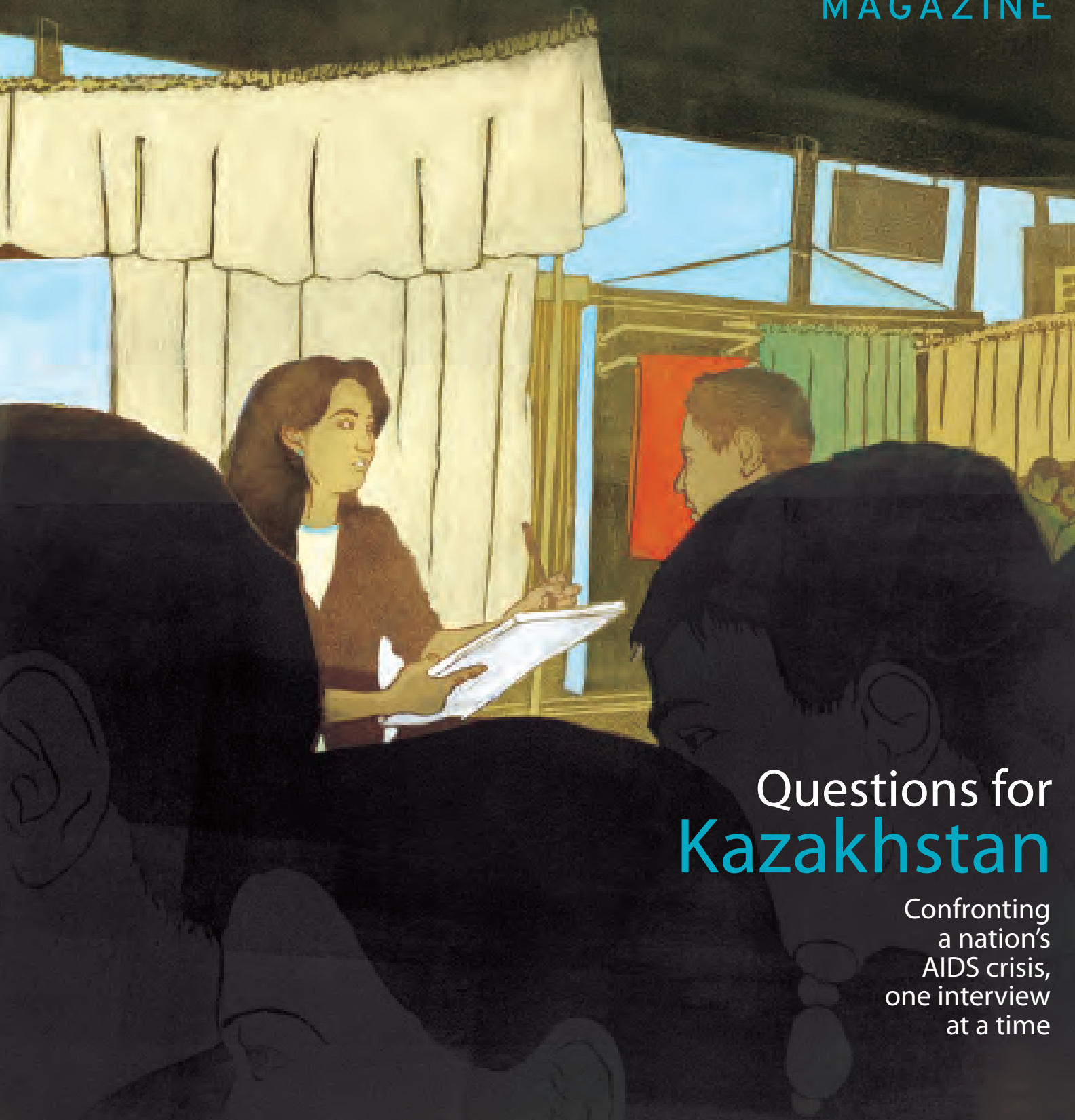


FALL 2010

COLUMBIA

MAGAZINE



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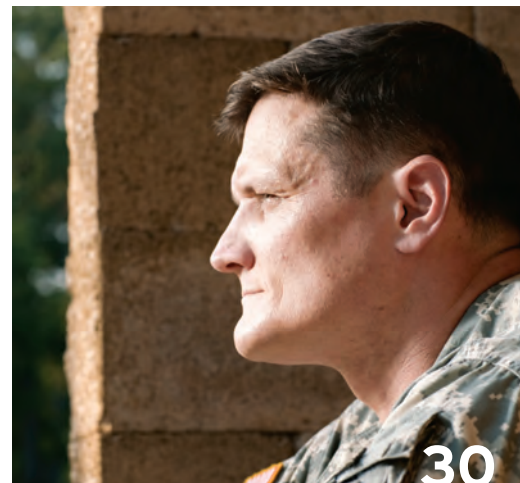
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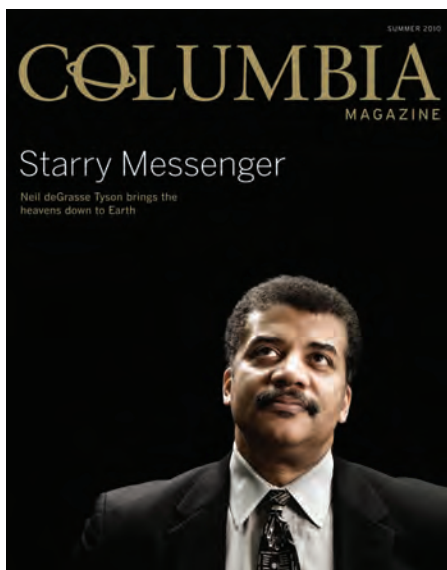


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letters

SEEING STARS

As a longtime amateur astronomer who used to give talks at the Marie Drake Planetarium in Juneau, Alaska, in the 1990s, I very much enjoyed Paul Hond's article on Neil deGrasse Tyson and the Hayden Planetarium ("Musings of the Spheres," Summer 2010).

One small correction: In the next-to-last paragraph, Neptune is described as a "gas giant with two moons." Thanks to the 1989 *Voyager* flybys and later observation by the Hubble Space Telescope, we now know that Neptune has at least 13 moons, though little is known about them.

Ron Reed '70CC
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on a terrific Summer issue, which included several wonderful features. I've had the great pleasure of hearing Neil deGrasse Tyson in action at the Hayden Planetarium, and it was a night I will never forget.

I was also excited to see a two-page spread on Columbia athletics. To think we have a half dozen (or is it more?) varsity teams that are Ivy champions or competing at the national championship level! The combination of perennial leaders (women's and men's fencing, men's tennis, archery), along with newer dynasties-in-the-making (men's and women's track and cross-country, men's golf),

is encouraging. How many alumni know that Columbia already has moved up to the top half of the Ivies in the last few years? That we have a sophomore who ran a sub-four-minute mile (only the second in Ivy history) and the Ivy League record in the women's 4x400 (3:38)? And yes, that stellar time was run by three sophomores and a first-year student. Please plan on three or four pages of sports highlights in the summer of 2011. The academic and extracurricular leadership of our student-athletes is worth sharing as well.

Lisa Carnoy '89CC
New York, NY

The Summer *Columbia Magazine* is the first I have come close to reading in its entirety. I found it difficult to lay this issue down until I had finished "Musings of the Spheres" by Paul Hond, "From Boots to Books" by Cindy Rodríguez, "Autism, Unmasked" by David J. Craig, "2010: An Artspace Odyssey" by Joshua J. Friedman, and "Poland's Bitter Spring" by John Micgiel. Thank you for such an interesting magazine.

Sister Ruth Juchter '53GSAS
Augusta, GA

POLAND'S TEARS

John Micgiel's article "Poland's Bitter Spring" (Summer 2010) was certainly a

good overview of recent events. As a German of Polish origin who has lived in Warsaw, I am impressed by how much better relations between Germany and Poland have become over the past 20 years than relations with Russia, which are only now beginning to improve. Russian occupation of Poland continues to influence the Poles' ongoing mistrust of the Russians and explains why they are so keen to have the proposed NATO missile shield in their country.

Michael V. B. Nagel '67BUS
London, UK

"Poland's Bitter Spring" notes that some Poles think that the plane crash that killed President Lech Kaczynski and company "wasn't an accident." Whether or not it was might never be definitively answered, but the question is worth considering. And possible culprits should not be restricted to Russians.

Was Kaczynski considered to be not fiscally conservative enough? Was he too culturally conservative? Was he unwilling to accept his Poland as an obedient, subservient, conquered province of the European Union?

The death of Kaczynski could be compared to the 1986 assassination of Sweden's prime minister Olof Palme. Palme was considered too pacifist and fiscally lib-

eral. He was gunned down the day before he was to give a speech against weapons of mass destruction. His killer has never been conclusively identified.

Kaczynski and Palme were considered undesirable by some powerful people and corporations. Their deaths were a little too convenient for these powers and their fiscal conservative/cultural liberal straitjacket.

Jeanette Wolfberg '80GSAS
Mount Kisco, NY

BOOTS ON THE GROUNDS

Thank you for your profile of the remarkable military men and women who have matriculated at Columbia ("From Boots to Books," Summer 2010). The article neglects to mention, however, the leadership role that Dartmouth College and its former president James Wright played in opening up an Ivy League education to military veterans. As one lucky enough to have attended Dartmouth as an undergraduate and Columbia as a graduate student, I am proud of my two almae matres and even more impressed by those who excel both inside the classroom and on the battlefield.

Mark S. Sternman '92SIPA
Cambridge, MA

"From Boots to Books" was great, as was most of the Summer issue, although I felt the article was prompted by a guilty conscience. In 1960, when I was a second lieutenant in the Army Officer Basic Course with a group of officers who were planning to have Army careers, I was the only Ivy college grad in the group, and the first they had seen from Columbia in many years. The others were from major university ROTC programs; I came from Officer Candidate School. Columbia should have had ROTC all these years.

Alvin Golub '57PHRM
Brooklyn, NY

A TRIAL'S TRIBULATIONS

I must comment on your article on Julie Menin's efforts to keep the trial of Khalid Sheikh Mohammed out of a Manhattan

courtroom ("Trial and Error," In the City of New York, Summer 2010).

Some years ago, as a criminal defense lawyer sitting in a small upstate courtroom, I saw through the eyes of my client, a New York City resident, that he was facing not the wrath of a faceless power, but the justice of a particular offended community in a process that embodied and sought to restore that community's values.

Years later — with the images of fire and death that the World Trade Center seared into the memory of my young daughter as she looked out of her West Village bedroom window, and with the deaths of a high school classmate and our neighbors in the fallen towers — I have been sustained by the certainty that someday the perpetrators would sit in our midst and face the judgment of our own community.

Calls for vengeance from national political figures have provided no comfort, just the promise of more violence to come. What we need is justice, a restoration of our peace, a reassertion of our own values of fairness to the accused, and respect for the dignity of the victims and of the power of our own community to care for itself.

Our colleague Eric Holder [CC'73, LAW'76] understands this, as do the countless lawyers, jurists, and jurors who have participated in providing for justice that is local in both its origins and administration, as did the framers of our constitutional provision that jury trials are to be conducted by impartial juries of the state and district where the crime is committed. That is why our jury system embodies a critical and essential duty of citizenship, and why it is so dangerous to hand over the administration of local justice to others, even symbolically. Justice as usual is a very valuable thing. Our local politicians, unfortunately, have proven themselves to be as eager as ever to respond to the fears of their constituents, at the price of contributing to the erosion of the sense of shared resolution that underlies and empowers our system of justice.

That is why it was so strange to read of Menin's view of herself, in opposing the

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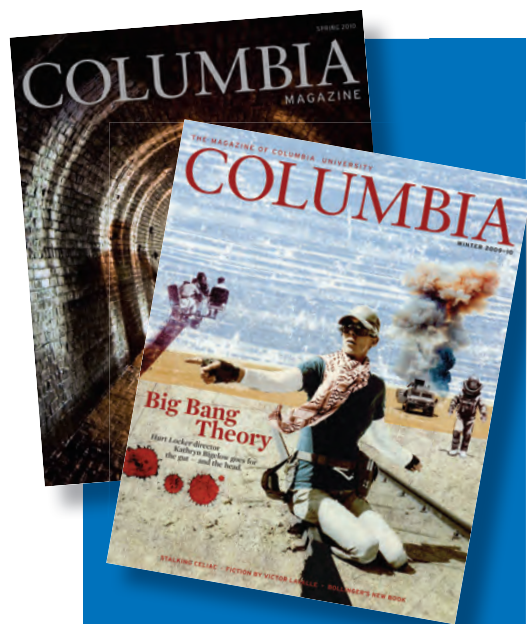
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use of our established local courtrooms in bringing the accused September 11 plotters to justice in our midst, as a community activist or budding public servant. Her efforts, to the contrary, will contribute to our growing communal fear, shortsightedness, and selfishness, and render more impersonal and distant a process that needs to be visibly local and solidly established. I think we can handle the inconvenience, and even the dangers of a local trial in an established and traditional courtroom; and I don't think the accused in this case deserve the satisfaction of causing us to recoil from them in fear.

Norman Corenthal '71CC
New York, NY

Julie Menin responds:

The federal courts have a proven track record of bringing terrorists to justice. That system is integral to upholding the rule of law and that is why I strongly believe it is the right system for the trial of Khalid Sheikh Mohammed. However, to hold his trial in Lower Manhattan, which could cost as much as \$1 billion of federal taxpayer money and involve more than 2000 security checkpoints, makes absolutely no sense. There are other venues, such as those I proposed — on Governors Island; at the Federal Correctional Institution in Otisville, New York; Stewart Air National Guard Base; or West Point — all locations in the Southern District, where a federal court judge could preside.

SENSE AND CONSENSUS

Your Summer issue presents a wonderful array of Columbia's rich, diverse, and global roles for us to glory in. But there was one false note in our energetic president's Commencement remarks ("Commencement," News).

Lee C. Bollinger notes the "unwillingness of many in public discourse to at least entertain the possibility that others may have better ideas." A fine statement of a real problem. Unfortunately, his first *bête noire* was those "who reject the consensus

of the scientific community about human-induced climate change."

I have no personal conclusion about climate change; it is not my field, and it is not his. As a physician, I do have a strong opinion about the dangers involved in scorning challenges to scientific "consensus," especially on behalf of a great university.

James T. Quattlebaum '61GSAS
Beaufort, SC

Your report on the 2010 Commencement ceremonies indicates that a distinct political drift is occurring at Columbia. Did President Bollinger actually instruct graduates to confront the "denial of expertise" represented by those who would "reject the consensus of the scientific community about human-induced climate change"? And what is this "consensus"? There are as many scientists who contradict human contribution to climate change as there are that promote it.

I came from Columbia in 1957 with an open mind properly braced with curiosity, reason, and a dab of skepticism. Admittedly, age and experience have tilted me toward conservatism, perhaps making me overly sensitive to what I read about the 2010 Commencement. I can't remember a word uttered by President Grayson Kirk that damp, misty day in 1957. I take comfort that the same may be true for the Class of 2010.

James R. Ashlock '57JRN
Tallahassee, FL

IN A TEAPOT

Julia Klein, in her review of *Contested Will: Who Wrote Shakespeare?* by James Shapiro ("Brush Up Your . . . Marlowe?," Summer 2010), notes that Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford, is, among certain scholars, one of the leading contenders as the author of the Shakespeare plays. Klein says, "That de Vere died in 1604, before the later plays were produced, is seen as no obstacle, with his advocates suggesting he could have written them earlier." The point is not that the later plays were produced after 1604, but that they contain references to occurrences which took place

after 1604. For example, *The Tempest*, considered by many to be Shakespeare's finest comedy, could not have been written before 1610. The play was inspired by the wreck of the *Sea Venture*, which foundered on a reef off Bermuda in July of 1609, the news of which did not reach England until 1610. Since Oxford died six years before 1610, he could not have written *The Tempest*. If not he, the most likely candidate is William Shakespeare of Stratford, as Shapiro claims.

Alden Mesrop '52CC, '57LAW
Mount Vernon, NY

GET ON THE BALL

The sundial (Finals, Summer 2010) fascinated me as a kid when I saw it in the Columbia photos of my father, Francis Sypher '25CC, '27LAW, from the 1920s. But by the time I first visited the campus, the ball was gone, and when I was at Columbia as an undergraduate and graduate student, from 1959 to 1968, the empty base served mainly as a speaker's soapbox.

When I wrote an article about the sundial for *Columbia* magazine in 1992, it was still thought that the ball had been broken up and carted away, but since then the ball has been discovered in a field near Ann Arbor, Michigan.

There have been efforts to organize support for restoring this iconic masterpiece, a gift of the Class of 1885, and I wish it could be done, either by bringing back the original ball, or by installing a new one.

In its day the sundial was a dramatic emblem of the Columbia campus, and its restoration would be a magnificent addition, as suggested by many, including Jacques Barzun. Hopefully, I quote the Latin motto on the base of the sundial: *Horam expecta veniet* (Await the hour, it will come).

Francis J. Sypher Jr. '63CC, '68GSAS
New York, NY

PHILOLOGY

I want to compliment Paul Hond on his fine writing in his piece on Phil Schaap ("Every Day Is Bird Day," Spring 2010). I haven't listened to Phil in a while, and reading this short article made me feel I have been miss-

Key to Abbreviations: Each of the following school affiliation abbreviations refers to the respective school's current name; for example, GSAS – for Graduate School of Arts and Sciences – is used for alumni of the Graduate Faculties, which became GSAS in 1979. The only code not associated with a particular school is HON, which designates that person the recipient of an honorary degree from the University.

CODE	SCHOOL
BC	Barnard College
BUS	Graduate School of Business
CC	Columbia College
DM	College of Dental Medicine
GS	School of General Studies
GSAS	Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
GSAPP	Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation
JRN	Graduate School of Journalism
JTS	Jewish Theological Seminary
KC	King's College
LAW	School of Law
LS	School of Library Service
NRS	School of Nursing
OPT	School of Optometry
PH	Mailman School of Public Health
PHRM	School of Pharmaceutical Sciences
PS	College of Physicians and Surgeons
SCE	School of Continuing Education
SEAS	Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science
SIPA	School of International and Public Affairs
SOA	School of the Arts
SW	School of Social Work
TC	Teachers College
UTS	Union Theological Seminary

ing something. Hond's flawless writing tells a great story and somehow seems, quite astoundingly, to tell the story like Phil might.

Marc Garber
New York, NY

Garber is a news host at WNYC Radio.

TUNNEL VISIONS

I very much enjoyed "The Night Hunter," the Spring issue's cover story about photographer Steve Duncan. It is an urban myth, however, to say that the Riverside Park tunnel was "populated by hundreds of homeless people in the 1980s," at least with regard to the stretch between 96th Street and Manhattanville, which I used to walk during my years at Columbia.

In those days, there was an open door into the tunnel, next to one of the 96th Street on-ramps to Riverside Drive and across from a large graffiti mural of the *Mona Lisa* inside the tunnel. Delightfully cool, even on the hottest summer days, and wind-free in winter, the tunnel was an oasis of stillness and calm, and was especially beautiful

with snowflakes and pale winter light sifting down through the overhead air grates.

I led Kenneth Jackson's History of the City of New York class on a postlecture walking tour of the tunnel in the spring of 1983, and as Jackson and our classmates who joined us that afternoon can attest, the tunnel was splendidly quiet and deserted at that time.

William Wilfong '85CC
Bangkok, Thailand

NO SAINT, NICK

Contrary to the endless, silly exchange in the Letters section over whether *Columbia Magazine* has content of interest, the Spring 2010 issue was quite informative, particularly on the subject of Columbia president Nicholas Murray Butler. Not only was the man a Nazi sympathizer and enabler (see "Hear No Evil," Ari Goldman's review of *The Third Reich in the Ivory Tower*), but Butler also named names, as we learned from the letter by the late Arnold Beichman ("God and Butler at Columbia").

Cassandra E. Joseph '78LAW
New York, NY



Second to None

On a hot afternoon in July, John Adams, the second president of the United States, stepped out of a white Volvo sedan S60 and walked toward a cedar-shingled building set back on a lush green lawn in Old Lyme, Connecticut. On Lyme Street, a passing car slowed, and the driver waved and called, “Mr. President!”

Adams waved back and continued along a stone path. Dressed in a black velvet jacket with gold trim, a black vest with gold embroidery, an ornamental white bib called a jabot, black knickers, white stockings, and black shoes with gold buckles, Adams — or rather, George Baker ’69CC, ’73LAW,

a stout, rosy lawyer from New Canaan — strode into the building with the beaming importance of a patriot fresh off his horse.

Baker had entered not a tavern or meetinghouse, but the Lyme Art Association, a gallery that opened in 1921 in support of American impressionism. The airy rooms bristled with men and women in country club casuals, older Connecticut Yankees (and some younger ones) who chitchatted and juggled ice cubes amid an exhibition of seascapes of blues and yellows and pinks and greens that reflected the shifting beauty of the Lower Connecticut River Valley. Baker’s appearance was part of a

fundraiser for the association, which had been hit with a flood in March, and the enthusiasm that greeted him suggested a thirst in the public gullet for the reassuring Adams virtues: wisdom, courage, faith, honesty, forbearance, insight. Baker, a doughy raconteur, Sunday pewster (Episcopal), and long-standing member of the Rotary Club of New Canaan, emitted a hale sociability from which his Adams promised to flow like the Madeira with which the founders toasted independence. Baker's first rule of being Adams is to be himself.

At 6:30 p.m., President Adams was introduced to the assembly. The applause was fit for a man with a monument in the Capitol and a granite brow on Mount Rushmore, though Adams had neither of these. But in recent years, thanks to David McCullough's 2001 biography and an HBO miniseries based on it, Adams, a single-term northern president wedged haplessly between the popular Virginians Washington and Jefferson, has finally been getting his due. Many in Baker's audiences are fans of the McCullough book. Indeed, without McCullough, George Baker might well have spent this evening as George Baker — might, at that golden hour, have been standing outside his weekend house in nearby Essex, on the bank of a quiet cove off the Connecticut River, his trusty field glasses trained on a bald eagle as it dived out of a big, rolling, watercolor sky, fell past the green bands of the wooded hills beyond, splashed into the tea-colored waters, and came up with a flapping shad.

Instead, Baker was being John Adams, a man who, though absent from electoral politics for over 200 years, hadn't forgotten his supporters. "My wife Abigail predicted I would get the warm welcome I have just received," he told the citizens that had gathered round, "because Old Lyme, she said, has always been a stronghold for the Federalist Party. And indeed, Abigail was right, as usual."

He spoke of his humble beginnings in Braintree, Massachusetts, of the pride he

took in his English heritage, and of his sorrow over the inexorable rift between the colonies and the crown. Then came a defining moment: On March 5, 1770, British soldiers fired on a mob of stone-throwing colonists, killing five. The soldiers were arrested for murder in what became known as the Boston Massacre.

"The next day," Adams said, "I was asked to represent them as a defense counsel."

It was at this point that the air-conditioning inside the Lyme Art Association began to fail. Tiny droplets bloomed on the speaker's broad forehead.

"I agreed to represent the soldiers, even though I knew that I would be hated by almost everyone in Boston, including my clients. I did this because I did not want

"Though I assumed that my career as a lawyer was over in Boston, I soon realized that I had earned the respect of people for taking on this unpopular case."

these men to receive a kind of mob justice that would remind the world that Massachusetts had not progressed much since the days when we executed Quakers and stoned Salem witches. And more important, I had to prove to myself that we lived by the rule of law."

Adams defended the British soldiers on grounds of self-defense, with a strong belief that "it is of more importance to the community that innocence should be protected than it is that guilt should be punished." All but two of the eight soldiers were found not guilty.

"Though I assumed that my career as a lawyer was over in Boston, I soon realized that I had earned the respect of people for taking on this unpopular case. And it didn't hurt to have my cousin Sam Adams, the leader of the Sons of Liberty, to make sure I wasn't tarred and feathered."

For years, as far back as his Columbia days, when he took U.S. History with James Shenton ("Each class was like a great

performance"), George Baker had dreamed of doing a one-man show. Throughout his career as a probate attorney he'd acted in community theater productions, especially musical theater (he sings and plays piano), a pursuit that harmonized nicely with his day job ("I'm never as good in court as when I'm in a play"). But when a show reached the end of its run, Baker would feel a major letdown. It was *over*.

He wondered how he might free himself from such arbitrary constraints.

