacow invested heavily in meeting “some of our best supporters, our alumni, around the country and around the world.” And how. After an initial alumni gathering in Detroit, he appeared in New York, San Diego, Miami, Phoenix, Houston, and Chicago. He broke bread with the Varsity Club and had a pre-Game reception in Boston. During the winter, he visited London on the way to the World Economic Forum in Switzerland. In March, he attended alumni events in Hong Kong and Tokyo, bracketing an official visit to Beijing (where he met with President Xi Jinping) and a stop in Shanghai. And of course he and many alumni met in Tercentenary Theatre at Commencement, where he hosted German chancellor Angela Merkel.

Alongside those engagements, Bacow had another travel agenda. From the announcement of his appointment in February 2018, he conveyed deep concern about rising criticisms of higher education and eroding public perceptions of the value of college. Accordingly, he traveled widely and often to address the public, showcasing Harvard scholarship in service to society. He spoke with high-school students about the worth of postsecondary education at a meeting in Pontiac, Michigan, his hometown, before appearing at an economic-development forum in Detroit—and unveiling research partnerships with the University of Michigan on opioids and urban poverty and inequality. His San Diego visit showcased a high school’s use of a HarvardX online humanities course, and the Phoenix stop highlighted the University’s partnership with Bloomberg Philanthropies

Year One

THE HARVARD COMMUNITY learned at least two things about Lawrence S. Bacow during his first year as the University’s twenty-ninth president: he is very much a people person, and very peripatetic. The two are connected.

During a conversation at Massachusetts Hall a couple of weeks after Commencement, Bacow said, “This was a year in which I learned a lot about Harvard.” That is saying something. He first dipped a toe into higher education in Boston by entering MIT as an undergraduate in 1969; earned three graduate and professional degrees at Harvard; had a long and increasingly senior run at MIT; and then presided at Tufts. Beginning in 2011, as a retirement activity, Bacow honed his view of the University from the top, serving as a fellow of the Harvard Corporation. Nonetheless, he said, during the past academic year he scheduled lots of time to get to know people, beginning with faculty and staff members.

Locally, he said, “[I]t was important that I get out and around so that people could get some idea of who this new president is.” Accordingly, he spoke at forums on the economy and on social enterprises at the Business School; a Kennedy School citizenship ceremony; the Radcliffe In-

stitute’s vision and justice “convening”; a summit on gender equity; the Institute of Politics; a School of Public Health gathering; a Medical School conference celebrating an enormous gift; the Harvard Heroes staff-recognition event; and *many* more formal occasions. Faculty members briefed the president as he prepped for his trip to Asia, and for his presentations across the United States and in Silicon Valley (see below). He engaged spontaneously with proponents of divesting fossil-fuel investments (who aim to reverse University opposition to doing so), and with picketers supporting the graduate-students’ union (now in protracted contract negotiations; page 34). And he dropped in on lunch at Annenberg, accepted invitations to dine in the Houses, and welcomed students to join his runs around the Charles River. Of mingling with students, he said, “I hope to do a lot more next year.” Not living on campus, he noted, unlike his former arrangement at

October 4, 2018: Five Harvard presidents appeared at the installaton of Larry 29. The day before, Bacow conversed with immediate predecessors Drew Gilpin Faust and Derek Bok (interim 2006-2007).



STEPHANIE MITCHELL/HFAC

HARVARD PORTRAIT

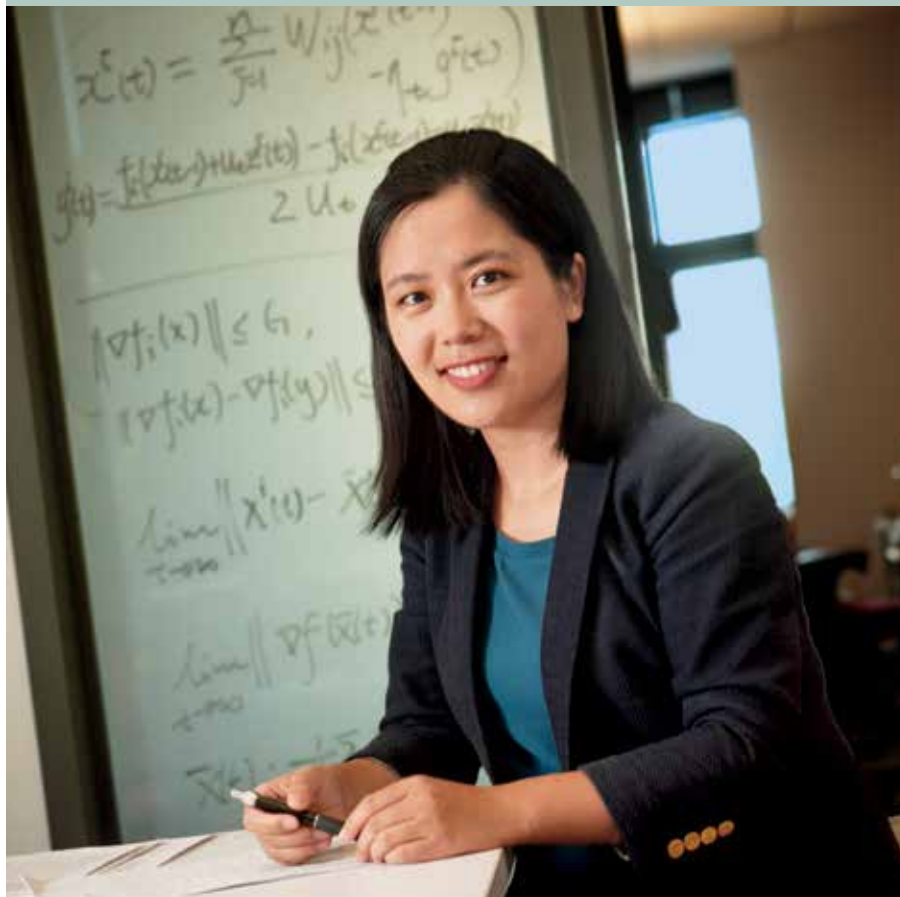
to train mayors nationwide. A separate California trip (he made three during the year) brought faculty members Gary King, Latanya Sweeney, and Alison Simmons together with leaders in Silicon Valley to discuss digital technology, artificial intelligence, and urgent social concerns: privacy, ethical use of algorithms, and the future of work.

That outreach only adds to the president's expected, and increasingly demanding, role in representing the University and higher education in the political arena. In early summer, Bacow made his *seventh* trip to Washington, D.C., as Harvard's leader, during which he has met with about four dozen members of Congress (from both parties) and of the administration. The higher-education agenda encompasses federal support for research and the taxation of endowments, as well as immigration, financial aid, free speech and the diversity of opinions expressed on campuses, and other issues—none of them susceptible of swift resolution.

In conversation, Bacow said he needed to attend to Washington outreach continuously “because so much of the future of higher education rests in the hands of congressional leaders and our government.” From the time of Vannevar Bush's coordination of research during World War II, spelled out in his 1945 report, *Science—The Endless Frontier*, Bacow said, the nation has supported a federal partnership with its leading universities. But, he cautioned, “Every so often that partnership is examined, reconsidered, and in some cases, reconstituted....It feels like this is one such moment.” Airborne members of the community can expect to see their president en route to the capital frequently, because “Harvard needs to be an important part of that conversation.”

Nor will the University go it alone. Bacow has joined the board of the American Council on Education, whose 1,700 members include two- and four-year degree-granting institutions, public and private. It is much broader in scope and reach than, say, the 62-member Association of American Universities. “We can't afford to be seen as standing apart” from community colleges and other entities, he said. “We are all part of the broader community of higher education” at a fraught time, and so he has made that additional commitment.

AS HE MET with and listened to constituents around the world, Bacow said, “I came to understand and appreciate how much at-



Na Li

As a pure-mathematics student at China's Zhejiang University, Na Li often asked professors how her courses applied to real-life systems. If she stuck to her non-overlapping science and math classes, they said, she'd figure it out. Hoping to study mathematical biology at a UCLA summer research program before senior year, she was instead assigned to an engineering lab. “I was like, ‘What do you mean? I don't know what mechanical engineering is, I don't know what electrical engineering is.’” To prepare, she read *Signals and Systems*, a systems theory textbook that applied math to the study of complex entities. It clicked: this was the field for her. Li, now Cabot associate professor of electrical engineering and applied mathematics, deals mostly with the electric power grid in her research, transforming an outdated system to handle variable, alternative energy sources like wind and solar. Though some scoff at the possibility of a cascading power failure, Li, who experienced frequent power outages while growing up in rural China, does not: “I know the grid is not really reliable if you don't have the right infrastructure and the right algorithms.” Her expertise expands beyond power systems. She remains fascinated with biology and physiology, and grabbed a copy of *How the Immune System Works* from her bookshelf to demonstrate the omnipresence of networks in the human body. “I still treat biology systems as a network. It's just the network has different nodes and different interactions.” At home with her two young children, Li takes a break from systems and devours books on early childhood education. Even then, she can't turn off her analytical approach: “It helps me think about why I have emotions. What is a rational way, what's the irrational way, and how to control them....I have a lot of scientific theorems to explain what's going on.” —JACOB SWEET



ROSE LINCOLN/HFAC

December 5, 2018: Speaking at a breakfast briefing for new members of the U.S. Congress at the Kennedy School

tention people pay to Harvard.” For example, he noted, his March speech at Peking University was immediately downloaded hundreds of thousands of times (see harvardmag.com/bacow-china-19), an outcome he attributed to his role as president. (In the speech, he made the case for academic freedom, with references to both the centennial of the liberalizing May Fourth Movement and a verse by the late Abdurehim Ötkür, widely recognized as a Uyghur—and thus a proxy for the Muslim people under severe

repression in western China). “Part of what I’ve experienced this year,” he said, “is coming to understand the power, if you will, of the megaphone that one is privileged to hold as the president of Harvard”—and the accompanying responsibility.

The flip side is the sometimes inordinate attention paid to the University. This year, the spotlight shone on matters ranging from the decision not to reappoint the Winthrop House faculty deans (Bacow deferred to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and the College deans when asked about the matter during an FAS faculty meeting) to the trial of the Students for Fair Admissions’ lawsuit alleging that Harvard unfairly discriminates against Asian-American applicants for admission to the College (“Admissions on Trial,” January-February, page 15). Given the unrelated “Varsity Blues” admissions scandal that revealed bribes and test cheating at other schools—heightening scrutiny of admissions at selective colleges—Bacow said, “One of the things likely to shape this coming year is [U.S. District] Judge [Allison] Burroughs’s decision” in the SFFA suit; symbolizing the high stakes, he attended the closing argument.

TURNING TO MATTERS more directly under the institution’s control, Bacow cited several substantive and intellectual priorities that advanced during the year and may serve to dispel the perception that, as he often puts it, members of elite academic communities are more concerned with making themselves great than making the world better. He pronounced himself “very pleased” with the College’s “Service Starts with Summer” initiative for entering freshmen (harvardmag.com/service-summer-19)—and by the donor response to his call, in his installation address, for funding such opportunities. And based on his discussions with faculty members about their research in rural and “heartland” American venues, he said, it is “fascinating to see how much is going on” there.

He has also been “very energized by how people have responded to my talks” in Davos and Silicon Valley “about understanding the second- and third-order consequences of new technologies” like artificial intelligence and machine learning—challenges that span Harvard’s intellectual capital in the schools of business, engineering and applied sciences, government, and law, plus fields like philosophy and units such as the Safra Center for Ethics and the Berkman Klein Center for Internet & Society. One can imagine collaborative research projects with industry, addressing privacy, big data, and, Bacow said, “how these new technologies will change the way in which we work and the way in which we organize work”—both as new opportunities arise and as existing positions are displaced, necessitating retraining and the acquisition of new skills. “We need to be engaged,” he said, “and we will be.”

Similarly, he said, he was “determined to find new ways for Harvard to use its immense resources to respond to the challenges posed by climate change—and there’s a tremendous interest within our community, and an appetite for doing more.”

He also cited “real progress in my drive to partner with other universities,” from the Michigan initiative to local ventures, including prospective projects for graduate-student or faculty housing and, at the frontiers of science, biomedical research facilities and an emerging engagement with MIT on quantum science and engineering. The latter field, Bacow said, feels today much the way life sciences appeared in the 1970s, when scientists had “just started to explore our capacity to sequence and edit the genome”—work that is now finding application in “therapies,

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Yesterday's News

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

1914 The Class of 1918—with 704 matriculants (up from 622 a year before)—moves into Gore, Standish, and Smith Halls, the new dormitories created by President Lowell as a way to plunge incoming students quickly into college life. The editors suggest the new dorms and scholarships have made the College more attractive, and also credit the past year's efforts to publicize Harvard nationally.

1924 A number of “radical changes in policy and service have been made in Memorial Hall.” Instead of being charged board by the week, students may buy single meal tickets or six- or 30-day coupon books (breakfast is 35 cents, lunch 65 cents, dinner 75 cents). White waitresses will replace black waiters. And “for the first time in the history of the dining hall, women will be allowed at the transient tables” in the main dining hall, rather than being restricted to a private dining room.

1934 *American Ballads and Folk Songs*, compiled by John A. Lomax, A.M. '07, and Alan J. Lomax '34, with a foreword by Professor George Lyman Kittredge, is praised as evidence that the United States, “at least the part of the population which has not been trammelled by excess of schooling, is in fact a singing land.”

1939 A *New York Times* article headlined “Harvard Descends on Student Communists; Burns 5,000 Soviet-Hitler Pamphlets” prompts a swift reply from the Corporation denying destruction of the circulars; pointing out that the single student leafleter had simply broken a rule requiring distribution of printed matter by mail, not in person; and denouncing the article's mention of an alleged “quiet drive by the University authorities against student communism” as “utterly incompatible with the well-known traditions of academic freedom in Harvard University.”

1969 *The Harvard Independent* debuts.

1999 A standing-room only crowd estimated at 1,500-plus (including students who slept on the steps to get a seat) hears the Reverend Billy Graham deliver a Sunday-morning sermon in the Memorial Church.

2004 Founded-at-Harvard website Thefacebook has been sued by rival ConnectU, founded by fellow Harvardians.

2014 To encourage undergraduates to relax, and avoid a disciplinary summons, Lamont Library and the Administrative Board distribute “Practice Safe Citing” squeeze balls at the start of fall term.

drugs, and whole new industries.” In the quantum realm, he said, “It feels to me like we're in a similar position today”—on the verge of exciting science, to be followed by new technologies and practical applications.

Along with those initiatives in public policy and emerging science, the president emphasized another theme from his installation address that he wished more people focused on, and to which he remains strongly committed. In a world overwhelmed with digitally available information—and *misinformation*—“I continue to believe that we're going to see a renaissance of interest in a truly liberal education.” More than ever, that means teaching critical-reasoning skills, helping learners do “more to distinguish the signal from the noise.”

ALSO WITHIN the president's *influence*, at least, is securing the resources to advance aspirations as professors articulate them and as the University pursues its institutional interests. During most of his travels for alumni events, Bacow's schedule set aside time to meet privately with some of those best University supporters: in the aggregate, probably scores of such visits. They seem to be having an effect.

Even with the conclusion of the \$9.6-billion Harvard Campaign just before Bacow became president, the Corporation's senior fellow, William F. Lee, indicated in May that “[I]t was a great fundraising year” (see harvardmag.com/srfellow-update-19). The annual financial report will presumably show the results this fall. Among those already publicized are:

- A \$100-million anonymous gift in support of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS), math, and science, announced last autumn.

- Weeks later, a further landmark gift from Len Blavatnik, M.B.A. '89, whose foundation gave \$200 million to the Medical School (harvardmag.com/hms200mgift-18), and, the week after Commencement, \$131 million more for bioengineering from Hansjörg Wyss, M.B.A. '65 (see page 28).

- And sandwiched in between, \$100 million from David E. Goel '93 and Stacey L. Goel for a new American Repertory Theater facility, a new element in Harvard's plans for Allston (harvardmag.com/art-allston-19). “I said I wanted to accelerate development in Allston,” Bacow noted. The ART gift will make an impact some years hence (an architect has been named for the project, as reported at

Illustration by Mark Steele

mag.com/artallston-architect-19, but additional fundraising, plus design and regulatory review, all are on the horizon). On a faster track, the entity Bacow created last fall to oversee development of the commercial properties opposite the Business School disseminated its request for proposals to private developers in June; a developer for the project may be chosen late this year (see page 34).

IN ONE SENSE, after an energetic, even hyperactive, first year of meeting the Harvard community and external constituents worldwide, Bacow's second year might promise to be more settled. He is again based in Massachusetts Hall (it was undergoing renovation when he took office), and, as of April 2, housed in the president's residence at Elmwood (which was also being renovated): proximate to campus and the students with whom he hopes to engage more.

On the other hand, he expressed no reservations about maintaining a busy travel schedule: "I do anticipate continuing to get out and engage with folks in D.C., and I'll continue to meet with alumni around the country"—and indeed beyond, including an

alumni-association global gathering in Amsterdam this fall, a convenient jumping-off spot for other European cities, too.

Harvard in 2019 is clearly not Tufts in 2001. During his second winter as president there, in 2003, Bacow laid out principles and a strategy for that university, focusing on need-blind undergraduate admission to attract the best students in competition against its best peers; better compensation for and more aggressive hiring of the best faculty members; and belt-tightening elsewhere (a centralized budget with rigorous priority-setting, deferred building maintenance) to pay for the upgrades, along with fundraising.

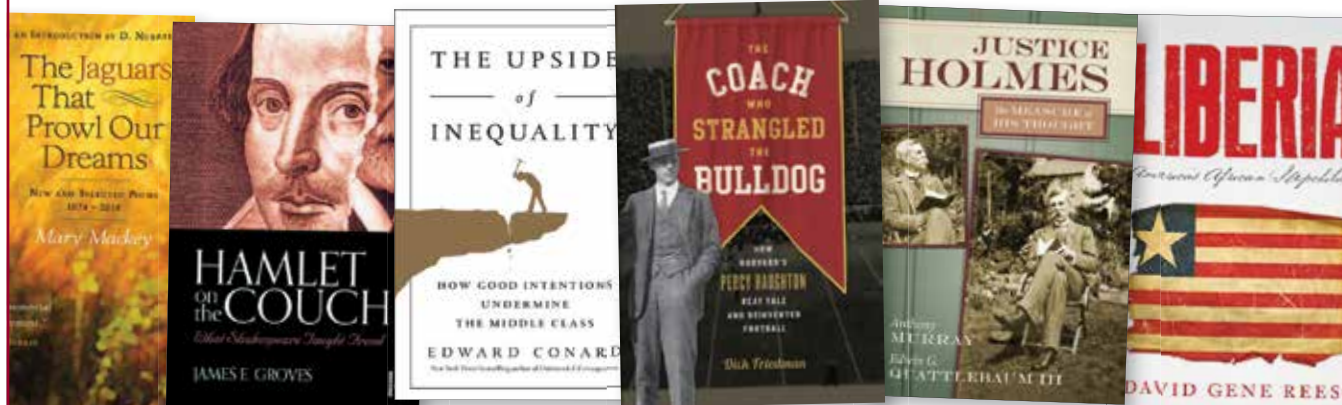
Harvard, with its vastly larger endowment and tradition of autonomous schools, may not lend itself to comparably unified strategies, or at least not immediately after a stupendous fundraising campaign.



May 4, 2019: The musical Adele Fleet Bacow and Larry Bacow make noise with The Harvard Undergraduate Drummers.

Then again, Bacow may be drawing from other lessons he learned during his first university presidency. At Tufts, he said, "every year was unto itself, often shaped by circumstances that could not be foreseen at the start of the year"—beginning, for him, at the outset of his presidency, with the tragedy of 9/11, and followed later in the decade by the Great Recession. A leader can plan, he said, but not predict. —JOHN S. ROSENBERG

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Catalyzing Bioengineering

WITH HIS \$131-million gift in support of the Wyss Institute for Biologically Inspired Engineering, announced by the University on June 7, Hansjörg Wyss, M.B.A. '65, has now made three gifts to the eponymous institute, totalling \$381 million, which bring his total philanthropic support for Harvard to more than \$400 million. The institute seeks to bridge the gap between academia and industry by drawing inspiration from nature's design principles to solve some of the world's most complex challenges in healthcare and the environment—and to commercialize those solutions to maximize their impact. It has had notable success during its first decade. Wyss's decision to continue investing in the institute, just months after the Medical School unveiled a \$200-million gift from the foundation of Len Blavatnik, M.B.A. '89, to support basic research (see "Accelerating Medical Research," January-February, page 18), indicates the University's life-sciences prowess, and leading philanthropists' willingness to underwrite it.

Wyss was CEO of Synthes, a biomedical research and device company that pioneered new techniques for healing traumatic bone breaks. In the middle of the last decade, Howard Stevenson, then a Harvard Business School professor and University vice provost, and a friend and classmate of Wyss, recalls that company's focus this way: "How do you marry materials with biology?" As Harvard sought to organize its bioengineering research

across the University and its affiliated hospitals, guided by a provostial committee co-chaired by the Medical School's Folkman professor of vascular biology Don Ingber, an affiliate of Children's Hospital Boston, and Pinkas Family professor of bioengineering David Mooney, a common interest arose. Wyss sought ways to put physicians, physicists, mathematicians, mechanical engineers—every pertinent discipline—together to work on various projects with high potential for life-changing applications. He agreed to make an initial gift of \$125 million in 2009, with the University investing as well.

The institute that has resulted, led by Ingber in rented space in the Longwood Medical Area, now engages a rotating cast of about 375: 150 to 170 full-time staff, and 200-plus others, including 18 core and 16 associate faculty members, and numerous postdoctoral fellows and students. The exact numbers change frequently, because when a project results in a startup, members of the project team often leave to join the new company. Initially, "It was like a startup on steroids," said Ingber: since its launch, the Wyss has produced 2,085 publications, with one paper per month on average in *Science* or *Nature* (the holy grail for scientists publishing their discoveries); filed for 2,623 patents—and been issued 392; launched 29 startups; and entered 53 agreements to license technology. Since 2009, 23.8 percent of Harvard's patent applications have been linked to Wyss research.

Hailing the new gift, President Lawrence S. Bacow said, "Hansjörg Wyss has helped to expand what we know and what we can accomplish across a wide range of disciplines. The advances that his generosity has enabled will change the future for countless people. His third gift to support the work of the Wyss Institute will ensure the continued success of our extraordinarily talented faculty and staff, as well as create new oppor-

tunities for collaboration and growth. We are deeply grateful for his support."

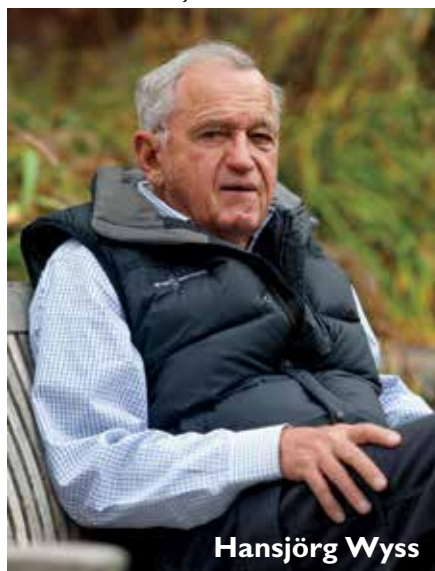
University provost Alan Garber, an economist and physician who leads Harvard's life-sciences initiatives and chairs the Wyss board of trustees, added that the institute has advanced the field of bioengineering

significantly. "From developing singular insights and cutting-edge approaches, to creating bioinspired materials and feats of engineering, the Wyss Institute had and will continue to have a powerful impact," he said. Elaborating in an email, he explained: "Biologically inspired engineering was an unconventional approach when the Wyss Institute was created in 2009, but it is now recognized as a

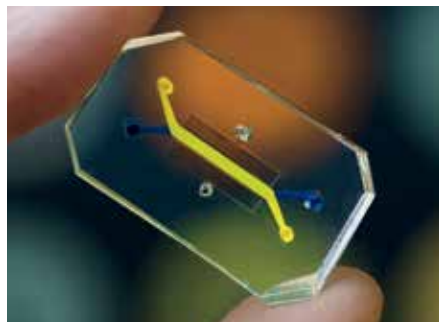
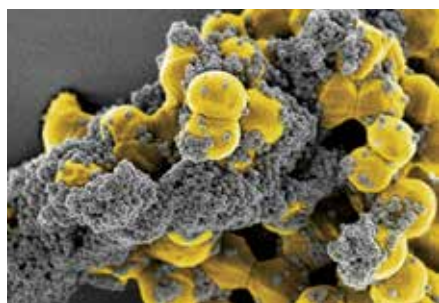
powerful approach to solving a wide range of problems. Some of the technologies that have come from the Wyss Institute are simply astounding, such as...3-D bioprinting of living tissue, and versatile ambulatory microrobots. The Wyss Institute was created to move the scientific advances of bioengineering faculty at Harvard and collaborating institutions beyond academic labs, developing real-world products that treat and diagnose human disease. Endeavors to translate research advances in this way have a long history; the Wyss Institute has demonstrated that we can do so quickly and successfully."

