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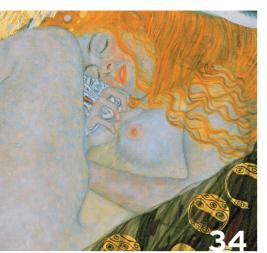
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Eric Kandel received the 2000 Nobel Prize for his work on memory storage in the brain. He is a University Professor at Columbia, the director of the Kavli Institute for Brain Science, and a senior investigator at the Howard Hughes Medical Institute. Kandel is a codirector of Columbia's Mind, Brain, and Behavior Initiative. >> Page 34



Susan J. Kraham '87CC, '92LAW is a senior staff attorney and lecturer-in-law at Columbia Law School's Environmental Law Clinic. She has spent her legal career representing public-interest clients, with a particular focus on environmental and land-use law. Before joining the clinic, she served as counsel to the New Jersey Audubon Society. **>> Page 14**



Laura Kurgan '88GSAPP teaches architecture at the Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation, where she is the director of the Spatial Information Design Lab. She is an expert on the politics of mapmaking and the visualization of urban and global data. **>> Page 30**



Ed Park '95SOA is the author of the novel *Personal Days*, which was a finalist for the PEN/Hemingway Foundation Award and an Asian American Literary Award. Park teaches in Columbia's graduate writing program and is a senior editor in Amazon Publishing's New York office. >> Page 40



David Yezzi's poetry collection *Azores* was named one of the best books of 2008 by *Slate*. Yezzi '95SOA teaches at Western State College of Colorado and is writing a biography of the poet Anthony Hecht '50GSAS. >> Page 13

COLUMBIA

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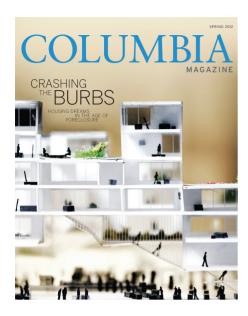
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letters

DREAM HOUSES

The proposed housing models featured in your Spring 2012 issue ("Dreaming American") are best described as solutions in search of a problem. In particular, the proposal for the Oranges, in New Jersey — which would fill underused streets between existing buildings with ribbons of new developments — creates problems for which there are no reasonable solutions.

Problem number one is that the new structures, to meet disability-access regulations and building codes, would require elevators and public corridors leading to enclosed exit stairways, neither of which can be accommodated within the proposed configurations. Problem number two is that the structures would interfere with access for emergency vehicles.

But aided by the reclamation of previously private spaces ("The idea is that private space that is now abandoned, foreclosed, or empty would be given back to the public"), a more realistic project could be conceived featuring the following:

- Narrowed and reconfigured roads for use by bicyclists and joggers, and access for emergency vehicles.
- Playgrounds, parks, and open space enabled by the demolition of buildings deemed to be unsuited for adaptive reuse.

- Varied housing types to accommodate residents with a wide range of family structures and financial resources.
- Ground-level spaces for such services as childcare, health care, laundry, and community administration.
- Community-owned shuttle buses to provide access to shops and schools.

I'm sure that Jane Jacobs, if she were alive today, would be pleased to see this concept implemented.

Aaron Cohn '49GSAPP Los Angeles, CA

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

Thank you for the Spring 2012 issue of *Columbia Magazine*. It is for me the most splendid in memory. Reading the College Walk pieces about the National Book Critics Circle Awards ("Bookmakers") and Joseph Pulitzer ("Window of the World"), as well as Norbert Ehrenfreund's first-rate short story ("To Capture a King"), fills me with admiration.

Esther Casier Quinn '60GSAS Seattle, WA

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the Spring 2012 issue cover to cover. I felt transfixed by Bill Zavatsky's poem "Train Ride" (and am now on a mission to find more of Zavatsky's

poems); inspired by Stuart Firestein's Ignorance seminars, which reflect my own current questioning ("Known Unknowns"); puzzled by Dr. Attila Mady's letter as I try to reconcile this viewpoint with Columbia's proposed campus smoking ban; and disturbed (even if proud of the victory) by the visual of racial division captured by the photograph of the winning track-and-field team on p. 54.

Sabi Muteshi '93BUS Nairobi, Kenya

JAQUE MATE!

What drew me to read Norbert Ehrenfreund's "To Capture a King" in the Spring 2012 issue was the first word of the story: Ofelia. From the Spanish spelling, I surmised that the story would take place in a Spanishspeaking country, which is of cultural interest to me. The added charm of "Ofelia" is that it was my mother's name; she was Venezuelan.

In dramatic and swift narrative, the author was able to capture so many important themes of Hispanic and universal interest: machismo, loneliness, longing, provincial perceptions and responses, and the emerging competence of the modern woman.

¡Bravo y otra vez! (Bravo and again!)

Beatriz Olmeta Block '61GS Little Silver, NJ

FROM STALIN TO PUTIN

Timothy Frye's essay "Russian Resolution" (Spring 2012) reminded me of my vears at the Russian Institute, now known as the Harriman Institute.