In 2007, Baker, nearing 60, read McCullough's *John Adams*. The book enlivened Adams for him as an "attractive, independent person. He's not larger than life. You can really understand what he's doing." Baker then saw Hal Holbrook's

one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight!*, which knocked his socks off. "Then my wife said, 'You know, you kind of resemble John Adams.'" Baker's wife, Susan, hails from Braintree, and so would seem exceptionally qualified to make this statement. Baker concurred. For the next nine months, he read everything on Adams he could find — biographies, essays, letters. He visited the nativity site in Quincy. Then he got to work on a monologue, which, on Susan's advice, he leavened with dashes of comedy, such as one might hear at the Gridiron Club. Humor, for Baker, is the yeast that gives rise to persuasion, as he recently explained. "If you're a trial lawyer, you try to lift the mood, lighten things up. If you can get people laughing," he said, laughing, "they believe they agree with you!" His one cavil with the HBO series was that Paul Giamatti's Adams was too downcast. "During the Boston Massacre trial scene, there was not one joke," Baker lamented. "A good trial lawyer would know how to

use humor, and Adams was an excellent trial lawyer.”

As the audience in Old Lyme fanned itself with paper plates, John Adams, sustained by a staunch New England constitution, turned the discussion to presidential campaigns. He noted that slash-and-burn tactics, seen today as a sign of a debased politics, were no less common during the election season of 1800, when, as an incumbent, he faced his adversary Thomas Jefferson.

“One of my critics in that campaign stated that John Adams was mentally deranged, subject to uncontrollable emotional fits, and at times absolutely mad. This critic was Alexander Hamilton. You’ve heard of him? The first treasury secretary and a member of my own Federalist Party. Four years after he wrote this about me, Hamilton was killed in a duel with Vice President Aaron Burr, who I

understand was not the last vice president to shoot someone.”

The crowd whooped with laughter, almost guiltily. Presidential cheek, especially from a man in a jabot, can feel pleasingly indecent.

“And there was a huge funeral for him in New York City,” Adams went on. “When asked if I attended Hamilton’s funeral, I said, ‘No, but I approved of it.’” He paused for more laughs. Then he said, with some acerbity, “And there’s a university in New York City that regards Hamilton as one of its most distinguished alumni.” This caused some tut-tutting among the ladies, but not everyone got the reference.

When the performance ended, Baker, glistening, jacket and jabot still firmly in place, shook hands with his smiling compatriots. Outside, the evening sun was melting over the Lieutenant River, forging

such apricots and corals in the sky as must have inspired the landscapes of the local American impressionist Childe Hassam a century ago.

Baker slung his jacket over his arm and walked to his Volvo, with no pain in his heart for any final curtain. He had portrayed Adams at libraries, historical societies, schools, Rotary clubs, and senior centers all over New England, and as far away as Rancho Mirage, California. In a few weeks he’d do it at a reunion in Boston for the 95th Infantry Division. It’s a show that never ends, and doesn’t have to, anytime soon. Adams lived to be 90 years old, and that affords Baker, who is 62, some luxuries.

“The fatter and balder I get, the more in character,” he said merrily as he got into the car. “I can’t lose in this role.”

— *Paul Hond*

Future Shock

A large, theatergoing mouse rides the 1 train to Times Square. A dog with human brain cells applies for Social Security. A human with animal cells is denied the right to marry.

Far-fetched? One should think. But as Robert Klitzman, an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia, said on a recent afternoon, the mixing of the DNA of different species to create new ones is well under way. And it’s a big issue in the stem-cell wars.

Klitzman, who is the cofounder of Columbia’s Center for Bioethics, was speaking to a gathering of about 20 physicians, medical students, and neighbors inside the Pathology Library on the 15th floor of the Vanderbilt Clinic. The room’s shelves were lined with medical texts and journals. A window at the back looked south onto the Hudson, with Riverside Church in the distance.

“When Watson and Crick discovered, or stole, DNA, they didn’t really know where it would go,” Klitzman said. “It’s the same now.”

A Broadway-bound mouse might be pushing it, but less complicated hybrids and chimeras already exist. Hybrids arise from a mixture of DNA at the cell level, and chimeras are organisms that contain two genetically different types of cells from the same or different species. “There are fears when it comes to hybrids and chimeras,” Klitzman said. “We can’t yet envision just what the research will look like, but now that these things can be done, we have to try to grapple with the ethical issues.”

Some politicians don’t want to wait for the science to evolve. Legislation in Ohio and Arizona has barred anyone from attempting to create a human-animal hybrid, to avert possible ethical and legal

conflicts. “If a dog has human brain cells, is that dog somehow human?” Klitzman said. “Or if a man receives animal cells, is he less human?”

Although he welcomes further questioning into the morals of messing with nature, Klitzman believes that the potential benefits should take precedence. The line between human and animal “was never that clear anyway,” he said, and scientists have been creating hybrids for a long time, with many medical advances to their credit.

A physician spoke up. She had curly black hair, and wore her CUMC ID card around her neck. “We don’t want to let our imaginations run wild,” she said, lest fearful lawmakers “stymie wonderful work with regulations.”

Klitzman noted that stem-cell research in the United States has been stalled since President George W. Bush’s ban of the

use of federal money for human embryonic stem-cell research in 2001. Because a federal stem-cell program has not been developed, states each have their own standards when it comes to research. If states were working with the same guidelines, it would be easier to share embryos or pool cell lines. Instead, we have instances in which a state like New York allows women who donate eggs for research purposes to be compensated for their time and burden, while other states don't allow any money to change hands for a donation. That means stem-cell researchers in those states can't use eggs from donors who have been remunerated.

"We can do this here, but it can't go across the Hudson to New Jersey," Klitzman said. Such disparate standards "prevent full collaboration with other universities and research institutions."

Stem cells have been touted as the key to potential cures for many diseases, such as cancer and Parkinson's, and Americans are getting restless for these benefits to become available. In the U.S., stem-cell therapies have yet to make it to the trial stage. "As of three months ago, there's only been one clinical trial, which was stopped because of complications," Klitzman said.

Desperate patients are seeking stem-cell treatments in other countries despite the

lack of testing and the low rate of success. For Klitzman, the plight of these "stem-cell tourists" points to a need to better translate the nuances of stem-cell issues to the public.

Managing expectations is crucial, too, and it's important to keep the public interested and informed without overselling, Klitzman added. It could be another 20 or 30 years before treatments are developed, or a hybrid and a chimera want to tie the knot. But then again, it could be only five.

"We still have to see what the science can do," said Klitzman. "We're creating the future in ways we can't yet envision."

— Leslie Hendrickson '06JRN

Remembrance: Jack Beeson

When Jack Beeson '02HON was a student at the Eastman School of Music in the 1940s, he wrote a small piece for piano that he thought was wonderful. It had come to him out of the ether, perfectly shaped! He brought it to his teacher, all smiles, and was promptly told that — notwithstanding a change in key — he had somehow channeled an entire Scarlatti sonata.

I heard Jack tell this story 40 years ago at Columbia when I was one of his graduate students in a composition proseminar. It was an immediate lesson in the power and necessity of editorial review, and in a composer's being appropriately suspicious of first concepts. Everything was to be tested and retested before being let loose publicly.

My years with Jack came just after the campus sit-ins and antiwar protests, at the peak of the "age of the auteur." But unlike so many of his European-educated peers, Jack, who was born in Muncie, Indiana, in 1921, was without pretense or grandiosity. This was revelatory to me, since my

previous experiences with living composers defined them, almost to a man, as charismatic creators and absolute authorities — Artists with a capital A.

While Jack respected his own musical instincts (tested many times over the years, to be sure), and had already achieved lasting fame with his opera *Lizzie Borden* (1965), he always remained an approachable and effective teacher. He had an engaged, exuberant teaching style (a model for my own subsequent teaching), and he displayed a respectful yet shrewd suspicion of what the evolving composer might ultimately produce as work of distinction. And if one of us showed him something that really worked, Jack was genuinely delighted.

Jack's music is consonant with his no-nonsense personality and teaching approach. When the prevailing winds of style blew in other directions, Jack, with his bow ties and quiet manner, in many ways remained consistent over the years, from the early works of the 1950s to his last compositions. (His final composition, a short piano piece called "A Fugue in Flight," was published



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY / GIFT OF THE ESTATE OF ALICE NEEL, 1999

Alice Neel's 1979 portrait of Jack Beeson.

last year.) It was his innate discretion and artistic good taste — qualities that can so easily suppress emotion — that revealed his musical personality so fully. Whether in his orchestral and operatic works or in smaller vocal and chamber pieces, the music is uniformly on point, clear, and, like the man, at times quite humorous.

Jack is best known for his nine operas, and one reason is his great skill at setting words to music. Throughout his vocal music he is wonderfully attentive to the length of the breath stream, and consequently his reading of the text is characterized by detailed control of a line's shape, direction, and dynamic. Through altering the periodicity of the harmonic flow — where it pinches, where it loosens — he makes us listen closely. His music is exact.

This past spring, I reconnected with Jack. In May he had been awarded a Letter of Distinction from the American Music Center, and I sent him a note of congratulations. This prompted a surprising phone call to my Arizona home. Jack and I talked about our current projects, and he mentioned that Albany Records had issued a group of his CDs that included new recordings of choral and solo music plus some of the operas. I ordered the choral disc, listened to it, and wrote back expressing the pleasurable discoveries in music not before known to me; and because we'd both set the same poem to music, I enclosed a CD with my setting, plus the two discs of my orchestral music he'd asked to hear.

The final surprise was on June 6 — the day he died, I was to learn — when another

letter from Jack arrived. Until that moment I hadn't known that he'd been on juries over the years that had reviewed my works, that he'd listened to everything and read all the liner notes. In his kind comments, he observes that with both of us, "the choral writing is fluent, well-suited to the voices, and the words very well set."

"You and I have in common our fiddling with the chosen words & occasionally writing our own," he added. "What a good idea!" And he concludes: "It was a pleasure to re-meet you!"

— Judith Lang Zaimont '68GSAS

A concert in Jack Beeson's memory will be held at Miller Theatre on October 25. For more information, call 212-854-1633 or visit www.millerttheatre.com.

Opuntia littoralis

I'd never even tasted
one before I met him, but
it was August in
Malta and they were
everywhere, standing like fences
between houses, growing
beyond the city walls,

in the fields behind ruined
temples of cultures so long
buried we're not sure
which gods they worshipped,
but see in their fertility
figurines a love of
fleshiness, of the ripe,

not unlike the succulence
of these plants, in fact, whose
roots dig deep into
desert soil, finding
water and sustenance even
in the harshest climates,
the generosity

also to bear fruit. I watch
as he reaches carefully
over the barbed wire
tautology of
fence, protecting his hands with layers
of newspaper, and plucks
four spiky bright red pears.

At home he lays them gently
on the table, takes a fork
and spears one, then cuts
the outer layer
away, one practiced motion, one
intact, still-spiny peel.

He slices it, offers me
a piece, the yellowish flesh
only slightly sweet,
and the small black seeds,
perfectly round, seem to be safe
and so I swallow, and
ask him for another.

— Moira Egan '92SOA has published four
poetry collections, including, most recently,
SPIN (Entasis Press, 2010). She lives in Rome,
where she teaches at John Cabot University.



MARK STEELE

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Surveyors on the New Silk Road

Columbia social workers are pulling back the curtain on AIDS in Central Asia, where the epidemic is spreading faster than anywhere else in the world. ♦ [By David J. Craig](#)





Assel Terlikbayeva '03SW, professor Nabila El-Bassel '87SW, and Louisa Gilbert '83BC, '09SW, in Republic Square, Almaty, Kazakhstan

Barakholka Market is a place where you can buy anything. Nestled in the foothills of Kazakhstan's Tian Shan Mountains, three miles northwest of the city of Almaty, it is a noisy, congested, and chaotic emporium at the edge of the desert. When you first enter its maze of zigzagging aisles that tower overhead with sneakers, pirated DVDs, fake leather handbags, fur hats, stereo speakers, generic Legos, black-market pharmaceuticals, and dirty magazines, you wonder: *How will I find my way out?* There are no maps or directories, and Barakholka is enormous, occupying some 100 acres. Locals navigate the place by remembering where specific types of merchants are situated — all 170 cosmetics vendors are crammed together, as are all 200 jewelers, and so on. Dozens of languages are spoken here, so urgent messages get communicated by volume alone. “*Out of the*

way! Out of the way!” shouts a man in Russian, sticking his elbow in your back, and storming past with a refrigerator on a dolly.

For the tens of thousands of Kazakhs who shop here daily, Barakholka is a junk shop, a department store, a farmer's market, and a red-light district rolled into one. For the 30,000 men and women who work here, it is also home. They come from Kazakhstan's poorer southern neighbors — Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, and Turkmenistan — and sleep in dilapidated concrete tenements that encircle Barakholka. They awake at three every morning to prepare their stalls, and by late afternoon, after the shopping ends, they hit the cafés and gambling dens on the outskirts of the market.

“Over there is where they get girls,” says Sholpan Primbetova '09SW, a Kazakh woman who studies life in this market. She

Photographs by David Trilling

Surveyors on the New Silk Road

points to two teenagers at an outdoor café wearing halter tops and blank stares. “A man soon will sit down next to one of them, offer to buy her a drink, and things will proceed from there,” says Primbetova. “The men tend not to think of women they find this way as prostitutes, but as friends who need money.”

For the past three years, Primbetova and other social scientists at Columbia’s Global Health Research Center of Central Asia (GHRCCA), which is based in Almaty, have been studying the sex lives and drug habits of men who work in this market. They want to know if Barakholka is a hot spot for the transmission of HIV, which is spreading faster in Central Asia and Eastern Europe than anywhere else in the world. The researchers worry that migrant workers temporarily away from their families are having sex with prostitutes or shooting heroin, contracting HIV, and then infecting their wives when they return home.

Primbetova demonstrates how she recruits study subjects. She walks up to a Tajik shoe seller, a man of about 25 in a sleeveless tee. He seems nervous. Within seconds, half a dozen other shoe

sellers have surrounded her. They prod Primbetova’s arms in a way that expresses more curiosity than aggression. “This is typical,” she whispers. “Immigrant men, particularly the Tajiks, are very protective of one another and tend to stick close together. It’s tough to get them to speak to you one-on-one.”

Primbetova, speaking in her native Russian, introduces herself as a researcher and asks the men if they’re familiar with AIDS. They chuckle, but say little. She asks if they use condoms. “But I’m married,” says the first shoe seller, striking a defiant pose. One of his friends chimes in: “Still, we all have girlfriends here.” The first man grins bashfully. “Yeah, we have girlfriends, and we use condoms.”

Unfortunately, that’s not what the researchers are finding. So far, they’ve conducted in-depth, private interviews with 422 migrant workers. Few of them inject drugs. But more than a quarter admit to having had sex with prostitutes recently, nearly half say they have multiple sex partners, and only a small number use protection. Furthermore, they know practically nothing about AIDS. They’d be hard-pressed to learn, since there are no HIV-prevention clinics

Sholpan Primbetova '09SW interviews a worker in Barakholka Market near Almaty, Kazakhstan.



anywhere near the market. A condom, it seems, is one thing that's difficult to find in Barakholka.

"A bad situation," says Columbia social work professor Nabila El-Bassel '87SW, who directs the GHRCCA and oversees this research. "The potential for AIDS to spread here is definitely frightening."

What should be done? Should Kazakhstan's government, perhaps, transfer some of its public-health resources to Barakholka? Until now, it would have been impossible to say if this would be money well spent because no AIDS research has ever been conducted here. In fact, little AIDS research has been conducted among migrant workers anywhere in Central Asia.

"This is remarkable," says El-Bassel, "considering that AIDS is on the verge of becoming pandemic in the region and there are millions of migrant workers in Kazakhstan alone."

By conducting studies in Barakholka Market and elsewhere in Central Asia, El-Bassel hopes to produce a clearer picture of how AIDS is spreading and might be controlled. In the process, she's helping to train a new generation of health researchers here. Most of the fieldwork that GHRCCA conducts is done by a group of 25 Kazakhs, who El-Bassel says will be able to do this work on their own eventually. Several of these young researchers, such as Primbetova, attended Columbia's School of Social Work; others received short-term training from the school's faculty both in New York City and in Kazakhstan. To do this work, they've also given up careers in medicine, taken bruises in old-fashioned Soviet politics, and even withstood arrests and police interrogations.

In the dark

Over the past 15 years, AIDS has spread at an alarming rate throughout Central Asia and Eastern Europe. In Kazakhstan, the number of new HIV cases has doubled every two years. The epidemic is fueled, experts believe, by a breakdown in social conditions in former Soviet republics. While the transition from communism has improved living standards for many people in this part of the world, it has also introduced the novel problem of unemployment, which, in turn, has led to spikes in drug abuse, prostitution, and migration — all factors that contribute to the spread of AIDS.

In southern Kazakhstan, where El-Bassel's team is operating, conditions are especially fertile for disease. Not only are poor migrant laborers flocking here, but drug dealers are passing through on their way from Afghanistan to Russia, making heroin cheaply available along the way. (The Columbia researchers have dubbed their work at Barakholka Market the "Silk Road Project," an allusion both to Almaty's location along the ancient trade route and to the current migration and drug traffic.) In some towns in southern Kazakhstan, as many as one in seven adults are heroin addicts.

Kazakhstan's response to AIDS, meanwhile, has been slow. According to a recent United Nations report, very few people in

Kazakhstan are aware of the risks of AIDS or have been tested, and condom-distribution and needle-exchange programs are not widely available. This isn't for a lack of financial resources in the country: Since becoming independent in 1991, Kazakhstan has emerged as the economic powerhouse of Central Asia, with oil and natural-gas industries that attract billions of dollars in Western investment every year. The country has tripled its spending for health care, education, and other public services in the past decade.

To understand why Kazakhstan isn't doing a better job combatting AIDS, it's helpful to speak to Maksut K. Kulzhanov, the head of the Kazakhstan School of Public Health. Kulzhanov

Columbia researchers worry that migrant workers are visiting prostitutes, contracting HIV, and then infecting their wives when they return home.

has been a vocal supporter of Columbia's GHRCCA since its founding in 2007, and he is now a member of the center's scientific advisory board. His school, which is operated by the country's ministry of health, is located on the outskirts of Almaty. To get there, you rumble down a long, pothole-strewn driveway. The building that eventually appears behind a copse of unpruned apple trees has large pieces of concrete missing from its façade. Inside, corridors are dimly lit and walls are veined with cracks.

Kulzhanov, a neatly dressed man, greets visitors with a two-handed shake. Once seated at an oak table, he explains that Kazakhstan has a long history of shortchanging public-health research, which means that health officials often lack the information they would need to respond effectively to new problems. "Under the Soviets, our government had little interest in promoting an open spirit of inquiry on this kind of thing," Kulzhanov says. "Health-policy decisions, like all policy decisions, were made in a top-down manner."

Kazakhstan created its school of public health, the nation's first, in 1997, and the government plans to soon open a second in the capital city of Astana. But the country still has too few people trained to conduct health research, Kulzhanov says. This has crippled the nation's response not only to AIDS but also to tuberculosis and hepatitis C, which are threatening to become epidemic. The lack of research is a particular liability in the fight against AIDS, Kulzhanov says, because there are powerful cultural forces in Kazakhstan that resist funding AIDS programs. Most citizens of this country are Muslim, he points out. Also, in Kazakhstan there is intense prejudice that lingers from Soviet culture against drug addiction,



homosexuality, and other behaviors regarded as antisocial. If health officials are to secure adequate funds for HIV-prevention programs, Kulzhanov says, they'll need to give lawmakers political cover by providing them very specific answers to questions such as: How will you reach out to these marginalized people? What messages will they find persuasive? Whom will you target first?

"But even the best-intentioned health professionals in my country," he says, "can't really answer these questions."

Hearts and minds

A dozen GHRCCA researchers are packed into their tiny, run-down field office in the attic of a restaurant in Barakholka Market. The mood is tense. It's a Thursday afternoon in late June, and the team is about to expand its study to include some 2000 additional market workers, but recruitment is down.

El-Bassel, 54, is at the meeting. As the principal investigator for GHRCCA's studies, she visits Kazakhstan several times a year and holds daily videoconferences with her Kazakh staff when she's back in her New York City office. She is a warm and unassuming person, almost bashful, and she has a teacher's knack for drawing out the contributions of her colleagues, preferring the role of arbiter to orator.

A Kazakh woman in her early 20s starts things off: "A lot of the guys I'm approaching don't understand the whole confidentiality thing." El-Bassel suggests a game of role-playing, in which the researchers demonstrate their recruitment pitches. After observing one another, they decide they need to communicate more clearly to potential subjects that participation is anonymous. "Be extremely direct on this point," says El-Bassel. "Say to them, 'This is all secret,' and 'Nobody will know who you are.'"

This work has been arduous from the start. The local researchers employed by GHRCCA are all college-educated, but few of them have studied in the West. So El-Bassel and her senior staff members, most of whom are Columbia alumni, have taught them modern research methods from scratch.

To do this work, the researchers have given up careers in medicine, taken bruises in old-fashioned Soviet politics, and even withstood arrests and police interrogations.

"Our subjects, meanwhile, have absolutely no concept of what research is," El-Bassel tells me later. "We need to explain all the basics — for example, that we're generating knowledge that will benefit their community. It's not unlike working in a traditional culture."

Lately, the work has become increasingly difficult. The trouble started in April, when an uprising in nearby Kyrgyzstan triggered violence between ethnic Kyrgyz and Uzbeks in that country. Soon there were news reports that Kazakhstani police were rounding up and deporting Kyrgyz immigrants, apparently for fear that the fighting would spill over the border into Kazakhstan. Since then, market workers have been reluctant to talk. "Many of them are undocumented immigrants," says El-Bassel, a Palestinian who grew up in Tel Aviv. "They're afraid we're police or immigration officials."



Scenes from
Barakholka Market

The researchers themselves have been caught in the security crackdown. In May, four GHRCCA researchers, with clipboards and questionnaires in hand, were arrested by police while recruiting in the market. They were interrogated in a market jailhouse for four hours before GHRCCA senior staff were able to secure their release. “The police asked about their relationship to political opposition parties inside Kazakhstan,” says Primbetova, who helped get her colleagues out of jail. “I think they worried that we’re trying to stir up political unrest.”

So today, El-Bassel and GHRCCA deputy director Louisa Gilbert ’83BC, ’09SW, an associate research scientist at the Columbia University School of Social Work, have invited 10 entrepreneurs who manage Barakholka’s administrative affairs to meet with their staff. El-Bassel and Gilbert want to patch up their relationships with these market bosses. “Things got strained after the arrests,” says El-Bassel. The bosses have since promised El-Bassel that police who patrol the market won’t bother her team again; the Columbia researchers now want to ask the bosses to reassure their workers that it’s safe to participate in their study.

When the market bosses arrive, Assel Terlikbayeva ’03SW, a native Kazakh who directs GHRCCA’s local staff, gives them an overview of the team’s preliminary findings. Then she explains that controlling disease in Barakholka will be good for business. The bosses listen attentively and nod, needing no convincing.

When Terlikbayeva opens the floor to questions, however, it quickly becomes apparent how difficult it’s going to be to create a comfortable atmosphere for the workers. First to speak is a middle-aged Russian woman, with heavy makeup and dyed-blond hair, who represents the market’s 1300 shoe vendors. “Forget

about this study being voluntary,” she says. “We should *make* the workers take part.”

Terlikbayeva shoots a sidelong glance at El-Bassel, composes herself, and calmly explains: “It has to be voluntary,” she says. “We don’t force anybody. This is a standard that other people established a long time ago, and it is a good standard.”

A man raises his hand: “If people have AIDS, they won’t want everybody else to know,” he says. “They’ll never take part.”

Terlikbayeva reassures him that the results will stay confidential. “If a subject needs medical treatment, we refer him to a clinic,” she says. “But we do it discreetly.”

After a few more questions, the bosses seem satisfied. They agree, as a next step, to hold a health fair where workers will be educated about the Columbia project. “I think this could be good,” says one of the bosses. “Good for everybody.”

Leaving the meeting, Terlikbayeva looks tired. “We have to be very patient,” she says. “We’re not simply doing research; we’re trying to change a culture.”