Among the current fields of inquiry are:

- soft, wearable robots that increase the user's balance, endurance, and strength, either during ill health or in environments that place extreme demands on the human body;
- adaptive materials that are responsive and self-optimizing, such as coatings that prevent barnacles from sticking to the hulls of ships, thereby producing huge energy savings;
- biomimetic microsystems, such as organ-on-a-chip microfluidic cell-culture devices that recapitulate the complex functions and disease states of living human organs—useful for drug testing and personalized medicine;
- materials that can modulate immune responses in order to treat cancer and in-



Hansjörg Wyss



Proteins engineered to capture pathogens, to prevent sepsis (top); and an organ-on-a-chip

fections, for example;

- engineered, living, cellular devices programmed to detect pathogenic viruses, or reduce off-target drug delivery;

- programmable swarms of molecular robots that can aid in sequencing, imaging, and drug delivery;

- synthetic biology, for editing genes and proteins in applications ranging from healthcare and chemical manufacturing to information storage; and

- functional, vascularized 3-D organ replacements for implantation in the human body.

The scientific output goes hand-in-hand with the institute's organizational innovations. Research proceeds from laboratory to licensing or start-up enterprises through a changing roster of core and associated faculty members, postdoctoral fellows, and students—brought together as the problems being investigated change. The institute is

interested in funding visionary researchers and their ideas: new capabilities that will advance an entire field, yielding not single breakthroughs but entire technological *capabilities*. A significant cohort of professional engineers with product-development experience is embedded with the Wyss. “Because they sit in open spaces,” Ingber explained, “when somebody says, ‘I need something for a knee joint with these lubricant or material properties,’ someone else might say, ‘Well,

Commute Cycle

For years Mike Burke, the Faculty of Arts and Sciences' registrar, had a long and unexceptional daily commute to work from Danvers, Massachusetts. Then one day in 2014, his car broke down. He, his wife, and his two young children were, at least temporarily, now a one-car family. How would he get to his office? The wheels began to turn.

Growing up in Philadelphia, Burke had been a frequent bike rider. In college, he'd gotten used to steep hills while riding through

Syracuse, New York, and he'd become accustomed to riding with city traffic during a study-abroad program in London. He had even tried biking around Zimbabwe as a member of the Peace Corps, but after dealing with frequent flat tires, he gave up.

Though he hadn't done much cycling in decades, he decided he would bike to the local commuter rail station, ride the train to Boston, and then take two subways (or hop on another bike) for the remaining portion. It worked fine, but he was constrained by a variable schedule, stuffed into crowded cars, and subject to weather delays. “And then I decided, you know what, maybe I should just ride the bike the whole way.”

He attached a pannier and waterproof bags to his bike, bought some heavy-duty lights for visibility, and got on his way around sunrise. The most direct route—between 20 and 25 miles—took him through Peabody, Lynn, Revere, Everett, and Charlestown. The trip was hilly and strewn with stoplights, but biking didn't take any longer than riding a train or slogging through bumper-to-bumper traffic. After posing questions about certain tricky intersections on biking Facebook groups, he developed a less direct but more enjoyable 25- to 30-mile course through Winchester, Lynnfield, Stoneham, Medford, and Arlington—and so committed himself to a three-hour daily round-trip cycle ride.

For four years, almost nothing could spoil his morning trip. Rain was merely a nuisance, and wind and light snow (as long as it didn't accumulate) were par for the course. Cold wasn't a deterrent, but sometimes it should have been. One January morning, Burke ventured off in 25-degree weather—manageable with proper layers. By the time he left work that evening, it was dark and below zero with wind chill. “I was like, ‘All right, I've ridden in weather like this, it should be okay,’” he recalled. “But I would say



Mike Burke

probably within the first four or five miles, I realized this was not going to be okay, and I might have to stop.” Not wanting to call his wife for a rescue, he willed his borderline hypothermic body through about 20 more miles, refusing to warm up at the many Dunkin' Donuts en route out of fear that he would be unable to will himself back onto the bike. By the time he arrived home, he had tunnel vision. He drank hot chocolate his wife had prepared, and his kids lay on top of him, sharing their body heat. After 30 minutes, his body warmed enough to shiver.

In 2018, Burke and his family moved to Pforzheimer House's Faculty Row, and his trip to work went from 25 miles to about one. He doesn't miss the time-consuming commute, but he does miss the 50 miles daily, to which he attributes improved health and focus. Now, when his family takes a trip to New Hampshire or Maine, he often opts for a bike—meeting them at their destination later in the day.

In the summer, he gets a chance to recreate his former daily feat, biking from a Gloucester seasonal home to Cambridge on Monday and back on Thursday. At its shortest, it's about a 35-mile trip one-way, but Burke often takes the scenic route, straying far enough from traffic that he can wear headphones—and extending his pedaling by around 20 miles. “I catch myself singing as I'm riding sometimes,” he said. “Sometimes it's me and the cows and the horses out there and I'm singing some lyrics from The Clash or something like that.”

Of his attempts to get others to embrace a bike commute, Burke calls himself an “unsuccessful disciple” or a “failed prophet.” It's hard to convey how a two-wheeled commute can brighten up a day. “The people who get it are the ones who are already doing it,” he said. “I'm working on my kids, though.” —JACOB SWEET

Admissions, through the Ages

Eight years out of Yale—after stints as a U.S. Marine platoon leader and a teacher—Dwight D. Miller joined the Harvard College admissions office in July 1967. That was before the merger with Radcliffe; before the Supreme Court first ruled on affirmative action in admissions, in *Regents of University of California v. Bakke* (1978—and again in *Grutter v. Bollinger*, 2003; the multiple rounds of *Fisher v. University of Texas at Austin*, decided in 2016; and the current Students for Fair Admissions litigation against Harvard, possibly also headed to Washington on appeal); and before the global frenzy to gain a place at the nation's selective colleges led to a tsunami of applications, plummeting admissions rates—and, in turn, a parental/high-schooler arms race to gain an edge through private counselors, test-prep courses, and ever-more applications filed by each anxious student.

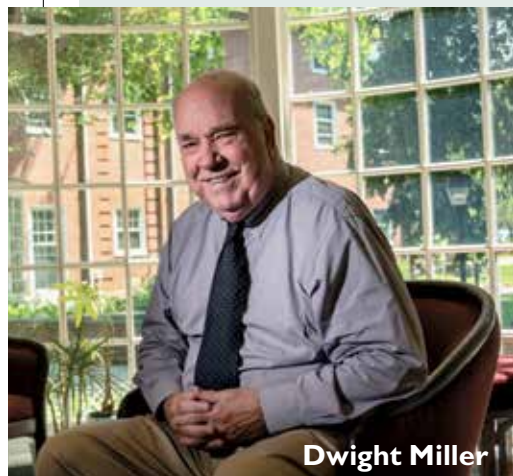
At Harvard, where navigating thro' this change and storm has meant attracting

Early on, he divided his time between admissions and service as senior advisor in the freshman dean's office—and he was a proctor in the Yard from 1967 to 1990, the longest tenure known. Those engagements gave him deeper insight into the College experience and how applicants might get the most from, and contribute the most to, the place. Increasingly, those admitted have represented a far wider range of minority and ethnic backgrounds, and of socioeconomic circumstances.

On the downside, today's applicants are "certainly much more uptight about the process," Miller said, citing "the pressure on them to get into college A, B, or C—especially from the parents." Withal, the experience accumulated within the admissions staff across the decades has enabled Harvard to winnow the applicants to find the "offbeat" ones who can thrive here, and contribute to the community in special ways. And he is grateful that "the sense of entitlement" that prevailed at mid century, when the applicants were so heavily weighted toward eastern prep schools, has dwindled away.

As he worked with alumni volunteers who interview applicants and support their education through philanthropy devoted to financial aid, Miller set out in the 1980s to gain formal recognition for their efforts. The resulting Hiram Hunn Award, created in 1986, honors the schools-and-scholarships foot soldiers; the eponymous Hunn, A.B. 1921, who did such work for 60 years in Iowa and Vermont (where he and Miller intersected for a decade and a half); and Miller himself, for his advocacy on their behalf. He was also recognized, directly, by the James '72 and Rita Cain Scholarship fund, established by a former student in Grays Hall when he was proctor; it will be renamed upon Miller's retirement.

That moment, amazingly, is now at hand, effective September 1. His Harvard admissions service extended nearly as long as Hunn's, and accounts for more than a half-century of College classes, numbering thousands of undergraduates. No matter what changes in admissions unfold in the next five decades, no one in sight is likely to equal Miller's record. —JOHN S. ROSENBERG



and reviewing an applicant pool that increased from fewer than 5,000 annually when Miller appeared on the scene to 43,330 hopefuls for the class of 2023, experience and perspective have been especially valuable. No one has personified that better than Miller, who served under admissions deans Chase N. Peterson, L. Fred Jewett, and William R. Fitzsimmons.

Now senior admissions officer, Miller, Ed.M. '71, has covered most of New England; the Atlantic seaboard; a chunk of the Midwest; four southwestern states; for a quarter-century, Long Island; and Canada.

we used something that had those properties as an airplane-engine insulation....' You don't see that at companies because they're usually focused on their [specific] expertise," he pointed out, "and you don't ever see that in academia." In turn, engineers and researchers are supported, as ideas evolve, by a half-dozen staff members of Harvard's Office of Technology Development, who can accelerate commercial application in the most effective way (see "Accelerating Innovation," March-April, page 18).

Overall, said Ingber, the institute's approach might be called self-assembling interdisciplinary research. Instead of erecting buildings and placing experts from different disciplines who have "no reason to work together" in proximity to one another, he explained, "You identify problems that are so exciting, and so difficult, and you get the best people who want to solve them, but who can't do it on their own. And then, when you bring other scientists and engineers that have the right expertise to complement them nearby, you just get out of their way, and it happens." Because faculty members commonly operate like "independent entrepreneurs, who have their own cultures," he continued, "we created a new culture: we let our faculty keep their own labs," but move some portion of it—generally their most entrepreneurial postdoctoral fellows, research assistants, and graduate students—to the Wyss.

"When you see the research that has been done in the first five years," said Wyss, speaking from Paris and reflecting on his 2013 decision to double his initial support, "the intellectual property, the papers published in top scientific magazines,...the influence it had on teaching at Harvard, the influence it had on collaborative research throughout [the School of Engineering and Applied Sciences] and the Faculty of Arts and Sciences—you have to continue."

Having recently looked at some great paintings, he added, "When Cezanne created one of his landscapes, he had to go and paint another one. He could not stop. So, when you create the Wyss and then think about the second gift, you almost have to do it." Now he has done so again, assuring the institute's momentum and further anchoring Harvard's expanding dexterity in making fundamental life-sciences and biomedical discoveries, and translating them to the real world of application to human needs.

For a full report, see harvardmag.com/wyss-gift3-19. —JONATHAN SHAW

Early Decision Redux

Selective colleges and universities, including Harvard, have tried to contain guaranteed early admissions, on the ground that they may be unfair to qualified applicants from under-resourced backgrounds where, for instance, counseling is limited. Thus, Harvard offers “early action,” but *not* binding “early decision” (under which those offered a spot in an entering class, typically in December or January, *must* commit to accepting it), to applicants who want some assurance about their college choices. In May, the University of Virginia, which had eliminated binding early decision in 2006, reintroduced it, alongside regular and early-action options. This may ignite a competitive response from peer institutions, at a time when they have been trying to level the playing field for applicants from lower-income and first-generation families, who are more likely to need to compare financial-aid offers from several schools, rather than committing early to one.

Across the Pond

The University of Oxford now shares its peer American institutions’ passion for admitting undergraduates from under-represented backgrounds (see “Mastering the ‘Hidden Curriculum,’” November-December 2017, page 18). Opportunity Oxford and Foundation Oxford, unveiled by vice-chancellor Louise Richardson in May, aim to recruit students from socioeconomically disadvantaged backgrounds, and from personally disadvantaged or educationally disrupted circumstances, respectively. The goal is to boost their presence among entering students from 15 percent of each class now to 25 percent by 2023. Opportunity Oxford will extend structured home study, plus a two-week residential immersion, to help up to 200 students transition to the university in its first year. The Foundation is a full-year program of instruction for refugees, children responsible for caring for their families, and others. (Richardson, past principal and vice-chancellor of the

Brevia



MUSEUM MANAGEMENT. Jane Pickering—executive director of the Harvard Museums of Science & Culture since 2013—has been appointed Howells director of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, reporting to Faculty of Arts and Sciences dean Claudine Gay. The dean said a new faculty executive committee will help shape the museum’s strategy, and that it was an appropriate time “to consider how we engage with the communities from which [its] collections derive.”

University of St Andrews, was Radcliffe Institute executive dean from 2001 to 2008.)

Humanities Meet AI

Stephen A. Schwarzman, M.B.A. ’72, chairman and CEO of the Blackstone investment firm, has given £150 million to the University of Oxford to underwrite the eponymous Centre for the Humanities. The new facility will house the humanities departments together; incorporate concert, auditorium, and exhibition spaces; and become home to a new Institute for Ethics in AI (artificial intelligence)—an area of burgeoning interest at many universities, including Harvard. Schwarzman last fall made the

\$350-million naming gift for MIT’s new College of Computing, and has previously donated \$150 million to Yale, his undergraduate alma mater, for a campus center.

Development News

The Pritzker Foundation has made a \$100-million commitment to the University of Chicago to underwrite a new Pritzker School of Molecular Engineering—that university’s first engineering school. (Harvard Corporation member Penny Pritzker ’81 is herself a prominent philanthropist. Locally, she supported the conversion of Cabot Library and the Science Center commons—see harvardmag.com/cabot-redo-17.)... Emory University’s global-health institute has received \$180 million from the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation to support its network that monitors child health and mortality prevention, bringing the foundation’s total investment in the program, established

in 2015, to \$271 million.

Curatorial Changes

The Harvard Art Museums have appointed Joachim Homann the new Abrams curator of drawings, effective in mid August. He was formerly curator of the Bowdoin College Museum of Art....Ethan Lasser, Stebbins curator of American art and head of the division of European and American art (see “The Lost Museum,” May-June 2017, page 42), has been appointed Cabot chair of the art of the Americas at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, effective September 14....And Carmen Arnold-Biucchi, the museums’ inaugural Damarete curator of ancient coins (Harvard Portrait, September-October 2003, page 74), has retired after nearly 17 years of service.



Joachim Homann

DENNIS AND DIANA GRIGGS/TANNERY HILL STUDIO

Online Investments

Coursera, the for-profit online learning platform (a competitor to the nonprofit Harvard-MIT edX), announced a fifth round of equity financing, totaling \$103 million and bringing its valuation to a re-

ported \$1 billion. One of the investors, the Australian-based SEEK Group, a jobs platform that also has interests in international enrollment services and online academic programs, separately invested \$65 million in the **Open University**, which operates FutureLearn (which is especially active in Australia and Great Britain). Both entities seek to manage online programs for universities, and to provide degrees or other credentials to their learner-users.

Admissions Fallout

In the wake of the Varsity Blues admissions scandal (see “Thinner Ice,” July-August, page 3), U.S. senator Ron Wyden (D-Oregon) has introduced legislation that would require colleges to bar the consideration of family members’ donations or ability to donate in evaluating applicants for admission; require reporting (which would be made public) on the number of applicants, admitted students, and enrolled students who are the children of donors; and limit the deductibility of gifts, for institutions that don’t comply with the first provision, to \$100,000 for a six-year period surrounding an applicant’s enrollment (and prohibiting standard tax deductions for larger gifts). Colleges could avoid the limits on tax-deductibility, Wyden said, by adopting policies that bar consideration of gifts in admissions decisions.

Endowment Tax

In late June—at the end of the first fiscal year in which Harvard would have to pay the 1.4 percent excise tax on endowment investment income enacted in late 2017 as part of the sweeping federal tax legislation—the U.S. Treasury issued initial guid-

ance on how the tax would work (“Taxing Matters,” January-February 2018, page 17). Many questions remain—for example, regarding the government’s suggestion that interest income on student loans and rental income on institutions’ student housing units both count as taxable investment income. The University, which continues to lobby against the tax, has not updated its prior guidance that Harvard faces an annual tax bill of \$40 million or more.

An A.B.: Still Worth It.

Although the opportunity cost of attending college has increased as employment prospects and wages have risen (and as public institutions’ tuition bills have soared in the wake of the Great Recession), an analysis by Jaison R. Abel and Richard Deitz of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York indicates that a college degree continues to confer a \$30,000-plus wage premium for the average graduate, compared to the earnings of those who have only a high-school diploma. That implies an internal rate of return of 14 percent on the investment made to earn a bachelor’s degree—well above the expected return for investing in, say, stocks and bonds.... Separately, survey research by Third Way, a think tank, revealed that despite underlying partisan attitudes toward higher education found in other polls (see “News Briefs,” January-February, page 26), voters across the spectrum believe in the value of college—and that educational institutions “can and should do more to provide value to the students they are supposed to serve,” particularly in equipping them with job skills.

Mastering Biotech

Harvard Business School and the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences have launched their joint two-year S.M./M.B.A. **biotechnology: life sciences degree**. Enrollment begins next August, with seven to 10 degree candidates initially. Students will study life sciences in the department of

stem cell and regenerative biology (SCRB; itself a collaboration between the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and the Medical School), and management and entrepreneurship at HBS, with the aim of preparing to apply biomedical research in business and commercial contexts. About half of current SCRB graduates enter biomedical and biotech fields, or finance.

Nota Bene

DEVELOPMENT DEAN.

Armin Afsahi has been appointed associate vice president and dean of development for the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, effective August 1, reporting to FAS dean Claudine Gay and University vice president for alumni affairs and development Brian K. Lee. Afsahi was vice chancellor for academic development at the University of Denver, and previously worked in fundraising at the University of California, San Diego, and Georgetown.



Armin Afsahi

BRIAN VON SCHULZ

UNDERGRADUATE GUIDES. The Harvard Art Museums have received a \$1-million gift from George Ho '90, Henry Ho '95, and Rosalind “Sasa” Wang to establish the Ho Family Student Guide Fund; it will support research and training for undergraduate guides. Henry Ho is chairman and CEO of Tung Ho Steel Enterprise, in Taipei City; his brother George, a visual and environmental studies concentrator, is an artist, and his wife, Sasa, is a volunteer docent at the National Palace Museum.

FELLOWSHIP FLAP. On June 28, the Taubman Center for State and Local Government at the Harvard Kennedy School announced that former Michigan governor Rick Snyder had been named a senior research fellow. Critics within the University and beyond assailed the appointment, because of his involvement in the decisions that led the citizens of Flint, then overseen by the state, to be exposed to lead-tainted water (the subject of Mona Hanna-Attisha’s Medi-



ART ARCHITECT. The American Repertory Theater announced that London-based Haworth Tompkins will design its new Allston facility—the firm’s first U.S. building. Haworth Tompkins was the architect for the prizewinning Liverpool Everyman theater, among other performing-arts projects (see harvardmag.com/art-architect-19). Principal Steve Tompkins is shown here with the ART’s Bloom artistic director, Diane Paulus.

cal School class day address on May 30; see harvardmag.com/hanna-attisha-19). On July 3, dean Douglas Elmendorf announced that Snyder had withdrawn. He noted that Flint residents had “suffered acutely,” and that the HKS community had much to learn from studying “both failures and successes of government” but now believed, with Snyder, that the proposed fellowship “would not enhance education here in the ways we intended.”

DATA SCIENCE: THE MAGAZINE. *Harvard Data Science Review*, published online by the eponymous initiative (see harvardmag.com/datascience-17) and distributed by MIT Press, debuted in July. It bridges research, education, and popular communication, with authors from diverse institutions. The first issue (<https://hdsr.mitpress.mit.edu>) features an essay by provost Alan M. Garber on what educated citizens need to know about the field.

MISCELLANY. The *Poets and Quants* blog, on business education, reported that the cost of an M.B.A. (tuition, fees, and expenses) exceeds \$200,000 at nine top programs, led by Stanford (\$231,672); Harvard Business School ranks seventh (at \$218,248). In return, HBS graduates earned an average annual *starting* compensation of \$160,000-plus....As students continue to express strong interest in ethnic studies, Faculty of Arts and Sciences dean Claudine Gay announced a plan to hire a cluster of three to four “cross divisional scholars” in Asian-American, Latinx, and Islam in America/Muslim American “ethnicity, indigeneity, and migration” during the new academic year....Fourteen members of the U.S. House of Representatives, including Ruben M. Gallego ’02/’04 (D-Arizona) and Elise M. Stefanik ’06 (R-New York), have introduced a College Freedom of Association Act; it would amend federal law to prohibit actions like Harvard’s sanctions on undergraduate membership in single-sex final clubs, fraternities, and sororities....Mehra Family professor of South Asian studies Sunil Amrith, an historian (Harvard Portrait, September-October 2017, page 19), has been appointed interim director of the Mahindra Humanities Center, succeeding Rothenberg professor of the humanities Homi Bhabha.

News Briefs

A Coach Cashiered

ON JULY 9, *The Harvard Crimson* and *The Boston Globe* reported that Peter Brand, head fencing coach since 1999, had been dismissed. A statement released by director of athletics Robert L. Scalise said: “In April, Harvard was made aware of allegations involving Peter Brand....An independent investigation of the matter is now complete, and Mr. Brand has been dismissed from his position for violating Harvard’s conflict of interest policy. Harvard Athletics is committed to upholding the integrity of our athletics program, and it is our expectation that every coach and staff member adhere unambiguously to our policies.”

In an email to the athletics staff, he elaborated, “Harvard’s conflicts policy specifically addresses ‘personal benefit’ and states that ‘[a] conflict of interest exists when individual commitment to the University may be compromised by personal benefit.’ The policy also states that ‘[f]ailure to disclose possible conflict of interest or commitment...may be grounds for disciplinary action and may lead to termination.’”

Neither Scalise nor officers of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, which oversees athletics, were available to elaborate, and the athletics website merely noted in a remarkably anodyne message on its home page, “Harvard to begin national search for men’s and women’s fencing coach.” That linked to the underlying observation that “Peter Brand...will not be returning for the 2019-2020 season....”

The *Globe* reported in April that Brand had sold his suburban house for an above-market price to the father of a varsity fencer, and of an applicant for admission (who subsequently gained admission and joined the fencing team). Brand reportedly then bought a condominium near campus for an inflated price, and the purchaser of his house subsequently sold it, without having occupied it, at a significant loss. (See links to the *Globe* and other coverage at harvardmag.com/brand-19.)

The conflict-of-interest reporting required of staff annually is not ambiguous. It covers *all* “athletic-related outside income”; use of the institution’s name or logo for endorsements; and accepting outside compensation or gratuities from shoe, apparel, or equipment manufacturers in exchange for using their merchandise in practice or com-

petition. Line items for sums to be reported include a dozen categories such as speaking engagements, housing benefits, and camps, plus “other (please specify).” The language notes that a conflict “exists when an individual commitment to the University may be compromised by personal benefit,” among other definitions. And, “Employees should pay special attention to ensuring that they maintain the proper relationship between themselves and third parties with whom they come into contact in the course of performing their jobs for the University. These parties may include, but are not limited to...potential students. Personal gain resulting from a relationship with a third party must be avoided.” ~JOHN S. ROSENBERG

A Professor Sanctioned

CONTINUING THE RUN of adverse summer news, on July 10, Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS) dean Claudine Gay notified Lee professor of economics and professor of education Roland G. Fryer Jr. and the economics department that Fryer has been placed on administrative leave for two years, to be followed by two years of supervised probationary return to academic engagements, as a result of investigations of his “unwelcome sexual conduct toward several individuals, resulting in the creation of a hostile work environment over the course of several years” within his Education Innovation Laboratory (EdLabs).

Based on the Office of Dispute Resolution investigation of allegations made against Fryer, who joined the faculty as an assistant professor in 2006, Gay also determined that he had engaged in “behavior that was not sexual harassment but that constituted violations of the FAS Professional Conduct Policy.”

During the two-year administrative (unpaid) leave, Fryer cannot teach or advise within FAS, or conduct research involving Harvard resources, and the EdLab is closed. During the subsequent two-year probationary period, he may return to academic work (but not to a supervisory role), subject to the conditions that: his undergraduate teaching is at the dean’s discretion and subject to monitoring by a Title IX-trained individual, and will not involve any graduate teaching fellows; and his graduate teaching is limited to a class format, excluding workshops. At the end of that two-year, supervised period, Gay will assess whether Fryer may be reinstated to regular academic privi-

leges. No mention was made about whether Fryer's tenured status has changed.

On July 11, Harvard Graduate School of Education dean Bridget Terry Long issued a statement saying she had "decided that the sanctions determined by Dean Gay are also appropriate and necessary to apply to Professor Fryer's partial appointment at HGSE."