I arrived at Columbia in 1951, while the Cold War was on and the ugliness of McCarthyism and the fear it engendered seemed to be everywhere. It was rumored that FBI spies were in our classes and student conversations were being reported.

On graduating, we would earn a certificate, an absurd and inexplicable alternative to a master's. We were required to take two years of course work, write a final essay, and pass two foreign-language exams. All that for a certificate?

I remember Geroid T. Robinson '30GSAS. who wrote the compelling Rural Russia Under the Old Regime. He turned down my proposed certificate essay on the Jewish Labor Bund, telling me he couldn't read Yiddish. That's your loss, I thought, but instead asked why, then, he had approved proposals for studies in Russian and Chinese relations. Could he read Chinese? My mentor, Philip Mosely, who taught political science, rescued me and accepted my essay, "The Czech Legion and Russia." In 1953, I was drafted and left without my certificate.

I finally received my certificate in 1967. Russian Institute director Alexander Dallin asked me why it had taken so long, "The Army, a wife, and three kids," I answered. The Russian Institute was a remarkable place, with a committed faculty and curious and dedicated students.

> Murray Polner '67SIPA Great Neck, NY

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ...

It made me smile to read Douglas Quenqua's reflections on Ignorance, a seminar organized by Stuart Firestein ("Known Unknowns," College Walk, Spring 2012). I was a student in the inaugural session the spring of my senior year, and it was a fitting capstone to my time at Columbia. The small class, which met in the evening, mused on the present boundaries of scientific knowledge and the ignorance that extended beyond them, as well as avenues for potentially expanding the islands of scientific knowledge. In all, it was a very helpful perspective to gain before delving into graduate school in geology the following fall — and it seemed fitting to embark on my own research having just received an "A" in Ignorance.

As some areas of scientific research have become more driven by methods and tools, and are benefiting from but also being challenged by the rise of very large data sets, there has never been a better time to focus on the true unknown.

> Samuel C. Schon '06CC Houston, TX

LATTER-DAY POLS

Jennifer Miller's College Walk essay "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington?" (Spring 2012), which explores how "gentiles" view Mormonism, notes that some confuse the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints with Scientology. It's passing strange, then, that when Mitt Romney was asked in 2007 to name his favorite novel, he chose L. Ron Hubbard's Battlefield Earth. Not the choice I'd have made, were I running as a Mormon in America, even excluding the book's dubious merits as pulp science fiction.

> Michael Kempster '71CC Andover, MA

I am saddened by the idea that anyone in this day and age would dismiss a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints purely because of his religion.

Though I am not a Mormon myself, I have known and respected Mormons for many years. Some time after going to Washington as a reporter, I signed on as the Washington correspondent for the Churchowned Deseret News. I ended up staying for twenty-six years. Late in my career, my journalism-school classmate Jim Mortimer became the paper's publisher.

I have found Mormons to be as wholesome and trustworthy as any people I ever worked with.

> Gordon Eliot White '57JRN Deltaville, VA

STILL FUMING

Attila Mady ("More Smoke," Letters, Spring 2012) overreaches from his hospital experience to pronounce on the epidemiology of smoking-related diseases. It is not the case that the effect of cigarettes is "unpredictable and idiosyncratic" when studied at the level of populations. There, the attributable risks of a wide range of diseases are specific and predictable: much higher than in nonsmokers, in a dose-graded fashion, with ex-smokers at an intermediate level. The idiosyncrasy belongs to the individual who may contract any one or more of a number of smoking-related diseases.

Unquestionably, nonsmokers exposed to secondhand smoke over time do have a heightened risk of cancer, lung disease, and heart disease. Mady draws his conclusions from hospital data. It is well known that these are unreliable in judging relative risks for whole populations.

Mady would like us to believe that smokers are reluctant to quit because smoking is calming (among other attributes), and that we have "little hard data . . . regarding the effects of smoking." This is nonsense. Nearly all chronic smokers are addicted to nicotine and find it difficult to quit. This phenomenon has been well studied by the tobacco industry itself and applied to mak-



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OR E-MAIL US AT: magazine@columbia.edu ing cigarettes addictive. Most "calming" is due to the relief of withdrawal.

In survey after survey, nearly threequarters of smokers say they wish they had never started (the majority did so in their teenage years). It is the tobacco industry's legal and public defense that citizens have the "private right to make their own choices" (quoting Mady), but free choice has been subverted by the industry's engineering design of the cigarette and pervasive advertising and promotion.

> Norbert Hirschhorn '58CC, '62PS London, England

THE TAU OF ALZHEIMER'S

Karen Duff deserves credit for her conjecture concerning tau's role in the etiology of Alzheimer's disease; but some skepticism is in order because there is not yet scientific consensus about the role of this protein (Explorations, Spring 2012). The function of tau is the maintenance of the tubules that carry molecular transmitters from the neuronal cell body out to the end of the axon. Anything that kills the cell will cause the release of tau into the extracellular space: the more cell death, the more cerebral atrophy, the more tau (in the form of tangles) is released and can be found in the cerebrospinal fluid. The killing event itself is likely the result of oxidative stress. And Alzheimer's disease, which starts with synaptic failures in the hippocampus (not, as in rats, in the entorhinal cortex), may also have its etiology in the inability of the cells to get rid of reactive oxygen species. Admittedly, the subject is complex, and we have a long way to go before definitive answers can be obtained.