From the ground up

Terlikbayeva, 32, is deadly serious in demeanor, which gives her an imposing presence, despite her diminutive, four-foot-ten-inch frame. Like many young Kazakh professionals, she is also fiercely devoted to the project of building her new nation. This reporter, over the course of four days in Kazakhstan, saw her go toe-to-toe with a number of high-ranking bureaucrats to argue for more domestic AIDS spending. When I once made the faux pas of referring to Kazakhstan as a developing country, she bristled. “In the West, it took hundreds of years for research practices to

develop,” she said. “We’re trying to do it in 10 or 20. People need to appreciate that.”

In 2001, Terlikbayeva was just out of medical school and working as a physician in the toxicology ward of an Almaty hospital when she decided to ditch her career as a doctor. At the hospital, she was seeing lots of overdose victims, many of whom she knew were likely to have AIDS. “Other doctors regarded them as subhuman,” she says. “Patients would be lying around untreated on gurneys and the staff would walk by like they were invisible. We rarely referred anybody

“I need Columbia’s help to justify my HIV-prevention programs because we don’t have the capacity to do research on our own.”

— **Baurzhan Baiserkin**, director of
Kazakhstan’s Republican AIDS Center

for AIDS testing. I wanted to find out what these people’s lives were like. I wanted to help them before they ended up in a hospital.” The next year, Terlikbayeva enrolled in the Columbia University School of Social Work, which has a strength in training health researchers.

In New York City, Terlikbayeva began working for El-Bassel on an AIDS research program called Project Eban, which she would later help transplant to Kazakhstan, forming the basis of GHRCCA. Project Eban tries to control the spread of AIDS in the U.S. by teaching couples to discuss their feelings. How is that related to HIV prevention? El-Bassel has shown that if a woman feels comfortable talking about her emotions to her boyfriend or husband, she’s more likely to demand that he use a condom. El-Bassel’s colleagues say this is her major contribution to her field.

Terlikbayeva recognized that this approach could slow AIDS in her own country. She thought that women in Kazakhstan also ought to be encouraged to ask their partners to use clean needles if they shoot heroin, since a lot of HIV transmission in Kazakhstan occurs among drug users. So in 2003, a few months before Terlikbayeva received her master’s degree from Columbia, she and El-Bassel applied to the U.S. National Institute of Mental Health for a \$100,000 grant to adapt the program for Kazakhstan. They got the grant and soon Terlikbayeva was overseeing Project Renaissance, a small pilot study in the drug-ridden city of Shu.

Since Project Renaissance was launched in 2005, Columbia’s work in Kazakhstan has grown steadily. That project received a big boost in 2008 when Terlikbayeva and El-Bassel received a \$3.5 million grant from the U.S. National Institute on Drug Abuse to move it to Almaty. Now, Project Renaissance is housed in a wing

of the Kazakhstan School of Public Health and is operating a five-year study with 400 couples. The GHRCCA researchers are fine-tuning their approach for Kazakh culture. They’ve discovered, for instance, that women here are so nervous about asking their partners to use condoms that they need to participate in all-female group-therapy sessions first.

The project in Barakholka Market has grown, too, despite some curious initial findings. The pilot study of 422 market workers, which was completed last year, showed that only one of them was HIV positive. That’s good news, but it might seem to call into question the project’s relevance. I asked El-Bassel if she had looked under the wrong stone. She insisted, however, that Barakholka must still be regarded as a potential gateway location for HIV transmission. “Workers here are having lots of unsafe sex with prostitutes, among whom HIV rates are known to be very high,” she said. “And if you want to stop AIDS, you need to go where it can cross over from marginalized groups, like prostitutes and drug users, into the wider population. The AIDS epidemic in Central Asia is still gaining steam, and Barakholka is a place where it could explode.”

U.S. funders apparently agree: The National Institute of Mental Health awarded GHRCCA \$2.4 million last year to determine how best to prevent sexually transmitted diseases from spreading among migrant workers in the region. El-Bassel’s team is now trying to learn, among other things, if an outreach program should be launched at Barakholka to provide HIV-prevention services to all workers, or if it would be more efficient to direct such services to prostitutes.

“Strictly in humanitarian terms, what El-Bassel’s team is doing is extremely valuable,” says Laura M. Kennedy, an official at the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization in Kazakhstan. “Undocumented workers rarely get their health needs addressed, anywhere in the world. The first step in getting them any services is generating some knowledge about their lives. In Kazakhstan, we’re just beginning to figure out what’s happening within this population.”

A Kazakh man waits to be interviewed as part of Columbia’s research at the Project Renaissance field office in Almaty.





A Kazakh couple learns HIV-prevention skills as part of Columbia's Project Renaissance, which helps heroin addicts.

On their own

To date, nearly 1000 people have participated as subjects in GHRCCA research, and in doing so they've received HIV-prevention tips and have been screened for sexually transmitted diseases. But El-Bassel doesn't intend for GHRCCA to deliver these services on a large scale. Rather, she hopes that the Kazakhstani government, or perhaps an international aid agency, will step in to provide services based on her team's successful experiments.

This is already happening. The Kazakhstani government recently launched a nationwide program inspired by Project Renaissance. The new program doesn't involve HIV prevention, but rather emergency care for IV drug users: Project Renaissance has shown that large numbers of heroin deaths can be avoided if addicts are given a personal supply of Naloxone, a stimulant that counteracts the effects of overdose. By the end of the year, the government will make Naloxone available in drug-treatment clinics across Kazakhstan.

El-Bassel's work soon may kick-start new AIDS programs, too. Kazakhstan's Republican AIDS Center, which oversees all of the government's HIV-prevention and treatment efforts, this summer announced an ambitious five-year plan to control the disease's spread. The center's director, Baurzhan Baiserkina, still has to convince the government to cover the plan's huge price tag. When he makes his

pitch to lawmakers later this year, he says, he'll be armed with lots of GHRCCA findings and recommendations.

"I need Columbia to help justify my programs," says Baiserkina, "because we don't have the capacity to do research on our own."

El-Bassel hopes to see that change. She envisions training hundreds of Kazakh researchers and eventually transferring GHRCCA's projects to locals. (She also wants to help Columbia faculty from across the University launch similar projects in Central Asia. Several professors from the Mailman School of Public Health, including Wafaa El-Sadr, Joseph Lee, and Ezra Susser already have plans to collaborate with GHRCCA.)

On a hot afternoon in late June, as El-Bassel took coffee in Columbia's small field office in Barakholka, and as her young colleagues bustled around her, anything seemed possible. Out the second-story window, the Tian Shan Mountains were faintly visible through a fog that had settled after a rain shower, and the rusty ribbons of corrugated steel sheets that cover the marketplace glistened. "This is a country that's being built by young people," she said. "Many of them have been educated in the West, and now they've come back to implement new approaches to education, health care, social services, and politics. On the ground here, everything is shifting, transforming, moving. For me, it's the most fascinating laboratory." 📌

A man with dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and blue jeans, is sitting on a dark, upholstered bench. He is leaning against a dark wood-paneled wall. His hands are clasped in his lap, and he is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his shirt and face, and deep shadows on the wall and bench.

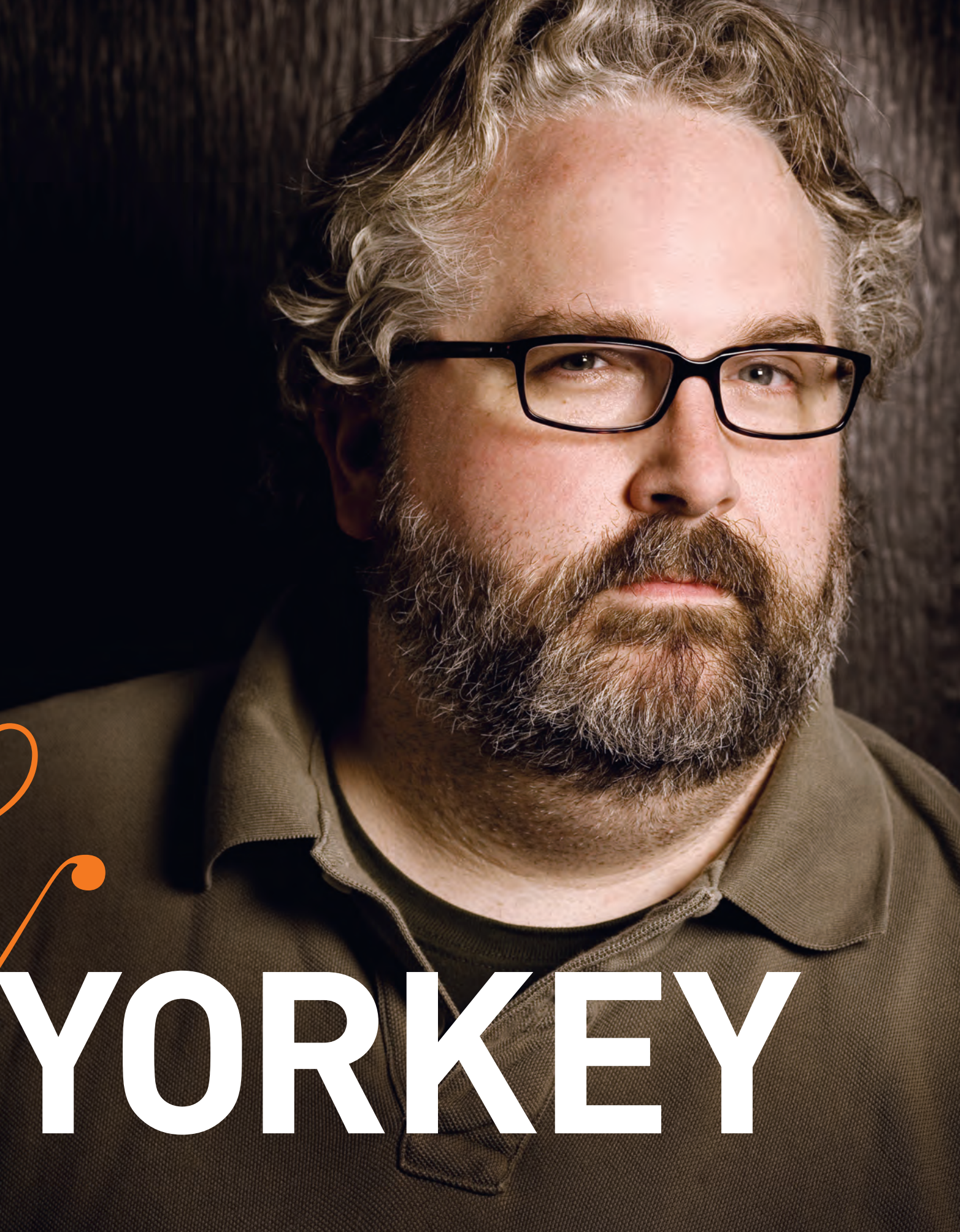
The **Ballad** of

KITT

HOW AN UNLIKELY DUO
MADE A FAR-FROM-NORMAL
BROADWAY SPLASH.

By Josh Getlin

Photographs by Jörg Meyer



YORKEY

Applause breaks out as the lights dim and a piano plays the first haunting bars. Cheers fill the Booth Theatre, a small Broadway house on Shubert Alley. The actors are ready to perform *Next to Normal*, a critically acclaimed musical, but the audience — more than 800 people — won't let them begin: They shout, stomp, and clap, delaying the start of the show for nearly three minutes. The players freeze. Should they try to speak over the tumultuous crowd, or just wait it out?

One day in 1998, Brian Yorkey '93CC, a 27-year-old writer and lyricist, saw a television news story about a woman undergoing electroshock therapy. He was amazed that such a treatment still existed, and found it curious that it was prescribed mostly by male doctors for female patients.

At the time, Yorkey and his collaborator, the 24-year-old composer and singer Tom Kitt '96CC, were looking for a story idea. The pair had just won admission to the BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop, a program in which Broadway veterans mentor younger artists. As part of the curriculum, each team was required to write a 10-minute musical. Yorkey told Kitt about the electroshock story, and a lightbulb went off: Why not write a show about a manic-depressive woman going through this experience, and its impact on her family?

It seemed just the sort of bold attention-grabber that might help two ambitious 20-somethings distinguish themselves in a workshop that had boosted the creators of *Ragtime*, *Avenue Q*, and *A Chorus Line*. Kitt, a Long Islander with an affinity for Billy Joel, composed a rock score, and Yorkey, who grew up under the clouds of Seattle, wrote lyrics that blended a poignant story with sarcastic comments about American life and medical science. *Feeling Electric* debuted at BMI in 1998.

After their foray at the BMI Workshop, Kitt and Yorkey — the names had an auspicious ring that already sounded like Broadway — spent the next 10 years pursuing other projects independently. Yorkey wrote *Making Tracks*, an off-Broadway musical, penned the adaptation of Ang Lee's *The Wedding Banquet*, and turned out several screenplays. Kitt wrote the music to the Broadway show *High Fidelity*, based on the film, and also was an orchestrator, arranger, musical director, and conductor on *American Idiot*, *Debbie Does Dallas*, *Urban Cowboy*, and *13*.

Yet throughout all of that activity, the two men kept returning to *Feeling Electric*. What began as a 10-minute snippet about a woman on the edge expanded, at one point, to four hours. The rock-musical score bore traces of Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, jazz, and folk. In a big production number, the woman, Diana, had a nervous breakdown while shopping at Costco. Later,



in the searing “You Don’t Know,” she tells her husband Dan that he couldn’t possibly understand the terror of her bipolar disorder — and who she is:

*Do you wake up in the morning
And need help to lift your head?
Do you read obituaries
And feel jealous of the dead?
It’s like living on a cliffside
Not knowing when you’ll dive
Do you know, do you know
What it’s like to die alive?*

The revamped *Feeling Electric* had its first reading in 2002 at the Village Theatre in Issaquah, Washington, where Yorkey had worked as a teenager. From there it traveled to New York clubs for individual performances, returned to Issaquah, and then bounced back to Manhattan, where it was performed in 2005 at the New York Musical Theatre Festival, a sampler of new productions. Sitting in the audience was David Stone, producer of *Wicked*, *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee*, and *The Vagina Monologues*.

Stone was impressed with *Feeling Electric*, but he felt the musical needed work. “I asked Tom and Brian if this was about ideas and science, or about people,” Stone recalls. “It wasn’t fully formed. It had a lot of commentary in it, a lot of clever observations, but I thought this show really wanted to be about an entire family in crisis.”

By now, Tony-nominated, Obie-winning director Michael Greif had joined the team, and Broadway veteran Alice Ripley was in the leading role. Greif, whose credits include *Rent* and *Grey Gardens*, shared Stone’s concern: “There was a drive to focus more on the family’s pain and less on a critique about the medical establishment,” he says. “But the writers had to want this.”

The writers wanted it. They began revising the show and it opened in February 2008, at New York’s Second Stage Theatre, an off-Broadway house. “What’s impressive is that Brian and Tom responded as a team,” says Greif. “They took this very seriously.”

Kitt and Yorkey had high expectations for the musical, which was renamed *Next to Normal*, and they hoped it would transfer quickly to Broadway. But critics zeroed in on the show’s internal confusion. *New York Times* drama critic Ben Brantley was puzzled: “One minute you’re rolling your eyes; the next, you’re wiping them . . . Though it gives off hot sparks of original wit, the show also sinks into what feels like warmed-over social satire, with detours to the giddy brink of camp.”

There would be no Broadway opening with such reviews. Kitt and Yorkey were ready to call it quits.

“One night after we opened at Second Stage, I gathered everyone together to tell them the show would not move directly to Broadway,” Stone says. “Before the meeting, Brian had asked Michael Greif why we should keep doing this, and Michael said,

‘The choice is letting it go or choosing more life. You *always* choose life.’” It was a pivotal moment, and the creative team came up with an unusual plan: They would retool the musical and find a new theater outside New York. Getting to Broadway was no longer the goal; they wanted to get the show right.

This wasn’t just a question of tinkering with old material and adding new songs. Kitt and Yorkey finally figured out what they wanted to say in *Next to Normal*. For starters, they axed the big Costco number; Diana’s nervous breakdown now took place at home, giving the scene a more emotional punch. They eliminated the rock song “Feeling Electric,” which had begun to seem like a flamboyant distraction. “Sometimes you have to cut good things,” says Greif. “You cut them for the sake of the show.” The musical was moving further from its original concept: It was now about pain, grief, and loss, with little standing between the audience and these emotions.

The writers’ own perspectives had also changed. Yorkey had been devastated by the collapse of a long-term relationship. Kitt had tasted bitter failure on Broadway (*High Fidelity* closed after 14 performances), and would soon become a father. He was living

There would be no Broadway opening with such reviews. Kitt and Yorkey were ready to call it quits.

in a new world of adult worry, and his musical, which focuses on parents’ anxieties about their children’s mortality, began to reflect it. A show that once confused audiences with its intentions now spoke compassionately about fraying human relationships and the need to confront bitter truths. Although there was no Hollywood ending, it concluded on a note of hope.

The revamped production moved in December 2008 to the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., earning praise from critics. Stone got funding from backers who had previously supported him, and by March 2009 the show had reached Broadway. “Once in a while in the theater you get to say to investors, ‘I need you to do this,’” Stone says. “We simply knew this show was special and had to be seen by a wider audience.”

Driven by surging rock music, *Next to Normal* tells the dark and unsettling story of Diana Goodman, a suburban housewife whose outwardly normal family struggles to deal with her debilitating illness. Audiences connect emotionally with the characters, including the beleaguered husband, the alienated daughter, and the son who haunts his family. This isn’t exactly *The Sound of Music*. With scenes of electroshock therapy, attempted suicide, drug overdoses, and marital discord, *Next to Normal* is closer to the turmoil-ridden dramas of Eugene O’Neill and Edward Albee than to the feel-good American musical.



Aaron Tveit, Alice Ripley, and J. Robert Spencer in the original cast of *Next to Normal*.

It's a quiet Wednesday afternoon, and Kitt and Yorkey are relaxing at a back table in Angus McIndoe, a brick-lined bar and bistro in the heart of Broadway's hubbub. It's next to the St. James Theatre, down the street from Sardi's, and a 30-second walk from the Booth, where a matinee performance of *Next to Normal* is under way. Kitt, 37, lean and dark-haired, and Yorkey, 39, husky with a bushy graying beard, both nurse tall glasses of iced tea.

"There's a big difference between being 27 and 37," says Yorkey, explaining the evolution of the show. "When we were in our 20s, irony was a big thing. Being snarky comes easily when you're that age and think you're smarter than everyone else. It's much more of a risk to open up your heart to something that's painful."

Kitt and Yorkey met at Columbia in the spring of 1994. Yorkey, an aspiring dramatist, was determined to get a liberal arts education, and chose Columbia because it *didn't* offer the distraction of a theater major. Kitt picked Columbia mainly because it was in New York, where he hoped to get a record deal as a singer-songwriter. Both were involved in campus performance. Yorkey wrote lyrics for the Varsity Show and worked at Miller Theatre for several years after his graduation. Kitt joined the Kingsmen, a popular a cappella group.

One of the Varsity Show's organizers, Rita Pietropinto-Kitt '93CC, '96SOA, who was president of her class, decided that Kitt and Yorkey might work well as a team. Just as a young Richard Rodgers '23CC and Lorenz Hart '16JRN had collaborated for the first time on songs for the 1920 Varsity Show *Fly With Me*, Kitt and Yorkey wrote material for the 100th edition of Columbia's undergraduate production, which parodied the University's history. Their first joint effort was a rockabilly song, "The Great Columbia Riot" of 1968:

*Gather round, my flowered friends,
As I play my cool guitar.
The oppressive imperialistic racist militaristic school we attend
has gone one step too far.*

*I'll tell a tale, my cheerful chums
to make your faces dark —
of plans for an evil gymnasium . . .
in beautiful Morningside Park.*

*But we won't just mourn Morningside
and cower down in fear.
Put that gym in Princeton!
We like our small one here.*

“They had a chemistry that was unmistakable,” says Pietropinto-Kitt, who married Kitt several years later and is now an actress and chair of the drama department at the Marymount School. “This was the birth of their collaboration.”

Their working style was fluid and flexible. Sometimes the lyrics came first, dictating a musical moment; sometimes music defined a scene, and Yorkey wrote words to match it. On occasion both men sat down at a piano together and wrote songs spontaneously.

Yet for all the chemistry, the two men have very different personalities. Kitt is more outgoing, the kind of person who stays late at a party and loves schmoozing. Yorkey is intense, introspective, and more solitary. “I tend to walk around with a little rain cloud over my head,” Yorkey says. “You might say that I’m a hopeful cynic. But with Tom, there’s an awesome power and light in his music. We’re like yin and yang.”

When *Next to Normal* opened on Broadway, New York critics responded with stellar reviews, singling out Ripley’s powerful performance. The musical received 11 Tony nominations, and won for Best Actress, Best Score, and Best Original Orchestrations. When Elton John accepted the Tony for Best Musical for *Billy Elliot*, he congratulated Kitt and Yorkey, saying: “May you stay together and write many more musicals, and be loyal and

true to each other.” After 12 years, the odyssey of *Next to Normal* was “one of the most heartwarming stories on Broadway,” according to Brantley. Molly Smith, artistic director of Arena Stage, said that the show “was reborn, with brilliant surgery. These writers finally located the beating heart at the center of their play.”

They also broke the rules: *Next to Normal* was not based on a film or book, something many producers are reluctant to take on. It had no bankable stars and was not a family-friendly show. Still,

“These writers finally located the beating heart at the center of their play.”

the production recouped its \$4 million initial investment, no small feat in a recession. And in a culmination that brought its creators back to Columbia, *Next to Normal* won the 2010 Pulitzer Prize for Drama.

This November, a national tour starring Ripley will begin in Los Angeles. An Oslo production will be staged in September. Kitt and Yorkey, meanwhile, are immersed in other projects — including a new musical.

On a hot July night, more than a year after the show began its Broadway run, Alice Ripley and two other *Next to Normal* cast members were making their final appearance in the production, which would debut a new cast the next evening. The prolonged applause that had greeted the actors at the start finally subsided, and the play began. When it was over, the players took their final bows, and received another standing ovation from an audience that included Kitt and Yorkey.

“I looked around at people cheering and suddenly I began thinking about Brian and our work together,” says Kitt. “I remembered how the show began 12 years ago, the challenges, the near misses, and then an overwhelming sense of joy. This was a musical we had always cared about deeply, and here it was, playing in front of this great audience. It all made me extremely grateful, for the show and for our collaboration.”

As Alice Ripley and the cast smiled out at the adoring crowd, Kitt and Yorkey approached the stage to another round of cheers. Holding microphones, they stood with the performers and warmly praised those who were departing. Then Ripley made a brief speech, saluting her fans — and the two men who had made the show possible. “Without you,” she said, “I’m just singing in the shower.” [👉](#)

Josh Getlin '72JRN is a former New York bureau chief for the Los Angeles Times. He is currently working on a book about Los Angeles school desegregation, busing, and basketball in the 1970s.





MISSISSIPPI

ALABAMA

MOBILE

BILOXI

FLORIDA

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

PENSACOLA

GULF of MEXICO

OIL + WATER

Eleven dead. More than four months to plug the well completely. Five million barrels of oil polluting the ocean. Oil industry expert and geophysicist Roger N. Anderson talks to *Columbia Magazine* about the technical aspects of the Gulf of Mexico disaster.

COLUMBIA MAGAZINE: Why is there so much oil under the Gulf of Mexico?

ROGER N. ANDERSON: The Mississippi and the other great rivers that carry sediment from the Rocky Mountains have been dumping rich organic mud into the Gulf for millions of years. The Gulf, which is really a big hole, was made 60 to 80 million years ago by plate tectonics and the initial rifting of the Yucatán and Cuba off North America as the continents responded to the big collision that made the Rocky Mountains.

COLUMBIA: It sounds as though the Gulf is a 580,000-square-mile compost heap.

ANDERSON: But without the abundance of oxygen in the sea bottom. The Gulf is a place where water circulates with difficulty, and that prevents the oxidation of organic

material as it spills into this ocean basin. If the material oxidizes, it loses its organic energy — oxygen combines with hydrogen and carbon — and the game is over. No oil or gas.

COLUMBIA: Summarize what happened on BP's Deepwater Horizon this past spring.

ANDERSON: BP started drilling the Macondo well on February 15 about 40 miles off the southeastern coast of Louisiana. This was an exploratory well; the rig was in 5000 feet of water and was drilling through a further 18,000 feet of seabed. By March the rig was in serious trouble. It was taking what are called kicks — blobs of natural gas forcing their way up the drill pipe and burping onto the rig floor. Those kicks were coming every few days. It's the energy from the buoyant mass of oil and gas trying to vent to the surface. (Although kicks are unwanted on the surface, they can be a good sign in the oil business, because the bigger these pressure pulses, the larger the oil and gas reservoir.)