The case attracted enormous attention because Fryer is a leading economics researcher (he is both a MacArthur Fellow and a John Bates Clark Medalist—conferred by the American Economic Association on the best American economist under age 40); he is a prominent African American in a discipline struggling to become more diverse; and his case, meant to be conducted confidentially, had leaked extensively, beginning in May 2018 in *The Harvard Crimson*. According to some of those prior reports, Fryer was prohibited from entering his lab during at least part of the protracted investigations. Locally, Gay's decision comes at a time of heightened attention to sexual assault and harassment, and follows her decision to strip long-time professor Jorge Domínguez of his emeritus status, effectively banning him from the community, following "unwelcome sexual conduct toward several individuals, on multiple occasions over a period spanning nearly four decades."

A complete report on Gay's decision appears at harvardmag.com/fryer-19. ~J.S.R.

Allston Partnership Proposal

THE Harvard Allston Land Company (HALC), organized in late 2018 to direct development of the commercial "Enterprise Research Campus" (ERC) across Western Avenue from the Business School, has set a brisk pace, issuing a request for proposal (RFP) to developers nationwide on June 14. It seeks a partner to build on a 14.1-acre parcel just east

of the science and engineering complex, set to open next year. Uses approved by Boston's development authority for this tract—the initial piece of the 36 Harvard-owned acres designated for the ERC—include 400,000 square feet of lab/office space (presumably in two buildings); a 250,000-square-foot hotel/conference center; and 250,000 square feet of residential facilities. There is also provision for 800 to 900 parking spaces.

HALC CEO Thomas Glynn described a two-part process. First, developers will present their capabilities and relevant experience: have they, for example, built hotels and life-sciences labs, or worked previously in a similar urban setting and with an academic institution? Second, early this fall, Harvard will seek details of financing, building proposals, and design. Glynn hopes to have a recommendation for the HALC's board, chaired by business school dean Nitin Nohria, by year's end.

By then, who pays what for infrastructure (roads, sewers, utilities) and the terms for use of the University property will have to be settled. Boston's permitting process will follow, Glynn said, with input from the community and regulatory authorities. If all proceeds smoothly, two years of construction would ensue, meaning the area—now a cleared expanse of former trucking yards—might open for business by mid decade.

The site is the gateway to a larger commercial zone. Development of 22 adjacent acres will occur in a second phase, with details and timing turning on realignment of the nearby Massachusetts Turnpike and construction of a new mass-transit station—complex, expensive undertakings.

Hiring a single development firm, with its own architects, engineers, financial and construction managers, government-relations personnel, and others, will help ensure that the resulting project is coherent in all its elements, from the look of the streetscape to integration with designated open

Harvard is soliciting developers' proposals for the first phase of the "enterprise research campus," across the street from the Business School.



Thomas Glynn

spaces. And because the profit margins for the labs and offices will likely exceed those for the hotel and residential buildings, Glynn suggested that including them in one RFP creates cross-subsidies that are likely to result in a better outcome. Read a complete report at harvardmag.com/rfp-erc-2019.

~JONATHAN SHAW

New Union Negotiations

MORE THAN A YEAR after graduate students voted to form a labor union, in April 2018, the Harvard Graduate Student Union-United Auto Workers (HGSU-UAW) and the University are still negotiating an initial contract agreement. On July 15, about 300 HGSU-UAW members wrote in an open letter to President Lawrence S. Bacow that they intended to hold a strike authorization vote "if the Harvard administration's bargaining team continues to put forward untenable positions for negotiation and prevents us from attaining a fair contract." An authorization would not necessarily result in a strike. Instead, it would empower the HGSU-UAW bargaining committee to call one when it believes necessary, prompting graduate students to withhold their work as course instructors and lab researchers.

The past year has been punctuated by protests and petitions in which organizers for the more than 5,000-member union have called on the University to be more accommodating of members' bargaining priorities, and to schedule more frequent negotiation sessions so that progress can be made more quickly. On the latter point, Harvard officials have responded that this is a first contract for a new, large union across many University schools, so it will have wide-ranging and complex consequences that need to be worked through. HGSU-UAW's goals include better pay and health benefits (for example, graduate students don't currently have access to subsidized dental insurance, as Harvard employees do); and the creation of neutral, third-party grievance procedures for complaints of sexual harassment, for example. Currently, sexual-harassment cases are investigated by Harvard's Office for Dispute Resolution, which the union argues could result in findings biased toward the University; in turn, the institution has argued that it cannot have separate processes for evaluating such complaints.



Although the wage and compensation proposals haven't been publicly released, Harvard officials have said that HGSU-UAW's proposals would have a significant fiscal impact. An April message from Provost Alan M. Garber said of the economic proposals, "University expenditures per graduate student would approximately double....Were the University to agree...there would likely be direct consequences for the number of graduate students who could be supported." Harvard has

offered funds that students could draw on for dental care, childcare, and other needs, and pay raises of 3 percent in year one of the contract, and 2.25 percent in the next two years. (This past year, graduate students received a 3 percent stipend increase.) It also proposed raising its minimum wage for non-salaried student workers to \$15 an hour. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, inflation in the Boston area was 2.3 percent over the last year. Graduate students at other private uni-

versities including Brown, Georgetown, Tufts, and Brandeis have also unionized, but the security of students' collective bargaining rights is uncertain. The National Labor Relations Board ruled in August 2016 that graduate students at private universities had the right to form unions, but this past May the federal agency announced it would revisit that decision—suggesting that it might reverse its position for the fourth time since 2000. ~MARINA N. BOLOTNIKOVA

THE UNDERGRADUATE

Movement Ecology

by ISA FLORES-JONES '19

THE AFTERNOON was cloudless, a brief window of calm in an otherwise hectic spring semester. Alejo and I sat in the backyard of the Dudley Cooperative house, regarding the pots of planting soil and trowels before us. That morning our house tutor had dropped 50 seed packets on the dining-room table and ordered us to treat them better than we'd been treating ourselves: "Nothing grows that way," he'd said.

My friend shook a packet of marigold seeds. The antidote to the stressors of the past few months was almost certainly *not* inside. Two days earlier I'd found him in the kitchen, glumly beheading a mound of carrots. He'd just come from another job interview—a recruiter from McKinsey, the latest in a series of high-strung encounters, each leaving him more frustrated than the last. He'd asked the interviewer how she reconciled the company's partnerships with autocratic regimes and human-rights abusers—she'd mentioned Saudi Arabia—with the day-to-day requirements of her job description. It was *not* a question meant to provoke, he told me, pushing a carrot with the tip of a knife. But the tone of the interview immediately shifted. "You ought to try someplace else," the recruiter said curtly, "for *that* kind of work." She made it seem as if I were ask-

ing the incredible, my friend said, as if it were impossible to both pay the bills and live a more than unethical life.

Our circumstances were different, but I understood my friend's dilemma on principle. With barely a month left in the term, my inbox was flooded with reminders for late library books and notices of the Office of Career Services' office hours, the very last of our college careers. I had so far avoided any reckoning with the latter. To my parents, friends, and the space in my diary gener-

ally reserved for the truth, I'd offered a circuitous answer: *I'll figure that out when it's over.*

It seems that a lot of Harvard graduates end up siding, at least for a while, with Alejo's recruiter. According to *The Harvard Crimson's* annual senior survey (just under half my classmates responded), 34 percent were headed to consulting or finance positions, consistent with the past several years. But with my garden conversation fresh in mind, I went to knock on my House tutor's door. I'd like to request more than marigolds, I told him—specifically, advice on my next few years.

I had thought about law school. I grew up in California's Central Valley, where municipal warnings confirmed the toxicity of bad-air days: *Don't play outside. Limit driving and A.C. usage.* Even in winter, when the polluted air dissolves into rain, I felt tightly sealed in, specimen-like, beneath a cap of air. During the past year, I had watched news reports as smoke from the Butte Fire blanketed my

The author and fellow activists at a Divest Harvard rally this past April: (from left) Caleb Schwartz '20, Flores-Jones, Anand Bradley '19, Owen Torrey '21, Eva Rosenfeld '21, and Sophia Higgins '21



city, bearing advisories that fluctuated between “Very High” and “Serious,” a distinction between severely aggravated asthma and premature death. Friends posted photos of childhood homes, blackened in the blaze or simply disappeared. Images of farm workers picking fruit against a beet-red sky were shared and re-shared: people who couldn’t simply move away, or find a new home.

Those images might have incited despair, anger, or apathy, as they did for some of my friends. But I could read their larger meaning, because at the activities fair my freshman year, I’d found a group of people who taught me how.

THE TABLE was manned by two sophomores. The only thing that seemed “environ-

mental” about their display was a tiny hand-drawn image of Earth. The students, Naima and Sidni, began to talk about “divestment.” Had I heard of the campaign? (I had not.) They continued, undeterred. Dis-investment, or divestment, draws on a long history of boycott tactics. Rather than rely on any one individual’s purchasing power, the campaign tries to flex participants’ collective muscles from within an enormous corporation. If Harvard, the wealthiest university in the world, could be persuaded to stop investing its endowment in fossil-fuel industries, it would send a powerful political and economic message.

The most liberating thing about the campaign, Naima added, was that it enabled students to represent their communities *within* an institution: to convert the advantages of

attending a large university, which so often meant complicity, into action. Naima came from New York City, recently savaged by Superstorm Sandy. That disaster, combined with her work at a Harlem community-resiliency organization, had informed her decision to join the divestment campaign. Three years later she would accept a place at Harvard Law School to study public-interest law.

But this was getting too far ahead. Did I want to come to a mixer?

THIS PAST YEAR, I stood on the other side of the recruitment table. I was the one distributing buttons and analogies to anyone who would listen. Now, the students I spoke with were a little more familiar with the case. More than 400 graduating seniors pinned orange squares on their caps for a joint protest by the campus fossil-fuel and prison divestment campaigns, together interrupting the Class Day exercises with their calls to “Disclose, divest, or this movement will not rest”; a standing ovation greeted Al Gore’s exhortations for immediate climate action [see harvardmag.com/gore-19].

Four years ago, such support seemed impossible. In 2016, the *Crimson* editorial board opined that “Divestment is a profoundly hypocritical answer”—arguing that societal change is impossible until complete individual change is made. And although the editorial board reversed its stance on divestment this past spring, the popularity of their earlier reasoning remains.

Sometimes, the counterarguments slip out as a kind of first-world elitism. In my section for Earth and Planetary Sciences 20: “Earth Resources and the Environment,” after students pointed out that nuclear energy should replace our dependence on carbon-intensive fuels, someone raised the environmental and human price associated with the technology. “Easy,” said the boy across from me. “Just ship the waste to Africa. They’ll use it for development there.”

In grappling with such casual and unconscious environmental racism, I wrestle with a split I have

New Fellows

Joining the editorial staff this fall as the 2019-2020 Berta Greenwald Ledecy Undergraduate Fellows are seniors Julie Chung and Drew Pendergrass. They will contribute in print and online throughout the academic year, taking turns writing the “Undergraduate” column, beginning with the November-December issue, and reporting on other aspects of student and University life, among other responsibilities.

Chung, a proud first-generation collegian from Los Angeles and Adams House, is a social anthropology concentrator who interns at the Harvard College Women’s Center, served as associate editorial editor for *The Harvard Crimson*’s editorial board, and writes personal essays and short fiction as well. She spent the summer in Honolulu, at the University of Hawai’i medical school’s Department of Native Hawaiian Health, where she investigated the relationship between traditional Polynesian canoe voyaging and health while conducting senior-thesis research on making scientific knowledge more accountable to people.

Pendergrass, of Huntsville, Alabama, and Pforzheimer House, is a joint physics and mathematics concentrator with a secondary field in English. He has served as publisher and assistant U.S. politics editor of the *Harvard Political Review* and as associate editor and comp director of *Fifteen Minutes*, the *Crimson*’s weekly magazine. He does research at the Harvard Chan School, analyzing the way



droughts change the global food-trade system, and has published as lead author research he did at the Harvard Paulson School on the impact of climate change on air pollution in Beijing. He spent the summer in Princeton, where he ran climate models on a massive supercomputer cluster for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

The fellowships are supported by Jonathan J. Ledecy ’79, M.B.A. ’83, and named in honor of his mother. For updates on past Ledecy Fellows and links to their work, see harvardmag.com/ledecy.

felt throughout my time at Harvard. Peers, faculty, and community members might vote for climate-change referenda and fill the Yard at rallies. They might place little squares of fabric on their mortarboards. But as soon as there is profit at the other end of the equation, the calculus gets a little more lopsided. Leaders of the College call on students to view themselves as thoroughly capable of launching tech start-ups, participating in major research projects, helping develop educational programs: in short, considering ourselves as empowered actors in every way—so long as we do not question our own entanglement in the institutions around us.

AT HARVARD, would-be student change-makers must funnel their voices through the echo chamber of the Undergraduate Council, or bring their concerns to the frequently closed doors of Massachusetts Hall, as organizers with the Harvard Prison Divestment Campaign (HPDC) did this past year. By the time I joined the climate campaign in the fall of 2015, its activists had already tried both options. Neither the results of a sweepingly

successful student referendum nor appeals to President Drew Faust had broken any ground. The following spring, the campaign decided on another tactic. Four students, including my friend Naima, sat in at Harvard Management Company's office, where financial decisions about investing the endowment are actually made. All four were arrested.

It's easy to misunderstand the two active campus divestment campaigns as comprising student agitators either unappreciative of their education or willful in misconstruing the financial realities of the endowment. Administrators, professors, and even fellow students often express the sentiment that the administration must know best. "Civil discourse" is advocated, as a means of blunting the emotional appeal of "belligerent" students. But that spring 2016 sit-in, and a long-sought meeting with members of the Board of Overseers that finally followed it, taught me differently.

We met in October of my sophomore year, at which point I'd begun to visualize the hours in my day as an increasingly full set of buckets: one for divestment, one for literary comp meetings, and one reserved for

tips from my job as a campus tour guide. Anything that didn't make it into an existing bucket just soaked my feet and clothes. A meeting with the Overseers would overflow the divestment bucket, yet there wasn't much choice: like any other undergraduate club or team, we lost key players every year, so by fall of 2016 I was tapped to sub in.

Like all the conversations since with the Board of Overseers, this one was off the record. I cannot relate the details, but I can describe exactly how it felt. We students spoke about our futures: the places we'd like to see and the lives we want to lead; the children we hoped to have, but think we might not; and the fact that we considered ourselves not only students or future parents, but also members of a global community.

The Overseers were polite. They shook our hands, twice. Our convictions, they said, were admirable. Really, they were right there with us. But they couldn't make the change we ask for. It wasn't in their power.

ON COMMENCEMENT DAY, a photographer snapped a picture of my decorated mortarboard and asked, "What does it say?" I held

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up the cap, hoping that the lettering—"Make my degree, fossil fuel and prison free"—would make it into one of the official streams of graduation coverage. "What is this for?" I asked. "The Gazette," she replied, naming the University's in-house publication, and snapped a second picture. "Of course they can't publish any of it now, but you know. It's like in the '80s, or in '69. Good for the records."

I did know. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Harvard strike fueled by antiwar efforts and the historic struggle for an academic department devoted to African-American studies [see "Echoes of 1969," March-April, page 53], a moment that caused students to protest by the thousands. It had been impossible to ignore the photographs of that moment, which seemed to be everywhere this past spring: a Yard filled with striking students, fists raised.

So when protestors, students, and friends gathered at the steps of Memorial Church at the culmination of this year's Heat Week, in April, it was impossible not to notice the

police officers who flocked to the edges of our celebration like late guests to the party. Three of them stood in the doorway of Sever Hall, an uncertain barricade. Who were they intending to stop? The organizer from the labor union who spoke about learning Spanish only two years before, in order to advocate for her family? The Youth Climate Strikers who had begun cutting their high-school classes every Friday because for them the reality of a wrecked planet is not a fat paycheck, but rather a drowned classroom?

Some members of the class of '69 had joined us at the rally. It began to rain, and the crowd, initially attracted by the music and speeches, began to dwindle. I wondered whether our event seemed pitiful by comparison.

IN MY TUTOR'S OFFICE, I related this anecdote as proof of my failed capacity as an organizer. He cut me off. "Why don't you try it in the real world?" I looked at him. "Not law school—a campaign, another campaign.

How can you say you've failed when you've only just begun?"

Until that point I had thought of college as just one more bucket, meant to hold all these thoughts and encounters and keep them away from the rest of the real world. I had considered progress in the same way, as a number of containers that might hold only so much water and no more. I saw myself jealously guarding these buckets of experience as if I had only played a role in filling them to the top.

Now I asked myself: What if I'd gotten it wrong? What if the role of these buckets was not to continue taking on water? What if it was time to pour some out?

I thanked the tutor. I walked downstairs, into the kitchen, where the bell above the fireplace was ringing to announce dinner, where we would sit down to eat, discussing this day, and tomorrow, and then the next. ▢

Isa Flores-Jones '19 now works for the Sunrise Movement, a youth-led climate campaign to win good jobs and a livable future, and is trying to enjoy the present.

SPORTS

No Doubt

*Linda Liedel '21 always knew
how good she could be.*

AT FOUR YEARS OLD, Linda Liedel '21 decided she wanted to play soccer, following in the footsteps of her older brother. Her parents said sure, go for it.

The trash talk started immediately, not just from opposing players, but also from their parents, who made it clear that a girl didn't belong on a field of boys. "They were like, 'You should not be playing this sport, what are you doing here, this is the wrong gym,'" Liedel recalled. She remembers her mother's shock at the taunts—were they really saying that to her daughter?

Most players fight for playing time. Liedel, born and raised in Mainz, Germany, had to prove she even deserved consideration. "If a guy plays, it's like, 'Okay, he has probably worked out, has the talent,'" she said in a spring interview. "For me, the assumption



was always, 'What is this girl doing here?'" (Soccer is Germany's number one sport, Liedel clarified, but mostly for boys. Most cities, like Mainz, didn't have girls' teams; to play that way would have required selection by a competitive regional team.) With no reasonable expectation of local crowd support, she focused on what she could control: her on-field performance. Usually, after a few minutes, she earned their silence.

At around 10 years old, Liedel started get-

Liedel (at left), representing Germany in Spain's 2019 La Manga Tournament, competes for the ball with a Danish rival.

ting noticed by scouts and was selected for the "Southwest" state team, one of 21 regional German squads with teams in each age division. Once a year, the states gathered for a massive tournament, with prominent German coaches in conspicuous attendance, searching for the best athletes. When she was 13, she received a call-up for the U-15

German girls' national team. In two international games against Sweden, she took the field as one of the team's youngest members.

It was an exceptional achievement—a repudiation of those who thought she didn't belong on any field. But that's not how she saw it. "I've never been someone who put a lot of value in external judgment," she said. "Either way,...selected or not, I would have kept believing in myself."

This belief would be put to the test. As she grew, Liedel began feeling pain and swelling in her knees. Playing soccer was impossible; even walking up the stairs proved challenging. For some, inflammation related to a growth spurt can go away within a few weeks or months with rest. For Liedel, the inflammation kept her out for nearly two years. She switched among local teams, hoping an affiliated doctor could guide her through her chronic inflammation, but one physician after another suggested that, given the lack of progress on her recovery and her tall, thin stature, she should think about doing something other than soccer.

Unable to practice or compete and lacking support, she missed out on national team selection and fell out of organized soccer entirely. She began going to the gym alone, to ride the stationary bike—one of the few exercises that didn't agitate her knees. She hoped that if she kept in shape, she could hop back on the field as soon as the pain stopped.

At 15, Liedel was back in action. But even though the pain had faded, her time on the field didn't last. She was nagged by aches and pains, her body getting re-acclimated to in-game competition. "It was just so tough not being able to express yourself on the pitch as you like to," she recalled. Before her knee problems, she'd most often played defensive or central midfielder, two of the positions most constantly involved in the action. The best midfielders are the most intuitive, picking off opponents' passes, controlling the tempo, and getting the ball by ground or by air to the players best positioned to strike. Elite midfielders seem to have a sixth sense for what's happening around them within and beyond their fields of vision—a skill honed by constant practice. After a long layoff, she

felt some of her instincts had faded. Still, she knew her potential exceeded what others expected of her. "Even though I might not be able to show it and other people might not see it, I'll get there," she thought.

Liedel earned another chance to represent Germany, this time on the U-16 national team. In her first tournament back, months after battling chronic pain, she broke her left foot. That disappointed but didn't crush her. After sitting out for years with an ambiguous injury, she was thankful she had a clear diagnosis and a timeline to return. Quitting wasn't an option.

LIEDEL ACKNOWLEDGES NOW that when she arrived at Harvard in 2017, the coaches didn't really know what to expect. Her record was riddled with injuries, and she had never stuck to a specific position. Whether her potential would manifest itself was anyone's guess. During her freshman fall season, she bounced among offense, midfield, and defense, never quite settling.

Adjusting to the game was a struggle. While her American teammates had competed all their lives with girls in their age group, she had played mostly against boys and semi-professional women twice her age. And though the European game places a strong emphasis on skills, American players tend to be stronger, because they incorporate weightlifting into training earlier. At the start, Liedel struggled to compete with her teammates' endurance, speed, and strength. Off the field, she spent most of her time in the library. "Probably too much," she joked. She had always excelled academically—a huge reason for deciding to come to the United States in the first place—but she had attended a German-French bilingual school where English was spoken about three hours a week, and not at a high academic level. Freshman fall is a time of flux for most, but Liedel had faced instability before. Her goals, though, remained constant.

At the end of the fall semester, her coaches began placing her at central defender—the final line of defense. The position clicked.

Highly skilled, with great field vision, she pushed herself during the spring to become fit enough to keep up with the league's most explosive attackers and strong enough to wrestle the ball away from them on the ground or in the air. Her



Linda Liedel

HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMUNICATIONS

midfield experience made her more confident than most defenders in taking on opponents with the ball at her feet, even when an error could cost the team a goal. Given Liedel's unconventional style, defense could become offense in a split second. Potential scoring drives often began with an arching long ball from her, a skill she's honed with both feet.

Liedel takes a highly focused approach in all facets of her life. When she's not on the field or training, she's either eating (often on the run), sleeping (eight to nine hours a night), or studying (as a psychology concentrator). "If I didn't put everything I had into my studies, I feel like I wouldn't be able to play as well," she said. "I just like knowing that I give the two sides everything I can." During her freshman summer—a time when her friends were studying abroad or taking internships—she decided to give training her full attention. Back home in Mainz, she worked out two to three times a day, lifting weights, running, and jumping in with local boys' teams.

When she returned for sophomore year, the vision she'd always had of herself started lining up with her performance. She anchored Harvard's defense on the way to six shutout performances and in the process, earned a place on Germany's U-19 national team. Her goal is to play professionally after college and, she hopes, someday, to make the full German national team. On the side, she plans to continue studying and possibly to start a nonprofit or enter politics. It's a lot to hope for, but as those long-ago parents who taunted her learned, there's no use doubting Linda Liedel.

—JACOB SWEET

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Color and Incarceration

Historian
Elizabeth Hinton
probes the roots of
a gathering crisis.

by
LYDIALYLE
GIBSON



IN 2005, during her first year of graduate school, Elizabeth Hinton traveled from New York to California to visit her cousin in prison. In some ways, she understood what to expect: for most of her childhood, she'd known family members who cycled in and out of jail, caught up in drugs and addiction and poverty. Their experience was a large part of why, as a little girl, she had wanted to become a criminal defense attorney, and later, why she was drawn to African-American history and explorations of crime and

punishment. That path would lead eventually to a career in a field that was just beginning to coalesce: the study of mass incarceration.

Even if prison was a familiar concept, though, witnessing it firsthand was shattering in ways she hadn't anticipated. Her cousin was at the High Desert State Prison in Susanville, and to get there, she and her mother had flown to Reno, and then driven a rental car five hours to a motel in a town where everyone they saw knew why they were there.

Inside the gates, the two were screened, their clothing examined to make sure it conformed to the rules: nothing too tight-fitting, no jeans, no bras with metal. “Especially as a woman visiting a man in prison,” Hinton says, “you undergo a process of dehumanization and scrutiny—and criminalization—where you can be searched, where your body can be commented on, where you can be ridiculed by the guards, and where, if you don’t behave a certain way, you can be prevented from seeing your loved one.” She understood this humiliation to be an extension of the power dynamic and cruelty inherent in prison life. She knew that on the other side of the locked doors, her cousin was being strip-searched in preparation for the visit.

And then she stepped into the room where they would see him, a big space full of low tables and plastic chairs that reminded her of an elementary school. There were dull pencils for playing games like Scrabble (pens were forbidden), and vending machines along the wall, where people would line up to buy frozen foods—sandwiches, chicken wings, pizzas, pies—that tasted better than the prison meals they were used to. Most of the incarcerated were African American or Latino, and nearly all the guards were white. “And I looked around and saw all these black and brown families,” Hinton says: men talking to their children, sitting with their wives, with whom they could interact only in this room, whom they could touch only twice—hello and goodbye—and then only briefly. She thought about what all this meant for generations of children.

“It was really stark,” she says. “And I just thought, ‘Oh my God, how did this happen?’”