COLUMBIA: How should crews have reacted to the kicks?

ANDERSON: Primarily by keeping the pipe filled with heavy drilling mud, which is a special mixture of heavy clays that is much denser than seawater. A gallon of water weighs about 8.9 pounds. A gallon of this drilling mud weighs up to 22 pounds.

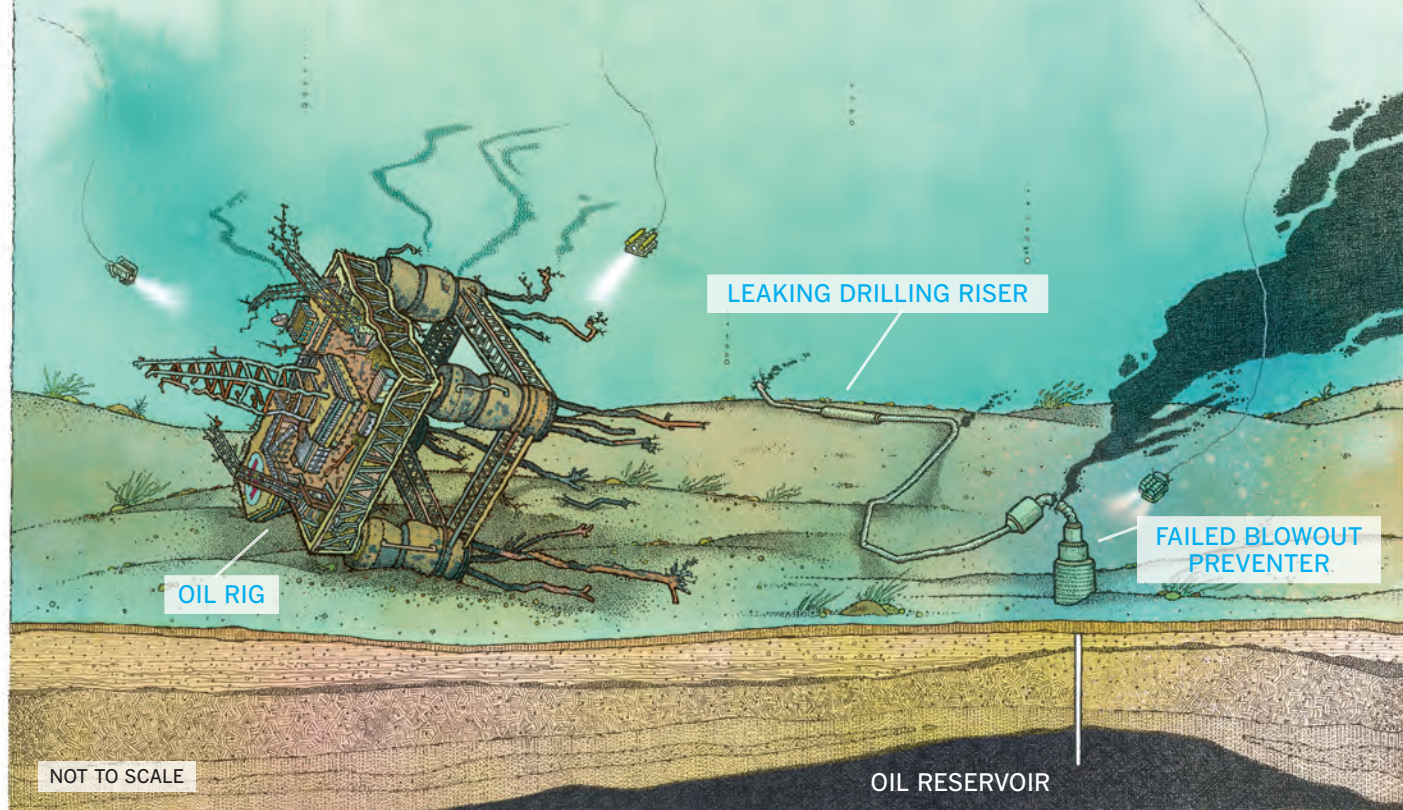
COLUMBIA: The high density of the mud keeps the natural gas and oil down in the reservoir?

ANDERSON: Right, but the mud is expensive, and it appears that BP was trying to save money. They were also rushing to finish the well, which had been fighting them the whole time, making them weeks behind schedule. The people on the rig called it the "Well from Hell." On the morning of April 20, the crew from Transocean (the owner of the rig), over the strong objections of their own drilling superintendent, was ordered by BP to take the heavy drilling mud out of the drill pipe and replace it with seawater. That was the triggering event that allowed the gas and oil to blow out onto the Deepwater Horizon rig floor — then a random spark ignited a tremendous explosion. The rig sank, allowing the free release of the pressure and the energy of all that oil and gas into the ocean. The rest is history.

COLUMBIA: We are all now familiar with the term blowout preventer or BOP. What is it, and what went wrong?

ANDERSON: The blowout preventer is a powerful hydraulic device that clamps the riser pipe shut in case of just such an uncontrolled kick. It is the thing that saves you when everything else has failed — thus the name. The blowout preventer had been giving Transocean trouble for a month before the explosion because of

Roger N. Anderson is an energy geophysicist and the Con Edison Senior Scholar at the Center for Computational Learning Systems at the Fu Foundation School of Engineering & Applied Science. At Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory, he founded research groups that specialized in borehole research, global basin modeling, 4D oil and gas reservoir imaging, and portfolio management. Anderson also teaches Planet Earth in Columbia College's Core Curriculum.



hydraulic leaks and electronics problems. The key to any hydraulic system is that if it leaks, it doesn't have the power of compression that it needs to function properly. Now that the Deepwater Horizon's BOP has been returned to the surface for autopsy, we will learn just what was leaking, and where.

Another problem was that the blowout preventer was apparently too small. As BP and the deepwater oil industry in general migrated to deeper and deeper water to find new oil and gas, they had to use stronger and stronger drill pipe and casing, and the BOP was no longer sufficiently strong to slam shut in this emergency.

COLUMBIA: Was this a matter of loose oversight? If the Deepwater Horizon had been under another country's jurisdiction, might this disaster have been prevented?

ANDERSON: Those kicks would have been a giant red flag anywhere else in the world. If this well had been drilled in the North Sea, for example, the British government would have shut it down a month before the blowout. And they would have had hearings on what to do about it. The government probably would have replaced the blowout preventer with a bigger one and let them keep drilling.

In the North Sea on July 6, 1988, there was a gigantic explosion on an Occidental Petroleum production platform called the Piper Alpha. That tragedy killed 167 people. As a Stanford University report on the incident later said, "It was caused by a massive fire, which was not the result of an unpredictable 'act of God' but of an accumulation of errors and questionable decisions."

The report attributed the blame to the organization, its structure, procedures, and culture. There were flaws in the design, along with insufficient redundancies, and "misguided priorities in the management of the tradeoff between productivity and safety."

Because of the disaster, laws and regulations were passed in the United Kingdom to increase the oversight, strength, and security of oil platforms.

COLUMBIA: In the United States, the regulatory agency responsible for well safety was the Minerals Management Service. Why was the MMS ineffective?

ANDERSON: The MMS was part of the Department of the Interior. Its job for the last 30 years had been to increase revenue by pushing for more and more oil and gas production. Oil and gas production make up a large percentage of the government's revenue.

That and the IRS are the two big moneymakers that feed everything from our military to Medicare. Even six months of the deepwater drilling moratorium enacted by the Obama administration will have an impact on our deficit in a couple of years. In June, the MMS was renamed the Bureau of Ocean Energy Management, Regulation, and Enforcement.

COLUMBIA: In the 1990s, you were part of a group from Columbia and the Boeing Company that pushed the oil industry to improve the planning and management of deepwater drilling platforms. What was that effort?

ANDERSON: The project, called Northstar, tried to interest the oil companies in systems engineering practices, and particularly the need for systems integration to make deepwater exploration and production more safe, efficient, and effective. This was the "lean management" approach for lifecycle planning and operation of deepwater drilling platforms. Tony Hayward, who was vice president for exploration and production at BP, was a big supporter of our project. However, the additional systems required for lean management were deemed too expensive at the time, and the project was dropped. (See Anderson's blog of July 20 at www.pennwellblogs.com/calm.)

COLUMBIA: Do different companies have different management strategies and operating philosophies?

ANDERSON: BP is infamous for pushing the envelope on safety. For example, on March 23, 2005, the company had a dreadful explosion in a Texas oil refinery that killed 15 people and injured more than 170. BP went through lawsuits, they were heavily fined, and the court ordered them to change safety practices and fix basic processes — and it turns out they didn't. Just last month BP received a record \$50.6 million fine from OSHA because they hadn't corrected some things that they promised the court they would fix five years ago. All this is in addition to the original fines — and to the billions they will be paying for the damage caused by the Gulf disaster.

The BP chief at the time of the 2005 refinery explosion was Lord Browne. He rebranded the company “Beyond Petroleum” — as a green, clean-energy, and safe company. He had a reputation for paying his people bonuses for cost-cutting incentives. But companies have to be very diligent that incentives for cutting costs and increasing profits do not disrupt the culture of safety in any of their operations. Other companies, like Shell and Chevron, have not had the number and magnitude of safety incidents that BP has been troubled with for many years now.

COLUMBIA: How common are blowouts?

ANDERSON: They are more common on land: There were blowouts in Pennsylvania in June and July, for example. But they are rare in expensive offshore reservoirs. They usually happen with smaller oil and gas outfits.

COLUMBIA: What is the inspection like at these giant wells?

ANDERSON: I've been on oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico for months at a time, and the MMS had inspectors there every week. They fly in on helicopters to do surprise inspections of the equipment above the water. The equipment below the water gets inspected between

jobs. The BOP of the Deepwater Horizon, which was manufactured by Cameron, would definitely have been scheduled for repair right after the Macondo well was completed because of the hydraulic leaks. I'm sure it was already booked into Cameron's overhaul facilities as soon as it came off this well.

COLUMBIA: The protocols for drilling must include provisions for some kind of worst-case scenario.

ANDERSON: That is part of the problem. Humans are *not* very good at perceiving the worst thing that could happen — until it actually happens. And BP clearly hadn't considered the possibility of a blowout of this magnitude. I'm sure they dismissed the 3.5-million-barrel Ixtoc blowout of 1979 in the Mexican side of the Gulf of Mexico as being something that could happen to Pemex, Mexico's state-owned company, but not to BP.

COLUMBIA: During the spring and summer there were wide swings in the numbers being reported of the volume of oil gushing out of the well. Did BP really not know how much oil was leaking?

ANDERSON: Here at Columbia, at the Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory, they knew, so BP certainly knew. We measure this kind of thing at Columbia all the time in what we call the black smokers on ocean ridges. With lasers, oceanographers can measure the velocity of flow very accurately.

COLUMBIA: How is that done?

ANDERSON: They measure the time in which a particle or a bubble moves over a known distance. In May, Timothy Crone and the people at Lamont came up with an estimate of at least 40,000 to 60,000 barrels per day by analyzing video they had captured right off the television. At the time, BP and the Coast Guard were saying 5000 barrels a day.

COLUMBIA: How many wells are in the Gulf of Mexico?

ANDERSON: Thousands of active wells and tens of thousands of abandoned wells.


There has been offshore drilling in the Gulf of Mexico since 1947.

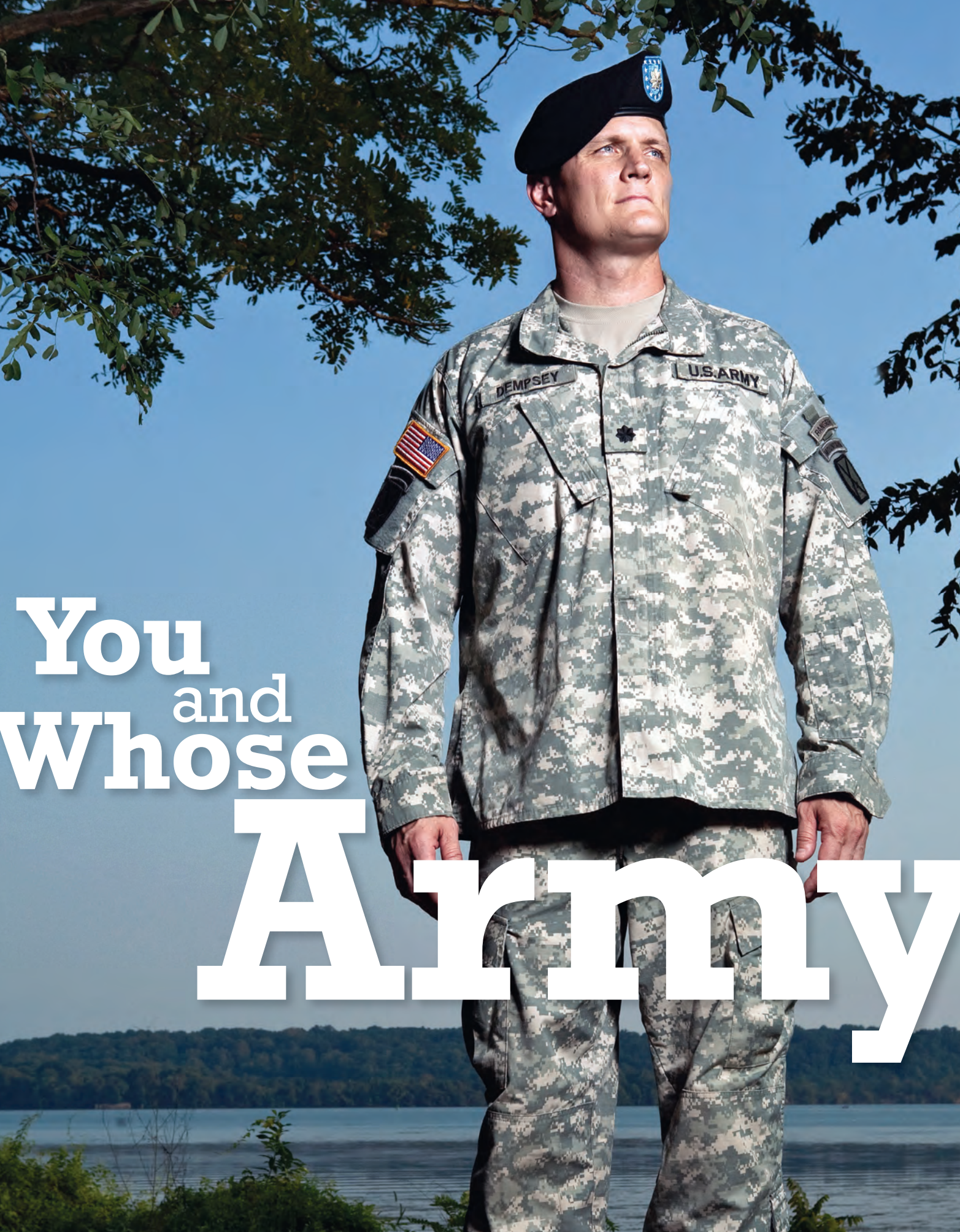
COLUMBIA: What is the chance of something like the Deepwater Horizon catastrophe happening again in the Gulf, especially as the drilling gets deeper and deeper?

ANDERSON: From the old wells, the odds are slim to none: They're abandoned because they're already depleted. That said, there are a few people like us at Columbia who have mapped what's known as recharge: Every so often one of these old and depleted oil wells will come back to life because oil has migrated into a previously depleted reservoir from a deeper source. That's why they don't put permanent plugs in them. And of course, BP has also not ruled out returning to produce the Macondo oil reservoir some time in the future.

As far as new wells are concerned, there is production going on as we speak in far deeper waters than the 5000 feet of Macondo. Shell operates a production facility called Perdido in 10,000 feet of water 200 miles off the coast of Texas.

COLUMBIA: What about the explosion in the Gulf on September 2?

ANDERSON: This one was an oil production platform as opposed to a drilling rig like the Deepwater Horizon. It was bringing primarily natural gas to the surface, cleaning and separating water out and injecting it into two gas pipelines carrying the gas underwater to what is called Henry Hub in southern Louisiana for sale most likely to New York and the northeastern U.S. Since the platform had been producing for many years, the gas reservoir was nowhere near as pressurized as with the Deepwater Horizon blowout. In fact, it looks as if a fire actually started in the crew cabins and spread to the gas-collecting facilities, causing the explosion. The operator, Mariner Energy, has also had a checkered safety record in the Gulf of Mexico, including several previous fires on the same platform. It's another example of the need for tighter oversight of offshore operations in the U.S. 



**You
and
Whose
Army**



Lt. Col. Jason Dempsey '08GSAS takes on conventional wisdom about politics in the military.

It's 100 degrees in Pentagon City, a boxy development of midrise residential and commercial buildings half a mile south of its polygonal namesake. The salient condition here is that of sterile, blazing concrete, a white-desert hue a few shades rougher than the polished sandstone and marble across the Potomac. From this terrain of baked cement a man materializes. He wears cream chinos, a yellow-checkered shirt, and a pair of Oakley sunglasses. Lt. Col. Jason Dempsey '08GSAS, who is in Washington apartment hunting, advances through the heat toward the shelter of the Ritz-Carlton.

He enters the air-conditioning of the hotel lounge, removes his Oakleys, settles into a chair, and orders a double espresso. Dempsey is a prolific talker, genial, straight-shooting, two-fisted, equal parts West Point and West 116: an academic ingrained in civil-military theory, a soldier-scholar who directed operations for an infantry battalion in the mountains of eastern Afghanistan, a current White House Fellow posted in the Office of the First Lady, and a meticulous political scientist whose recent book, *Our Army: Soldiers, Politics, and American Civil-Military Relations*, includes the first-ever random-sample survey of the political attitudes of enlisted soldiers.

And now, in this interview-friendly lounge, where Tripp had tea with Lewinsky while wearing a body microphone — good acoustics here — Dempsey will

talk about the Army, *Our Army*, politics, Columbia, and his year on the Afghan-Pakistani border. He'll talk about anything except for his former boss, the retired general Stanley McChrystal, who talked too much to *Rolling Stone*. There is still such a thing as protocol.

The Paradox of Prestige

"He explicitly traded upon his identity as a soldier to say, 'I endorse this guy for president.' That's horrible, that's well beyond the pale." Jason Dempsey, knees apart, neck muscles working, sets his espresso cup down on its white saucer. "That's a retired officer selling the reputation of the entire force for political purposes."

Dempsey is talking about Tommy Franks, the retired four-star general and vanquisher of Saddam Hussein who stood before the 2004 Republican National Convention in Madison Square Garden in a dark suit and red tie, and against a backdrop of billowing images hinting of helmets, flags, and heavenly rays, endorsed George W. Bush for president. If there had been a notion out there that the military and the Republican Party were sharing a tent, Franks's emotional speech in New York might have seemed like fulfillment.

"If you retire as a general, I'd like to see you keep your mouth shut for four years," says Dempsey, who is 38. "You have to be cognizant and mature enough

By Paul Hond

to understand that candidates aren't asking for your endorsement because you've articulated grand ideological positions. They're coming to you solely because they know the military is respected, and they want some of that respect. So when you agree to give that endorsement, you are explicitly trading on a commodity that isn't yours to sell."

It's what Dempsey calls the "paradox of prestige": Since the military remains the most trusted and esteemed of public institutions — in part, Dempsey argues, because of its traditional code of nonpartisanship — "political actors will consistently try to get a piece of that prestige. What the Army needs to remember is that once you sell it, it's gone."

It was in those high-pitched days in the spring and summer of 2004, when "swiftboat" became a verb and veterans were in the thick of the election battle, that Dempsey mailed an 81-point multiple-choice questionnaire to randomly chosen soldiers, resulting in a sample size of 1188. "There had been some decent academic studies, but they were focused on the senior officers," says Dempsey. "And that's where people got their opinions about the military. Senior officers make up just 6 percent of the Army, but the public ascribes their views to the entire force."

Although in 2004 the majority of senior officers identified as Republicans (61 percent, according to a *Military Times* poll, with 20 percent Independents and 13 percent Democrats), it remained to be seen if their political opinions had in fact trickled down to the rank and file. Dempsey wanted to know: How did soldiers feel about the political and social issues of the day? Without referring to the topics by their hot-button names, he inquired into soldiers' thoughts on affirmative action, health care, capital punishment, the environment, religion, race relations. He asked them about

Recently retired general Tommy Franks salutes the 2004 Republican National Convention in New York.



their ethnicity, income, education level, why they joined up, and what they believed should be the proper purpose of the military. Was it to fight and win wars? To assist in disasters? To build institutions in war-torn places?

Dempsey wasn't permitted to ask directly about party affiliation, but the answers to his questions would tell him what he wanted to know, with a great degree of certainty.

Narrowing the Field?

Dempsey first thought of doing a survey in early 2002, as a Columbia PhD candidate in search of a dissertation topic. With the nation engulfed in 9/11 patriotism, fear, and paranoia, and soldiers on the ground in Afghanistan, the military was at the center of the national debate. "I started thinking that a study of social attitudes in the Army was needed, because there was a perception that the Army was overwhelmingly Republican, that we were hyperpolitical and voting at astronomical rates. So I said, 'Well, here's an opportunity,' and really what I mean is an obligation. I was in a special position. I was given the tools by Columbia and by the Army to look at something that was central to the military's relationship with society."

Working under professor Robert Shapiro of the political science department, Dempsey navigated the Army bureaucracy to gain access to the airtight Army database, from which he drew his pool of respondents. His own experience on military bases told him that politics didn't come up much in day-to-day Army business, and that election days weren't the Super Bowl. "Come an election, you might be out training, or in the field, nowhere near a polling place, and nobody would blink an eye," he says. "The idea that the Army was voting at high rates simply wasn't accurate."

Still, overt party identification among the top brass might have its own unintended effects. "Say you're considering becoming an Army officer," Dempsey says. "That's four years at West Point, five years of active-duty time, and three years as a reservist. So you think, 'I'm going to spend 12 years at this institution, and everyone here seems to be Republican. Hmmm.' If you're indifferent, you'll just think, 'I guess I should be a Republican.' A lot of cadets come in and haven't decided yet, but they assume they're going to become Republicans by virtue of being at West Point."

"Then other people might ask, 'Well, if I join the Army, would I be endorsing a specific foreign-policy agenda?' If that becomes the perception, then we're narrowing the field of possible applicants. That would not be in the Army's interest — or the nation's."

An Element of Danger

The first time Jason Dempsey got punched in the face was in the gym at West Point. Actually, the first time was in second grade, after which he avoided physical conflict save for wrestling in high school. He was small as a kid and didn't break 100 pounds until 11th grade. But at West Point, everyone is required to take a quarter semester of boxing, and Dempsey, who has a sharp, slender nose and a chin like the butt



Dempsey on patrol in Logar Province, Afghanistan, in August 2009.

of a rifle, threw himself into it. “One of the biggest lessons for a young officer is to go in the boxing ring and get punched in the face,” he says. “People don’t have a lot of experience of personal violence. I boxed to scare the hell out of myself. I did not like getting hit in the head.”

He coached an intramural team at the Academy, boxed with guys who had come up from Fordham and other schools. In his last match he got his nose broken, but kept going and won the fight, finishing his senior year 4–0. He credits the sport with helping him develop physical and mental courage.

“Boxing has a very real element of danger, and requires control, which is very much like life in the Army. It’s about keeping your cool.”

That would come in handy soon enough.

Culture Shock

Dempsey has a deep voice and speaks with a raspy drawl that belongs more to the military than to a specific region, an intonation that seems to have been formed within the scratchy frequencies of a two-way radio. He grew up on Army bases in the U.S., West Germany, and South Korea. His father, Jack, was an Army officer who did ROTC at the University of Idaho. When Dempsey was 14, Jack took a job with the National Guard, and the family moved to Jefferson City, Missouri. For the first time, Jason was in a fully civilian environment. He attended a public high school, where he saw racial conflict that was foreign to his experience on the base. “Overall,” he says, “it felt like I’d been transported back to the 1950s,” and not in a Howdy Doody kind of way. He took up wrestling and wondered how he’d pay for college. Maybe he’d do ROTC, like his dad.

One day in English class, a friend said that a recruiter from West Point was down in the office. Dempsey, happy to get out of class, went to check it out. West Point had never really occurred to him. His conception of military academies owed much to the 1981 movie *Taps*, which climaxes in a fatal shoot-out between cadets and National Guardsmen. The recruiter then gave him a brochure claiming that the typical incoming class at West Point was chockfull of varsity lettermen, academic hotshots, and class

presidents. That sounded good to Dempsey. Those were his kind of people. West Point it was.