Origins of the Carceral State

A LITTLE MORE than a decade later, Hinton had an answer. In 2016, she published *From the War on Poverty to the War on Crime: The Making of Mass Incarceration in America*, a book that cemented her reputation, at the age of 33, as a rising star in a burgeoning field. In it, Hinton, Loeb associate professor of history and of African and African American studies, tells the story of how federal policies—shaped by presidential administrations and endorsed by Congress—ratcheted up surveillance and punishment in black urban neighborhoods from the 1960s through the 1980s, how criminalization was steadily expanded, and how all of this was driven by deeply held assumptions about the cultural and behavioral inferiority of black Americans.

Her biggest revelation—the central irony in a book full of them—is that the contemporary carceral state began to take hold, not under law-and-order conservatives like Ronald Reagan or Richard Nixon, the men usually held responsible, but under liberals, most notably Lyndon Johnson, whose Great Society social-welfare programs were enacted at the height of the civil-rights movement. Those programs began with sincere intentions but were never independent, Hinton argues, from federal policymakers’ “desire for social control, or from their concerns about crime.” In meticulous detail, she lays out how “the War on Poverty is best understood not as an effort to broadly uplift communities or as a moral crusade to transform society by combating inequality or want, but as a manifestation of fear about urban disorder and about the behavior of young people, particularly young African Americans.”

The notion that mass incarceration was a bipartisan project from the beginning—indeed, that its earliest innovators were social liberals concerned about poverty—was a significant finding. “And remember, when Elizabeth started this research, nobody was really working on the history of this crisis,” says Heather Ann Thomp-

son, a historian at the University of Michigan (and a graduate and postgraduate advisor to Hinton), whose 2010 journal article “Why Mass Incarceration Matters” was one of the early publications that broke open the field. A flood of scholarship followed, but most of it, Thompson says, examined elements of present-day incarceration; “Elizabeth’s work shows how we got here. It helps us understand a part of the past we just didn’t understand before.”

Hinton’s research led her through the White House Central Files of every administration from John F. Kennedy’s to Reagan’s, looking for any shred of information related to crime, punishment, and African Americans. Her requests to declassify documents turned up tens of thousands of pages of internal memoranda, reports, meeting notes, and correspondence (a few declassification requests are still pending with the Reagan Library). “Her work has definitely changed the narrative,” says Khalil Gibran Muhammad, professor of history, race, and public policy, whose 2010 book *The Condemnation of Blackness* documented the Progressive Era origins of the discourse linking crime and race (see “Writing Crime into Race,” July-August 2018, page 57). Tommie Shelby, Titcomb professor of African and African American studies and philosophy, was on the search committee that hired Hinton. “She’s a person whose work you have to engage with if you’re studying the penal dimensions of the state,” he says. “And not just in history—in political science, law, sociology, she cuts across fields.”

The story that unwinds in *From the War on Poverty to the War on Crime* is chilling. In March 1965, Hinton writes, President Johnson sent three bills to Congress that epitomized the federal government’s ambivalent response to the civil-rights movement: the Housing and Urban Development Act, the Voting Rights Act, and the Law Enforcement Assistance Act. The latter bill, signed into law a month after violent uprisings in Los Angeles’s segregated Watts neighborhood, marked the official start of the War on Crime. For the first time in U.S. history, the federal government began to take a direct role in local police, courts, and prisons.

Three years later, the Safe Streets Act created the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which figures as a main culprit in her account. It funneled federal money into local police departments—a total of \$10 billion by 1981 (\$25 billion in today’s dollars)—to increase manpower, modernize forces, and arm officers with military-grade weapons. And it helped widen local law-enforcement patrols and surveillance operations in cities with large African-American populations.

Meanwhile, Johnson’s poverty initiatives increasingly gave way to crime-fighting, as programs dedicated to health, housing, education, recreation, and job training came to be partly—or sometimes wholly—administered by law-enforcement agencies. Even as federal policymakers recognized that joblessness, failing schools, inadequate housing, and inequality lay at the root of urban ills—including crime—they repeatedly turned to law enforcement as the solution.

These measures were backed by scholars at the time. Harvard political scientists James Q. Wilson and Edward Banfield advocated divesting from social-welfare initiatives, and sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan’s famous publication, *The Negro Family* (known as the Moynihan Report), popularized the idea of a self-perpetuating “tangle of pathology” among black families. All three, Hinton writes, came to view black poverty “as a fact of American life,” and black crime and violence as innate. Their ideas helped push the Nixon administration, several years later, toward a belief that black cultural pathology, not poverty, was the real cause of crime.

And so, in low-income black neighborhoods, law enforcement became a ubiquitous part of the social and political landscape, and strategies intended to identify residents at risk of becoming criminals encouraged authorities to provoke interactions with them, creating, Hinton notes, a feedback loop of crime and enforcement. A few saw the danger looming. She quotes James Vorenberg, a former dean of Harvard Law School and director of Johnson's Crime Commission: "As soon as we start dealing with the kids in [certain]

to improve safety but made housing projects into pipelines to prison.

The book ends in the 1980s, with Ronald Reagan, the War on Drugs, and the prison population mushrooming as new laws put drug users behind bars, especially African Americans: policies hardened penalties for crack cocaine, associated with black drug users, far beyond those for powder cocaine, more commonly associated with whites. The Reagan administration tightened the connections between the military and police and initiated, under the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984, the asset-forfeiture system allowing police to seize cash and property from accused drug dealers, incentivizing increased arrest rates and what amounted to theft among corrupt officers.

Yet for all the law-enforcement initiatives targeting urban black neighborhoods, those places remain plagued by crime and violence, Hinton observes, over-policed and under-protected: "The War on Crime and the War on Drugs are two of the largest policy failures in the history of the United States." In the century between the end of the Civil War and the start of Johnson's War on Crime, "a total of 184,901 Americans entered state and federal prisons," she writes. Between 1965 and the launch of the War on Drugs less than 20 years later, state and federal prisons added another 251,107 inmates.

Today, roughly 2 million people are incarcerated in this country, 60 percent of them African American or Latino. The United States, with 5 percent of the global population but 25 percent of its prisoners, is home to the largest prison system in the history of the world, with an incarceration rate that is five to 10 times that of peer nations. Altogether, the federal, state, and local penal systems cost taxpayers \$80 billion per year, and some states, Hinton writes, spend more money imprisoning young people than educating them.

The human cost is incalculably more: generations of young people of color, systematically removed from their communities, now living, she says, in "faraway cages."

The Sociology of Saginaw

HINTON SPENT HER CHILDHOOD in the shadow of those crime policies. She grew up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the daughter of Ann Pearlman, a psychotherapist and writer, and Alfred Hinton, a professional-football-player-turned-art-professor at the University of Michigan. But deeper roots lay about an hour north, in Saginaw, a once-thriving industrial city to which her father's parents had migrated from Columbus, Georgia, in the 1950s, joining thousands of other African Americans who came to the city during the war years and afterward to work in its factories and foundries.

"It's a very typical American story," Hinton says: General Motors offered her grandfather a job and a bus ticket, and he rode north in search of a better life for his family. "And just like so many," she says, "he bought a house"—a little bungalow on a pretty residential street—"and integrated a white neighborhood." Within five years, all the white residents had moved out, and in the decades that followed, manufacturing slowed and plants started closing. By the time Hinton was young, visiting from Ann Arbor on weekends, the vibrant autoworker neighborhood her grandparents had moved into was



STAN WAYMAN/THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION VIA GETTY IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES

categories as potential delinquents, and we put that label on them," he told a congressional committee in 1967, "we may be creating a self-fulfilling prophecy." Yet Vorenberg, too, supported a strategy of surveillance.

The Nixon administration ushered in dramatically more punitive policies, withdrawing further from social reforms and rehabilitative measures in favor of harsher punishments: longer sentences, preventive detention, broad wiretapping, no-knock raids. Sting operations often created crime, setting up decoy fencing operations and whole underground economies that incentivized the poor and unemployed to steal from one another.

Using flawed predictions of African-American population growth, the administration set in motion a long-range plan to vastly expand and modernize prisons—"one of the first declarations," Hinton says, of policymakers' decision "to try to manage inequality rather than to ameliorate it." Meanwhile, block grants pushed states to spend money widening their own corrections programs. When Nixon took office in 1969, the country had fewer than 20 federal prisons; by 1977, the government had opened 15 more—4,871 new beds, which came to be filled, Hinton writes, by the 4,904 new black and Latino inmates taken in during those same years.

Her narrative carries through the administrations of Gerald Ford, under whom juvenile-detention facilities multiplied and white youths were treated as merely troubled while black youths were dealt with as criminal; and of Jimmy Carter, who, despite his progressive intentions channeled millions of federal dollars to public-housing authorities for surveillance and patrols that failed

A police officer plays cards with locals at a Washington, D.C., teen center in 1968, part of a push to link policing and social services.

Hinton wanted to chart a history of gang violence, to show how, for instance, drive-by shootings were not simply natural events, but distinct and particular, a behavior rooted in history and circumstances.

beginning to fall apart. The home next door became a crack house; others stood abandoned. Eventually, her grandfather ("Big Papa," she calls him—her book is dedicated to him) left the neighborhood, too.

Amid the joblessness and hopelessness and worsening crime, some of Hinton's cousins began to get into trouble. They were using drugs. They were in and out of prison, in and out of recovery and relapse. "And I understood why," she says. "I mean, Big Papa bought this house

and had so many hopes and dreams. And was soon living next to a crack house. The environment itself told the story." To her, that story felt like a continuation of another one, which her family had been telling for as long as she could remember: about slavery and sharecropping and Jim Crow, about segregation and the civil-rights movement and centuries of racial oppression. The way she saw it, her cousins' addiction and incarceration were inseparable from the poverty all around them in Saginaw: "I knew they were human, and I knew that like anybody else, they were complicated and contradictory, and that they were dealing with a particularly devastating set of circumstances....It was something that weighed heavily over my childhood."

The sharp contrast to her own life and prospects in Ann Arbor, a college town with resources and a robust social fabric, corroborated her sense that what was happening to her family in Saginaw was deeply sociological, deeply tied to history. "I remember getting into arguments with friends in Ann Arbor about things like welfare and violence and incarceration," Hinton says. "Because most of them didn't have the same exposure—they didn't have people in their families or in their lives who were on welfare, or in prison, or addicted to drugs. And so they didn't have the same perspective." Those debates, too, fueled a desire to figure out the factors she perceived to be at work, to map the contours more precisely.

Her first chance to do original research came in high school. She took an American studies class her junior year and wrote a paper, based on her reading of slave narratives collected in the 1930s, arguing that the Declaration of Independence legitimized slave revolts—"basically," she says, "that, under its principles, they had a right to rebel." A second research paper looked at FBI actions against the Black Panther Party, drawing on party co-founder Huey P. Newton's 1980 doctoral dissertation, "War Against the Panthers: A

Harlem residents confront police in 1970; the drastic rise of police presence in black neighborhoods often led to friction.



Study of Repression in America" (her mother had a copy at home).

Hinton arrived at New York University's Gallatin School in 2001 and carved out an individual major in historical sociology, exploring, from a black-studies perspective, the experiences of people of African descent in the Western Hemisphere. She worked as a research assistant for historian Robin D.G. Kelley, who was writing a biography of jazz musician Thelonious Monk, and fell in love with the archives. She began to see how research and storytelling could lift unseen narratives out of the slough of history.

She started graduate school at Columbia with questions in mind. "I really wanted to write about violence," she says. "Because one of the big injustices I saw, and that frustrated me in those early debates with friends back in Ann Arbor, was that there was no historical explanation of violence in low-income communities of color." It was still seen as something inevitable, a result of the "tangle of pathology" Moynihan had theorized about 40 years earlier. Hinton wanted to chart a history of gang violence in the late twentieth century, to show how, for instance, drive-by shootings were not simply natural events, but distinct and particular, a behavior that *came from somewhere*, rooted in a history of policies and disinvestments.

But the archives she needed didn't yet exist, she soon discovered, in part because the data were difficult to obtain, stacked away in countless diffuse newspaper accounts and oral histories, and in official police records that often weren't open to the public.

At about that same time, she began visiting her cousin in prison. And in that big room with the low tables and the vending machines and all those other black and brown families, everything shifted.

"How We Got Here"

ON A LATE AFTERNOON in mid March, Hinton is standing at the front of a first-floor Boylston Hall classroom packed to the walls with students and backpacks and the mild commotion of mid-term anxiety. Her "Urban Inequality after Civil Rights" class is embarking on a discussion of policing and incarceration. "Every time rights are extended to African-American groups," Hinton tells students, a diverse bunch of about 30 undergraduates and a few grad students, "there's a subsequent turn toward crimi-

Revisiting Angela Davis

WHEN NEWS BROKE in early 2018 that the Schlesinger Library had acquired the papers of radical activist and academic Angela Davis, an icon since the 1970s, perhaps no one on Harvard's campus was more thrilled than Elizabeth Hinton. "She's one of the most important figures of the twentieth century, and her life story and political commitments intersect with pretty much every major social movement of the last 50 years—not just on a national scale, but a global scale," explains the historian of mass incarceration, whose own work is deeply influenced by Davis's ideas on black liberation, the "prison industrial complex" (a Davis coinage), racism in the criminal-justice system, and the consequences of incarceration for women and families.

This fall, Hinton is curating an exhibit and conference drawing on materials from those archives, which stretch from Davis's childhood in Birmingham, Alabama, to the present and include more than 150 boxes of documents, photographs, pamphlets, letters, political buttons—and the famous FBI "Wanted" poster from the weeks in 1970 that Davis spent in hiding. It's a collection of striking breadth, which historian Jane Kamensky, the Schlesinger's Pforzheimer Foundation director, believes will

(see "Two Women, Two Histories," November-December 2007, page 29), and legal scholar Patricia Williams.

Phillips flew to Oakland, California, in late 2017 to help box up materials from Davis's garage and bring them back to Cambridge, and Hinton and two graduate students spent months sorting and organizing. "It felt like such a privilege," says Ph.D. student Jackie Wang. "I mean, in carceral studies, Angela Davis is *the* person. She's one of the founding figures of the prison-abolition movement."

"Angela Davis: Freed by the People," opening September 12 in the Schlesinger's newly renovated gallery, explores the racial violence of Davis's childhood neighborhood; her philosophy studies in the Northeast, Europe, and California; and her decades of scholarship and activism as a radical feminist, civil-rights advocate, and organizer on behalf of political prisoners—and as a member of the Black Panther Party and Communist Party, and, later, co-founder of the prison-abolitionist organization Critical Resistance. And it covers her work as an author. One of Hinton's favorite objects is a typescript of Davis's 1974 autobiography annotated with handwritten comments from her editor, Toni Morrison, Litt.D. '89. Another is Davis's "Open Letter to Black High School Students," composed in prison and set down in handwriting so perfect that it almost looks typed.

Some of the most affecting artifacts come from Davis's early years: childhood photographs, including one as a baby with her mother, Sallye; and a card from a memorial service, sent by the family of Carol Denise McNair, one of the four young girls killed in the 1963 Birmingham church bombing. The McNairs and the Davises were friends.

Much of the exhibit centers on the turbulent period stemming from Davis's activism for the Soledad Brothers, three incarcerated men accused of killing a white prison guard in California. In 1970, guns she had purchased were used in an attack on the Marin County Courthouse that was intended to free the Soledad Brothers but instead left four people dead, including one of the attackers. Davis was not present, but was charged with murder, kidnapping, and criminal conspiracy. After eight weeks underground (hence, the "Wanted" poster), she was captured and spent 18 months in prison, most of it in solitary confinement, before being tried and acquitted. The episode brought her international fame; "Free Angela" became a global rallying cry, and the exhibit includes numerous buttons, posters, banners, and letters of support from around the world—as well as hate mail calling her a public enemy. There are also more intimate glimpses at her ordeal: letters and cards to and from loved ones from the time of her incarceration and trial.

A related conference, "Radical Commitments: The Life and Legacy of Angela Davis," takes place October 28-29; Davis herself is expected to attend. One focus will be the incarceration of women and its effect on families, an issue she has studied—and lived—and something "we need to know a lot more about," explains Hinton. "It's one of the tentacles of the carceral state." Among those contributing to the conference will be a group of incarcerated women who have earned college degrees in prison and participated in a summer workshop that Hinton co-organized; they studied Davis's major works and conducted research using documents from the archive. "It was really important to me—and I know important to Angela, too—to include those voices," Hinton says. "To talk not just *about* these women, but *with* them."



help fill out the picture of a figure who is "known as an icon, but not as richly understood as a thinker." Kenvi Phillips, curator for race and ethnicity, puts it another way: Angela Davis is "someone people absolutely love or absolutely hate but don't necessarily know much about." But "she came from somewhere, and she's very much rooted in specific experiences and ideologies."

The Davis papers, purchased in partnership with the Hutchins Center for African and African American Research, join kindred Schlesinger collections: those of poet-activists June Jordan and Pat Parker, composer-activist Shirley Graham Du Bois, feminist Florynce Kennedy, attorney and civil rights activist Pauli Murray

Hinton arranges materials for the Angela Davis exhibit with (from left) Radcliffe arts program manager Meg Rotzel, gallery coordinator Joe Zane, and Pforzheimer fellow Jackie Wang.

STU ROSNER

nalization and incarceration.” After Emancipation came discriminatory state laws known as “black codes,” then chain gangs and convict leasing. A hundred years later, amid the civil-rights movement, “We get another turn toward policing and confinement.”

Hinton’s lecture draws on some of the threads in her book—lingering on Nixon’s long-range plan for prison construction, Reagan’s militarization of the police during the War on Drugs, and the sting operations and mass arrests that came to characterize the War on Crime—but a couple of moments seem to hit the class especially hard. When Hinton explains that Nixon officials recognized early on the correlation between unemployment and incarceration rates, and took that link *not* as a motivation to create jobs, but as a justification for expanding prisons, an aghast silence fills the room. Hinton nods. “That’s something I can’t get my mind around,” she says. “That you can ignore the factors that fuel crime and incarceration and at the same time use those same figures as a basis for further incarceration.”

For many of the students, it is not the first course they have taken with Hinton. Since joining Harvard in 2014, she has amassed what one colleague calls “an enormous following.” Jackie Wang, a Ph.D. student in African and African American studies (and one of Hinton’s graduate advisees), served as a teaching assistant last fall for Hinton’s course “Mass Incarceration in Historical Perspective.” Enrollment was capped at 35, but Wang remembers that on the first day, more than 150 students showed up. The winnowing was difficult. “Students adore her,” Wang says (this past spring Hinton was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa prize for excellence in teaching). Brandon Terry, assistant professor in African and African American studies, calls Hinton “already bedrock” for the department, and for the study of inequality at Harvard. “She attracts as many graduate students as some of the senior faculty,” says Terry. “And her students are producing pathbreaking work on incarceration and the activism around incarceration.”

Hinton’s arrival (after three years at the University of Michigan—a postdoc followed by a faculty appointment) coincided with an inflection point in the national conversation on race and

policing: about a month before her first semester in Cambridge, Michael Brown was killed in Ferguson, Missouri. She remembers packing for her move amid the protests and watching in amazement as a new national consciousness coalesced around the issues at the heart of her work. She arrived to find the campus in upheaval. Sonya Karel ’18 was a freshman that year and remembers Hinton’s fall course on



Los Angeles police with men in custody after a 1988 anti-gang sweep; officers arrested 1,400 residents in one two-day span that year.

the global history of prisons taking on a new urgency: “Suddenly we were learning this history not only to know it, but to grasp our own moment and to change it.” The following semester Hinton taught “African-American History from the Civil War to the Present,” and her classroom filled with students. Some of them

had never taken a history course before, let alone African-American history. They told her they wanted to understand “how we got here.”

Outside the classroom, she was equally busy, helping students sort through the turmoil. “Elizabeth really rose to that challenge more than anybody else on the faculty,” says Terry. “She was doing multiple events a week”—student-organized panel discussions about race and policing—“and having students routinely break down in tears in her office.” Hinton, he says, is someone students turn to “when their sense of what their society is capable of delivering on has fallen apart. She’s a real source of support in those dark moments. And that doesn’t go on a person’s CV.”

Hinton remembers those days too. “There were a couple of weeks there where it felt like Brandon and I were doing an event every night,” she says, “and we’d have a line out the door during office hours, and, you know, you can’t get out of there.” But it’s an important part of the job, she believes. “It’s hard for me to say no to students. I think for a lot of young faculty of color, this is a kind of invisible labor that we do.”

Scholars as Activists

JUST AS she has found that teaching doesn’t only mean instruction, working as a scholar in carceral studies doesn’t only mean research. “She is a committed activist,” Heather Ann Thompson says. “In this field, it’s a logical expression of one’s work—you want to help try to undo the trauma in your findings. And she’s also a first-rate scholar. She’s a model for how to strike that balance.” Hinton has advocated for changes to incarceration policy, and she is “incredibly important,” Terry says, “for the movement toward a real reckoning with our history of incarceration.” *(please turn to page 78)*

Hinton is someone students turn to “when their sense of what their society is capable of delivering on has fallen apart. She’s a real source of support in those dark moments.”

COLOR AND INCARCERATION

(continued from page 45)

At Harvard, the scholar-activism balance has sometimes been uneasy. In 2017, Hinton and other history department colleagues endorsed the graduate-school application of Michelle Jones, who became an accomplished historian while serving more than 20 years in prison for the murder of her four-year-old son. Countermanding that recommendation, though, the University rejected Jones's application (she's now a Ph.D. candidate at NYU), a decision that made national news and sparked controversy; Hinton, who had championed Jones vigorously, was devastated.

More recently, she has been pressing Harvard to launch a prison education program for people in Massachusetts correctional facilities. All of Harvard's Ivy League peers except Dartmouth already offer courses or degree programs in prisons near their campuses, taught by faculty members and students, and usually accredited through their schools of continuing education or local community colleges; Hinton particularly admires the programs run by Columbia and NYU.

Education for the incarcerated and the formerly incarcerated has become a central concern in her work. "It's a huge part of her commitment to bringing her scholarship into the real world of criminal justice reform," Khalil Gibran Muhammad says. In her book, she notes that people in prison are among the least educated in society, and that lack of education is a stronger predictor of future incarceration even than race. Taking classes while behind bars, meanwhile, has been shown to markedly reduce recidivism rates, and prisons with education programs are often safer than those without.

But for Hinton, the imperative goes deeper. Bringing education into prisons is an affirmation that the people locked up inside are human beings capable of learning and self-knowledge, that they deserve the chance to grow. That includes, she adds, those sentenced to life without parole: "It is a human right," a good unto itself.

Which brings her back to Harvard. Universities, she argues, are uniquely positioned—and morally bound—to invest in prison education, an investment she believes is key to ameliorating the incarceration crisis. "Sup-

porting faculty research is not enough to actually change lives," she says. Education helps not only by improving the well-being of those imprisoned, but also by cultivating their expertise: "People who have been through this system firsthand really need to be at the forefront of a lot of the policy discussions that we're having about these issues," Hinton says. "And colleges and universities can begin to facilitate these kinds of conversations."

In March 2018, Hinton co-organized a conference, "Beyond the Gates," proposing a Harvard-run prison education program. The University has not yet taken up that proposal, a point of frustration for Hinton and the other organizers; but "We all knew this was going to be a long-game situation," says Elsa Hardy, a Ph.D. student and Hinton advisee who researched Harvard's history of prison education for the conference (and is planning a career in prison education). "We wanted to hear from people who have been incarcerated and have had their lives changed by these programs, and from practitioners who have developed them," says conference co-organizer Garrett Felber, a University of Mississippi historian

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who was a Warren Center visiting scholar that year. “To say, ‘Look, this is what can be done.’” Muhammad moderated a panel of formerly incarcerated speakers now working in prison education and in re-entry efforts for those released. They talked about the hell they’d been through and the college courses they’d clung to like a raft.

The following evening, listeners filed into Sanders Theatre for a discussion among activists, scholars, and former inmates (including Jones). “I am one of 70 million Americans who have a criminal conviction,” said Bard College graduate Darren Mack. “Education is meant to transform, to change us, and to change the world,” said conference co-organizer Kaia Stern, a Harvard Graduate School of Education lecturer and director of the Prison Studies Project, which for several years led “inside-out” courses bringing students from Harvard and Boston University together with incarcerated students to attend classes.

Conant University Professor Danielle Allen, director of the Safra Center for Ethics, whose 2017 memoir *Cuz* told the story of her cousin who spent more than a decade in prison and was murdered a few years af-

ter his release, delivered the introductory remarks that night. “It is possible to live in a different world, to think of wrongdoing and rehabilitation differently,” Allen said. “It’s not crazy; it’s not a utopia.”