He found the Academy tough at first — he wasn’t used to having every minute of his day accounted for. But by his third year he’d developed a real attachment to the place, and even began to look forward to returning there after weekends away. This was in the early 1990s, when many senior officers had already become overtly partisan. Contempt for Bill Clinton, who hadn’t served in Vietnam, was the logical extension of a pro-Republican trend that began in the Carter years, took off during the Reagan defense buildup, continued through the morale-boosting Gulf War under Bush One, and nearly burst its seams when Clinton implemented “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” in 1993.

Dempsey graduated in ’93 with a degree in political science, and began his military career at Fort Bragg, in the 82nd Airborne Division, as a platoon leader. Then he went to Fort Lewis, Washington, to serve in the 2nd Ranger Battalion, and after that, spent a year with the Marines at Quantico, Virginia. Then it was south to Fort Stewart, Georgia, where he was company commander in the 3rd Infantry Division. As he finished up his command, he applied to teach at his alma mater. West Point accepted him, but first he

His own experience on military bases told him that politics didn’t come up much in day-to-day Army business, and that election days weren’t the Super Bowl.

would have to go away for a couple of years, on the Army’s dime, and get his advanced degree.

Dempsey now had to choose a graduate school. One of his political science instructors at West Point was Col. Jay Parker ’91GSAS, and one of his West Point classmates, Craig Cummings ’05GSAS, was already at Columbia getting his doctorate. Cummings praised the program to Dempsey and encouraged him to apply.

Fighting Words

Columbia, contrary to its post-1968 antimilitary reputation, enjoyed real distinction in the field of civil-military relations. No less a figure than Samuel Huntington had taught there in the early 1960s. It was Huntington who, in 1957, at the age of 29, published *The Soldier and the State*, a foundational text of civil-military theory. Huntington also served as associate director of the Institute of War and Peace Studies at Columbia, created in 1951 under University president Dwight D. Eisenhower, to promote an understanding, in the retired five-star general’s words, of the “disastrous consequences of war upon man’s spiritual, intellectual,

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and material progress.” The institute, which has since become one of the elite research centers in the country for the study of international relations, was renamed the Arnold A. Saltzman Institute of War and Peace Studies in 2003, and is currently directed by Richard K. Betts, who studied with Huntington at Harvard.

In August 2001, Dempsey arrived at Columbia, bought a Colnago racing bike, and began his studies in the political science department. On the morning of September 11, when he heard what was happening, he hopped on his bike and raced down the West Side Highway to see if there was anything he could do to help. What he saw was a mile of ambulances parked along the highway, and emergency workers standing around with nothing to do. That image would stay with him. Being the kind of person who, if he can’t be of any use has no need to stick around, Dempsey pedaled back to campus. The world had changed, and the future was anyone’s guess. Still, if you had told him then that eight years hence he’d be in the mountains of Afghanistan trying to interdict the Taliban along the Pakistani border while investigating the smuggling operations of the local timber mafia, he might have looked at you funny. But Dempsey heard plenty of other strange things after September 11. Morningside Heights provided good grist for an Army guy interested in political behavior.

“The post-9/11 environment at Columbia was — well, surreal is an overused word. Certainly it was very sober. People were quiet, no matter their politics. Everybody was in shock. But then people were digging up posters from the Vietnam era, and that was what was going up on the walls of Columbia. Pictures of Vietnamese children and quotes from Martin Luther King. That was the frame of reference, which apparently was 1972. So whether people were anti- or pro-war, it was hard to take them seriously. It was as if they said, ‘Here’s the position I’ve heard I should be taking given my current politics.’ And I thought, ‘Really? That’s as far as we’ve come?’”

It was in this ambience that Dempsey set to work on what would become the 2004 Citizenship and Service Survey. Along the way, he had some face-to-face encounters that told him additional things about military viewpoints. Once, at a seminar at Syracuse University, he spoke to a group of senior officers who were about to be promoted. The topic was Latino integration in the military.

“I came in and talked to them about the challenges inherent in a system where all of our senior officers are white, and how this affects our relationship with society. And this Navy captain, soon to be an admiral, got up and said, ‘I don’t understand why I need to care about this stuff, I just drive the ship.’ *I just drive the ship.* I thought, ‘Here’s a guy about to become a senior leader in the Navy, and he’s convinced that he doesn’t have to think about how we relate to the American public. In fact, he’s offended somebody would be wasting his time talking about it.’”

For remedy, Dempsey calls for more emphasis on civil-military relations in the military education system. “There’s never any substantive debate about our interaction with politics,” he says.



Columbia just after 9/11: “People were quiet, no matter their politics.”

“What happened, particularly in the ’90s, was that in trying to commit people to the cause of service, we pumped them up and said, ‘You’re special, you’re doing great things, your country loves you, everybody loves you.’ But we never said, ‘We love you because you’re a servant.’ We never asked what being a servant means. So young officers thought, ‘I’m in the military, the military is respected, therefore I have a privileged place in society. I should be able to expound my views, lecture the American people on what to do, and tell the media when they’re wrong.’”

“We’ve patted ourselves on the back so much that we destroyed the very idea of service. In our effort to rehabilitate the image of the military from the Vietnam era, we put our military on a pedestal, when really, it’s the military that should be at the feet of the public.”

Issues with Uncle Sam

Samuel Huntington, best known for his 1996 book *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order*, drew a line in the sand in 1957 between the military and the public. *The Soldier and the State* is full of powerful articulations of what Huntington saw as the inherent conflict between the traditional American ideology of liberalism and the military ethic. Liberalism, with its general pacifism and emphasis on the primacy of the individual, “does not understand and is hostile to military institutions and the military function,” while the military, with its “recognition of the role of power in human relations, its acceptance of existing institutions, its limited goals, and its distrust of grand designs,” is at one with Burkean conservatism.

Dempsey, ever suspicious of generalities and assumptions, takes time in *Our Army* to punch holes in Huntington’s theory of a rigid ideological divide. “The military comes from civil society, and ultimately returns to civil society,” he says. “We’re one and the

same.” And he worries that Huntington’s paean to the military academy, when read out of context by cadets, could perpetuate a false impression.

“At the end of *The Soldier and the State*, Huntington romanticizes and idealizes West Point to an almost irresponsible degree,” Dempsey says. “Clearly, here’s a young guy in the early years of the Cold War, and he’s desperately fearful of the chances for liberal democracy to survive the communist juggernaut. He goes up to West Point, and says, ‘Aha! This is what’ll save us. This ordered serenity, this nice hierarchy, the church on the hill. *This* is what America should emulate.’ He presents a ridiculous portrait that isn’t grounded in reality.”

Dempsey is proud of his service, and appreciates the respect and the gratitude that the military often receives. It just makes him nervous when folks get carried away.

Plz Adjust Your Fire. Thanx.

“Our base camp was about six or seven kilometers from the Pakistani border, which is conveniently in range of a 107mm Chinese rocket. The rockets are ubiquitous, insanely cheap, and you don’t need a tube to launch them. You can take one, eyeball it, set it on a rock, light a fuse, and launch it toward our camp. So we kept getting these rockets. You know it when you’re hit by a rocket, but it’s not always easy to determine the launch site. Oftentimes, you

“The military comes from civil society, and ultimately returns to civil society. We’re one and the same.”

have to run out and look at the hole in the ground, and at how the dirt sprays, and then you can figure out on the map where they’re coming from. So after getting a couple dozen rocket attacks, we had a pretty good idea.”

Dempsey spent 2009 in eastern Afghanistan with the 10th Mountain Division, serving as operations officer of a battalion, and then a brigade. The first half of his tour was spent at a remote base in Kunar Province. That area includes the Korengal Valley, a sparsely populated gorge near the Pakistani border, walled by steep, wooded, almost impassable mountains, and known by American soldiers as the “Valley of Death.” Dempsey’s battalion, the first significantly sized force placed directly on the border with Pakistan, sought to stem the flow of hostiles into the Korengal and relieve the pressure on the troops there. Part of this was to be done through counterinsurgency, which Dempsey described in an article this summer in *Foreign Policy* as a “mundane and exceptionally time-consuming” business: “The life of a company commander in Afghanistan quickly takes on a routine of daily meetings with powerbrokers and tours through villages to assess development projects, visit schools, and connect with local people,” he wrote. “Incoming soldiers

are told what to expect, but the true complexity of the task often doesn’t sink in until they arrive.” He argues that U.S. strategy must acknowledge the limitations of what the military can accomplish on its own in such a multilayered and unfamiliar culture.

In addition to trying to extend the reach of the Afghan government (“I won’t comment on Karzai,” Dempsey says through his jaw. “That’s above my pay grade”), the mission of Dempsey’s battalion was to interdict insurgent movement across the border.

“We really didn’t know what that looked like. Are they coming over in caravans? Are there big shipments? What does it mean to interdict? One thing we *did* know is that there’s a lot of wood smuggling going on, and that there are rumors that everybody’s involved with it.” Dempsey tends to move to the present tense when discussing such things. “We haven’t figured out how the insurgents are coming back and forth, we don’t know much about the local economy, we aren’t sure who in the government is corrupt or not corrupt. But we do know about the wood.”

The wood was a high-quality variant of cedar that was being cut down illegally and spirited into Pakistan, where it was made into furniture. “So our idea was, let’s try to track the wood, because it would tell us how people are getting across the border. It’s harder to track a guy who might be carrying a rifle, but you can track a giant truckload of logs.”

The job was complicated by hair-trigger tensions between the Pakistani border patrol and Afghan soldiers, which the Americans often had to mediate. And then there were those rockets that kept crashing down around Camp Joyce.

“One day we get a hit on the radar that’s sufficient enough to fire counterfire immediately, because we know exactly where the rocket came from. We’re shooting our mortars back at the border, at this launch point, trying to get the guys who just fired their rocket. We’d established some communication channels with the Pakistani border patrol, and I get this text message from a Pakistani guy that says, ‘Hey, please adjust your fire, you’re firing within 200 meters of our border post.’ It’s a hilarious message, because it says ‘plz’ instead of ‘please,’ and at the end it says ‘thanx.’ I’m thinking, ‘It’s a crazy war.’

“I also think, ‘Screw them,’ because the rockets appear to be fired from a place they should have been easily able to see from their border post. We adjust our fire and move away from them, but my initial impulse is that they *had* to have seen it. Finally, we get helicopters so we can fly up to the Pakistani border post, and on the way we see some guys coming down on the Afghan side. We’re wondering who the hell they are, wondering whether to shoot them or not, and we hold our fire because we realize it’s Pakistani guys on this side of the border. So we get to the border post and we say, ‘How come you’ve got a patrol on the Afghan side there?’ ‘Oh, well, that’s where we get our water; we go down to the well on the Afghan side, because if we go on the Pakistani side, they’ll kill us.’” *They* being the Taliban. “We also realized that someone could easily be firing rockets from 200 or

300 meters down without the border patrol being able to do anything about it — the terrain is so insanely difficult.”

Such was life on the Durand Line in A.D. 2009.

As for the wood, Dempsey’s team eventually made a discovery: enormous piles of lumber on the other side of the Pakistani border post, all bundled and ready to be picked up. “So we’re sitting up at the border, looking at all these piles of wood on the Pakistani side, and then a donkey train that we’d seen earlier but lost track of is all of a sudden coming right toward us. I thought: ‘Are you kidding me?’ And it’s a group of kids, teenagers, pulling this wood up, and they say, ‘Hey, how’s it going?’ They don’t even know that what they’re doing is illegal, because it’s what everybody in the valley does. We’re talking to them, and they tell us the name of the guy who pays them. Wait a minute: We know that that guy also harbors insurgents who travel in and out.

“So by pulling on the thread of the lumber trade, we found out where the border police weren’t effective, where government people were being paid off, and where local warlords were able to push local government officials to look the other way.”

The Sniff Test

“One way we in the military tend to approach these wars is with a sniff test: ‘Is this in and of itself a decent thing to be doing? Are we making somebody’s life better?’” Dempsey pauses for a sip of espresso. “We can argue all day about how these wars fit into the grand scheme of American power and international relations. But from the Army perspective, it’s always, ‘Can we make a difference in the lives of the folks there, or are we wasting our time?’ From my perspective, I think we can make progress, and do good. Now,

whether or not it fits our national interests appropriately, or can be done in a timely or cost-effective manner, that’s for somebody else to decide.

“We can do what the American public asks. We just ask the American public to understand that there are limitations to what we can do. We can run around the hills and kill known insurgents nonstop, but if there’s not good governance, if we’re not giving an economic alternative, we’re wasting our time, because more insurgents will pop up to replace them, and there’ll be second-order effects that would negate any progress. So we know we have to pursue all these efforts in concert, in a way that gives more steps forward than steps back.

“Can we make a difference in the lives of the folks there, or are we wasting our time?”

“A year ago the president announced that we were going to send 30,000 additional troops to Afghanistan. Those troops are just now getting there. Only now are the right systems arriving with the people. But because we talked about those 30,000 a year ago, there might be a public perception that they’re already in place. ‘They’ve been there for a year, why haven’t they done anything?’ But we just got there.”

You and Whose Army?

Dempsey was in Afghanistan while he revised *Our Army*, communicating by e-mail with Robert Shapiro back at Columbia. Contrary to those anxious early-2000s visions, the results of the Citizenship and Service Survey of 2004 revealed an army that was hardly in political lockstep. Dempsey’s research confirmed the conventional wisdom about officer attitudes, but found that overall the Army looked a lot like the American public: 32 percent of enlisted soldiers identified as conservative, compared to 37 percent in the public, and 23 percent identified as liberal, nearly identical to the 24 percent among civilians. If anything, soldiers voted at *lower* rates, and were, on the whole, *less* politically engaged than their civilian peers. The real change, it turned out, was occurring in the upper echelons: When Dempsey presented his data to senior officers in 2006, he was told that the mind-set of the senior ranks was shifting significantly. With things gone south in Iraq, officers were reporting a growing disillusionment with the leadership in Washington.

Dempsey measured this new skepticism. He got hold of the past few surveys that the *Military Times* distributes yearly to its subscribers, separated out the senior officers from retirees and junior officers, and weighted them so that they were reflective of the entire senior officer population. Using this technique, he found that between 2004 and 2008, there was a 13 percent decrease in the number of self-identified Republicans among senior officers.



Soldiers of Task Force Chosin of the 10th Mountain Division intercept an illegal shipment of wood bound for a border pass between Afghanistan and Pakistan in Kunar Province, Afghanistan, May 2009.



The view from the back of a CH-47 as American and Afghan soldiers descend into the Kunar River Valley along the Afghan-Pakistani border.

“That’s the inverse of what we saw during the Carter administration,” Dempsey says. “Bush had the same effect as Carter, but in the opposite direction. Then the question becomes, ‘Where’s the military going?’ Because that 13 percent who no longer identified as Republicans didn’t necessarily become Democrats.

“The best-case scenario is that we’re becoming nonpartisan — that we understand it’s in everyone’s long-term interest that we’re not affiliated with either party.” And the worst-case scenario? “That those people went into an *antipolitical* stance, one that says, ‘Screw ’em all.’ It means that we disdain politics as being beneath the military. This, too, subverts the idea of service — the notion that *we* know what’s best for our country. Well, no, we don’t, and it’s not our job to know what’s best for the country.”

Dempsey has arrived at the dregs of his espresso. He knocks back what’s left and wipes his mouth with his cloth napkin.

“The Army’s really in flux right now,” he says. “Our approach to war is changing, our approach to politics is changing. It’s a much more reflective moment.”

Winging It

In June, Dempsey was named a White House Fellow, one of 13 people chosen out of more than 700 applicants to take part in the program, which was created by President Lyndon B. Johnson in 1964 to provide young leaders with hands-on experience at the top levels of government. Dempsey, who is married with two young children, will spend the next year working in the East Wing of the White House, where he hopes to contribute to Michelle Obama’s outreach initiative to military families.

Having approached policy from its opposite ends — the theoretical side at West Point and Columbia, and the implementation side in Afghanistan and Iraq (in 2005, he was deployed to Iraq to help coordinate strategy in the restive Kurdish north), Dempsey will now use the fellowship’s educational program to explore what he calls “the messy middle,” that sector inside the Beltway where theory is translated into process, and where the Army’s future will be largely determined.

“The policy challenges are going to be unbelievable,” Dempsey says. “Just taking care of the veterans from these two conflicts is going to place tremendous strains on our national budget. Then there’s refitting all the Army’s worn and broken equipment and deciding what we’ll need once this war’s over, and having no idea what new enemies will pop up, or where we’ll go. The White House Fellowship is a unique opportunity to acquire a new skill set to help the Army prepare for an uncertain future.”

But Dempsey won’t be sticking around Washington for long — at least not this time. When the fellowship ends next September, he’ll pack off for another tour to Afghanistan, where he’ll command an embedded training team for the Afghan army. The team will advise and instruct the Afghans, and even accompany them on missions.

“We don’t have much of a playbook for that,” Dempsey says of the assignment. With his mix of can-do enthusiasm and hard-nosed pragmatism he might be talking about a tricky new research project (the 2004 Citizenship and Service Survey had no real playbook, either), or budget issues facing the military, rather than another year in a war zone. “It should,” he says steadily, “be a fun challenge.” 🍷



aguas calientes

FICTION BY LAUREN GRODSTEIN '97CC, '01SOA

The odd thing was he hadn't moved since last night. That's what I was thinking about, and also the prices on the menu: \$14.50 for goat cheese pancakes, \$18 for a crab omelet. This restaurant was famous for its brunches. Steven and I decided to try it out today since we'd passed it, longingly, on so many other occasions. One last hurrah before my water broke. We murmured to each other that we deserved it. We never ate at places like this while I was pregnant, or even before, and once the baby was born we wouldn't again.

"So what I'm thinking is I'd love a mimosa," I said, but what I was really thinking was that I'd love a stiff martini, and then another.

"So order one."

Steven had been great throughout the pregnancy, typically great, never barking at me for drinking coffee or going jogging or worrying every so often that I looked fat — not pregnant fat, but fat-person fat. Never once did he tell me I was being selfish or

ridiculous or, God forbid, that I was glowing. He massaged my preposterous size-10 feet. "The doctor said a glass every so often is fine, right? Especially toward the end?"

"They're 12 dollars," I pointed out.

"We're celebrating," Steven said, and reached out and held my hand. We'd been making ourselves celebrate, anticipate, act like other expectant parents in a million ways. Just two days earlier, we'd bought a car seat and a bottle warmer and three organic cotton onesies.


I attempted to make eye contact with the waitress.

"Come on," he said. "Fake it for me."

"I'm not faking anything," I said, my eyes scanning the big, empty room.

When we found out I was finally pregnant, we speculated: Steven's blue eyes or my perfect vision? His full, Russian mouth or my loose, jazzy singing voice? Or maybe my hair (thick and curly) and his patience (endless, endless). We'd sat on the couch

ILLUSTRATION BY VIVIENNE FLESHER



with the pink stick and gazed serenely at it. For some reason I had assumed it was a girl.

I think, deep down, we'd always wanted children, although when we were in our late 20s, newlyweds, we told ourselves that between the melting ice caps and the surging terrorists, it was downright irresponsible to bring a child into the world. Besides, we liked to sleep 'til noon and spend all of our money on concert tickets — a Hall & Oates reunion, Lollapalooza — so what kind of parents would childish people like us be? Still, predictably — my mother, my sister, my cousins all called it — by the time I celebrated my 31st birthday, biology had me in a choke hold. I drank too much chardonnay that night and announced to Steven it was time. He pushed my hair out of my eyes. Really? He was delighted. I nodded, dribblingly, and we made love right there on our floor. And then I closed my eyes and prayed to every god I knew that I hadn't made an enormous mistake. When I finally got my period, I thanked Allah, Vishnu, Christ.

But that was four years ago, and we're wiser now. We planned to have this baby, we'd done everything right: Steven found clients he could count on, and I'd landed a high school job with tenure. We'd bought a house near the big town park; we'd traded in our rambunctious house cats for a parakeet. We wanted this baby so badly. It took us so many months to get pregnant.

"You feeling OK?"

"I'm feeling great," I said. And I was, more or less.

"You look beautiful," Steven said.

"Don't."

He shrugged his shoulders, looked out the window.

"So have you two decided?" asked our waitress, who had caught my eye and drifted over from an early morning flirtation with the bartender.

"We have," said my husband. He was still covering my hand with his own. The restaurant was all glass windows looking out on Barnes Street, five blocks from the three-bedroom house we'd bought with 20 percent down and the next 30 years of our lives.

"Well, before you tell me, let me recommend the asparagus frittata," our waitress said. "It's awesome." Awesome? She was an actress type: liquid eyes, bed-tossed hair. She took out her pad, then looked at me and gasped theatrically. "My goodness!"

I gave her the most patient smile I had left. "I'm due on Thursday."

"Wow! That's so great!"

"Yes," I said. "I'll have a mimosa," I said. We couldn't afford a mimosa. Her eyes grew wider.

"The doctor said it's fine," Steven said, winking at me.

"Well, if the doctor says so," the waitress said, modulating her voice as though she were talking to a child. This, too, was nothing new. My ninth-graders felt protective of me, worked a little harder for me, did their best not to make my job too difficult. Jason Rollins erased my blackboards; Maria Garces lifted my heavy books.

"And I guess I'll have the eggs Benedict."

"Oh, no," the waitress said to me, sternly. "There's raw eggs in that. The hollandaise." She paused. "But we could do it without the hollandaise."

What I wanted to say was, lady, the hollandaise is the least of this kid's worries. Instead, I smiled and rubbed my stomach. I'd be sorry when I didn't have my stomach anymore. I'd just started to enjoy resting my arms on it.

"And what about you, sir?"

Steven ordered the root-vegetable hash with the runny eggs on top. Raw eggs weren't his problem, nor mine, really. They were Buster's, but if they bothered him, he'd never say a word.

The waitress left. I heard her call to the bartender, "You should see her, she's ready to pop."

And then silence. Multiculti music on the stereo, but the kind that's so ubiquitous you can barely hear it: wind flutes, *El Cóndor Pasa*. For our honeymoon, six years, three months, two weeks ago, we hiked in the Andes, in Peru. We slept on the trail from Cuzco to Machu Picchu, and cooked potatoes and eggs on a camp stove, and drank the local liquor, damn the altitude. We did our best to kid around with the Peruvian tour guides, but they were not the kidding types. We drank beer in Aguas Calientes, which means hot waters — it's the town at the base of Machu Picchu. Aguas Calientes is named for the hot springs, and we went soaking in that warm, bubbling water every afternoon.

And why are you here? the nice woman asked me in Peruvian-accented English on our final afternoon in town. I was leaning against the tile wall of one of the soaking pools, watching the clouds coalesce in the sky, breathing in the fumes from the sulphuric water. Steven was sprawled along the bench on the other side of the pool.

Luna de miel, I said to the woman, which was one of three Spanish phrases I knew. She had a reddish wrinkled face and long gray hair. She wore a purple flowered bathing suit.

A honeymoon! she said. Congratulations.

We sat next to each other quietly then, her closing her eyes, me stretching out my legs in the grayish water. I think Steven might have been asleep.

And when you will have children? she asked.

I don't know, I said, thinking, oh these foreigners, and their touchingly foreign sense of what's appropriate to ask another person.

Steven was either sleeping or he wasn't, but either way he wasn't listening, all blissed-out and light-headed in the stinky water, so I felt safe saying: We might not have any children at all. We're both really into our work.

She went quiet again, and maybe we both sort of dozed, but then the sun came out of the clouds and

"He'll be incredible, you know," Steven said, after a long time of not saying anything.

"After a fashion."

"No," Steven said. "Just incredible."

His blue eyes. My singing voice. I had said to Steven, weakly, after we found out, that we didn't have to do this. But, you know. The look on my husband's face.

"I can't wait to meet him," Steven said.

"I know."

We'd planned to name him William but already we called him Buster, which is what we used to call the fatter and wilier of our two house cats. The smarter one. Before we gave him away, Buster used to paw open our sock drawer and curl up inside and take his naps there. He'd fill up the sock drawer with his bulk. Our new Buster would never have bulk. Our new Buster would never be smart. But still there were similarities between the two of them: As though he were a house

WE TOLD OURSELVES THAT BETWEEN THE MELTING ICE CAPS AND THE SURGING TERRORISTS, IT WAS DOWNRIGHT IRRESPONSIBLE TO BRING A CHILD INTO THE WORLD.

we started talking again. The conversation veered to this and that: her work at a local hotel, the tourists who come to this part of the Andes, our luck with the weather. She liked Aguas Calientes, she said, even though it was a make-believe town, a tourist construction, and a tourist trap. I told her I liked it, too.