* * *

RECENTLY, Hinton’s research has returned her to an old question, and to a place that in some ways feels like home. For the past few years, she has been working with the police department in Stockton, California, a small city in the Central Valley with a gun-violence rate higher than Chicago’s and a black population that has historically distrusted the police. She was awarded a Carnegie fellowship to spend this academic year there; she’s been helping the department conduct a “reconciliation process” with the community, uncovering and addressing longstanding sources of tension. In return, Chief Eric Jones granted her access to decades of police administrative files—exactly the kind of archive that could help put together a history of gang violence. She’s still in the early stages of her research, but, she says, “I’m trying to tell the history of a city in order to historicize violence.” She pauses for a moment, then

Bringing education into prisons is an affirmation that the people locked up inside are human beings capable of self-knowledge, that they deserve the chance to grow.

adds, “I mean, I’ve always wanted to write about Saginaw”—and in Stockton, she sees elements of her cousins’ hometown: segregated, struggling economically, with areas of deep poverty that are heavily policed.

“In some ways these places, like Stockton and Saginaw and Ferguson, this is what much of America looks like,” she continues. “These cities have a lot to teach us about how we got to where we are.”

Associate editor Lydialyle Gibson profiled physician-poet Rafael Campo in the May-June 2019 issue.

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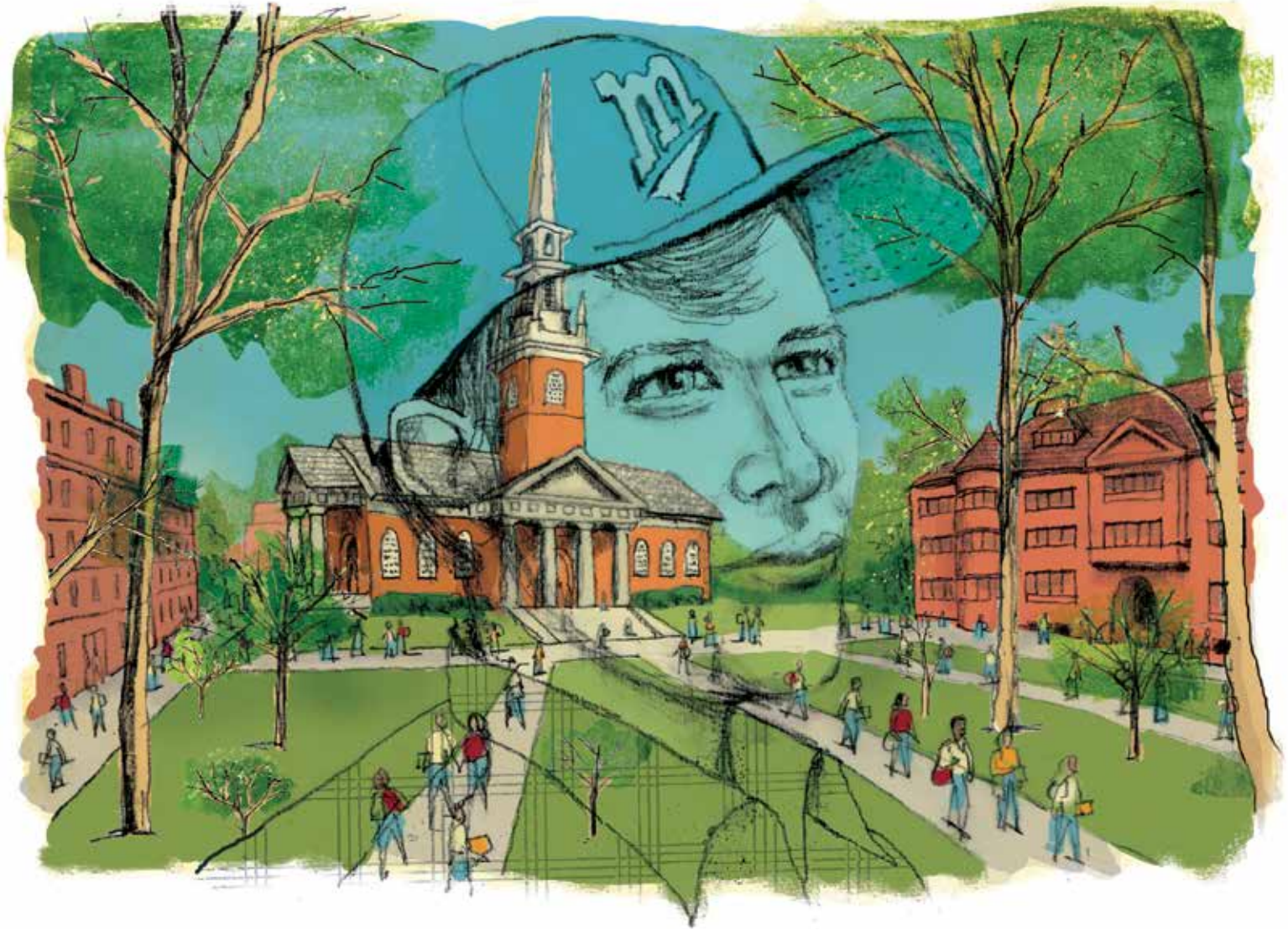
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 **TURN BACK TO PAGE 17**

Throw Your Fastball

A LIFE LESSON FROM WILLIE BANKS



ESSAY

AS I LOOK BACK on the path that's taken me from adolescence to middle age, my overwhelming sense is that the processes of maturation and personal growth have largely been gradual, indeed almost imperceptible. Nothing seems to change from one day to the next, and only when I pause to look back over the decades do I see just how different the "me" of today is from his 18-year-old counterpart.

Only once in my life have I experienced what I'd regard as a true moment of epiphany. It happened the summer after my freshman year in college. July 23, 1987, to be precise. And it was prompted by an otherwise long-forgotten article in the sports section of the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*.

I HAD GONE OFF to Harvard from a tiny town in rural Minnesota and its tiny public high school. My mom was a secretary and my dad was, mostly, someone

who repaired farm equipment. Our house was not filled with books, and our dinner conversations were not sophisticated explorations of the issues of the day. I associate no value judgments with those descriptions, other than that none of it prepared me for what I encountered in Cambridge.

So there was culture shock. I had never lived in a city. More than that, when it came to socioeconomic status I lagged well behind my new peers on both the socio and economic components. No doubt I wandered through the Yard throwing off class markers like crazy, while at the same time being largely unable to recognize the existence of, much less interpret, the ones confronting me. Things were different, that I knew. What took me a long time to figure out was how and why they were different.

And then there were the academics. I had never dealt with material of that volume or complexity. I had never struggled to make sense of things. It was a year

by CHAD OLDFATHER

of reading Kant and laboring to understand a single paragraph, then having no real ability to tie the ideas from multiple paragraphs together. Of having to write papers that I had no idea how to approach. Of not appreciating what it meant to work at something, because I had never had to do it before. Meanwhile it seemed like everyone else knew what was going on, or at a minimum had learned things in high school that I hadn't even dreamed of.

I vividly recall walking through Harvard Yard during my first semester and thinking to myself, "Well, even if I fail out it will still be pretty cool to say I went here for a little while."

I was intimidated in the full "made timid" sense of the word. I held back. I wasn't sure my thoughts were worthy of class discussion, and I certainly wasn't about to offer up anything that seemed to me like it might be a novel take. I spoke when spoken to, and as little as possible. A common side effect of trying not to look stupid is that you end up not looking smart, either, and that is exactly how I pulled it off.

I didn't fail out, or even come close, really, but that first year's transcript is not attractive. The word "disaster" isn't entirely inapt. You wouldn't exactly call the nonacademic side of the year a rousing success either. I made a handful of good friends, but fewer than I would were I to do it again. I talked myself out of doing things the 51-year-old version of myself very badly wishes he had done.

And so there I sat in a parking lot in suburban Minneapolis, in a car I had borrowed from my grandmother, the wisdom of the past year's timidity seemingly confirmed by the results it had brought. I was there waiting for my girlfriend and her family to meet me for some now-forgotten activity. The parking lot was nearly empty and drenched in sun. I bought a newspaper from a box outside a fast-food restaurant.

WHETHER IT WAS on the front of the sports section or buried inside, I can no longer tell you. But what I vividly recall is an article about a kid named Willie Banks. Banks was a pitcher, and had been the Minnesota Twins' top pick in the most recent draft. He had absolutely dominated at the high-school level, and to this day he remains the highest-drafted player out of New Jersey.

So far, however, his professional career had not lived up to expectations. He had been, as the article put it, "knocked and swatted around like some middle-aged man at a fantasy camp."

Why? Well, there was some culture shock. He had gone from Jersey City to a small town in the South. The stadiums, while still in the minor leagues, were impressive. This was the next level.

And he had changed his approach. His fastball was his best pitch, but he was relying on the curveball. He had watched too much batting practice, and seen the players on the other team crushing the ball. He was intimidated. What if they did that to him?

Thanks to the magic of the Internet, I recently found the article, and I reread it for the first time since I sat in that parking lot in 1987. It doesn't build to a punch line in quite the way I had remembered, but it makes its point just the same.

Banks himself had an idea about the nature of his problem, saying, "I just got to go out there and get my cockiness back." And the key quote—the one I've carried with me all these years—is there. It's from a catcher named Mark Ericson: "[H]e's a little afraid to throw his fastball. I don't know, he thinks they're gonna rip it. But they're

not, not here. Once he realizes that, he'll be all right."

It's no shiny aphorism or motivational-poster-worthy quote. I doubt that, in the moment, I even realized that it would stick with me for the rest of my life. I was not some high-profile, high-school superstar like Willie Banks. Harvard didn't accept me thinking it was only a matter of time before I collected my Nobel Prize. Rather than a first-round pick I was a kid from the sticks whose ability to take standardized tests made him akin to an unpolished player worth a late-round pick because he can throw the ball really hard and you just never know.

Yet even with all these differences I saw my problems in Willie Banks's problems, and my solution in his. The phrase stuck with me. I had to learn to trust my fastball, to not be afraid to go with my best stuff just because it might get hit. I'd get nowhere simply by trying not to look stupid.

Measured by whether I could intelligently hold forth about the subjects of the classes I had taken my freshman year, I hadn't learned much. But I had, it turned out, absorbed something. I had, apparently, intuited a few lessons about how to be a better student. And I had a better approach, more courage to take some risks, a resolve to put forth my best effort and my best ideas and see what they might get me. To throw my fastball.

PERHAPS IMPROBABLY, it worked. That very next semester every single one of my grades was an A. And while I can't tell you that I performed at that level for the entire remainder of my time in Cambridge, things in the classroom were never again like that first year.

Of course, my process of becoming wasn't over. I had to figure out how to navigate law school, then the law firm world, and then the world of legal academia. Each has involved moments of uncertainty, and times where I've caught myself falling back on the curveball. Three-plus decades on I still remind myself, when I'm about to do something that seems big and intimidating, to throw the fastball.

"I wasn't sure my thoughts were worthy of class discussion, and I certainly wasn't about to offer up anything that seemed like a novel take."

Speaking in front of an audience including some big names? Might as well let it rip. It could get hit, sure. But then again it might not, and there's only one way to find out.

All of this would make for a better story if Willie Banks had figured everything out and gone on to have a Hall of Fame career, and if I were writing this from my faculty office at Harvard. But that's not how it happened. He managed to play nine years in the big leagues, which is no small feat, but he never approached greatness. For my part, well, I can't complain. I found my way to a place in the world that was unimaginable to the 12-year-old version of me pedaling his bike around Kiester, Minnesota. There've been tough stretches, sure, and while I've managed to accumulate a handful of plaques over the years, none of mine will be for the Hall of Fame either. But it's been solid enough, and better than this kid from a tiny school in a tiny town had any right to expect. And I'm grateful for that, and to Willie Banks for the inspiration. ▢

Chad M. Oldfather '90 is professor of law at Marquette University Law School, in Milwaukee.



A World of Literature

David Damrosch's literary global reach

by Spencer Lee Lenfield

THE RÉSUMÉ of Harvard's Bernbaum professor of comparative literature might create the impression that "comp lit" means "the study of any literature from anywhere, ever." At various points in his career, David Damrosch has written about the epic of Gilgamesh, the Hebrew Bible, the Sanskrit verse dramatist Kālidāsa, visions of medieval Belgian nuns, Aztec poetry, Kafka, the Chinese intellectual Hu Shih, the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss's *Tristes Tropiques*, and the oral autobiography of K'iche' Guatemalan Nobel laureate and activist Rigoberta Menchú. Most scholars define themselves as specialists

in one or two centuries of one or two regions; Damrosch's work across time and space makes him an outlier. He says he tells people, "I work mostly on literature between roughly 2000 and 2015. But '2000' means 2000 B.C.E."

He is best known for his advocacy of "world literature," which he defines in his (sensibly titled) 2003 book *What Is World Literature?* as "all literary works that circulate beyond their culture of origin, either in translation or in their original language." This does *not* mean all literature ever created: some stays within the culture and language that produced it, and never leaves. *World literature* happens

when Russian novels remake English literature; when a Turkish writer takes inspiration from a Colombian writer; when Japanese critics review translations of Lebanese poetry. It almost always involves re-interpretation and misunderstanding: a Spanish monk sent to suppress Aztec literature ended up disseminating it instead; subsequently, Aztec hymns envision a Christian God urging revolt against the Spaniards. World literature is also nothing new under the sun: Damrosch's first book, *Narrative Covenant*, is about the influence of a range of Mesopotamian literatures from the first millennium B.C.E. on the composition of much of the Bible.

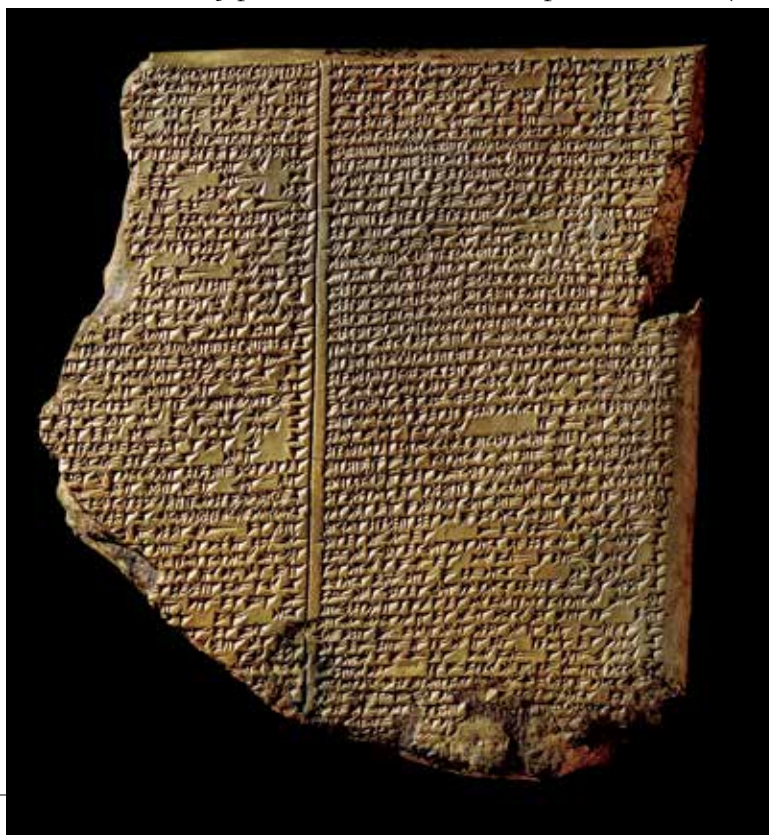
The field first gained traction in American universities around the turn of this century. Damrosch's book appeared within a few years of works by two other scholars commonly tied to the concept: the late Pascale Casanova's *The World Republic of Letters* and Franco Moretti's article "Conjectures on World Literature." Though their individual views differ, the three are often seen as the center of the new global focus in comparative literature. But Damrosch emphasizes that he doesn't want world literature seen as a purely academic notion. "One of the things that's interesting about [it] is that it didn't come from elite graduate schools and percolate down, the way literary theory had," he explains. "It's much more bottom-up—from K-12 schools and community colleges, because they're having these influxes of people from around the world, and they wanted to reach them. So they started teaching world-literature courses."

He also doesn't want to be taken as a central figure in a movement, stressing that a lot has happened in the field since his 2003 book. He wishes other literary scholars would pay greater attention to studies of world literature more recent than his own, as well as work by scholars outside the old European imperial languages (English, French, Spanish, German). "If you're writing in English or French, you're going to get more attention than if you're writing in Slovakian," Damrosch notes. "We really need to look at work that's being done in Italian, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, and in Eastern Europe—in translation if we can't read it in the original—and we need to be getting more translations of things that aren't translated...One of the things world literature has to talk about is its own uneven playing field."

Damrosch's writing, teaching, and conversation heighten the contrast between how much literature exists in the world, and how little of it reaches even voracious readers. You may have read the great

The "Flood Tablet" of the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, recounting the gods' plan to destroy the world in a flood. The epic's oldest parts date to the twenty-second century B.C.E.; this tablet is a copy made in the seventh century B.C.E.

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twentieth-century writers in English, but what about those who wrote in Urdu or Albanian? You may enjoy the nineteenth-century novel, but what about the poetry of eighth-century Persia? "North American audiences, especially in the United States, tend to be quite provincial—a kind of great-power provincialism, paying little attention to the rest of the world and poorly understanding it," he reflects. "If the history of literature runs roughly 5,000 years, a lot of the time we just read work from the last 50 or 100 years, which is the most recent 2 percent of the history of literature." He wants to encourage readers to engage with the other 98 percent—"these earlier periods that tell us a lot more about the world."

Such ambitions may sound unreachable; critics inside the field worry they can collapse into dilettantism. Damrosch counters that even though no one can read everything ("I've tried—and failed completely!" he admits cheerfully), he wants to expand readers' sense of the dimensions of the literary universe. His own work is littered with odd couples: Vladimir Nabokov's Russian translation of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is invoked to make sense of ancient Egyptian love poems; Kafka's fiction sheds light on P.G. Wodehouse's. He believes ranging even a little more widely beyond one's own era and language can in fact improve appreciation for and understanding of one's home turf: "If you're interested in a particular period and a particular literature, if you can test it against some knowledge of what's outside, then you can understand better what's in the system you're interested in."

The urge to push outward is, by his account, deeply dyed into his character. He grew up in Maine, the child of Episcopal missionaries who had returned to the United States after being interned by the Japanese in the Philippines during the Second World War. (Damrosch's older brother, Leo, is Bernbaum research professor of literature emeritus at Harvard.) The family moved to New York City as Damrosch entered high school; he enjoyed having regular access to the Metropolitan Museum (where he developed a fascination

with ancient Egypt) and attending a prep school that encouraged his ambitions: "In ninth grade, my English teacher gave me a copy of *Tristram Shandy* by Laurence Sterne—a great eighteenth-century novel, which was the first novel for real grown-ups that I had read. I thought it was hilarious and wonderful, and said, 'Well, I want to read more like this.' Tristram gives his life and opinions, and he says that his favorite authors are 'my dear Rabelais and my dear Cervantes.' I didn't know who those people were, but I thought, 'If he likes them, I should like them!' So then I got the Penguin Classics of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* and *Don Quixote*, and I read those. I really liked those, so

I said to myself, ‘Well, I like these hilarious satirical works, so what else can I read?’ At the back of the Penguin Classics there were these other books; I see this book called the *Divine Comedy*, so I went, “Oh, I should read that!” I soon found it wasn’t quite the knee-slapper that I thought it was. But one author led me to other authors, and then the publisher led me to other books, and that had already brought me to Europe.”

He also mentions two children’s writers as influences on his early years: Madeleine L’Engle (who was one of his father’s parishioners in Manhattan) and J.R.R. Tolkien—both builders of elaborate fantasy worlds spread across many volumes who reveled in the abundance of languages, real and fictional. “Gandalf is a philologist! And of course Tolkien was a philologist...I was totally into that idea of a world with a deep history and many cultures, languages, and even ways of writing.”



A fragment of a funerary papyrus with text from the ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead* in hieratic script (from the Late Period, late eighth century B.C.E. to 332 B.C.E.)

ing term,” he opined; “the epoch of world literature is at hand, and everyone must strive to hasten its approach.” Goethe could talk about Horace (Latin) alongside Hafiz (Persian) and compare one of his own novels to fiction from England and China. His conception had its limits: distinctly elitist, distrustful of any kind of popular taste, and convinced of the existence of separate national characteristics underpinning the greater *Weltliteratur*. But it contrasted with the traditional way of studying literature one language at a time—as though French existed in a separate box from German and the two traditions never interacted.

The national approach nevertheless won out for most of the follow-

ing century, as the modern research university consolidated and tended to organize the study of literature into language families—classics, Romance, Germanic, Slavic, et cetera—with scholars usually specializing in a single language. The idea of *comparative* literature gained currency after the 1886 publication of a foundational work by H.M. Posnett; it made sense as a kind of reaction or complement to the language-family model. Departments of comparative literature arose, but Goethe’s elitist notion of a world literature, with Horace and Hafiz considered side-by-side, lay mostly dormant.

By the 1970s, comparative literature, especially at Yale, tended to be concerned with the shape of literature abstracted from historical context. The field emphasized formal and linguistic consideration of works of literature as grounds for building general theories of how literature creates meaning, built almost entirely on studies of modern European works. At the time, many schools of thought within comp-lit were almost proud of their lack of interest in authors’ lives and literary history.

Damrosch, however, focused on Egyptian, Biblical Hebrew, Old Norse, and Nahuatl. (He currently works in 12 languages.) Hearing him account for his linguistic development sounds like Friday at Babel (“Once I started studying Nahuatl, I realized I needed Spanish just to deal with dictionaries... One of my teachers said, ‘If you like Middle High German, you’d love Old Norse!’ So I did...”). He spent a lot of time in the very different intellectual climate of Yale Divinity School (for a time, he had considered entering a seminary), which encouraged an interest in historical context. These factors sometimes set him at odds with the comp-lit department. “My director of graduate studies one year warned me that some hiring committees might think I was only doing ‘arabesques around the literary tradition,’” he remembers. “I thought that was an interesting phrase: first of all, the idea that there was *one single* literary tradition; and

“Arabesques around the literary tradition”

THE BREADTH OF WORKS on which Damrosch draws seems even more expansive in light of comparative literature’s continuing focus on European and U.S. works when he began graduate school at his alma mater, Yale, in 1975. The department required proficiency in French, German, and Latin before allowing students even to begin the program. (He recalls that at the time he felt as if half his fellow students were writing theses on Henry James.)

That focus reflected in part the impact of the Second World War. In its wake, reconstructing the idea of a Europe that was more than the sum of its nations held great moral urgency for comp-lit researchers. Many of the field’s most prominent scholars were Europeans, often Jewish, who had fled the war. Erich Auerbach’s landmark 1946 book *Mimesis*, still regarded as a monument within comparative literature, is subtitled “The Representation of Reality in Western Literature,” but 13 of its 20 chapters cover Italian or French literature—a very small West, and certainly not the globe. Damrosch mentions that when Conant University Professor emeritus Stephen Owen, a scholar of Chinese poetry, applied to doctoral programs in comparative literature in the late 1960s, he was turned away, despite knowing a dozen languages, because he wanted to work on Chinese, and that simply wasn’t *done*. (Owen had the last laugh, becoming one of Damrosch’s predecessors as chair of Harvard’s comparative literature department.)

Yet the idea of a “world literature” encompassing the entire globe had first gained currency a century before. Most scholars, including Damrosch, date the first use of that term to 1827, when Johann Wolfgang von Goethe started invoking *Weltliteratur* in conversations with friends and followers: “National literature is now a rather unmean-

second of all, ‘arabesques’ sounds sort of orientalist, as if I should have been doing Judaeo-Christian-esques *within* the tradition.” For a while, he considered other careers; uncertain of whether he would find a faculty job in the same city as his wife, the legal scholar Lori Fisler Damrosch, he interviewed for the Foreign Service and was briefly a speechwriter for President Jimmy Carter’s drug czar. Ultimately, he submitted an eclectic dissertation on ancient Egypt, the Midrash, and James Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake* (the topic was the use of scripture as a basis for fiction), and started teaching at Columbia after earning his doctorate in 1980.

“Comparatists were always trying to save the world”

DISCERNING Damrosch’s specialties from his publication record can be difficult, but he says he continues to feel most at home in two fields: English literature, and that of the ancient Near East (Egypt, Sumer, Assyria, Israel). At Columbia, English and comparative literature have been technically one department since 1910, so Damrosch enjoyed more freedom than he might have if he had ended up in, say, a department of Egyptology. During the next 20 years, he wrote a characteristically broad range of articles, and two very different books—a monograph and a quirky campus novel of ideas—on academic culture and the humanities.

Around the same time, as the academic conversation on multiculturalism and curriculum change accelerated, Goethe’s old term “world literature” began to reappear with transformed meaning. It no longer meant an aristocratic klatsch of literary elites, each representing a national language. It also aimed to avoid being a sort of Cold War-era “United Nations bookshelf” with a masterpiece from each country. Instead, it served as an analytical lens that could cover old forms of international exchange as well as new kinds of interactions among diasporic communities, postcolonial nations, and former empires. This was an edgier version of world literature, far more attuned to power and inequality, inflected by the critical vocabulary of the previous two decades.

Damrosch began to publish on the subject in the mid 1990s, leading to *What Is World Literature?*

Page showing Aztec gentry from book four of the sixteenth-century Florentine Codex, a history of the Aztec people in the Nahuatl language that was compiled by the Spanish Franciscan Bernardino de Sahagún with extensive help from Aztec informants and artisans

DEAGOSTINI/GETTY IMAGES



This was an edgier version of world literature, far more attuned to power and inequality, inflected by the new critical vocabulary of interactions among diasporic communities, postcolonial nations, and former empires.

in 2003, followed by *How to Read World Literature* in 2009, as well as a pair of edited books, *Teaching World Literature* and *World Literature in Theory*, that included various colleagues’ views of the subject. But he may have exerted his widest influence as editor of the *Longman Anthology of World Literature*, which attempts—in about 3,500 pages—to build a history for roughly four millennia of literature and four continents, dropping off around the year 1700. The anthology is at its most striking when it makes accidental neighbors between its regional sections: *Paradise Lost* sits next to the Mayan *Popol Vuh*, the Malian *Epic of Son-Jara* between *Beowulf* and the Persian *Shahnameh* (Book of Kings).

This quality of chronological and geographical vertigo has provoked keen criticism from other comp-lit scholars, as well as from national-language and area-studies departments. Arguments differ, but the most prominent concern reflects fear of a kind of “Ep-cot lit”—raiding the globe for raw material that can be processed and presented (at a profit) to readers and students, mainly in the United States and Europe, to reassure them of their cosmopolitanism and broad-mindedness. Emily Apter, Silver professor of French and comparative literature at New York University, makes

the case in her 2013 book *Against World Literature* that the concept can lead students to underestimate the true extent of cultural and linguistic differences, particularly by teaching texts in translations that conceal or omit deep difference in cultural outlook. Aamir Mufti, professor of comparative literature at UCLA, contends that the only ethically viable form of world literature must confront the worldwide history of “relations of force and powers of assimilation and the ways in which writers and texts respond to such pressures.” Reading *Paradise Lost* and the *Popol Vuh* in the same way risks either understanding neither, or else reading the latter in a way that scrubs away the distinctiveness of the society that produced it and its modern descendants.

Comparative literature is a small world; Apter edited the series that published Damrosch’s *What Is World Literature?* and has

served as a board member for the Institute for World Literature (see sidebar), as well as a keynote speaker; Damrosch's enthusiastic blurb for Mufti's book *Forget English!* calls it "a vital contribution at the intersection of postcolonial, comparative, and world literary studies." At times, he seems almost eager for the chance to agree with his critics, or at least meet them halfway. Mariano Siskind, professor of Romance languages and comparative literature at Harvard, who has taught at multiple sessions of the Institute for World Literature (which Damrosch directs, see "Enlarging the Field," opposite), says that his colleague "understands how important it is to create a space that is open to a wide diversity of positions from which to study or address world literature as a scholarly critical problem."

Damrosch has often described the intersections where different cultures' literatures meet as the overlapping space between two ellipses, one representing literature's life in its home culture, the other outside; in retrospect, he says, "I agree with the critiques that say too often it looks as though these ellipses are all on a level playing field, and it's just a happy merger. Which I think to *some* degree may be



First page of the book of Genesis from the Xanten Bible, an illuminated Tanakh (Hebrew Bible) completed by the scribe Joseph ben Kalonymus in 1294

true—for the *individual* reader, what you read comes into your mind and can coexist. But it's also true that what's *able* to come into your mind is not merely your choice. So much depends on cultural, political, and economic factors that thinking critically about those ellipses—the capitalist system that creates them, and the colonial heritage and other politics behind them—is very important."

He teaches, for example, a seminar on "Peripheral Modernisms" that flips the normal allocation of class time to ask how the story of modernism changes when Brazilian and East Asian writers become the focus, with European writers presented as context, or when Indonesian writer Pramoedya Ananta Toer is read at length and James Joyce studied only

through a handful of short stories. He writes in his foreword to *Teaching World Literature*, "World literature surveys can never hope to cover the world. We do better if we seek to *uncover* a variety of compelling works from distinctive traditions, through creative combinations and juxtapositions guided by whatever specific themes and issues we

Enlarging the Field

SINCE ARRIVING at Harvard in 2009, Damrosch has attempted to open the conversation on world literature—and with it, the discipline of *comparative* literature—through a collaborative international program, with 54 institutional affiliates, called the Institute for World Literature (IWL); it held its ninth summer session in July. The four-week program assembles a core faculty of literary scholars and some 150 fellow scholars and graduate students for a month of seminars on a range of relevant topics; those for past sessions have included: "How Do Literary Works Cross Borders (Or Not)?" "Science Fiction and the Imagination of Planetary Futures," "Environmental Humanities and New Materialisms." "There's a lot of interest in the idea of world literature, but at a lot of places, people are not really trained to work beyond a single century in a single country," Damrosch, who also directs the IWL, explains. "The institute is meant to train people"—not just to pay lip service to "thinking globally," but to urge scholars to "be in the world" and have conversations in person across nations and languages. The venue of the IWL rotates in three-year cycles; for two years, it convenes at universities outside the United States; the third year is always at Harvard. Past hosts have included universities in Istanbul, Copenhagen, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Beijing, and Lisbon.

A number of IWL participants have described the experience as an important part of justifying and explaining the discipline in various ways. Karen Thornber, professor of comparative literature and East Asian literature, taught environmental literary criticism at past IWL sessions, and concluded, "It makes us better communicators. And that sounds kind of trite in a way, but I think one of the challenges facing the humanities now is that we're not as clear as we might be about why the humanities matter and why it's important for students to study the humanities. Since the IWL takes place in different parts of the world, [students] learn how to become much better communicators about their own research. We take them—and ourselves—outside of our research bubbles and talk more clearly."

Rebecca Walkowitz, chair of the Rutgers English department, who has taught a class on close reading and world literature at two IWL sessions, notes that all universities pay lip service to the goal of educating people for "global citizenship," but "those of us coming out of the humanities feel strongly that there is no global citizenship without multilingualism: you can't be an educated citizen if you only have encounters with the language, literature, history, and culture of one place. The IWL, it seems to me, is a chance to think about what the humanities can contribute, and shows how humanistic learning in multiple languages helps us understand what it means to participate internationally."

wish to raise in a particular course.”

Damrosch says the number of undergraduates taking classes and concentrating in literature has risen modestly, bucking the trend across the humanities: “Our own enrollments are holding steady and have actually been increasing over the last several years, in part because we’re quite enthusiastic about general education...An increasing number of our concentrators are doing joint degrees with [departments like] physics or statistics, as well as with other literatures or arts. You get very smart students from a major like biochemistry who are not afraid to ask very basic questions about a text. They’re excellent students, and they read with great enthusiasm and care.” He sees this as a spur to re-evaluate the role of his field in students’ educations: knowledge of literature, he suggests, offers less cultural prestige to today’s undergraduates than it once did, so faculty members “need to explain what we’re doing and justify it. And then it can relate to the rest of their lives. It doesn’t have to be the [only] thing they do.”

Damrosch is sanguine about the future of the field at large, as well. “I personally think it’s the most exciting time in comparative literature since the 1870s, when they were really hashing out what the discipline was going to be,” he avers. “I think that globalization has been on balance a positive challenge for comparative studies, opening up new possibilities and also new problems of competence, language, and politics...Many more people are thinking globally, [including] professors of French or of English—but now their work has a global dimension, so it makes sense to have comp lit as a place to air their views.”

He also feels the times have reinvigorated the field’s sense that it is trying to find ways to address real-world problems: “Comparatists were always trying to save the world. In the years after the Second World War, that took the form of trying to put Europe back together. Now we increasingly find people working on issues [like] migration, diaspora, ecocriticism, medical humanities.” He mentions the ever-

Damrosch is sanguine about the future of the field. “I think that globalization has been on balance a positive challenge for comparative studies,” he avers, “opening up new possibilities and new problems of competence....”

broadening linguistic range of the department’s core faculty, which now includes Polish, Malaysian, Wolof, and Korean. A current graduate student is, to the best of his knowledge, the first scholar to draw together Spanish, Mayan, and Basque literature in one study. “She may be the only person in the world who’s a specialist in those three things. And she’s doing fantastically interesting work.”

Damrosch himself is finishing a book, tentatively titled *Comparing the Literatures: What Every Comparatist Needs to Know*. “A lot of my polemic is against picking sides narrowly and saying, ‘The kind of comp lit I

do is the only kind to do,’ which I think is just self-defeating and unnecessary.” He envisions the department as a nexus for approaches from different languages and methods. “What’s really good is that comparatists today have the benefit of the theory boom of the 1970s

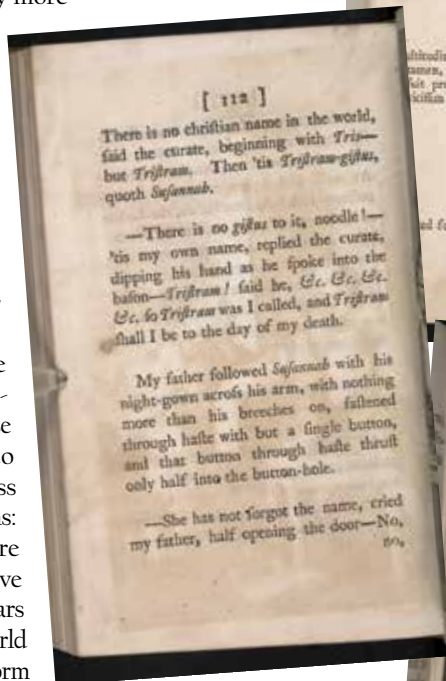
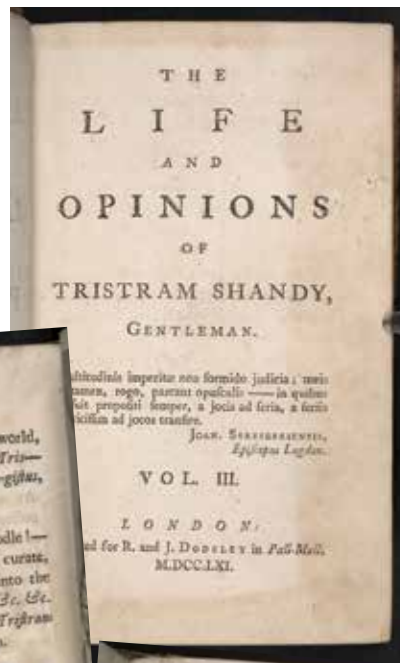
and the postcolonial studies that rose in the 1980s, and we still have very seriously engaged work on the theory of literature that people like Emily Apter and my colleague John Hamilton [Kenan professor of German and comparative literature] do. At the same time, comp lit is opening to the broader world.”

He remains confident that the study of literature has a role to play in understanding and mending the world: “Literature is not a simple mirror reflecting;

rather, it refracts the culture from which it comes. But it provides a way to think deeply—it’s a little bit like the slow food movement in a world of fast foods. To read deeply and attentively a rich work of literature gives us a unique way of thinking about ourselves and our place in the world.”



Visit harvardmag.com to read “Why Diverse Literature Matters,” by Josiane Grégoire, J.D. ’92.



Pages from the first editions of various volumes of Laurence Sterne's novel *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, dating from 1759 to 1767

Contributing editor Spencer Lee Lenfield '12 has previously profiled eighteenth-century English literature scholar Deidre Lynch (January-February 2017) and political philosopher Danielle Allen (May-June 2016).

Adella Hunt Logan

Brief life of a rebellious black suffragist: 1863-1915

by ADELE LOGAN ALEXANDER

SOON AFTER MEETING Susan B. Anthony in 1895 at a convention of the National-American Woman Suffrage Association (N-AWSA) in Atlanta, Adella Hunt Logan wrote to the suffragist leader, “I am working with women who are slow to believe that they will get help from the ballot, but someday I hope to see my daughter vote right here in the South.” She strove to spur often frightened or otherwise reluctant black women to political action through gaining access to the ballot; she lobbied for equal pay as well, and ultimately espoused women’s reproductive rights.

The letter and Hunt Logan herself were virtually unique, because in her own eyes, and as specified by law, she was “a Negro.” Due to her predominantly Caucasian ancestry, however (both her mother and her black-Cherokee-white maternal grandmother maintained longstanding, consensual relationships with slaveholding white men), Hunt Logan herself looked white. As an adult, she occasionally “passed” to travel on the Jim Crow South’s railways, and to attend segregated political gatherings, such as the N-AWSA’s, from which she brought suffrage tactics and materials back to share with her own people. At the time, she was the N-AWSA’s only African-American lifetime member, and the only such member from ultraconservative Alabama, where she lived with her husband, Warren Logan, and their children, and taught for three decades at Booker T. Washington’s Tuskegee Institute, the agricultural and industrial school for black Southerners that drew such prominent visitors as Frederick Douglass, Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and philanthropists Andrew Carnegie and Julius Rosenwald.

Hunt Logan was also a woman of rare privilege and education. She’d first been tutored by a white cousin, a schoolteacher. She graduated at 18 from Atlanta University, where dedicated New Englanders taught a small cadre of black Southerners, and 20 years later she earned a master’s there—“honorary” only, though, because no school for African Americans anywhere in the country then was accredited to bestow “earned” graduate degrees.

Her interactions with Anthony continued, despite a fractious incident in 1900. A white friend and fellow suffragist suggested that Hunt Logan speak at a Washington, D.C., convention honoring Anthony’s eightieth birthday, noting, “her hair is as straight as yours or mine and she looks white but must call herself colored.” But Anthony demurred: “I cannot have speak for us a woman who has even a ten-thousandth portion of African blood who would be an inferior orator in matter or manner, because it would so mitigate against our cause...Let your Miss Logan wait till she is more cultivated, better educated, and better prepared and can do our mission and her own race the greatest credit.”

Despite that affront, Hunt Logan cajoled white suffragists, Anthony among them, into visiting Tuskegee, and contributed to the N-AW-

SA’s *Woman’s Journal*, where in 1901 (using the pseudonym “L.H.A.”) she wrote about “Mrs. Warren Logan’s” recent public presentation on suffrage for black women. She wrote for other publications as well, including a notable 1905 article about woman suffrage in the *Colored American*, the country’s most widely read journal by, for, and about African Americans. “If we are citizens,” she asked, “why not treat us as such on questions of law and governance where women are now classed with minors and idiots?” To those who argued that men represented their wives at the polls, she argued that many of her sex either had no spouses or had “callous husbands who patronize gambling dens and brothels.” Such women, she concluded, often stayed home, “to cry, to swear, or to suicide.”

In 1912, in “Colored Women as Voters,” written for W.E.B. Du Bois’s popular new NAACP magazine, *The Crisis*, she argued in part, “More and more colored women are participating in civic activities, and women who believe that they need the vote, also see that the vote needs them.” But by then, she was already physically ill—from long-term, painful, and debilitating kidney infections—and increasingly depressed, a condition due partly to marital and family stress, but aggravated by outside events. Du Bois, though Hunt Logan’s friend, was Booker T. Washington’s philosophical archenemy, and he failed to request a contribution from her for his second issue of *The Crisis* to be devoted to woman suffrage. Early in 1915, the Alabama legislature had refused to allow a referendum on votes for women even to appear on that fall’s ballot. Enforced electroshock treatment at Michigan’s Battle Creek Sanitarium, after she’d set a small fire in her husband’s office, was cut short that November following Washington’s death.

She returned to find a campus deep in mourning, and to face rumors of her husband’s infidelity. Just before Washington’s December memorial service, she jumped to her death from the fifth floor of a campus building before hundreds of appalled onlookers—as perhaps she’d prophesied in her 1905 suffrage article.

Despite her struggles, Hunt Logan boldly challenged the status quo and conventional wisdom about politically empowering African-American women. Ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920 officially granted women the right to vote, but Southern black women, her main constituency, largely had to wait until passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act to exercise the franchise. ▢

*Historian Adele Logan Alexander ’59 is Adella Hunt Logan’s only granddaughter. Her family memoir, *Princess of the Hither Isles: A Black Suffragist’s Story from the Jim Crow South* (Yale), appears this month. The portrait of Hunt Logan opposite, by the Parisian-trained, African-American painter William Edouard Scott, was begun in 1915 while he was in residence at Tuskegee and completed at her daughter’s direction in 1918.*



Montage

Art, books, diverse creations



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In "Taking Time Off When I'm Most Inspired," Fish explains the benefits of rest to his nearly 600,000 followers.

accolades, and athletic recruitment. The 10-minute opus brought him hundreds of thousands of views.

Figuring It Out

On YouTube, watch John Fish grow.

by JACOB SWEET

THE FIRST TWO YEARS of college were a time of adjustments for John Fish '21. Like any other student, he made mistakes, contemplated new ideas, and tried to best manage his time. But most students don't go through this process in front of an audience of hundreds of thousands. Fish does.

During his senior year of high school in Waterloo, Canada, Fish started making daily video blogs (vlogs) and posting them on YouTube. Much in the style of one of the site's most popular video-makers, Casey Neistat, he shared stylized summaries of his everyday life, filming his daily routine.

Those interested could watch him spend time with friends, cook, and prepare for track meets.

A few days into that daily vlogging, a distracted driver blind-sided Fish's car (the immediate aftermath of which is on YouTube). His vehicle was crushed, and even though his injuries weren't major, doctors told him to rest. Confined to his house and unable to take viewers—to the extent there were any—out and about with him, he decided to make a video exploring a popular YouTube topic: college admissions. His first college-related video, "HOW I GOT INTO HARVARD," detailed his test scores, running

On YouTube, the Harvard name is powerful. Search for it, and you'll find dozens of popular videos in which students (or accepted students) discuss how they got in, vlog through a typical college day, or discuss an aspect of campus culture, like the dating or party scenes. In the "college decision" category, for which people record their joyful or subdued reactions to an acceptance, waitlist, or rejection, Harvard videos are especially in demand.

Often, though, Harvard-centric videos are one-hit wonders. Someone being swarmed by classmates moments after getting accepted might generate a few hundred thousand views (or an appearance on *The Ellen DeGeneres Show*), but in the competitive world of YouTube, it doesn't guarantee a sustained audience. The few handfuls of Harvard students who've tried building a following usually receive only a fraction of their peak viewership for non-Harvard material, and

often struggle to maintain an audience after graduation, when making a video recollecting Harvard parties seems strange.

Nevertheless, Fish, like many who taste YouTube fame, began obsessing over his views and likes. When he reached 100,000 subscribers—people notified when he posts something new—in a month, he felt compelled to roll his success over to the next, churning out crowd-pleasing videos. “HOW TO GET INTO HARVARD,” “HOW IVY LEAGUE RECRUITING WORKS,” and others drew thousands of viewers to his channel. Even on his non-college videos, commenters requested tours of his dorm, a review of the computer-science concentration, and general inside looks into the alluring world of Harvard.

When he finally arrived in Cambridge, the potential for YouTube growth was undeniable. A sharply edited daily vlog from a Harvard student would likely work wonders. But Fish realized that attracting a huge audience wasn’t why he’d started making YouTube videos in the first place. “Making a video a week was fun for me,” he said recently. “But then over the summer, it kind of progressed into something that I was doing for external pressures.” Making videos had been a creative challenge. Now it was a burden. During that first September and October, as his viewers requested and expected a number of College-related videos, Fish’s account went silent.

When he reappeared in December, his tone was different. Standing on the Science Center roof, with the campus sprawled out behind him, he looked into his camera and confessed: “Things might be a bit different because taking a few months off YouTube made me realize that I put on a bit of a persona on camera. People here were kind of surprised when we met because I was a completely different person, so I want to change that.”

Instead of talking about how he got something—a college acceptance, a coding internship—he began focusing more on the day-in, day-out work that helped him achieve his goals, hoping others would find his perspective useful. Soon he didn’t have to include “Harvard” in his titles to draw

O P E N B O O K

Things Fell Apart

How It Changed America). In *Transaction Man: The Rise of the Deal and the Decline of the American Dream* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$28), he traces dislocations in the political economy to developments during the New Deal, at Harvard Business School, and on Wall Street. His point of departure, in the prologue, is a car dealership.

On May 15, 2009, FedEx dropped off an ominously slender package from General Motors at the parts department at D’Andrea Buick, on the South Side of Chicago.... The parts department got the package to Nick D’Andrea, the owner, a strutting bantam rooster with a broad chest, a head of curly white hair, and sharp eyes that move around, taking everything in. He tore it open and found out that he was out of business.

What was happening? The world was falling apart.... General Motors... had gone bankrupt. It meant that the whole dense,

Nicholas Lemann ’76—past dean of Columbia Journalism School, *New Yorker* staff writer—has an uncanny ability to reveal society’s undercurrents through smaller stories (standardized testing, selective admissions, etc., in *The Big Test: The Secret History of the American Meritocracy*; the flight of rural blacks toward opportunity up North, in *The Promised Land: The Great Migration and*

Nick had lived his whole life in Chicago. He thought he knew how life was supposed to work: it was far from perfect, but at least it was understandable. Loyalty, being straight with people, and maintaining connections was everything.... GM used to send a guy around to visit D’Andrea Buick every so often—a good guy, who could see how well Nick was running the dealership. Then the Internet came along, and the visits were replaced with teleconferences. At one of the teleconferences it was announced that GM was going to start combining several brands into single dealerships; Buick was going to be put together with Pontiac and GMc trucks.

...[I]n 2007 the company gave [Nick] an ultimatum: do this, or your business will be in jeopardy, because we control your supply of cars and... the franchise that lets you operate as a GM dealer. So Nick, who’d been proud to operate a debt-free dealership, borrowed money—from GM’s credit company, GMAC—and bought out the Pontiac dealer. Then he had to get a “floor plan”—another loan, also from GM—to stock his dealership with new Pontiacs. And he had to renovate the building, using a GM-approved architect, again with money borrowed from GM. By the time he reopened, he was in debt to GM for close to a million dollars... and he had mortgaged both the dealership and his house.

Nick started selling Pontiacs along with Buicks in August 2008. In September, the financial crisis hit. On the South Side of Chicago, everybody buys cars with borrowed money—but suddenly you couldn’t borrow.... Then, in October, Nick got a letter from GM saying that in a few months it was going to terminate Pontiac as a brand.



PAUL VELGOS / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

Remote corporate decisions devastate local employers: a defunct Saturn dealer

built-up web of arrangements that gave some protection to a small one-store auto dealer like Nick was null and void. President Barack Obama had appointed a “car czar,” a guy from Wall Street... and he had decreed that in exchange for its \$50 billion in government bailout money, GM, along with Chrysler, which was also bankrupt, would have to close more than a thousand dealerships all over the country.... The letter told Nick to sell his inventory and close his store in a month.

O P E N B O O K

“Find My Real Husband”

familiar domains of health technology and finance. In *The Soul of Care: The Moral Education of a Husband and a Doctor* (Viking, \$27), his most personal work, he looks inward, to the demands imposed by, and the caregiver's response to, his late wife's catastrophic dementia. From the prologue:

“Get out! Get out!”

My wife, Joan, is screaming, and hitting out wildly at the stranger in her bed. She is greatly agitated and frightened. “Get away from here. Get out!”

But the man she perceives as a stranger is me, her husband of more than 40 years. Joan has just woken up from a midday nap. It is summer 2009 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We are in the bedroom of the home we have lived in for 27 years.

I try to keep my voice calm and hide the panic rising inside me. “I'm your husband, Arthur. Don't be so upset, I'm here with you!”

“You are not! You are not Arthur! You are an impostor! Get out! Now!” she yells, shaking and intensely alert, like a trapped animal.

I try in all the ways I can think of to calm her and to prove to her that I am indeed her husband, but she insists, denying who I am, growing more and more adamant, more and more upset. I begin to wonder if this is real or if I have woken up in a nightmare. Joan feels only terror, caught in the grip of a delusion that frightens her to the core. This has happened once before...but still I feel totally unprepared to deal with her delirium.

Joan is almost blind and suffers dementia as a result of an atypical kind of early-onset Alzheimer's disease....The affected person systematically misperceives those close to her and even the physical space

Arthur Kleinman—Rabb professor of anthropology, professor of medical anthropology, and professor of psychiatry—crosses disciplinary and cultural boundaries (he has long worked in China) to explore and enrich the dimensions of care beyond the



BRIAN LIGHTSALARY STOCK PHOTOS

she is occupying as unreal and fake. As in Joan's case, it most often is episodic, short-lived, and readily forgotten, but for those close to the sufferer, it can be world-shattering—as if a bond that has taken decades to forge can be broken in an instant.

I'm a trained psychiatrist. I should have the tools to deal with this. But right now, in this moment, I am a shocked and devastated husband. This episode, like the first, lasts a few terrible hours. During that time, I have to retreat to another part of our house, and wait until it burns itself out and she has returned to a calm state. I am also, however, a caregiver—Joan's primary caregiver. Several times I try to engage her in normal conversation, but she rejects me. Finally, I make believe I am someone else, there to help her.

“Well, get rid of this impostor and find my real husband,” she implores.

an audience. “How I Fight Unproductivity” received hundreds of thousands of views; “Reading a Book a Week Is Changing My Life” drew millions.