Best wishes, she said to me, when I got out of the pool. Good luck to you both. She shaded her eyes against the sun. May you have a very happy life together. And children.

Oh, I said, well, thank you. A little bit grateful for her wishes, but a little bit snarky, too: Thank you, I said, and as for the children, I guess time will tell.

It was fun back then to be cavalier.

The mimosa arrived in a sparkling glass with a blue rim. The pooling light shined through it and left a church-window pattern on the table. If I went much past Thursday, they would induce. I was supposed to be monitoring his movement all the time, every hour, and go to the hospital immediately if anything seemed off.

cat, we might have to put this Buster in another's care after Steven and I could no longer do the job, after we were too exhausted or too old or dead. Not even the best doctors could predict what would happen. He could go either way, they told us. Almost normal, even. Or maybe he would never learn to say his own name.

I drained my mimosa. Residential programs in our area cost \$45,000 a year, and there was always a chance we'd need to find one by the time he was an adolescent. That afternoon I was supposed to go online, research ways to finagle Medicaid.

"He'll be incredible," Steven said. "Like you. Is he kicking?"

The odd thing was he hadn't moved since last night.

"Oh, yes," I said. I fiddled with my empty glass, moved it around in the pool of light on the table. "Oh, yes," I said. "I can feel him," I said. "There he goes." 🐾

Lauren Grodstein's novel A Friend of the Family will be published in paperback by Algonquin Books in November 2010.

NEWS

New York's highest court: Manhattanville development can move forward

A ruling by New York State's highest court has cleared the way for Columbia to proceed with its long-term plans to develop the Manhattanville section of West Harlem. The Court of Appeals, in a unanimous decision on June 24, said that the state can invoke eminent domain to acquire properties that

the expansion zone, which is an old manufacturing area dominated by warehouses, factories, and auto repair shops. In 2008, the Empire State Development Corporation (ESDC), the public authority that exercises the state's power of eminent domain, determined that Columbia's project would justify

least the early 1960s, that there is a long-standing lack of investor interest in the area, and that Columbia had received few building violations on its properties in the expansion zone.

In addition, the Court of Appeals strongly affirmed the public benefits of Columbia's development. "Indeed, the advancement of higher education is the quintessential example of a 'civic purpose,'" wrote Judge Carmen Beauchamp Ciparick for the court. "It is fundamental that education and the expansion of knowledge are pivotal government interests. The indisputably public purpose of education is particularly vital for New York City and the State to maintain their respective statuses as global centers of higher education and academic research."

The benefits of Columbia's expansion, Ciparick asserted, are not limited to the advancement of higher education. She pointed out that the University will create more than two acres of publicly accessible open space, tree-lined and widened sidewalks, a revitalized shopping area along 12th Avenue, and a community space. She noted that Columbia will also supply land rent-free to a new public school in Manhattanville, maintain a recently completed waterfront park on the Hudson, create the equivalent of about 14,000 construction jobs over the course of the development, and add an estimated 6000 permanent jobs once the project is completed.

"In sum, there can be no doubt that the project approved by ESDC — which provides for the expansion of Columbia's educational facilities and countless public benefits to the surrounding neighborhood, including cultural, recreational, and job development benefits — qualifies as a 'civic project,'" wrote Ciparick.

Said President Lee C. Bollinger in a statement: "We are gratified by the Court's unanimous decision, and we look forward



Columbia recently demolished several vacant buildings between 129th and 130th Streets, west of Broadway, to make way for the Jerome L. Greene Science Center. At bottom of next page: Columbia construction on 12th Avenue, beneath the Riverside Drive Viaduct.

are crucial for the project. The court found that a state agency had acted lawfully two years ago when it concluded that Manhattanville is in need of redevelopment and that condemning property on behalf of Columbia would serve a public purpose.

Columbia, over the next several decades, plans to construct 16 buildings for science, business, the arts, University housing, and other uses on about 17 acres of land, located primarily on four blocks north of 129th Street on the far west side of Manhattan. The plan calls for a subterranean complex that will house central energy facilities, loading docks, parking, and other building support facilities, thus necessitating the development of contiguous properties. Columbia already owns most of the land in

condemning property in the area should any landowners not sell.

However, two landowners, who own four warehouses and two gas stations in Manhattanville, sued the state to stop the condemnations. Last December, an appellate court sided with them. The lower court said that the state, in declaring the area "blighted," and therefore in need of redevelopment, hadn't considered the extent to which Columbia might have contributed to the blight itself by allowing some of its own properties in the area to lie dormant.

The new ruling refutes the idea that Columbia contributed to blight in Manhattanville. The Court of Appeals found that the lower court ignored evidence that the area has been physically rundown since at

to moving ahead with the long-term revitalization of these blocks in Manhattanville that will create thousands of good jobs for New Yorkers and help our city and state remain a global center of pioneering academic research.”

Going green

Construction in Manhattanville is expected to occur in phases over the next several decades. The first phase will include a neuroscience center and an underground central energy plant. The University also has plans to build here new homes for Columbia Business School and the School of International and Public Affairs, as well as new studio and arts presentation facilities for the School of the Arts.

Preparation work has already begun. Earlier this year, Columbia demolished several vacant buildings on plots that it owns between 129th and 130th Streets, west of Broadway. This will be the site of the Jerome L. Greene Science Center, which will serve as the home to the University’s expanding Mind, Brain, and Behavior Initiative. Neuroscientists will collaborate with researchers in fields ranging from economics to the arts in order to understand the causal relationships among gene function, brain wiring, and human behavior.

On a recent hard-hat tour, Philip Pitruzzello, Columbia’s vice president for the Manhattanville Development Group, under the University’s Facilities Department, said that contractors will begin work on the

building’s foundation and slurry walls this winter. Construction of the Greene Science Center will take several years, he said, in part because this building, like many planned for Manhattanville, will benefit from a deep basement that maximizes its usable square footage. “We’ll start by excavating and creating a first slab,” Pitruzzello says. “Then we’ll dig down below that first slab at the same time that we’re building upwards. That’s called top-down construction, and it’s very innovative.”

In recent months, passersby will have noticed lots of street work in the area. Much of this is part of Columbia’s project: The University is paying for the upgrade, relocation, and separation of storm water and sewer water lines in the area, in anticipation of increased demand from its new facilities. “This is going to benefit northwestern Harlem,” says Pitruzzello.

All of Columbia’s new facilities in Manhattanville will be designed and built in accordance with strict standards of energy efficiency, according to Pitruzzello. The Greene Science Center, for example, will have interior spaces bathed in natural light, glazed windows that limit heat transfer, and a computer system that monitors the heating, ventilation, and lighting needs in specific areas of the building. (The U.S. Green Building Council has selected Columbia’s Manhattanville plan for its Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design for Neighborhood Development pilot program, which acknowledges the University’s commitment to green building principles and to creating a campus that is welcoming to the local community.)

Even Columbia’s demolition work aims for environmental sensitivity, says Pitruzzello. Many buildings are wrapped in netting as they’re gutted in order to capture debris and dust; diesel machines are fitted with special exhaust filters; and rodent spe-

cialists visit the sites regularly to make sure that rats aren’t being dislodged and fleeing. Most remarkably, the University has recycled or reused 90 percent of the materials from buildings torn down so far: Scrap steel, brick, and wood all have been recycled. In one building, local women and high-school students, as part of a training program, carefully removed wallboards, studs, doors, windows, cabinets, sinks, countertops, furniture, and lighting fixtures, all of which were then donated to a nonprofit that builds homes for disaster victims.

Columbia officials say they’re also committed to hiring a large number of businesses



COLUMBIA FACILITIES

Local high-school students participated in a training program last year in which they learned to dismantle and recycle materials from a building in Manhattanville that will be demolished.

owned by minorities, women, and local entrepreneurs to do work in Manhattanville.

“Everything we do in Manhattanville is guided by our commitment to sustainability,” says Robert Kasdin, Columbia’s senior executive vice president. “From day one, it has informed all of our decisions. It was part of the master planning process and the design process, and now it’s part of every conversation we have with contractors when they come on site.”

Visit neighbors.columbia.edu.



COLUMBIA FACILITIES

Philanthropist Dawn M. Greene passes away at 88

New York City and Columbia University lost a forward-looking philanthropist with the passing of Dawn M. Greene '08HON



Dawn M. Greene

on August 30. Mrs. Greene, who was president and CEO of the Jerome L. Greene Foundation, was 88 years old.

Mrs. Greene continued a tradition of philanthropy in education, the arts, and medicine begun by her late husband, Jerome L. Greene '26CC, '28LAW, a prominent New York lawyer and real-estate investor who died in 1999. In total, the Greene family and the Jerome L. Greene Foundation have given nearly \$300 million to the University.

In 2006, Dawn M. Greene and the Jerome L. Greene Foundation made a gift to Columbia that was the largest ever to a U.S. university for a single facility — \$250 million to support the construction of the Jerome L. Greene Science Center, where, through the University's Mind, Brain, and Behavior Initiative, neuroscientists and researchers from a wide variety of other disciplines will collaborate to study how the brain's mechanisms relate to high-level functions such as memory, self-awareness, language, and emotion. The center is being

designed by Italian architect Renzo Piano and will be the first building constructed at Columbia's Manhattanville development. (See related story on page 42.)

"Dawn was a visionary who established as her top priority support for the study of mind, brain, and behavior, because she saw it as the most compelling intellectual challenge of the 21st century," says President Lee C. Bollinger.

In 2008, Dawn M. Greene received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Columbia.

Prior to Jerome L. Greene's death, the Greene family gave many donations to Columbia. These included the naming gift for Jerome L. Greene Hall, which is the primary home of the law school, as well as gifts for endowed scholarships for law students, an endowed professorship in transactional law, and the Jerome L. Greene Fund for Clinical Education at the law school.

In the past decade, Dawn M. Greene and the Jerome L. Greene Foundation have also given Columbia major donations for a state-of-the-art laboratory at the Mailman School of Public Health, the endowment of

the John Snow Professorship in Epidemiology at Mailman, and the Jerry I. Gliklich Professorship of Cardiology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

"Dawn served as a close friend and counsel to many of us at Columbia and she was an irreplaceable partner in building Columbia University into the world's center of new knowledge," Bollinger says. "Her impact across Columbia's campuses at Morningside Heights, our law school, Columbia University Medical Center, and now Manhattanville is lasting and so large as to defy easy description. We will miss her deeply, even as we rededicate ourselves to fulfilling her vision in the years ahead."

A native New Yorker, Mrs. Greene was an avid theatergoer and arts patron. She was a graduate of Fordham University in sociology with a master's degree in social work, and she served on the boards of Planned Parenthood of New York City and the nonprofit Inwood House.

Mrs. Greene is survived by her daughter, Christina McNerney, and her granddaughter, Margaret Williams '05LAW.



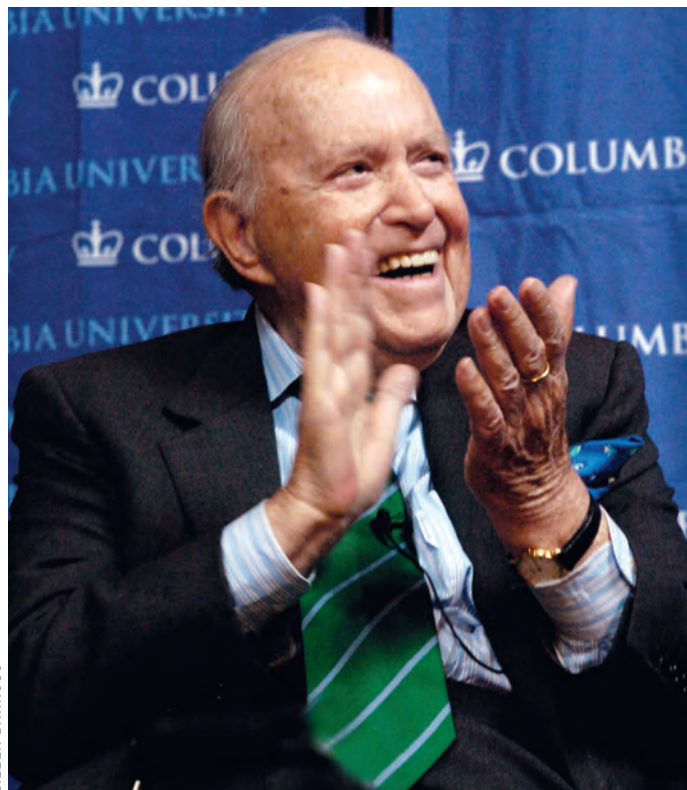
Columbia neuroscientists Gerald Fischbach and Richard Axel, New York City mayor Michael R. Bloomberg, philanthropist Dawn M. Greene, and Columbia president Lee C. Bollinger at the March 20, 2006, announcement of the creation of the Jerome L. Greene Science Center.

Financial-aid benefactor John W. Kluge, 1914–2010

John W. Kluge '37CC, '88HON, an extraordinary businessman and Columbia University's greatest benefactor, died on September 7 at his home outside Charlottesville, Va. He was 95.

From modest beginnings in Chemnitz, Germany, Kluge rose to become, for a time, the wealthiest man in the United States.

Kluge was eight when his family immigrated to the United States, settling in Detroit; he attended Columbia College on scholarship.



John W. Kluge

Following graduation, he worked at a printing company, served in the U.S. Army during World War II, and ran a food-distribution company.

Beginning with his creation of a single radio station in Maryland in 1946, he built the Metromedia broadcasting empire, which owned numerous radio and television stations and later syndicated rights to TV shows and movies. The company grew into the largest independent television business in the United States and diversified into many other areas, including telecommunications. Kluge topped the *Forbes* 400 list of wealthiest Americans from 1989 to 1991.

After selling his television interests in 1986, Kluge remained a businessman but also turned his attention to philanthropy.

In 2007, Kluge pledged \$400 million to the University — the largest gift ever in higher education solely for financial aid. The donation provided \$200 million in financial aid endowment for

undergraduates at the College and \$200 million for graduate and professional students at several schools. It has been used in part to create matching programs, prompting millions in additional donations from alumni and friends.

"I want to help ensure that Columbia will always be a place where the best and the brightest young people can come to develop their intellect, make something of their own lives, and give something back to our communities, our country, and our world," Kluge said when he announced the gift.

President Lee C. Bollinger recalls that Kluge "had a fresh and firsthand understanding of the catalytic effect a Columbia education could have on a young person's life, as it did on his own. He was determined to ensure as many students as possible could benefit, as he did, from this kind of educational opportunity."

Kluge's 2007 pledge benefited the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, School of the Arts, Graduate School of Journalism, and School of International and Public Affairs, in addition to the College, to which he had already donated \$110 million over the previous 20 years. These earlier gifts were used primarily to establish and support the Kluge Scholars Program, which continues to ensure access to the College for talented and diverse students of limited financial means.

"John Kluge was a towering figure whose commitment to Columbia and to higher education sets a standard for us all," says College dean Michele Moody-Adams. "He will be dearly missed, even as we continue to benefit from his generosity and his devotion to Columbia and Columbia students."

Kluge often recalled his time at Columbia with affection. He liked to say he came to Columbia with \$15 and left with \$7000 — having earned money at odd jobs, selling stationery and shoes, and even playing poker. But he also counted his time at Morning-side Heights as a formative intellectual experience, remembering classes, professors, and luminaries like former University president Nicholas Murray Butler.

"If it hadn't been for Columbia, my path would have been entirely different in life," Kluge said at a black-tie event held in his honor at Low Library in 2004, on the occasion of his 90th birthday. "This institution made me a better person, and I want other young people to benefit as I did."

Over the years, the College recognized Kluge with both the John Jay Award and the Alexander Hamilton Medal. He received an honorary doctorate from the University in 1988.

Bollinger says Kluge "will forever remain a figure of signal importance in the life and work of this University."

Kluge also contributed generously in support of the Library of Congress and other institutions and causes. He is survived by his wife, Maria "Tussi" Kluge, and his three children, Joseph, Samantha, and John Jr. '05CC.

— Marcus Tonti

Our nuclear summer

Will Leonard '12CC was searching for a senior thesis topic this spring when he stumbled upon a curious aspect of Jimmy Carter's presidency. He wondered why Carter, who took office with the intention of reducing the world's stockpile of nuclear weapons, ended up deploying 572 new missiles to Western Europe. Historians generally believe that Carter's foreign-policy team feared that war with the Soviet Union could be imminent, but Leonard saw little evidence to support this idea.

So in July, Leonard and a research companion from Yale flew to the Carter Presidential Library in Atlanta to examine transcripts of meetings between Carter's foreign-policy team and European leaders. Leonard telephoned Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national security adviser. And he traveled to Arlington, Virginia, to interview David Aaron, Brzezinski's deputy. What he learned contradicted the historical record: Brzezinski and Aaron had never seriously feared a nuclear threat from the Soviet Union during this period. They told Leonard that the United States deployed the missiles primarily to placate European allies and to gain leverage in any nuclear-weapons negotiations.

This type of original research is the cornerstone of the new Hertog Global Strategy Initiative, an intensive 12-week summer

program underwritten by businessman and philanthropist Roger Hertog. The program, founded and directed by Columbia history professor Matthew Connelly, encourages aspiring historians to



Mira Rapp-Hooper, a PhD candidate in political science at Columbia, presents research she conducted this summer as part of the new Hertog Global Strategy Initiative.

Designer Kenneth Cole sponsors community-engagement program

Fashion designer Kenneth Cole has joined with Columbia College and the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Sciences to launch a new fellowship program that will prepare students to solve challenges faced by local communities. The new Kenneth Cole Community Engagement Pro-

gram, which is supported financially by the designer and businessman, will be administered by the Office of Student Affairs.

The Kenneth Cole Fellows will take courses in the fields of urban studies, political science, sociology, science and technology, and social entrepreneurship. They'll also attend seminars, colloquia, and workshops and will assist community-based organizations on special projects.

Program organizers say the fellowship could prepare students for leadership positions in community-based organizations, nonprofits, and socially conscious businesses. Twelve sophomores and juniors will be selected to take part in the inaugural program this academic year.

"We are confident that Kenneth Cole Fellows will have the unique opportunity to enrich their own learning experiences while discovering the important role each of us plays in making a difference in the

local and global communities to which we are all responsible," says Michele Moody-Adams, dean of Columbia College.

"Kenneth Cole's commitment to community engagement complements our school's mission to educate socially responsible engineering and applied science leaders," says Feniosky Peña-Mora, dean of Columbia Engineering. "We are grateful that he is providing this meaningful and valuable opportunity for both Columbia students and our community."

Cole's philanthropic activity also includes support for affordable housing, AIDS research, and many other causes.

"I'm enthusiastic about working with Columbia," Cole says, "on a project intended to inspire its talented student body and empower them with the necessary tools to make meaningful and sustainable differences in their respective communities."

— Marcus Tonti



Kenneth Cole

study topics relevant to contemporary world affairs, while pushing young political scientists and public-policy students to conduct historical research. It is administered by the history department.

The program brings undergraduates, master's degree students, and doctoral candidates from all of these fields together in an environment that Connelly likens to a "research laboratory." Students travel, sometimes in groups, to visit archives and interview important figures. Then they share their most interesting documents and interviews with one another in an electronic archive.

"I wanted to create a research program that deals with a specific issue in world politics that's too big and complex for a single scholar to handle," says Connelly, whose latest book, *Fatal Misconception*, chronicles the global population-control movements of the 20th century. "Every year we're going to tackle a different issue."

This summer, the topic was nuclear proliferation. The program began with a three-week course on nuclear strategy and methods of historical analysis, followed by eight weeks of original research. Prominent policymakers and scholars addressed the seminar weekly. They included former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, former chief UN weapons inspector Hans Blix, and Yale historian John Lewis Gaddis.

The core seminar was taught by Connelly and University of Texas international-affairs professor Francis J. Gavin. About one-third of the student participants were from Columbia; the others came from universities across the U.S.

Now, several of the students are collaborating with Connelly and Gavin on a research article about the use of forecasting and scenario planning in formulating nuclear strategy. Leonard's summer project will likely form the basis of his senior history thesis.

Topics for future programs may involve climate change, financial crises, migration, and pandemics. "The common thread is that we'll use history to think about, and prepare for, the future," says Connelly, who is looking for additional funding to keep the program going after Hertog's gift runs out after its second year, as well as to support students who are continuing their research into the academic year.

"This program is about liberating scholars," says Connelly, "so that undergraduates are doing advanced research like graduate students, graduate students are thinking boldly and creatively like undergraduates, political scientists are thinking like historians, and historians like political scientists. That's what we're trying to do. It's exciting, and it's also risky. But I think it will pay off."

—Joshua J. Friedman '08JRN

ALUMNI GIVING MAKES IT POSSIBLE.



SCHOLARSHIPS 101

Did you know about HALF of Columbia College students receive financial aid?

All admitted students—regardless of their financial status—deserve full access to the Columbia experience. There are two ways for you to help: 1) Endowment giving—Kluge matches available
2) College Annual Fund

THE COLUMBIA
CAMPAIGN

giving.columbia.edu/scholarships101 Watch and listen to Dean Moody-Adams & our students.

Defender of the “obscene”

Columbia’s libraries have acquired the papers of Barney Rosset, a groundbreaking independent publisher who brought major works by Henry Miller and William S. Burroughs to American readers for the first time, and in the process reshaped the boundaries of U.S. obscenity laws.

As the owner of Grove Press in New York, Rosset successfully sued the U.S. Post Office after it tried to suppress his unexpurgated edition of D. H. Lawrence’s *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* in 1959. But this was merely a prelude to one of the most significant censorship battles in U.S. history: Two years later, when Grove published Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer*, dozens of booksellers across the country were charged with obscenity for distributing it, as were Rosset and Miller in Brooklyn for publishing it. In 1964, the U.S. Supreme Court sided with them, ruling that *Tropic of Cancer* was not obscene.

“I feel personally that a word has never been written or uttered which should not be published,” Rosset says in *Obscene*, a 2008 documentary about his career.

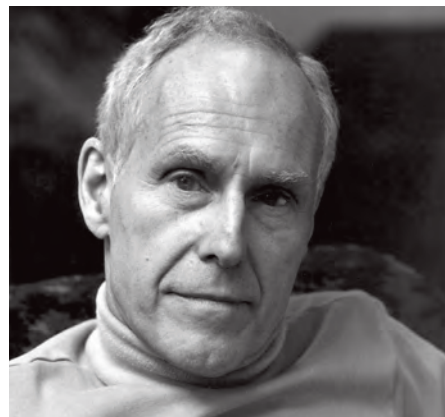
The Rosset papers include his correspondence with many authors and fellow publishers, as well as photographs that Rosset took in China during World War II and in Nicaragua during the presidential election of 1990.

The collection also documents Rosset’s legal battles, which continued when he published William S. Burroughs’s *Naked Lunch* in 1962 and distributed the Swedish film *I Am Curious (Yellow)* in the late 1960s. Rosset won each of these cases on First Amendment grounds.

Because of Rosset’s reputation as a subversive, the Federal Bureau of Investigation kept a file on him, which Rosset later acquired through a Freedom of Information Act request and which is included in his

papers. Rosset’s forthcoming autobiography, *The Subject Is Left-Handed*, draws its title from an observation made about him in the file.

Rosset, who is in his late 80s, began talking with Columbia about selling his papers



Barney Rosset

ARNE SVENSON

The curtain rises on a rich season for Miller Theatre

The Miller Theatre’s 2010–11 season offers a broad sampling of music through five intriguing series — Early Music; Bach & the Baroque; Jazz; Lunchtime Concerts; and the signature Composer Portraits. Miller commissioned Thomas Roma, director of photography at the

School of the Arts, to make photographs of the featured composers; his portrait of the young German composer Matthias Pintscher is shown here. The series begins on October 21, when Pintscher conducts the International Contemporary Ensemble and vocalists in a program of his own music. Pintscher is admired both for his small-scale works and for his two operas inspired by famous poets who died young: *Thomas Chatterton*, about the 18th-century English poet who committed suicide at the age of 17, and, *L’Espace dernier*, based on the life and work of Arthur Rimbaud.