Fish has a distinct confessional style in his videos, mostly sitting on a chair in his bedroom and addressing viewers directly. He speaks animatedly from a script, but leaves room for improvisation. One could argue he fits into the YouTube world of self-help, but he tries to show the process behind his decisionmaking, rather than dole out inspirational quotes and promises. He explains, for example, why he decided to read one book a week (not a day, like other

gurus), how the wide variety of books has changed his thinking, and how he remembers what he's read. The “hidden secret” that he tries to express, he says, “is that everything in the self-improvement niche is going to change a lot based on what you want, who you are, and why you're doing this.” In a note-taking video, he presents studies that convinced him to take notes by

hand, but acknowledges that typing may work better for others: the particular mechanism is less important than the process as a whole. Fish often stresses that he's just figuring out *his* life, too.

High school and college students across the world likely relate most to his videos, but for those outside that group, his channel provides a look inside the head of a highly motivated student trying to do his best. Viewers can watch how he dealt with heartbreak, mental health, or a creative lull, and then click a later video to see how his thinking has evolved. His personal website lists every book he's read for the past year and a half, and which he plans to read. The growth that Fish focuses on is what's most fascinating to observe.

“There are some videos that I look back at and I cringe and I go, ‘Oh man, I can't believe that I did that,’ but it's all genuine, right? It's all real,” he said. “So, if it's cringy to me now, that just means I've grown and that I am a different person than I was then.”



ELIZABETH MAK

ELIZABETH MAK



RICH HEIN



RICH HEIN

Mak designed lighting for a 2019 staging of *The Bridges of Madison County* (bottom images), and for *Ofrenda* (top), a play about immigration, home, and belonging.

Creating a Scene

Lighting and set designer Elizabeth Mak communicates stories.

by NINA PASQUINI

ELIZABETH MAK '12, a theater set and lighting designer, doesn't feel threatened by the era of computer-generated effects and green screens, *Avengers* and *Game of Thrones*. In fact, she thinks the rise of television and blockbuster films has been good for artists who work in theater: it challenges them to re-examine what stories they are trying to tell, why and how they are trying to tell them. "Because TV especially has gotten so big in the past 10 years, I think people are starting to think about what separates the two art forms," she says. "What can theater do that TV and film can't?"

One thing theater offers, the New York City-based Mak points out, is the creative

freedom of conveying precise emotion, rather than the hyperrealism of digital effects. Another is communal experience: "having 500 people in the same room experiencing the same emotion." Mak's work often takes this a step further—she frequently collaborates on performances that are immersive, in which performers interact directly with audience members. For her senior thesis, she directed a danced version of *The Graveyard Book*, Neil Gaiman's children's novel about a boy who is raised by ghosts but who grows up to realize that he must eventually enter the human world. Mak used the story to explore what it means to grow up, to preserve childhood memories while also moving on from them. At

the end of the performance, the dancers asked each audience member to waltz with them, and eventually rose petals began to sprinkle down on the crowd: they became a part of the set. "And it ends," Mak says, "with the audience being sent out into the world."

Mak grew up in Singapore, always assuming that the next phase of her life would be the one when she would have to give up art. She was a dancer as a child—mostly modern, with some ballet and tap—but her middle school fed into Singapore's top high school, which didn't offer dance. Her middle-school choreographer, however, happened to teach at a high school that was starting a theater program. "I thought, okay, maybe I'll transfer and we'll see what comes of this," Mak says. She did, and continued to dance throughout high school.

When she arrived at Harvard, she braced herself again to part ways with dance. "Where I come from, people don't really have careers in the arts. I had never met an artist

Elizabeth Mak

COURTESY OF ELIZABETH MAK

growing up,” she explains. She thought she would concentrate in English or philosophy, then return to Singapore to be a teacher. But freshman year she discovered the Harvard-Radcliffe Modern Dance Company, where she both danced and choreographed.

She also started volunteering as a stage manager for the Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club. “And somewhere along my freshman year, someone said, ‘We’ve got our spring concert coming up, but there’s no one to do the lighting,’” Mak recalls. “And I said, ‘Well, I don’t really know anything about lighting, but I’ll press some buttons for you.’”

The same thing happened when help was needed to build sets. And though her first love was dancing, she had always been introverted, and she discovered that designing the visual elements of a work was a way to communicate stories without the anxiety of performing.

Eventually she found herself working at the American Repertory Theater and doing theater internships. She created a special concentration in performance and theater arts, and went on to an M.F.A. in design at the Yale School of Drama. Now she has the artistic career she once thought impossible,

Off the Shelf

Recent books with Harvard connections

Believers: Faith in Human Nature, by Melvin Konner, Ph.D. ’73, M.D. ’84 (W.W. Norton, \$27.95). The biological anthropologist/neuroscientist at Emory University examines the origins of faith from his upbringing (as an Orthodox Jew, who became a nonbeliever at age 17), his work in Africa among the !Kung, and the perspectives of, yes, modern science. Faith, he finds, is “an evolved, biologically grounded, psychologically intimate, socially strong set of inclinations and ideas that...will never go away.”

Indispensable Reading: 1,001 Books from the Arabian Nights to Zola, by William Roger Lewis, A.M. ’63 (I.B. Tauris, \$35). As Barnes & Noble is taken private and students express outrage at being asked to read, you know, a *whole book*, the

Kerr professor of English history and culture at the University of Texas at Austin delivers a bracing message: reading will persist, it is worth the work, and here are 1,001 curated suggestions for doing so. The helpful categories range from those clearly good for you (history, literature, etc.) to enticing vices (A.J. Liebling on cooking and food; Calvin Trillin on crime). A healthy dose of optimism, at the most opportune time.

You’re It, by Leonard J. Marcus et al., of the National Preparedness Leadership Initiative (PublicAffairs, \$28). The nation isn’t acting to stave off hurricane disasters, so it should welcome guidance on “crisis, change, and how to lead when it matters most” (the subtitle) from four affiliates of the public-health/Kennedy School NPLI. Their examples (an active shooter, a data breach, etc.) are distressingly familiar, and the jacket copy about “turbulent times” can be read as a sad commentary on stormy weather—and the times in general.

Fair Play, by Eve Rodsky, J.D. ’02 (Putnam, \$26). A checklist sort of book offering a “game-changing,” project-management solution for the real inequalities of domestic life, particularly as they impinge on women, whether they work outside the home or not. The cause is noble, the

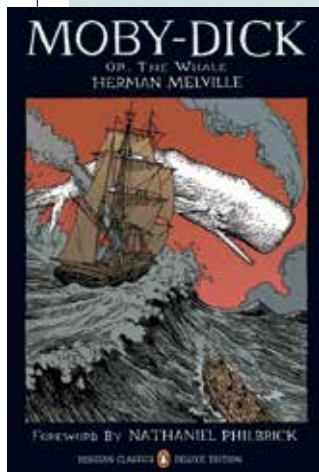
In a world of bite-sized Twitter posts, William Roger Lewis reminds us of the classic works that reward deep reading.

solutions may well be effective—but readers have to put up with a lot of Upper Cased Tips and Suggestions (“Conception, Planning, and Execution,” etc.), and what must be one of the worst typefaces ever deployed across 300-plus pages.

Sharenthood: Why We Should Think before We Talk about Our Kids Online, by Leah A. Plunkett (MIT, \$24.95). A faculty associate of Harvard’s Berkman Klein Center for Internet and Society warns about the terabytes of accessible, trackable information about their progeny that parents are spreading about. “If Tom Sawyer were a real boy, alive today,” she begins, “he’d be arrested for what he does in the first chapter” of Twain’s novel—because of Aunt Polly’s social-media posts about his exploits. Time to carve out a little private space for childhood.

Bleeding Out, by Thomas Abt, adjunct lecturer in public policy (Basic Books, \$30). “A young man, unconscious, lies before you on a gurney,” bleeding profusely from a gunshot wound in the thigh. What to do? “First you stop the bleeding”—absent that, nothing else counts. With that vivid image, the author, a criminal-justice policymaker, says the response to urban violence has to focus first on the violence (homicides, for example), before trying to address it through attacks on drugs, gangs, or guns. “Murder on the streets of our cities is a deadly serious problem,” he says, “but it is also a solvable one.”

John Rawls: The Path to a Theory of Justice, by Andrius Gališanka (Harvard, \$45). The late political philosopher remains



but with it comes a burden she was not expecting. Art, she says, is “something that I do every day now, and it’s something that I 100 percent think has an irreplaceable role in society, but also, with war and poverty and climate change, every day I ask myself: how do we speak to these important issues with art?”

She continues to design more traditional performances, art whose purpose is “entertainment, to make us feel good, to make us laugh”—like a staged version of *The Bridges of Madison County*, about a mid-twentieth-century Italian war bride who falls in love with a traveling photographer. The play was

presented this past February and March by the Philadelphia Theater Company, and Mak was behind the lighting changes crucial to the plot, literally (light dawning over a bridge) and emotionally (the softening of light that evokes falling in love).

Still, she says, “What I’ve been most interested in working on is art that is a call to action.” She collaborates with the Albany Park Theater Project, a company in Chicago that employs local high-schoolers as actors and professional artists like Mak as the surrounding team. Its shows are based on interviews conducted with community

members, many of whom are immigrants.

She recently designed lighting and projections for one of these plays, *Ofrenda*, based on interviews with Albany Park residents about “the meaning of home.” One storyline followed a Syrian refugee who immigrates to Chicago with her family. “It was really important, for design, to think about how to recreate—not recreate—mmm, what’s the word I’m looking for—for the design to echo the journey that she had been on,” Mak explains.

In the play, the woman is unable to bring photos of her home and family with her

foundational to political theory and the modern construction of liberalism (for an example of the continuing scholarship, see “The Rawlsian Revolution,” page 12). An assistant professor at Wake Forest underpins the foundations of Rawls’s contributions through an intellectual and historical excavation of the origins of his ideas.

Won Over, by William Alsup, J.D. ’70, M.P.P. ’71 (New South Books, \$27.95). A memoir by a (white) federal judge who grew up in Jim Crow Mississippi, clerked at the Supreme Court, and practiced civil-rights law back home before being appointed to the bench in San Francisco in 1999. When he rules against an African-American plaintiff, in 2011, his lawyer seeks Alsup’s disqualification because “You can go to Harvard, and you can clerk for Justice Douglas, but old institutionalized race and class attitudes are deeply ingrained early.” He stays on the case and says growing up in Mississippi had “opened, not closed, my eyes to the cruelty of racism.”

Learning from the Germans: Race and the Memory of Evil, by Susan Neiman ’77, Ph.D. ’86 (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$28). In late May, President Lawrence S. Bacow, whose mother survived Auschwitz, listened as Commencement speaker Angela Merkel, chancellor of Germany, spoke of “the betrayal of all civilized values that was the *Shoah*.” Neiman, a Jewish daughter of the South, who lives in Berlin, combines philosophical inquiry, personal experience, and conversations with pioneers like Bryan Stevenson, J.D.-M.P.A. ’85, LL.D. ’15 (see harvardmag.com/stevenson-17) to explore how efforts to atone for the Holo-

caust might inform Americans’ coming to terms with their history of slavery and racist violence.

The Geography of Risk, by Gilbert M. Gaul, NF ’83 (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$28). In time for hurricane season, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and former Nieman Fellow explores the human-planned catastrophes in the making, as seas rise, coastal development accelerates, and tax breaks and federal flood insurance subsidize—indeed encourage—building in increasingly dangerous zones. The author’s warnings about floodplain and barrier-island development aren’t new, but they merit repeating in an age of climate change—before the next \$100-billion-plus disaster bill, and the associated loss of life.

Something Deeply Hidden, by Sean Carroll, Ph.D. ’93 (Dutton, \$29). As if you didn’t have enough trouble making *this* world great again, the author, research professor of (theoretical!) physics at Caltech, calls attention to the weirdness of quantum mechanics, the need to understand it better—and the unsettling implication that there are *many* worlds to contend with in the universe.

The Future of Immortality, by Anya Bernstein, Loeb associate professor of the social sciences (Princeton, \$75/\$22.95 paper). And now for something completely different: within the Russian Federation, which suffered an historic decline in longevity after the political and economic col-



Dauphin Island, Alabama, after Katrina, 2005: a recurrent, man-made disaster that ignores nature—and climate change

lapse of the Soviet Union, a nineteenth-century strain of chasing after immortality has manifested itself anew. An ethnographic, scholarly examination of technoscientific (cryonic and biogerontological), religious, and other strivings after futurism—in a place that could really use some of these ideas panning out.

Wildhood: The Epic Journey from Adolescence to Adulthood in Humans and Other Animals, by Barbara Natterson-Horowitz ’83, A.M. ’83, and Kathryn Bowers (Scribner, \$27). A UCLA cardiologist (and visiting professor in Harvard’s human evolutionary biology department) and her coauthor reinterpret that human awkwardness through the lens of other species, investigating the tasks of staying safe, living with others, “communicat[ing] sexually,” and leaving the nest. *Homo sapiens* parents may find the sweeping overview helpful, or not, but it is surely interesting.

when she flees Damascus—but because her father taught her how to draw when she was young, she memorializes Syria through her own art. One of the high-schoolers working for the project created charcoal drawings of Damascus based on the interviewee's descriptions. To display the woman's memories of violence, Mak and her colleagues chose to use a 20-minute stop-motion sequence of these draw-

ings, starting with the woman's school, the tree that grew outside her family's farm—and ending with the bombings that reduced much of the city to rubble. "We didn't want to actually recreate realistically what was happening," Mak says. "It was more important to show the journey that she and her family had been on."

In 2015, Mak wrote an "artist manifesto" that she keeps posted on her website.

"Make art that isn't afraid to stare down what the rest of the world is afraid to look at," it reads in part. "Be desperately in love with the world, with everything that is right about it and everything that is wrong about it." This insistence on loving the world, even while uncovering and displaying its flaws, is unmistakable in the work that Mak brings to life on-stage: horrifying, gritty, hopeful, beautiful.

"Kind of Dark and Scary"

Animator Renee Zhan finds self-discovery in strange landscapes.

by S.I. ROSENBAUM

RENE ZHAN '16 was hiking along a humid mountain trail in Japan when she looked down to discover that her legs and feet were covered with more than 50 leeches. "True terror is what I felt," she recalled in a recent interview. "I spent maybe 30 minutes just picking them all off."

But as an animator, Zhan has long been interested in the disgusting and the visceral. Her short films often feature things that eat each other—and themselves. In her latest, "Reneeoptosis", three versions of herself go hiking through the humid folds of her own body, and their quest ends in an auto-cannibalistic feast.

There's something grossly satisfying about the way Zhan animates. The figures,

only vaguely human-shaped, plop and ooze through the landscape in a way that makes you think of body fluids. It's unlike any other animation you've ever seen.

Born in Texas to two scientists—her father is a geophysicist, her mother a geneticist—Zhan loved cartoons. "It was always sort of something I thought was almost like magic," she explained. She watched Disney movies, but also "weird old Chinese cartoons my mother showed me," like the classic 1965 *Monkey King: Havoc in Heaven*. Adapted from the Chinese epic novel *Journey to the West*, originally published around 1592, "It was kind of dark and scary," Zhan recalls. "Sometimes it talked about punishment and repentance...there were a lot of weird themes in there that you don't really

get in Western animation." It fascinated her.

But it wasn't until she started college in 2012 that she took her first animation class, a freshman seminar with Ruth Lingford, a senior lecturer in visual and environmental studies and an accomplished animator whose own work uses poems, fairy tales, and biblical stories to ask questions about sexuality, violence, aging, death, and identity. Zhan was hooked from the initial assignment: "The first time I saw something I had drawn move, it was so exciting," she said. "I wanted to keep doing it, despite the amount of work it took." Even today, she animates by drawing each image by hand on paper—about 12 of them make one second of film—and using watercolors for the backgrounds.

Her first animated short "was very lovely and sweet," she recalls, before adding, "I think my work has gone on a different trajectory since then." Indeed. Things got dark

In "Reneeoptosis," by animator Renee Zhan, three versions of the artist go on a quest for God, traversing an unfamiliar terrain that turns out to be her own body.



MARCO ABRAM



Zhan draws each image by hand on paper, using watercolors to create backgrounds.

very fast: her next film was about an aquarium of neglected and starved fish who eat first their lead-laced tank decorations and then, inevitably, each other (“The stench of cannibalism was overwhelming,” reads one of the film’s title cards).

An introvert and only child, Zhan took well to the isolation of an animator’s life. She tried making documentaries during a Harvard summer-school session in Berlin, but they were unpredictable, and “having to talk to people in the world was exactly the opposite of what I wanted to do,” she said. With animation, “I can just make the film at my desk and not talk to anyone, and I have control over everything that happens on the screen, and the limitless possibility of it is what I found so attractive.”

Nonetheless, she also joined the Harvard Lampoon, and a dark sense of humor emerged in her work. She made a film about a suicidal pigeon, “Pidge,” and the avian theme carried over into her thesis film, “Hold Me (Ca Caw Ca Caw),” about a man and a bird in a co-dependent relationship. There’s a lot of man/bird sex, and, of course, someone ends up getting eaten. (Several of Zhan’s short films, including this one—as well as a trailer for “Reneeoptosis”—can be streamed online at Vimeo.com)

“Reneeoptosis” was the first film she made after graduation, but—like “Hold Me”—there’s nothing amateur about it. Zhan animated it while on a postgraduate traveling fellowship in Japan. “The fellowship afforded a lot of freedom, which was amazing—exactly what I needed,” she said. “I did a lot of hiking and spent a lot of time alone, which is where the new film came from. It’s about a bunch of Renees who go on a quest to find God, who’s also me.”

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The film explores the ideas of loneliness and growth and self-discovery. Its title is adapted from “apoptosis,” the programmed cell death that occurs as a normal part of an organism’s growth and development. At first, she said, she was “quite embarrassed” about the film. “I have no idea what I just made,” she thought. “If no one likes it, I’ll bury it forever.”

Eventually she worked up the nerve to

show it to Lingford. “She seemed to like it,” Zhan said, “so I was encouraged”—and in January, the film took the top prize for animated shorts at this year’s Sundance Film Festival. *CineVue* critic Christopher Machell, reviewing its appearance at the Toronto International Film Festival, called it “strange and charming in equal measure...an often beautiful and funny journey through the landscape of self-discovery.”

Currently Zhan is studying at the National Film and Television School in London. It’s likely that the themes she’s been working on will be those she continues to explore. “[‘Hold Me’] started out a much larger film—there was this whole narrative where the bird goes to a bird club and there’s a bird rave,” she said. “I’m writing a feature now, and the bird club is back in there.”

Toward the Negotiated City

In the history of urban renewal, a glimmer of the possibilities of social policy today

by ANN FORSYTH

HOW TO ENSURE that everyone can live a life with opportunity and meaning is an enduring question. It is also a question related in part to where people live. Are homes and neighborhoods vibrant, safe, affordable, and nurturing? Do they support different kinds of people living different kinds of dreams? What are the roles of the private sector, individuals, and experts in building these good communities? What roles do governments have in making places healthy, supporting local initiatives and preferences,

and creating a framework so that everyone contributes toward the common good? At a time when such questions are barely being asked, at least at a national level, an historical perspective is especially valuable.

In *Saving America's Cities*, Lizabeth Cohen—dean emerita of the Radcliffe Institute and Jones professor of American studies—addresses these larger questions about what people owe each other in society. She uses the life of “top city saver,” “Mr. Urban Renewal,” and “master rebuilders” Ed Logue to tell the story of urban policy in the United States

from the 1950s to the 1980s. Like Winston Groom’s *Forrest Gump* or Virginia Woolf’s *Orlando*, Logue during his working life found himself in the center of a series of major federal and state approaches to revitalizing urban areas. A controversial figure who died in 2000, he was very active in taking advantage of programs and creating new opportunities, using his skills as a negotiator to capture funds from newly approved programs and his capacity as an innovator to launch additional policy and program initiatives in three cities. Focusing

Lizabeth Cohen, *Saving America's Cities: Ed Logue and the Struggle to Renew Urban America in the Suburban Age* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$35)

The redeveloped Government Center, Boston, 1971, and surrounding private buildings; development czar Ed Logue



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A Harvard Art Museums exhibit explores a captivating thirteenth-century

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most attention on the central cities of medium to larger metropolitan areas, he also dabbled in working at a metropolitan and state level. He had a lifetime commitment to racial equity, particularly notable in his hiring practices.

Cohen's project is, in part, one of rescuing urban renewal from the image of "abject failure" cultivated from both the left and the right. As Cohen argues, her book "aims to present an alternative, more nuanced history of postwar American city building that does not dismiss the federal role in renewing cities and subsidizing housing as pure folly. It claims instead that there is a usable past of successful government involvement in urban redevelopment from which we can benefit today as we grapple with the current challenges of persistent economic and racial inequality, unaffordable housing, and crumbling infrastructure."

In this history those who led urban renewal certainly made mistakes, insensitively displacing people, imposing flawed design theories, and underestimating resistance to racial inclusion. However, they learned from their mistakes and did better the next time. As Cohen argues, "Urban renewal as experienced in 1972 was far different from that in 1952." By 1982, it had become almost unrecognizable.

The first phases of urban renewal generally included a great deal of demolition and rebuilding in single-use zones, along with innovative social programs; in later years there was more revitalization, mixed use, and human-scale design. In the early years, Logue used a pluralist, expert-led model that too often alienated neighborhoods; in later years his approach to democracy was more direct. He faced opposition throughout his work life, however, both from those not wanting to be displaced and those re-

Crossing Lines, Constructing Home

Displacement and Belonging in Contemporary Art



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sisting racial and economic integration.

Logue's major projects roughly parallel fashions in renewal and redevelopment and divide fairly conveniently by decades, and Cohen uses these periods to organize the book. Logue started in New Haven in the mid 1950s, having earlier graduated from Yale and its law school, and having worked as both a labor organizer and Connecticut labor secretary. With Mayor Richard Lee, Logue attracted "more redevelopment funds per capita than any other city received," testing both physical redevelopment and social programs that became part of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. He was then in Boston until the late 1960s as head of the Boston Redevelopment Agency (BRA), arriving after the West End had been demolished but in time to be responsible for the swath of modernist design called Government Center. In this period he retained more historic urban fabric and engaged neighborhood groups. Recruited to New York, where he spent much of the 1970s and 1980s, he first led the innovative statewide Urban Development Corporation (UDC) under Governor Nelson Rockefeller. As the federal government retreated from developing affordable housing, Logue pioneered a new quasi-public

approach, eventually creating housing for 100,000 people. In this period, he also attempted to launch a Fair Share affordable-housing project in the suburbs, suffering a difficult backlash. After the UDC experiment collapsed amid the financial and political turmoil of the mid 1970s, he had a final chapter in the South Bronx, working at a smaller scale and in a more participatory manner, finally really doing what he had long claimed to do, "planning with people."

THE BOOK IS MORE than a biography of Logue. Cohen spends time finishing the stories of the cities where he worked, even after he moved on. Staff colleagues in early projects later became leaders of major initiatives elsewhere, linking the personalities in Logue's life with a larger narrative. For example, the leader of the social-development organization Logue sponsored in New Haven, Community Progress Inc., later became the first president of the Ford Foundation-sponsored Local Initiatives Support Corporation (LISC). Since 1979,



Redevelopment reactions: The South End community versus the Boston Redevelopment Authority

in the wake of federal pullback, LISC has invested \$20 billion sponsoring more than 400,000 affordable housing units and tens of millions of square feet of community and commercial space. The world of the Boston-Washington corridor in the 1950s to the 1970s was a small one with many interconnections among key players, and these are fully evident in the book.

Cohen's analysis is aided by the location of Logue's projects in university towns. Yale political scientist Robert Dahl used Lee and Logue's New Haven as the focus for his important book, *Who Governs? Democracy and Power in an American City* (1961), and two Yale graduate students, Nelson Polsby and Raymond Wolfinger, conducted parallel work and produced books. Boston and New York also contributed their share of research on urban issues. These studies were not always sympathetic to Logue, but they provided Cohen a rich empirical base from which to work—complemented by assistance from the Logue family, approximately 80 of her own interviews, multiple oral histories and transcribed interviews with Logue and associates, and numerous archives and libraries.

As an urban planner, one of the professions low on the pecking order in urban renewal, I was of course interested in Logue's story. Some of the contemporary debates about his work were conducted in the journal I now edit (then called the *Journal of the American Institute of Planners*). As a scholar of new towns, I was interested in Logue's attempts to build them in the 1970s, even though Cohen sees Logue's attempts more positively than I do. Importantly, beyond this planning context, Cohen makes a number of arguments that loom larger than Logue himself or even urban policy, making her history relevant to a wider audience.

Chapter & Verse

Correspondence on not-so-famous lost words

Laurinda Morway writes, "Years ago an author described the phenomenon of hearing or seeing something for the first time and then experiencing it repeatedly as a 'Juno Sparrow' (that being the name that popped up unexpectedly again and again). I can't remember where I read it, and I love the expression. But if I use it I ought to be able to explain where I got it. Can anyone help?"

Charles Cassady seeks a source for "It's not the dark I fear. It's the things moving around in the dark," or "a more popular variation: 'I'm not afraid of the dark. I'm afraid of the things moving around in the dark.' I think the second version has been popularized by the Web phenom of creepypasta. The first version I came across was quoted by infamous filmmaker Ed Wood Jr. in his posthumously published *Hollywood Rat Race*, so it goes back at least

to the 1970s. It is clear Wood derived it from some other source, unknown to me."

"a bum in boots" (July-August). John Gordon identified the poem in question as "Sketch from Loss of Memory," by Sonya Dorman, published in *Saturday Review* in 1968 and later included in *Sounds and Silences: Poetry for Now*, compiled by Richard Peck (1970, page 93) and *Currents: Concerns and Composition* (1971, page 438), edited by Thomas E. Sanders. Gordon writes: "The passages remembered by Mr. Kennelly are: 'The neighbor's boy/shines his motorcycle in the evenings.' 'A bum in boots,' they call him./' and '...a smell of burnt grease/as sweet as horse sweat.'"

Send inquiries and answers to Chapter and Verse, Harvard Magazine, 7 Ware Street, Cambridge 02138, or via email to chapterandverse@harvardmag.com.

One insight is that improving communities with multiple disadvantages is no small task—and the goalposts are always shifting, as Cohen's detailed narrative makes vividly clear. Reformers like Logue certainly learned from experience and shifted their approach. But the world around them changed constantly, so even a program or policy successful in one period was not viable in another. Places had changed physically and socially compared to earlier rounds of renewal, residents had different expectations, businesses assumed different roles, and the federal government changed strategies and generally scaled back its financial and policy commitments. With less federal attention, state and local governments, and an increasing number of nonprofit agencies, stepped in. But they brought different interests and experiences to urban renewal. This is why improving urban areas is so difficult—and why urban planners have moved to em-

phasize developing *processes* for improving communities.

Another large question is the role of experts in defining problems, proposing solutions, and working toward justice. Cohen proposes that “as Logue learned from hard experience over his career, the fate of cities cannot be left solely to top-down redevelopers or government bureaucrats or market forces or citizens’ groups. Rather, the goal should be a negotiated cityscape built on compromise.” One part of this negotiation is about good design. Logue began his career attracted to stripped-back modern design, but over time came to embrace rehabilitation and designs that, more than early modernist experiments, signaled a sense of home to their prospective residents. Cohen richly describes the various places and projects Logue worked in and on; as I read I found myself gravitating to my computer where I could find images, zoom in to maps, and search recent aerial

photography of the communities today.

Cohen's overriding interest lies in the possibilities for social reform. The programs she examines and people associated with them defy easy categorization. There were liberals and conservatives for urban renewal and against it, depending on the context. Logue himself embodied contradictions: he was an often difficult person and a committed social reformer, a design modernist and a pragmatist, a strongly principled person willing to push the boundaries of programs for the greater good. Today, when inequality is on the rise, *Saving America's Cities* warns against easy solutions while offering hope that people can improve the places where we live—and with that, people's lives. ▢

Ann Forsyth, Stanton professor of urban planning and director of the Graduate School of Design's master in urban planning program, is editor of the Journal of the American Planning Association.

ALUMNI

A New Way of Being in the World

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas's “laser beam” insights into the lives of animals and humans

by MARINA N. BOLOTNIKOVA

SITTING IN HER KITCHEN in Peterborough, New Hampshire, Elizabeth Marshall Thomas '54 is talking about animal consciousness when her two dogs, chihuahua Chapek and pug mix Kafka, begin madly snarling at each other. “What are you doing, and why?!” she demands. She appears to believe the dogs really understand her, and judg-

ing by their sudden hush, they might.

Thomas would know: she has spent half a century chasing stories about life on earth, and has written 14 books, from anthropol-

ogy texts to novels to studies of cats, deer, and canines. *The Hidden Life of Dogs* (1993)—for which she traveled to the Canadian Arctic to research wolf packs—became

an unexpected *New York Times* bestseller. As she explains in her memoir *Dreaming of Lions* (2016), “While wandering down the road of life, it helps to look for something more meaningful than oneself. Some find it in religion...I find it by keeping my eyes open.”

Virtually every book she has written—including two memoirs and

Elizabeth Thomas at home with her own small dogs, Chapek and Kafka, and her son's large dog, Clover, whom she watches when he is away.



JIM HARRISON

her forthcoming reflections, *Growing Old*—has been shaped by her early experiences of trekking through South West Africa's Kalahari Desert. In 1951, Thomas had just finished her sophomore year at Smith (before transferring to Radcliffe) when she and her brother, John '55, and their parents set out to find the hunter-gatherer people then called "Bushmen"—today known as Ju/'hoansi or !Kung, in present-day South Africa and Namibia. Thomas says her father, Laurence Marshall, a co-founder of Raytheon, had recently retired, after working so hard through World War II that he barely saw his children, and wanted to explore "some place where there was nothing on the map. It was 'unexplored,' as the whites called it."

He approached Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology about mounting an ethnographic study as part of their sojourn. Thomas's mother, Lorna Marshall, A.M. '28, conducted fieldwork

ing their day-to-day lives. "Women weren't allowed to have anything to do with hunting," she explains. "We think of hunting as the big exciting thing, but I went gathering with the women and it was incredibly interesting....They knew everything about their ecosystem." She remembers how people dug deep into the ground to find a specific species of poison grub, and squeezed its insides onto hunting arrows, carefully avoiding the tip so it wouldn't accidentally scratch someone. "A scientist from Harvard came there much later and he interviewed some of them and ended up saying they know almost as much as we do," Thomas reports. "Well, I have never heard such bullshit in my life. They knew a hundred times more."

She calls the !Kung lifestyle "the old way," a reflection of how humans lived before agriculture and permanent settlements, when their task was to focus on the present, the world immediately around them.

It "clings to us still, in our preferences, in our thoughts and dreams, and even in some of our behavior," she wrote in her book, *The Old Way* (2006).

THOMAS'S experiences also made her see humans as part of the natural world, not separate from—or masters of—it. "If you're a hunter-gatherer," she says, "you can't think of your-

self as having dominion over animals": there was no such thing as domestication. She noticed the careful interactions of animals in the wild, the ways they negotiated with one another and made decisions about how to use their energy. And she saw how tiny changes in the balance of resources can shift how they relate to one another. She remembers noticing that the lions and people there didn't harm each other. She wondered why. Some of her !Kung hosts told her that "if we don't bother them, they don't bother us," she remembers, "But I don't think so." She thinks it was because in the Kalahari, water is scarce, and humans and lions needed to share water holes. If they attacked one another, then one group would have to leave, she explains, and the lions might be forced to battle another group of lions for access

to their water. "Lions are very smart. Very. They are very, very observant."

Some of what Thomas has written about the Ju/'hoansi is not uncontroversial. In *The Old Way*, she treated the culture as though it were frozen in time, a faithful representation of how humans lived as semi-nomadic hunter-gatherers before the agricultural revolution. She attributed facets of the culture to human evolution, rather than to the development of one specific society, because, as she puts it, "there are only so many ways you can live as a hunter-gatherer." But these speculations are highly questionable, argued Emory University anthropologist Melvin Konner, Ph.D. '73, M.D. '84, in *The New York Review of Books*: !Kung society "probably resembles just one of the environments of evolutionary adaptation," he wrote. "Most of our ancestors lived in richer environments: some had high enough population densities to develop some social stratification, which does not exist in Bushmen societies...The Bushmen are relevant, but they are not, as Thomas implies, the entire story of our Old Way." But for Thomas, the academic claims are less important than what she learned directly from the people she got to know and lived among: such as how to raise children (kindly, without harsh disciplining and scolding) and how to repress negative emotions for the good of the group. It opened up to her a whole new way of being in the world. As Konner further notes, "*The Old Way* is at its best when read as a fluid, evocative narrative of an adventure with people whose extremely challenging way of life is now gone."

THOMAS'S LOVE of the natural world also goes back farther, to the summer/weekend house in rural New Hampshire that Laurence Marshall built for the family in the 1930s. Although she grew up a few blocks from Harvard Yard, it was the woods around Peterborough where she felt most at ease. "I only wanted to be here," she remembers. It was where her father taught her to be still, to sit silently for hours and listen for the quiet footsteps of wildlife nearby. Once, they saw the fresh tracks of what Thomas was sure was a panther in snow.

Thomas has lived in the house full-time since the early 1980s—with her husband, Stephen Thomas '54 (who died in 2015), and many cats and dogs. There have been hard times there, too. Peterborough was where her daughter, Stephanie Thomas '80, at age 17, was riding in the bucket at the front of a



Claude the cat keeps watch while Thomas works on her sewing.

during their stay and later wrote two ethnographies on the !Kung; John Marshall went on to a career in anthropology, and chronicled daily life in the Kalahari through documentaries. The family's work provided an invaluable account of the !Kung before their traditional lifestyle disappeared in the late twentieth century. An exhibition highlighting that contribution, "Kalahari Perspectives: Anthropology, Photography, and the Marshall Family," was held at the Peabody through this past March (see "Shifting Sands," September-October, page 84).

All told, Thomas herself spent almost three years among the Ju/'hoansi, in three separate trips. She picked up some of the !Kung language and spent her days observ-

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Thomas's family owns a large stretch of land in New Hampshire, which is conserved and sustainably managed through a state program.

Act. "Boy, did she make a life for herself," Thomas says now. "She's been to jail 30 times: I've never ceased to boast about that."

From her New Hampshire home, Thomas wrote most of her books and co-wrote, with close

friend and naturalist Sy Montgomery, a *Boston Globe* column about human relationships with animals, now anthologized in *Tamed & Untamed: Close Encounters of the Animal Kind*. Both women have always rejected the premise that nonhuman animals don't think, feel, and know things as humans do, and writing for the public has provided an ideal platform for communicating that message. They also believe in the power of direct observation.

tractor, when she fell out and was accidentally run over. Suddenly, she was a paraplegic for life. The event was so shocking, Elizabeth wrote in *Dreaming of Lions*, that she never cried while tending to her child that first day in the hospital—she was beyond crying. But Stephanie eventually became an activist with American Disabled for Attendant Programs Today, the group instrumental in passage of the Americans with Disabilities

It was while roaming meadows and forests near her house that Thomas began gathering anecdotes and scenes of nature and animal life, like those in her *The Hidden Life of Deer* (2009). "You don't need scientific training," she insists. "You need to keep your eyes open and sit there and watch."

These assertions have sometimes made her unpopular with scientists. She challenges the rejection of "anthropomorphism" in biology—the idea that it's wrong to assign human attributes, emotions, or internal experiences to animals. Twentieth-century scientists largely stuck instead to observable and quantifiable behavior, rather than the squishy potential subjectivity, of animals. For Thomas, the two are inseparable.

Increasingly, the scientific community has come around to a similar view, and is conceiving new methods for studying animal consciousness. In 2012, for example, an international group of scientists issued the "Cambridge Declaration on Animal Consciousness," which stated that nonhuman animals have the neurological structures required for consciousness. But Thomas has never made

"Harvard Belongs to All of Us"

While crisscrossing continents during the past few decades, the new Harvard Alumni Association (HAA) president has always found her Harvard "home." "I've been a member of Harvard clubs everywhere I've lived—Washington, D.C., Ottawa, London," says Alice Hill '81, A.M. '88, Ph.D. '91, "and when I moved to Melbourne, Australia, I only knew two people: my husband, Mark Nicholson [M.B.A. '87], and my classmate Dana Rowan."

Rowan urged her to join efforts to reinvigorate the Harvard Club of Victoria, which Hill gladly did, ultimately helping to boost membership and events, and serving as president from 2004 to 2008. Hill has also chaired the club's fellowship program, which each year sends local leaders of nonprofits to a weeklong management course at Harvard Business School. "Our club started this scholarship from nothing," she says. "What I love about being part of this Harvard community is that people will come together to do things."

She joined the HAA's board of directors as director for Australasia in 2008, and spent four years on the executive committee before becoming HAA president in July. This year, she will travel and work with alumni, including the 60,000 graduates who live and work internationally, as the first Australian, first Canadian, and first person from the Asia Pacific region to lead the HAA. "Access to the alumni association has meant a lot to the international community, and the outreach, especially over the last five years, has been amazing," she says. "I'm really thrilled about what it says about the HAA and the University that someone like me would have the opportunity to do this."

As president, she plans to build on a theme voiced by University president Lawrence S. Bacow: "Harvard

is its people." In meetings and events, she will "talk about 'people and place,' how place shapes people, how this place shaped everyone who has been here, and how that experience means: you belong to Harvard, no matter who you are, no matter where you've come from, and that Harvard belongs to all of us."

Hill herself came from Inuvik, a small town in Canada's Northwest Territories about 120 miles north of the Arctic Circle. When she was a child, the trip with her mother, Cynthia Creelman Hill '54, to visit maternal grandparents in Boston every summer took two full days, mostly on propeller planes, with an overnight stop. "She used to say she had thought Edmonton, Alberta, was the end of the world," Hill adds, "but that's the city you have to fly through to get to Inuvik."

Hill's mother and father, Richard Hill, M.B.A. '57, met at Harvard. He was from Ontario, and the couple moved to the recently established Inuvik in 1963 when he became the director of the Inuvik Research Laboratory, created as "a hub for research, discovery, and innovation" by the Canadian government. Her mother was a teacher and then a superintendent of continuing and special education for the Territorial Government. "Growing up in this community was an immersion in indigenous cultures and politics and the formal acknowledgement of indigenous peoples," says Hill, referencing that in her Class Day address in May—and that awareness will also be a feature of her HAA leadership.

Because her parents were both first-generation to college, she

Thomas thinks it's clear that animals evolved minds and emotions, just like humans.

academic claims: she is more interested in writing entertaining stories and promoting empathy for animals than in scientific precision. She thinks it's clear that animals' minds and emotions evolved, just as humans' did, and if we can't access these qualities directly, we can use our imaginations. Her writing begins with simple observations about what animals around her are doing and what she gathers they might be thinking and feeling. Her prose is short, light, and cut to the bone; Montgomery calls it a "laser beam into what she sees as true."

In *The Hidden Life of Deer*, for example, Thomas describes how deer use humans to their advantage: "Once, a deer used us personally. My husband and I were standing outside when a doe came bounding out of the woods. Almost before we knew what was happening she changed course and ran straight for us, dashing by so close we felt the wind of her passing. Her mouth was wide open. We heard her gasp for

breath. Then a wolf-size coyote ran out of the woods, right on her trail....He stopped in his tracks when he saw us, though, gave us a deep, bitter look, then turned his head aside and grimaced, showing his teeth, as if saying to himself, *damn those people*."

TODAY, it's just 87-year-old Thomas and her three dogs and three cats in the house, although she is about to move in with her son, who lives across the road. *Growing Old* is written in her usual chatty tone, and filled with candid, funny, warm accounts of the natural process of aging, which she likens to "wandering around a shopping plaza, looking for the supermarket in a setting that seems familiar, except you're not sure you recognize everything you see. Have they changed things around here, or are you in the wrong place?" Getting old, she writes, is a dis-

tinctly human matter: "Most animals don't die of old age. They die of something else: starving or a fight or predator."

Still, she seems to take some comfort in knowing that all animals will die; that death is just a condition of life. That inevitability has provided her with another lens through which to empathize with animals, especially those dying in conditions much less fortunate than hers. A "vole was in the corner of my porch with two of my cats approaching from either side," she writes. "She couldn't escape, she knew the cats would kill her, and she covered her eyes with her hands." Thomas's watchfulness gives voice to these moments in the lives of small creatures—moments we might not otherwise even notice—and allows us to see ourselves in their vulnerabilities. "All animals fear death—even insects fear death," she notes, "and do what they can to avoid it." ♡

says, they were "adamant" that their two daughters go to college as well, and sent them to prepare at Concord Academy, near Boston. "They expected I would go back to university in Canada, but when I was accepted at Radcliffe," Hill adds, "my mother said, 'Well, we can't say no to that.'"

She concentrated in economics. Outside class, she helped establish the Canadian Club, was a yearbook photographer, played on the women's soccer team, and was a founding member of Harvard's women's ice-hockey team, coached by Joe Bertagna '73. Hill quickly found her niche at left wing defense ("The enforcer," she laughs; "It makes you a little bit fearless"), and scored the first goal in the first match of the varsity team's inaugural 1978-79 season.

Hill earned a master's in economic history at the London School of Economics, then returned to Canada and worked as a political assistant to the minister of state for social development before pursuing her doctorate in business economics, on the good advice of then-professor of economics and business administration (and soon-to-be dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences) Michael Spence. While at Harvard a second time, she also met Nicholson, a native Australian.

As a microeconomist, she has worked at the World Bank, the International Finance Corporation, and McKinsey & Co., among other firms. In 2004, she and Nicholson (by then married, with two young sons—Hamish '20 and Alasdair '17) settled in Melbourne, to be closer to his extended family. He is currently a non-executive director with several investment firms and not-for-profits.

Since then, Hill has pursued what she calls "full-time, unpaid, for-purpose work," which includes founding the Early Years Edu-



Alice Hill

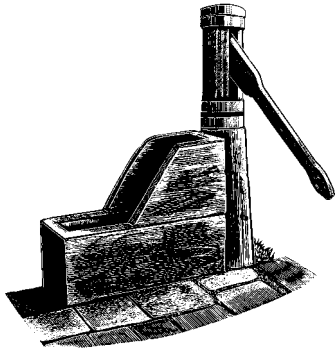
JIM HARRISON

cation Program, which, helps at-risk children realize "their full potential and ensure that they enter school as confident and successful learners, developmentally equal to their peers." She also serves as a director of other nonprofit social-justice and educational organizations, and of The Antipodean Family Foundation, which she and Nicholson established to serve "people in need."

"I just decided that there was nothing I could do that would have more impact than protecting the early childhood development of vulnerable children," she says. "It's all about doing good wherever you are. You might not solve all the problems in the world, but you can do your bit."

—NELL PORTER BROWN

Summer in the City



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

MAKE WAY FOR POULTS. Visitors to Harvard Yard—and these days, there are *throng*s of them—often wish to capture an iconic photo: Johnston Gate; the Widener steps; John Harvard's gleaming toe (about which, see more below). But a surprising number, from other climes, are enchanted by the resident (not very wild) wildlife. University-based squirrels could retire easily, without burying an acorn, if they could collect a nickel per pose for each picture taken.

Of late, the opportunities for such snapshots have multiplied with the arrival of wild turkeys—competitors for those acorns. Some of these large birds patrol Mass. Ave., but most hang out at ground level in the Yard, on the roofs of freshman dorms, etc. Where there are turkeys, inevitably, there are poults, and in the weeks immediately after Commencement a mother and her seven youngsters grazed on the lawn between Lamont and Widener libraries with some regularity. Viewers were agog—including, we must confess, some hard-bitten reporter types from this publication's staff (read the resulting in-

depth report at harvardmag.com/poults-19).

Harvard is, of course, steeped in history, so the newest avian infatuation brings to mind an earlier incident: the duck and her ducklings atop Quincy House in 1996. Then-master (as the position was then known) Michael Shinagel told the reporter on duty, managing editor Christopher Reed, "It just shows to what lengths a determined mother will go to get her children into Harvard," suggesting that history repeats itself in other ways, too—and the wisdom of nature.



FOOT FETISHES. Those many visitors to the Yard also, inevitably, huddle around John Harvard, and *someone* burnishes the favorite, famous toe further, while cameras click (see, for example, harvardmag.com/harvard-china-15). There is no warning sign about the other, disgusting undergraduate tradition associated with the statue, although brief contact with uric acid, in small doses, is not known to be fatal.

Turns out that the tradition of rubbing the statue for good luck is neither rooted in the mists of time nor unique to Harvard. Yale tour guides tell a story about a Crimson-Blue regatta at which Theodore Dwight Woolsey gave the Yale boat a foot nudge at the start of a race, leading to a victory—and the listeners learn that students rub that statue for good luck. (It is unknown whether the guides tell them that Yalies are also rumored to water Woolsey the way their Cambridge counter-



parts are said to do locally.) Similarly for the immortalized Ben Franklin at Penn.

As the tradition is not unique—and not *that* traditional, and surely neither healthy for people nor good for the statues—perhaps it is time to give it a rest?



PLEASANT PROSPECT. Turkeys, tourists, and traditions aside, Harvard's campus is often at its loveliest in seasons when students and alumni, ironically, are not resident: early summer, Thanksgiving weekend, during a winter-break snow.

One of the best places to veg out during the clement months is the small plaza atop the Carpenter Center's sweeping ramp overlooking Quincy Street. There is a sometimes-book store, sometimes-gallery space, but not much traffic. There are now tables and chairs, and usually a sitter's choice of sun or shade. The views of the Memorial Church spire and the restored Memorial Hall tower are simply smashing. And the surrounding, elevated garden space is pleasing if a bit eccentric. At one time, it was planted to tomatoes, but is now largely given over to lavender. To some, the Duke/Yale blue may seem treasonous. But the geometry, the occasional unruly weed (in defiance of Harvard's careful grooming of its storied landscape), and the contrast with the surrounding leafy canopy of trees are all just right.

~PRIMUS VI



ALLISON KERN/HARVARD MAGAZINE

It's a Small World

Ebenezer Storer's pocket globe

LIKELY distracted by the American Revolution, John Hancock, A.B. 1754, underperformed as Harvard's Treasurer. When Ebenezer Storer, A.B. 1747, A.M. 1750, took over in 1777, he had to deal not just with his predecessor's blunders, but with a country lacking standardized currency. A prominent textile merchant, he would hold the treasurer position until 1807, a stabilizing force in a time of upheaval.

In 1914, Francis Storer Eaton donated some of his great-grandfather's possessions to the University. One such keepsake was a "pocket globe" about the size of an orange and a bit heavier than a Wiffle® ball. In an 1802 inventory of his instruments and apparatuses, Storer listed the shellacked and slightly cracked knickknack among his least valuable. Two hundred years later, the miniature globe in a shagreen case (lined with vivid images of constellations depicted as animals) is one of two of its kind in the world.

Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to Charles II, produced the first pocket globes between 1659 and 1670, and others continued production through the early 1800s. The globes' designs were etched onto copper plates and impressed on paper globe



gores, which were then glued onto papier-mâché spheres and hand-painted. Storer's globe was produced by John Ferguson, a Scottish astronomer and natural philosopher who bought the copper plates of prominent cartographer John Senex. Ferguson didn't buy Senex's pocket-globe gores, though. He designed his own.

Pocket globes, not made with painstaking accuracy, were of limited scientific and navigational use, but they were a handy reference for schoolchildren and adults. Though inexpensive, they likely served as status symbols. "It is something that shows that you are an intellectual in a sense, that you're thinking about the world as a whole and not just your local environment," said Harvard archivist Ross Mulcare. "Having the world in your hands is a metaphor that

wouldn't be lost on them."

Ferguson's pocket globes were a bit larger than standard—three inches, not two and three-quarters—and most surviving examples have the imprint of engraver James Mynde. Storer's doesn't; the only other Mynde-less example is at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, London.

The globe's exact age is unknown, but clues exist. A dashed line depicting the 1744 circumnavigational path of Commodore George Anson (which resulted in the death of about 90 percent of his crew) runs along China's coastline and through "The Eastern Ocean." Poor California, depicted as an island on 1730s pocket globes, is portrayed as a greatly exaggerated peninsula jutting southward into the Pacific. All this indicates an origin around 1755. It couldn't have been much later: in 1757, Ferguson sold his plates due to poor business management.

—JACOB SWEET



HMD
Visit harvardmag.com to view additional images of the globe.



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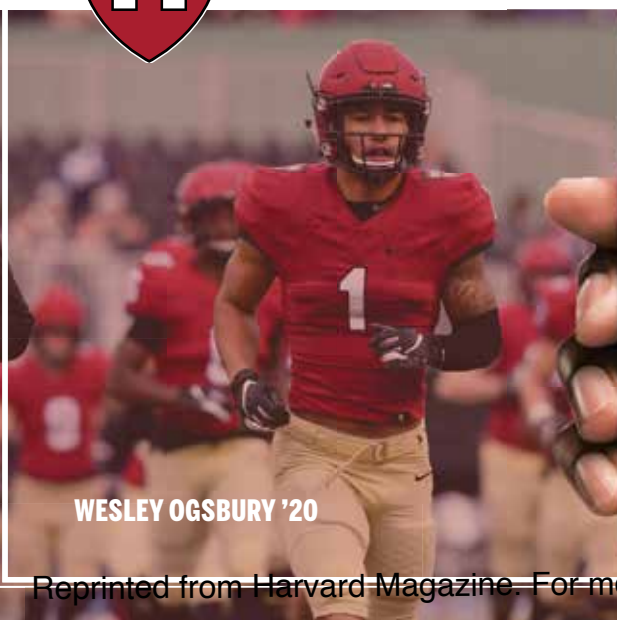
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