Composers Fred Lerdahl, Julia Wolfe, Mario Davidovsky, Chaya Czernowin, Joan Tower, and Pierre Boulez — who turns 85 this year — are all scheduled to be on hand at their featured Portraits.

At the popular Lunchtime Concerts in Philosophy Hall, the Voxare String Quartet will explore music of Ives, Copland, Thomson, and Barber — founding fathers of American music.

This year is the first to be programmed by director Melissa Smey. “I’m excited to introduce the fresh, young singers of Stile Antico and New York Polyphony to our early-music audiences,” she says, “and to push the boundaries of our jazz programming with composer-performers such as Vijay Iyer and Craig Taborn.”

For information about performers, scheduling, venues, and tickets, visit www.millertheatre.com or call 212-854-7799.



Matthias Pintscher

© 2010 THOMAS ROMA

last year while speaking at a Columbia libraries event celebrating the 50th anniversary of *Naked Lunch*, whose manuscript the University owns as part of its extensive Burroughs collection. The purchase of Rosset's papers was made final in July.

In addition to his work at Grove, Rosset founded the provocative literary magazine *Evergreen Review*, which published writings by Columbia authors Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg '48CC, as well as by Albert Camus, Kenzaburo Oe, and many others, alongside erotic artwork.

Rosset's papers will complement Columbia's existing holdings of many writers, book publishers, and literary agents. Columbia also owns the collection of First Amendment lawyer Ephraim London, who represented Grove in its fight to publish *Tropic of Cancer*.

—Joshua J. Friedman '08JRN

Breaking character



JOSHUA BRIGHT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Fifty participants in the World Economic Forum's Global Leadership Fellows Programme came to Columbia for a weeklong series of intensive drama workshops in July. The fellows, most of whom work in economic development and are in their 20s and 30s, were encouraged to sing, dance, shout, and improvise silly jokes — all toward the goal of expressing themselves with greater self-awareness and clarity. "There's a world of theater in the term 'global fellows,'" says theater arts professor Kristin Linklater, who led several of the workshops and is pictured here with fellow Nicolas Kim. "If they're going to be supreme global communicators, they need to know their voices in the way actors know their voices." To read more and watch video, visit news.columbia.edu/economicforum.

“Why?
So tomorrow’s
students can
walk through
the same doors
that we did.”

STEVE CASE '64CC, '68LAW
UNIVERSITY TRUSTEE
COLUMBIA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (CAA)
INAUGURAL CHAIR



THE 1754 SOCIETY

“My life opened up when I came to Columbia,” Case says. “I want others to have the same experience and that’s why I put Columbia in my estate plan.”

Join Steve Case and others in the 1754 Society, alumni and friends who have made bequests and other planned gifts to the University.



To learn more about Steve Case's Columbia experience—and about planned giving—visit giving.columbia.edu/plannedgifts or call 800-338-3294.

In brief

Glied confirmed to federal post

Sherry Glied, a professor of health policy and management at the Mailman School of Public Health, has been confirmed by the U.S. Senate as assistant secretary for planning and evaluation at the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

A health-care economist, Glied studies how the U.S. health-care system affects poor Americans. In her new role, she'll serve as the secretary's principal policy advisor.

New rule makers

Columbia Law School recently created the Center on Global Legal Transformation, where academics will study new forms of international governance in the era of globalization. The center will be led by Katharina Pistor, the Michael I. Sovern Professor of Law and an expert on comparative law and governance.

Pistor says the center will serve as a think tank for examining how governments, firms, and NGOs are asserting new types of authority by, for example, establishing standards on food safety for transnational production chains, developing model contracts for financial products that are traded globally, and creating codes of conduct for multinational firms.

Our man in Beijing

Geng Xiao has been named director of the Columbia Global Center in East Asia, which is based in Beijing. Xiao, a Chinese economist who earned his PhD from UCLA, most recently served as the founding director of the Brookings-Tsinghua Center for Public Policy at Tsinghua University.

At the Columbia Global Center, Xiao succeeds outgoing director Xiaobo Lu, a Barnard political science professor who

had agreed to lead the center until a permanent director could be found.

Columbia gets new digital home

Columbia Magazine has launched a newly redesigned Web site. At magazine.columbia.edu, readers now can view Web exclusives such as slide shows, post comments to stories, recommend articles to friends via e-mail links, join discussions on Facebook and Twitter, and get updates via RSS and the University's news feeds.

Cranston takes reins at CJR

Columbia Journalism Review (CJR) has named Cathryn Cronin Cranston as its publisher. Cranston is the immediate past chair of the online magazine *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Previously, she was publisher of the *Harvard Business Review* from 2002 to 2006.

Columbia wins design and editorial prizes

Columbia Magazine won several design and editorial honors this year.

The magazine, and art director Eson Chan, received three national awards from the University and College Designers Association in August, including a silver medal for the design of the Summer 2010 article "Autism, Unmasked," with illustrations by Gérard DuBois; an Award of Excellence for the design of the Spring 2010 article "Defending the University," with illustrations by James Steinberg; and an Award of Excellence for the cover of the Fall 2009 issue, featuring artwork for the story "Untangling Swine Flu," with an illustration created by Daniel Bejar.

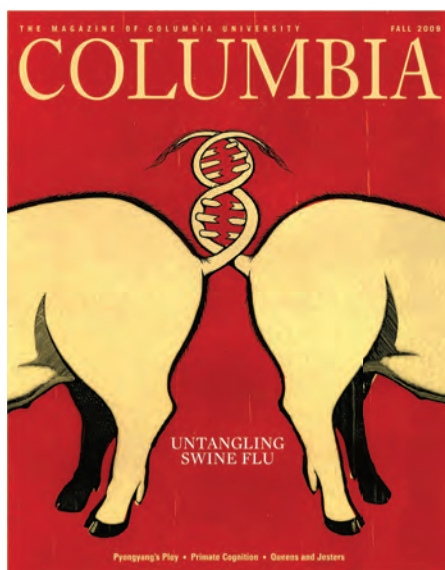
The Fall 2009 cover, depicting the tails of two pigs entwined in the shape of a double helix, has also been named a finalist by the American Society of Magazine Editors in its 2010 Best Cover Contest, in the Science, Technology, & Nature category.

The *Columbia* cover is one of six finalists in the category, competing with *National Geographic*, *The New Yorker*, *The New*

York Times Magazine, *New York*, and *Outside*. The winner will be determined by online voting that lasts through September 30 at www.amazon.com/bestcovers.

In addition, *Columbia Magazine* won a pair of writing prizes this summer from the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE). It is the third consecutive year that *Columbia* was recognized with multiple awards by CASE, a professional organization with more than 3400 member institutions.

Senior writer Paul Hond won a silver medal for "Alice in Columbioland," his Fall 2009 essay about Alice Pleasance Liddell's 1932 visit to New York City to receive an honorary degree from Columbia. Senior editor David J. Craig won a silver for "Against the Grain," his Winter 2009–10 article about Columbia gastroenterologist Peter H. R. Green's efforts to educate his fellow doctors about celiac disease.



Fall 2009

NEWSMAKERS

Five who have arrived

Five alumni and faculty of the School of the Arts writing division were recently included in *The New Yorker's* "20 under 40" list of accomplished young authors. The Columbia honorees are Rivka Galchen '06SOA,



Karen Russell '06SOA

Dinaw Mengestu '05SOA, Karen Russell '06SOA, assistant professor Gary Shteyngart, and Wells Tower '02SOA. Galchen, Russell, and Tower also serve as adjunct faculty in the writing division.

I spy a scoop

Thomas Gommers '06JRN has launched an online news venture called *The Periscope Post*, which summarizes the news of the day while allowing readers to post their opinions . . . Renée Feltz '08JRN and Stokely Baksh '08JRN have created Deportation Nation, an independent investigative journalism project that critically examines immigration enforcement practices in the U.S. The project has produced an online library of primary-source documents about enforcement efforts, an interactive map showing where U.S. Immigration

and Customs Enforcement (ICE) agents are most active, and a multimedia platform for immigrants to share their stories. The project is supported by the Open Society Institute.

Perfectly crooked

Former boxing manager Eric Drath '94GS won the 2010 Sports Emmy Award for Outstanding Documentary for *Assault in the Ring*, an HBO movie that he wrote, directed, and produced about a controversial 1983 boxing match in which Luis Resto unexpectedly beat Billy Collins, Jr., but subsequently was imprisoned for having removed the padding from his gloves.

In the shadow of no towers

Imam Feisal Abdul Rauf '69SEAS has ignited a national debate over religious tolerance through his effort, as founder and leader of the nonprofit Cordoba Initiative, to build an Islamic community center and mosque near Ground Zero in Manhattan. Rauf, who earned his bachelor's degree in nuclear engineering at Columbia, is known as a moderate cleric whose organization promotes cross-cultural understanding between Islam and the West. He is author of the book *What's Right With Islam Is What's*



Feisal Abdul Rauf '69SEAS

Right With America, which asserts the common ethical foundations of Islam and American democracy.

Learning from the master

Li Lu '96CC, '96LAW, '96BUS, a hedge-fund manager at Berkshire Hathaway, was profiled in the July 30 issue of the *Wall Street Journal*, which predicted that Li will eventually assume many of



Li Lu '96CC, '96LAW, '96BUS

Warren Buffett's investment responsibilities at Berkshire. A native of China who helped lead the Tiananmen Square protests in 1989, Li was inspired to take up investing, he says, when he heard Buffett '51BUS give a lecture at Columbia.

Good fixer-upper

University Trustee Gerry Lenfest '58LAW, '09HON will donate up to \$5.8 million to help save the SS *United States*, a historic ocean liner that has been docked in Philadelphia since 1996. Lenfest's donation will be used by a nonprofit organization to buy the ship from Norwegian Cruise Line and maintain it while planning its restoration and conversion into a museum. The SS *United States* still holds the transatlantic speed record that it set on its maiden voyage in 1952.

EXPLORATIONS

New gel reduces women's risk of HIV

There have only ever been two options for controlling the sexual transmission of HIV: abstinence and condoms. The first strategy is widely considered futile. The second is imperfect. In sub-Saharan Africa, for instance, few men use condoms regularly, even if condoms are free and readily available.

Women soon may be able to better protect themselves using a gel created by the husband-and-wife team of Salim S. Abdool Karim and Quarraisha Abdool Karim, professors of clinical epidemiology at Columbia's Mailman School of Public Health. In a study that the Columbia professors finished this summer, the new anti-HIV gel was found to be safe and effective at lowering the chances of infection. If other researchers can repeat their findings soon, the gel will be the first of its kind to be made commercially available.

The Abdool Karims presented their findings at the annual International AIDS Conference in Vienna on July 20, the day after their paper appeared online in the journal *Science*. The audience erupted in cheers several times during their presentation and gave them a standing ovation at the end.

"I couldn't believe the response," says Salim S. Abdool Karim. "It was extremely emotional, I think, because we've finally found an approach that women can control."

The new gel contains a common antiretroviral drug called tenofovir, which is typically taken in pill form to treat AIDS. The gel is different from others that have been created but abandoned as



Salim S. Abdool Karim and Quarraisha Abdool Karim

COURTESY OF CAPRISA

Creating a better biofuel

In the race to develop a biofuel that can replace gasoline, the most eagerly awaited discovery is a cheap way to manufacture butanol. Butanol is more similar to gasoline

than is ethanol and can be poured into the gas tanks of most cars today without modifications to their engines. The problem is that scientists haven't yet figured out a cost-efficient means of fermenting biomass to produce this alcohol fuel, which therefore is much more expensive to make than ethanol.

Scott Banta, an associate professor of chemical engineering at the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science, recently was awarded a \$543,394 grant from the U.S. Department of Energy to address this challenge. Banta believes that he can produce large quantities of butanol by growing bacteria in a mixture of ammonia and carbon dioxide. The organism whose growth will generate the necessary fermentation, *N. europaea*, is currently used to break down wastewater at sewage treatment plants.

"Other researchers have worked on engineering organisms to make biofuels," says Banta. "But this will be the first time that an ammonia-oxidizing organism has been used for this purpose."

Banta will work on the project with Kartik Chandran, an assistant professor of earth and environmental engineering who has studied emissions from sewage treatment processes, and with Alan West, a professor of chemical engineering who specializes in the behavior of fluids.

"The carbon in the butanol will come from ambient CO₂ and not from fossil fuels," says Banta. "The ammonia that is required by the bacteria will come from renewable electrical energy or from wastewater treatment, meaning that the whole process will be carbon neutral."



EILEEN BARROSO

Scott Banta

ineffective over the years in that its active ingredient seeps into the cells of the vaginal wall. Previous gels used drugs that attacked HIV only on the surface.

The two professors, who together also head the Centre for the AIDS Programme of Research in South Africa (CAPRISA), which is based in Durban, worked with several biotechnology organizations to make the gel using a supply of tenofovir donated to them by the California-based pharmaceutical company Gilead Sciences. The professors have negotiated a licensing agreement with Gilead that stipulates that the gel, if it's approved by regulators, will be available to women throughout Africa at cost.

"Basically, our deal says that Gilead won't take any profit from the production and sale of the drug in Africa," says Salim. "It's amazing that a drug company would agree to that."

The Columbia professors, both of whom were born and raised in South Africa, tested the gel's effectiveness in a study of 900 women in Durban and in a remote South African village between 2007 and 2010. They found that women who used the gel, compared to those given a placebo gel, were 39 percent less likely to become infected with HIV over a period of two and a half years. A woman's chances of becoming infected were directly proportional

to her diligence in using the gel. Those who used the gel at least 80 percent of the time they had sex, for instance, halved their chances of contracting HIV.

The scientists also made an unexpected discovery: The gel dramatically reduced a woman's chances of contracting herpes. The Abdool Karims say this could be because tenofovir attacks viruses and both HIV and herpes are viral.

The gel isn't intended to be an alternative to condoms, but rather a supplemental form of protection, the scientists caution. Nevertheless, it could have a significant impact: The researchers estimate that the gel could prevent 1.3 million HIV infections in South Africa alone by 2030, provided that rates of condom use remain level.

"For every 20 women using the gel, we've prevented one HIV infection," says Salim. "That's a pretty good rate of return."

The professors hope that their gel will be commercially available within three years. One follow-up study is already being planned by other researchers to confirm the gel's safety and efficacy.

"A benefit of using tenofovir is that it's one of the most widely used drugs in the world, so its safety profile is already well known," says Salim. "If our findings are confirmed, I think this could alter the course of the HIV epidemic."

Children and the poor hurt worst by Gulf spill

The BP oil spill has caused health problems and economic hardship for Gulf Coast residents that may persist after the underwater plumes are dispersed and the tar balls cleaned up. That's the conclusion of a study published recently by researchers at Columbia's National Center for Disaster Preparedness (NCDP) at the Mailman School of Public Health.

Nearly one in five adults who live within 10 miles of the coast say they've experienced skin irritations or respiratory problems that they attribute to the spill. Among parents, more than one-third say that their children have developed rashes and breathing problems, or have become anxious or depressed since the disaster occurred. In total, 43 percent of coastal residents report that they've come into contact with spilled

oil or with chemicals used to disperse the slick, either by participating in cleanup efforts or by unexpectedly touching or breathing in the substances near beaches.

The Columbia study is based on interviews with 1200 coastal residents in Louisiana and Mississippi conducted in late July.

"There is a persistent public-health crisis underscored by the large number of children with medical and psychological problems," says lead author Irwin Redlener, a pediatrician who directs the NCDP.

The disaster is affecting livelihoods, too. One in five people say they earn less money now than before the spill, and eight percent say they lost their jobs. Households with incomes under \$25,000 were most affected.

Researchers at the NCDP plan to continue following 1000 children and adults.



REUTERS / SEAN GARDNER

Gulf Coast resident Bridget Hargrove and her family wade in pools away from contaminated ocean water in Grand Isle, La., on May 21.

Meanwhile, the Children's Health Fund is sending mobile pediatric units. "There are literally no pediatricians in the lower two-thirds of Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana," says Redlener, who currently serves as president of the Fund. "And this is one of the worst-hit areas."

REVIEWS

Atlantic & Pacific // By Michael B. Shavelson

A Measureless Peril: America in the Fight for the Atlantic, the Longest Battle of World War II

By Richard Snow (Scribner, 354 pages, \$27)

So Lovely a Country Will Never Perish: Wartime Diaries of Japanese Writers

By Donald Keene (Columbia University Press, 216 pages, \$24.95)

The idea that the United States stayed on the sidelines of World War II until the Japanese attacked the Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor is accurate — but not completely. Within hours of Britain's declaration of war against Germany on September 3, 1939, the commander of a U-boat, interpreting liberally his orders of engagement, torpedoed and sank the British passenger steamer SS *Athenia* northwest of Ireland. She was the first casualty of the Battle of the Atlantic; among her 1102 passengers were 300 Americans. All but 118 survived.

For the next six years, over an area of tens of millions of square miles, the Atlantic Ocean was a battlefield, though with action very unlike the epic naval battles fought in the Pacific, where destroyers and carriers hammered one another, and waves of fighter planes attacked from over the horizon. Rather, until 1943, the Atlantic was controlled nearly at will by German U-boats attacking North American merchant ships sailing along the East Coast of the United States and then from U.S. ports to England and the Soviet Union. Richard Snow '70CC tells the largely neglected story in *A Measureless Peril: America in the Fight for the Atlantic, the Longest Battle of World War II*. The title alludes not to the vastness of the ocean, but to Churchill's perception of the gravity of the U-boat's strangulation of the British Isles. Without matériel, fuel, food, and equipment from America, England would not be able to hold on against Germany.

By the end of the war, 3500 merchant ships carrying 14.5 million tons of cargo had been lost. "The battle," writes Snow, "killed nearly 80,000 people: drowned them, crushed them, burned them, froze them, starved them in lifeboats."

In the early years of the war, U-boats picked off merchant ships with the casual ease of a farm boy shooting bottles off a fence. Freighters were slow, easy to spot, and poorly defended. German sailors called this the *glückliche Zeit* — the Happy Time.

In December 1941, Admiral Karl Dönitz, the head of the German submarine fleet, sent the five U-boats he had available toward

the U.S. on Operation Paukenschlag. *U-123*, pausing to destroy the Panama-to-Halifax-bound British merchantman *Cyclops*, passed the Montauk Point light on January 14, 1942. "Running on the surface," writes Snow, the U-boat captain Reinhard Hardegan and his crew "saw automobile headlights pass and bright geometries of streetlights behind them. . . . Didn't the creators of this smug efflorescence know they were at war?"

The U-boat made its way into New York Harbor; the crew gaped at the skyline and later saw the Ferris wheel at Coney Island. After their sightseeing, Hardegan came across a British tanker "fat with 80 thousand barrels of oil. He fired two torpedoes and split it in three pieces. The captain and 35 of the crew burned to death." Seeing the blaze, residents of Long Island reacted the only way they could, by calling the police.

U-boats attacked along the coast again and again, as ships stood out against the brightly lit shore towns. "Those city lights that amazed and fascinated Hardegan and [Peter-Erich] Cremer on their first American voyages just kept burning. In the disorderly process of a democracy going to war, it turned out that nobody had the authority to make the mayor of Atlantic City darken his town. Admiral Andrews begged municipalities to institute black-outs and was told, in effect, fat chance. The town fathers of Miami indignantly stated that it would discourage tourists and be bad for business. Why a darkened marquee on the Frolic Club or the Chez Paree would dispirit vacationers more than morning strolls past oil-sodden corpses on beaches was never explained."

Snow's evocation of U-boat life is strong and vivid. He describes the complexity of the vessel (and of its miniature, the torpedo) and its inhospitality to its crews: "Everything dripped, everything stank. Clothing was always damp and soon dirty." The mechanically demanding U-boats, writes Snow, "as efficient-looking as bullets, and with the same aura of lethal inertness, were actually as restive as a cargo of live cougars, and the

crew had to start tending to their incessant demands just hours after the boat sailed.”

The immediate success of the U-boat offensive was not surprising, given the discipline and professionalism of the crews and the vulnerability of their targets. It took years for the Americans in particular to figure out how to protect the slow merchant convoys against attacks from the U-boat “wolf packs.” Then, for example, it was one thing to come up with the idea for destroyer escorts; it was another to build them.

The tide turned after U.S. shipyards began launching Liberty ships faster than they could be sunk (more than 2700 of these cheap, no-frills cargo ships were built during the war), after small destroyer escorts had been designed and assigned to protect merchantmen, after the British had broken Germany’s top-secret Enigma code, and after sonar and radar came into play for the allies. (Columbia physicist I. I. Rabi ’27GSAS, working on the radar project at MIT’s Radiation Laboratory, was so “dedicated to doing all a scientist could to stop Hitler,” writes Snow, that he



The battle of the Atlantic began on September 3, 1939, when the German submarine U-30 torpedoed the British liner SS *Athenia*.

confronted every new idea with the question, “How many Germans will it kill?”) Those tools put U-boats on the defensive and then on the run.

World War II gives us many examples of America learning terrible lessons in battle and then bringing that experience, and the weight of U.S. industrial production, to bear on its enemies in

future encounters. This was so with the Battle of the Atlantic, and Snow, who edited *American Heritage* magazine from 1990 until it folded three years ago, shows us how slow the country was not only to learn those lessons but even to acknowledge that it was at war. Yet even with the Allies’ reconquest of the ocean, the battle lasted into the spring of 1945, when the newest and most lethal class of U-boat set out from Kiel. On April 24, U-546 torpedoed the destroyer USS *Frederick C. Davis*, which was too slow on the draw. That same day, the sub was pulverized into submission by a group of the *Davis*’s sister ships.

This important and enjoyable book prompts two quibbles. Snow interleaves the big story of the war-long battle of the Atlantic with lively portraits of lead players, such as Admiral Dönitz, and supporting players, including Snow’s father, Lieutenant Richard B. Snow ’31GSAPP, who served aboard the destroyer USS *Neunzer* (and after the war designed the Barnard library). All the material is interesting, but the stories tug in different directions, so the sweep of the narrative is sometimes lost.

The other gripe is that Snow’s dramatic, you-are-there descriptions are so good that the book’s absence of endnotes makes one wonder where he learned this detail of U-boat operation or caught that essential vignette from the scene of the sinking *Stephen Hopkins*. Neither of these points keeps his history from being a fine overview of the Battle of the Atlantic.

Donald Keene’s *So Lovely a Country Will Never Perish: War-time Diaries of Japanese Writers* is as micro as Snow’s book is macro. Keene ’42CC, ’49GSAS, ’97HON is Shincho Professor of Japanese Literature and University Professor Emeritus and served as a Navy translator during World War II. His job was to read captured Japanese documents, including the journals of soldiers and sailors. In this intriguing little book, he explores the diaries not of enlisted men, but of Japanese literary figures, several of whom he knew after the war.

Some of these writers were admirers of Western culture and were distressed, if only in the secrecy of their diaries, by the outbreak of what they knew was an unwinnable war. Others rallied around the emperor. A 21st-century American reader, with post-Hiroshima hindsight and warm feelings toward Japan, may be startled by the bellicosity of the latter. The poet Saito Ryu wrote in December 1941: “The time has come / To slaughter America and England. / Ah, how refreshing! / The clouds in the four heavens / Have simultaneously cleared.”

If anything is “refreshing” it is journal entries from the American occupation like this one by Takami Jun: “The streets of Tokyo swarm with American servicemen. . . . But no matter where I have gone, I have never seen an American soldier strike a Japanese or behave with an air of superiority or in a menacing manner.”

Further Commentary // By Saul Rosenberg

Norman Podhoretz: A Biography

By Thomas L. Jeffers (Cambridge University Press, 393 pages, \$35)

John Gross, the English literary critic, was once in a magazine office in New York when the secretary called across the room to him: “John, there’s a Mr. Podhoretz on the phone for you.” As Gross recalled, “I felt every pair of eyes drilling into me, as though she’d said, ‘There’s a Mr. Himmler on the phone for you.’”

This anecdote, retold by Thomas Jeffers in his *Norman Podhoretz: A Biography*, nicely sums up what many people feel about “Mr. Podhoretz.” He is hated by liberals for his turn to the right at the end of the sixties, and particularly loathed for his energetic support of Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush, and the Iraq War. So it is good someone should remind us, as Jeffers admiringly does, that Podhoretz is a first-class intellectual of enormous culture and considerable humanity.

Podhoretz ’50CC was a first-generation American prodigy, an acute reader initially of literature and then politics, whose aggressive intellect took him from beat-up Brownsville through a glittering student career at Columbia College and Cambridge University to the editorship of *Commentary* at age 30. He edited the monthly from 1960 to 1995 into a publication *The Economist* once mused might be “the best magazine in the world.” In the last 25 years of his tenure, Podhoretz helped found and lead the neoconservative revolution that insisted, against some popular and much elite opinion, that America was, for all its faults, a clear force for good in the world. So if Podhoretz’s name still evokes a special kind of horror on Manhattan’s Upper West Side, it is precisely because he saw the counterculture whose more serious causes he supported (the ending of the Vietnam War and an insistence on racial justice at home) mutating into the virulence of identity politics and a generalized anti-Americanism — and set off in the opposite direction.

This intellectual reversal was the result of years of growing disquiet with the Left’s increasing radicalism. That, and an extraordinary metaphysical awakening Podhoretz experienced while walking in the snow outside his small Delaware County farmhouse — something one wishes Jeffers had dissected more thoroughly. Podhoretz found his vocation in an unflagging espousal of “duty and responsibility against rights and entitlements.” *Commentary*, which Podhoretz had originally moved to the left, now took a frankly conservative stand against the liberal groups and positions of the day. Its editor never looked back, except to wave a final good-bye in 2000 in *Ex-Friends: Falling Out with Allen Ginsberg, Lionel and Diana Trilling, Lillian Hellman, Hannah Arendt, and Norman Mailer*.

Podhoretz, born into the Depression in 1930, began making enemies in earnest at the age of 37 with the publication of *Making It*. That 1967 memoir, with its blunt message that intellectuals

were as interested in fame and success as any Hollywood starlet, was widely received as both vulgar and overconfident.

As Jeffers demonstrates in a lucid account of Podhoretz’s early life and career, if Podhoretz was proud of making it so quickly, he had certainly earned it. He was a prize pupil of Lionel Trilling and



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Norman Podhoretz ’50CC, a maker of friends, ex-friends, and enemies.

a respected one of F. R. Leavis, two almost mythical figures in the pantheon of literary criticism.

Podhoretz’s first engagement with the professional world was also as a literary critic. In early demonstrations of the independence, intelligence, literary acuity, and occasional humor that marked his writing, he offered astute accounts of contemporary writers that did not hesitate to differ from the conventional wisdom. (Podhoretz’s judgements were sometimes hard. Who today would suggest that Saul Bellow’s *The Adventures of Augie March* was in part “forced” or that *Seize the Day* should have ended in an act of murder rather than mourning — a shiv rather than a *shiv*, as his close ex-friend Norman Mailer might have put it?)

After Podhoretz’s 1970 epiphany, *Commentary* became more consciously political, always arguing the essential goodness of America, most consequentially in its conflict against an expan-

sionist Soviet Union. Until the fall of the Soviet empire, Podhoretz set himself squarely against all forms of accommodation with the USSR, from radicalism to détente, and felt himself vindicated when it collapsed.

The world might, by 1990, have been safe for democracy, but it never felt that way for Israel, a country Podhoretz had already been defending energetically for years. He never tired of defusing the charge that American Jews put Israel's interests before America's. Israel's fight was America's fight; the same principles were at stake, so any right-thinking person loyal to America would ipso facto be dedicated to Israel's cause. Those such as Gore Vidal — who insisted in a particularly vicious literary exchange Jeffers retells that “Poddy” went on about the evil Soviet Empire in order “to plump the defense budget, a goodly chunk of which went to ‘the support of Israel in its never-ending wars against just about everyone’” — were, by Podhoretz's reckoning, the anti-Americans at the party.

With the attack on the twin towers, however, Podhoretz entered the broader lists once again, calling urgently to his compatriots to recognize the implacability of an Islamist totalitarianism no more susceptible to negotiation than its Soviet or Nazi predecessors.

If Podhoretz's career lived up to the “high expectation” Trilling foresaw in his inscription to Podhoretz on a copy of *The Liberal Imagination*, it came at a considerable cost. Podhoretz's pugnacity masks a warm heart. His rightward shift had, he acknowledged, “cost me the friendship of most — well, not most, more like all — of those interesting and amusing people.” This is distancing language, but it is doubtful that Podhoretz's “new friendships and new associations” ever quite filled the void.

All this and much more is for the most part well told in Jeffers's steady, workmanlike biography. But Jeffers is not without his faults. Toward the end, he bluntly inserts rather than integrates a set of occasional essays. Odder yet, striving perhaps for originality, Jeffers suggests that Podhoretz's political shifts were illusory: Podhoretz stood still while the world moved left. Yet Podhoretz wrote repeatedly of his change of direction, and to suggest that the odyssey never occurred is to undervalue his recognition of the destructive utopianism of his own early commitments, and his courage in coming flatly out against them.

Another problem is that, where Podhoretz's signature polemics always elegantly anatomize his opponents' arguments before demolishing them equally elegantly, Jeffers has so thoroughly identified with Podhoretz's conclusions that he sometimes merely dismisses people and positions Podhoretz argued so trenchantly against. This is presumably also the reason Jeffers's and Podhoretz's voices merge at a number of points in the book, so that it is sometimes frustratingly unclear who is speaking.

As a result, Jeffers, preaching to the choir, will win no new converts, and may even annoy some of the choristers, who may justly feel that the book could more fully have articulated Podhoretz's achievement by taking his interlocutors more seriously. That achievement was to have cured himself of the maladies of the Left, and successfully to have devoted himself since to inoculating the largest possible number of literate Americans against them.

Saul Rosenberg '93GSAS is a writer and editor living in New York. Like Norman Podhoretz, he is a graduate of Cambridge and Columbia. He was briefly an editor at Commentary.

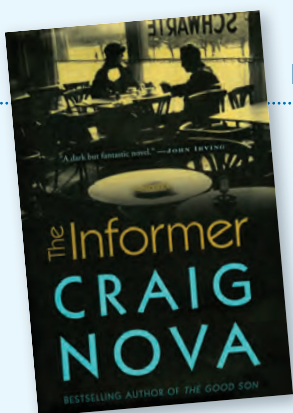
She Knows the Score // By Kelly McMasters

Lay the Favorite: A Memoir of Gambling

By Beth Raymer (Spiegel & Grau, 228 pages, \$25)

At 24, Beth Raymer and her dog moved from Florida to Las Vegas for a boy. The frenetic and frizzy-haired adventurer loved the glitz of her new town, and so, even though she and the boy broke up as soon as she arrived, Raymer stayed. To make ends meet, she stayed in a motel in a sleazy neighborhood and took orders at a Thai restaurant owned by the parents of her now ex-boyfriend. When a regular customer — a masseuse named Amy — saw her filling out an application for a cocktail waitress gig at the Stardust, Amy declared those jobs foul and offered to connect Raymer with one of her clients, a professional gambler named Dink.

The fleeting romance, the impulsive move, the sketchy jobs: These are only the first few risks Raymer '08SOA takes in the fast-paced four years covered in *Lay the Favorite: A Memoir of Gambling*. Although this book starts in Vegas, the gambling Raymer gets involved in is not high-stakes card circles or blackjack tables. Instead, Raymer takes her readers into the seedy world of sports betting, which seems to be more about the obsession — the need to “get down” — than about the wager or winning itself. Through a battery of codes and passwords, money is bet on anything with a score or a winner, including basketball, football, hockey, tennis, as



Murder in Berlin

The book: *The Informer*

The author: Craig Nova '69SOA

Columbia Magazine: In prewar Berlin, a young prostitute named Gaelle trades in sex and information with her clients, most of whom are associated with one or another of the city's warring political factions. When women start turning up dead in a city park, a female cop, Armina, suspects political motives. What was the germ of this novel?

Craig Nova: Every three or four years, I read the collected essays and letters of George Orwell; it's like having a beer with an old friend. Anyway, in the midst of the Clinton impeachment proceedings, I said to myself, "My God, what would happen if Monica Lewinsky turned up dead? Just think how hard it would be to tell what really happened, because every point of view would have a theory about it." People make up their minds, and then they find facts to justify what they already believe, rather than looking at the facts and then coming up with an explanation. Orwell was the first to point this out, certainly with the Communist Party. So then I thought, "What era was at once the most ominous and most political?" And of course that leads you right to Weimar.

CM: Berlin must have been an incredible place at that time.

CN: It was a *fantastic* city in the late 1920s. Of course, people who had any brilliance were on their way out. But Einstein was still there, as was the Bauhaus school, and many scientists, painters, and designers. And then I found a book, a very strange book indeed, written by a son of a Chinese diplomat stationed in Berlin during the '20s. It's a history of the Berlin police department, and the author, Hsi-Huey Liang, describes exactly what was going on. Many of the precincts were divided politically between left and right. Also,

at this time, the Weimar Constitution, which was a kind of progressive document, enabled people to come into jobs from which they had previously been excluded. I imagined a female officer coming into this environment in a politically divided precinct, and how difficult it would be for her to get to the bottom of some particularly nasty crimes that had political overtones.

CM: And sexual overtones, too.

CN: Absolutely, and that's another thing about the age: In the Weimar era there was this kind of fascination with sexual crimes against women; there were paintings, there were reenactments of violent crimes in the cabarets. There's even a word for it, *Lustmord*, or lust murder.

CM: What was at the heart of this fascination with sexual violence?

CN: I speculate in one line that it provides a clarity that was otherwise lacking, because everything was up in the air. There were conspiracy theories, mistrust, claims that the politicians had stabbed the German army in the back and that's why they lost the war. Also, a lot of people in Berlin were living in a way that they never dreamed possible — there was an active gay-rights movement, for instance. But it made people uncomfortable, and the violence against gay people was pretty intense. You can see that today: People are living with sexual freedom that they never had before, and we have this cultural anxiety about it.

CM: There was also a lot of cultural anxiety when you arrived at Columbia in the late 1960s. Who guided you while you were there?

CN: One of my teachers, Lore Segal, introduced me to her husband, who was an edi-

tor at Harper & Row, and he bought my first book. Jean Stafford also took me under her wing. I used to spend summers in a little house that was behind her house in East Hampton. It was A. J. Liebling's old house. She used to take me upstairs and show me where she kept the filing cabinets, which contained the originals of all that Liebling contributed to *The New Yorker*. There must have been six or seven cabinets just filled with stuff. Of all the men in her life, I think she was really infatuated with Lowell, but I think the only one she loved was Liebling.

CM: The editor and publisher Robert Giroux '36CC said of Stafford in *Columbia Magazine*, "She got better and better, and had she lived, we'd still be talking about her today."

CN: She was great, just a delight to be around. Every once in a while someone would say, "Oh, she drank too much" — of course she drank too much, but it wasn't all the time, only periodically, and thinking of her that way is an unbelievable distortion of who and what she was.

CM: In researching *The Informer*, did you visit Berlin?

CN: Yes, but of course there's not much of the original city left; it got bombed into almost nothing during the war. But some buildings are still there. One day I was sitting on the steps of the Museum of Antiquities. The sun was shining, it was springtime, and there was this nice green garden. And then I went to a bookstore and flipped through a pictorial history of Berlin. I found the same building, the same steps, but with a Nazi demonstration right there. That made all the shadows change. Suddenly the city was ominous in a way that I hadn't seen before.

well as Little League games, Miss America pageants, Coney Island hot dog-eating contests, and spelling bees.

Raymer shows up for the job interview in her Converse sneakers and denim miniskirt, bra straps sticking out of her tank top, wondering why a gambler would do business at an office park “alongside divorce lawyers and accountants.” Enter Dink, of Dink, Inc.

A Stuyvesant High math wiz and Jewish bookmaker originally from Queens, Dink is now a professional bet maker in Vegas. He is a large, soft man in his late 40s who, according to Raymer, “dressed like the mentally retarded adults I had met while volunteering at a group home. His Chicago Cubs T-shirt was two sizes too small for his expansive frame. Royal blue elasticized cotton shorts were pulled high above his belly button. White tube socks were stretched to the middle of his pale, hairless shins.” Raymer develops an unlikely crush on Dink, and so does the reader, a tribute to the author’s superb ability to see the diamond inside the coal. Of course, it helps that at his office, “stacks of cash were piled as high as his bottle of Yoo-hoo.”

It is not only the money that woos Raymer. In Florida, she had worked as an in-house stripper and made plenty of green. “Each afternoon, when I awoke, it became my habit to arrange my savings into piles of one thousand dollars and place them atop my bedspread, side by side. The rows of green stretched before me like a lifetime of summers, each one more promising than the last.” After a particularly terrifying scare with a client, Raymer decided the risk wasn’t worth the payoff. Dink, Inc., on the other hand, offers the right combination of thrill and money, along with something else she is missing: kindred spirits.

Even though she is one of the few women working in the field, Raymer falls in easily with Dink’s crew as a good-natured, mothering Wendy to the Lost Boys; only these boys are a band of middle-aged misfits, con artists, and crooks. After she admits to her shady past, Dink joyfully christens her a *gonif*, “Yiddish for a small-time, lovable thief,” and tells her that Amy, the masseuse who recommended her for the job — and who later breaks into Dink’s office and steals thousands of dollars — had told him, ‘Hire her, she’s one of us.’”

Most readers will feel the same way. The narrator is thoroughly likable. She is honest, she is funny, she adores her dog. She is also hyper, fickle, and, as a boyfriend says, a flight risk. More than anything, though, she is adrift. The reader rejoices when this care-free and caffeinated loner finds her footing in Dink’s merry tribe, especially since, by this time, it is clear that her own family is in ruins — parents disagreeably divorced, sister in rehab.

In fact, Dink, Inc. is so much fun, we almost forget the doubtful morality of gambling, the details of which Raymer expertly parses in engaging and entertaining prose. “The first lesson I learned was that while it may be illegal to be a bookmaker, it is not illegal to gamble for a living,” she writes. “The second lesson was that despite the tens of thousands of dollars in bets he made each day, the money Dink bet was always his own.”

But things get progressively darker when Raymer moves to New York and Dink sets her up with a new boss, the 370-pound food-and-figures addict, Bernard. He is what Raymer calls a cannibalistic gambler. “Sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, he sat in front of his computers booking bets, making bets, calculating sixteen-team-if-reverse-round-robins in his head and taking advantage of the very large, very liquid, no-risk betting opportunities created by the Internet.”

After working for Bernard on Long Island, Raymer follows him to Curaçao when he decides to take advantage of loose regulations for Internet bookmaking in the Caribbean. There, the veneer of her new profession’s harmlessness rubs away, as do Raymer’s scruples. “Congress, criminal complaints, prison camps: these were just abstract words to me. The money was what stuck. The two-hundred-thousand-dollar days; the fifteen-million-dollar months. The numbers these men were netting were as supersized as their chauffeur-driven Hummers, eight-thousand-square-foot compounds, and Costa Rican girlfriends’ newly implanted double-D silicone breasts.” In a land where “prostitution was legal and McDonald’s delivered,” Bernard’s group believed they’d found paradise.

Bernard imports a crew of men from the States to round out the locals in his employ, and their domestic lives — grocery lists, dinner with the wife, kissing the kids good night — quickly invert as they adjust to a new workaday reality of wild sex with beautiful women, mountains of cocaine, and no rules. Raymer watches with a gimlet eye, reminding us that these aren’t just strung-out slob or characters, but real men with real lives they are gambling away. When Bernard’s business implodes, Raymer returns to New York, determined to make a legit life — but gambling’s magnetic pull on her is too strong. She is soon working as a small-time bookie, sending her clean-cut Columbia University boyfriend on money drops and pickups. Of course this is all illegal, and when a customer can’t pay up, she realizes that she’s put the person she most cares for at serious risk.

Cue sappy music and the moment of change, right?

Not exactly. Throughout *Lay the Favorite*, Raymer rails against the cheats who steal from her bosses. In the end, Raymer makes a startling choice, one that involves a first-class plane ticket, a bikini, and fun in the sun with someone else’s money. The surprise is not so much the fact that she isn’t above corruption, but that she doesn’t seem to see the irony or tragedy in it.

One of many strengths of Raymer’s strange and beautiful book is the way her gaze cuts so deeply and cleanly into the hearts of her characters. Yet in the end, she doesn’t use that same laser-like vision on herself. Indeed, the thieving masseuse’s words about Raymer being “one of us” become prophetic.

Kelly McMasters ’05SOA is the author of Welcome to Shirley: A Memoir from an Atomic Town. She teaches writing in the undergraduate creative writing program and at the Graduate School of Journalism.

The Executor's Song // By *Julia M. Klein*

Perfect Reader

By Maggie Pouncey (Pantheon Books, 277 pages, \$24.95)

A parent dies. A child is left to sort through the remains of a life, both its treasures and detritus. Part of the challenge is to distinguish one from the other. What should we preserve? What must we discard? And who will we be when the task is done?

In *Perfect Reader*, an engaging first novel by Maggie Pouncey '00CC, '08SOA, Flora Dempsey confronts these questions after her father dies of a heart attack. An only child in her 20s, she finds herself the custodian of her father's legacy, his material possessions, and even his dog, Larks — like it or not. And, as the novel opens, she isn't sure she does.

Flora grew up worshipping her father, but after her parents' marital split, their relationship became occasional and strained. A literary critic and the former president of Darwin College, Lewis Dempsey was a hard act to follow. So Flora didn't even try. When she was old enough to choose, Flora rejected Darwin in favor of the big city three hours away. She sees the denizens of the college town as "self-satisfied but not content." The place, she thinks, is "thick with academics and their broods — idlers, ruminators, moseyers."

Pouncey knows both the cloistered world of academe and child-of-divorce territory from the inside: Her father, Peter Pouncey '69GSAS, was dean of Columbia College from 1972 to 1976 and later was president of Amherst College, the apparent inspiration for her alternately cutting and affectionate portrait of small-town college life. Pouncey's mother, Susan Rieger '76LAW, is a former Yale dean and now associate provost of Columbia's Office of Equal Opportunity and Affirmative Action.

After her father's death, Flora quits her job at a magazine to return to Darwin. This is where we find her, occupying his house, stumbling into his friends and enemies, searching the traces of his life for a usable past and perhaps some clue to her own future.

And yet Flora is nothing if not avoidant. Her move to Darwin seems clumsily abrupt. Why not take a leave of absence? And why cut herself off from her well-meaning city friends? Grief can be isolating, but the completeness of Flora's escape to Darwin, where she won't even answer the perpetually ringing phone, seems improbable in this age of e-mail, text messaging, and cell phones.

Flora's avoidance, on which much of the plot depends, extends to her relationship with her father's work. During their final breakfast, months before his death, Lewis had handed her a sheaf of poems — "appallingly rough," he said, "but with some good bits" — and pronounced her "the reader I trust most." It's an extraordinary compliment that might well have soothed years of hurt feelings.

Flora nevertheless delays reading the poems, even in the immediate aftermath of his death. This strains both credulity and reader

sympathy. Whatever her ambivalence toward the man, wouldn't simple curiosity have caused her to read the work? But this tic is consistent with Flora's character. In fact, we learn, she has scrupulously avoided reading *any* of her father's writing — not his scholarly books or his regular reviews in *The New Republic*.

This defense seems to paper over a fear of not measuring up. But it turns out that Lewis had disappointments of his own. Being a critic — Thomas Hardy's verse was his specialty — was never his passion. "He had wanted to be the poet, and not the poet's ideal reader," Pouncey writes, "but had taken the safer route. And had been dissatisfied all those years on the wrong side of the words."

Now, Lewis has named Flora his literary executor, and the fate of the poems rests with her.

As Flora encounters her father's late-life lover, his lawyer, and his archrival, she broods on her own childhood loss of innocence, an incident involving her best friend. The details gradually emerge in the course of the third-person narration, which hews to Flora's point of view and switches between past and present. (The present-day story interested this admittedly imperfect reader far more.)

Pouncey's book is moderately fast-paced and fun to read. Its characters are persuasive composites of generosity and pettiness. And the central metaphor of the perfect reader evokes our staggeringly imprecise knowledge of the people closest to us. As Pouncey writes, "We saw so little, so wrongly, with the people in front of us, and yet with words on a page, we fooled ourselves that we could get it right."

Flora wrestles with these errors of understanding. And she experiences the ambivalence common to executors as they riffle through their parents' archives, filled with beribboned love letters, photographs, evidence of ancient family disputes, and perhaps even unfinished literary masterpieces. This is territory achingly familiar to anyone with a dead parent and an attic. "We want to know our parents' secrets, their lives before and beyond our own," Pouncey writes. "But then to know can be terrible. To know is to want to not know."

Not always, and not necessarily. It is true that to know one's parents better, to rub up against their youthful ambitions and their middle-aged regrets, can be a tender, heartbreaking process. It will likely bring tears and regrets of its own. But it is also a great gift. In *Perfect Reader*, we sense that Flora Dempsey, over time, will come to realize that.

Julia M. Klein is a cultural reporter and critic in Philadelphia and a contributing editor at Columbia Journalism Review.

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Angelheaded Hipsters

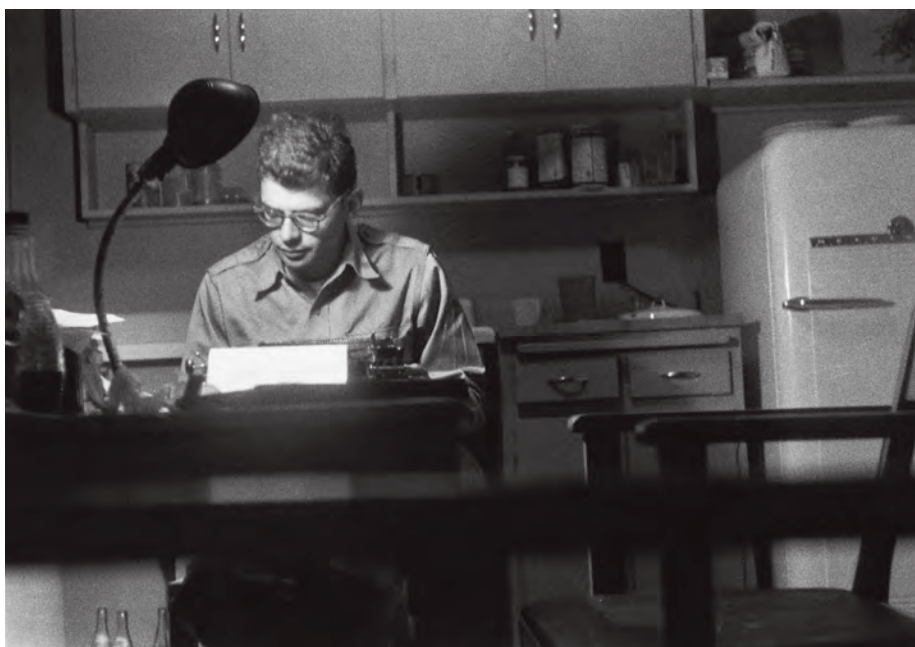
"I assumed it would never be published," says the young man who plays Allen Ginsberg in the new movie *Howl*, "so I could write anything I wanted to."

Howl, a meditation on Ginsberg '48CC and the 1957 obscenity trial over a certain long, rapturous poem, will be best remembered for the achievement of its lead actor. On its face, the casting of James Franco seems perverse. How do you reconcile the 32-year-old actor, whose multiple identities include Hollywood hunk and hyper-matriculating grad student (he's currently enrolled in Columbia's MFA writing program and at several other schools), with Irwin Allen Ginsberg, the homely, haunted, self-conscious poet who was expelled twice from Columbia for "publishing obscene odes on the window" and who, unlike Franco, did not have a recurring role on *General Hospital*? Franco, who once played James Dean and was Salon.com's "Sexiest Man Living 2009," would seem more likely to be the object of Ginsberg's amour than an interpreter of it. He'd be Jack Kerouac.

But Franco is a step ahead. He renders his subject with such intelligence and care that he makes us forget his own beauty, while revealing Ginsberg's. Speaking the poet's own words, which were taken from "Howl" and from transcripts of interviews, Franco, in



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Cast against type: James Franco (above) plays Allen Ginsberg (below).

horn-rims and mustard-brown flannel shirt, not only snares the young Ginsberg's middle-class New Jerseyite tonality, his searching, rabbinical cadences, his wistful eyes and verbal tics (like the little pedagogical grunts of "right?" that punctuate his explication of his art), but also summons Ginsberg's charm, sensitivity, vulnerability, shrewdness,

sadness, and endless yearning. It's the difference between a masterly impersonation and a subtle dramatic performance.

"Writing," Franco's Ginsberg says at one point, with a deep breath and a conjuring motion of the hands, "comes from the body." As Franco makes plain, so does acting.

— Paul Hond



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