> Howard Lieberman '55CC Haverford, PA

FUTURE JUSTICE

In 1957–58, I worked at the reserve desk of the law-school library. On my first day, I was told by the librarian, J. Myron Jacobstein '50LS, to provide a Ruth Ginsburg with anything that she might request ("Without precedent," News, Spring 2012).

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
ВС	Barnard College
BUS	Graduate School of Business
CC	Columbia College
DM	College of Dental Medicine
GS	School of General Studies
GSAPP	Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation
GSAS	Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
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

Ruth was certainly very often at the desk. She was always smiling, polite, and friendly. It was a pleasure to serve her. I still remember her signature. It was a bold, legible *Ruth Bader Ginsburg*.

Union Theological Seminary

She is the only person whom I really remember from my time at the law library, and I am delighted for her success in life.

> Edward J. Harnby '55GS, '58BUS Seal Beach, CA

GOOD CHEMISTRY

UTS

As soon as I earned my PhD in chemistry with Gilbert Stork in October 1988, I needed to rush off to Oxford to begin my postdoctoral appointment and so had no chance to participate in Commencement. It was only last summer, twenty-three years later, when I was finally back in New York around the right time and was at long last able to properly graduate.

Straight after the ceremony, I wandered into Havemeyer, now finally with my doctoral robes, to visit Stork and feel again

the special serenity of the famous lecture hall. Coincidentally, Paul Hond exactly captured that feeling of the department and of the time-honored Thursday-evening problem sessions ("Chemical Bonding," College Walk, Summer 2011). As a graduate student, I kept a separate notebook for the special lectures Hond mentions; the notebook is still in my library. The names of visiting lecturers to the department from that time read almost like the Nobel laureate list for chemistry.

Good to hear the department is as congenial, stimulating, and interactive as it always was.

Alan D. Roth '88GSAS London, England

EURO'S DEATH EXAGGERATED

David Beim's speculation that the euro may not outlast 2012 strikes me as a possible but unlikely scenario ("Too Late for the Euro?" Winter 2011–12). Greece has managed to get its bondholders to take a 74 percent haircut. Italy has gotten rid of its clownish

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China Tibet and the Yangtze River October 20-November 7

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Heaven and Earth: Around the World by Private Jet October 31-November 20

Australia and New Zealand November 3-24

Moroccan Discovery December 8-21

Journey to Antarctica December 29 2012-January 11, 2013

2013

Mystical India January 6-23

Around Africa by Private Jet January 10-February 2

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Machu Picchu to the Galápagos February 26-March 11

Egypt and the Eternal Nile March 13-29

North Africa's **Mediterranean Coast** April 11-21

Wonders of Iberian Peninsula: Lisbon to Barcelona April 12-20

Flavors of Provence April 27-May 5

Stepping Stones of Culture: Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Islands May 6-14

Africa's Wildlife: Botswana. Zambia, and Victoria Falls May 19-June 1

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LETTERS

prime minister and held its sovereign bond interest below 6 percent. Spain, the current bad boy, is struggling, to be sure, but how likely is it that it would leave the Eurozone, given the advantages it has gained from membership? Beim is right to point out structural weaknesses in the euro's governance, principally, the lack of compensatory fiscal-policy coordination and the unwillingness of hard-liners like the Germans and the Dutch to countenance transfers of wealth.

Yet I believe he has missed the original purpose of the euro; to form an indivisible union, first between France and Germany, and gradually stretching to most of Europe, so that there would never be a repetition of the three hundred years of internecine war that had plagued Europe since 1648. That's what will ultimately lead the Germans to ease up and seek face-saving economic measures.

> Walter P. Blass '53GSAS Warren, NJ

WHITE HOUSE CALLING

In his May 14 Commencement address at Barnard College ("Barnard, this is the White House calling," News, Spring 2012) President Barack Obama deplored the shortage of female executives at major companies and urged the graduates to "fight for a seat at the head of the table." Jill Abramson is the first female executive editor of the New York Times. The fight for women to get a seat at that table included a sex discrimination suit forty years ago. For that reason, one would have thought that Abramson would have been an appropriate choice for Barnard's Commencement speaker.

She was, in fact, that choice. But she was preempted by Obama. At a fundraiser after the Barnard Commencement, President Obama said, "I want everyone treated fairly in this country." I guess, with the acquiescence of Barnard, that didn't include Jill Abramson.

> Donald Nawi '62LAW Scarsdale, NY

According to Barnard president Debora Spar, Jill Abramson said she would be pleased to speak at another time. — Ed.



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ith all the good news coming out of Columbia over the past decade—improved rankings, construction of our new campus in Manhattanville, and a historically successful fundraising campaign that continues to generate unprecedented support for students, faculty, and facilities across the University—one major story remains less known: since 2004, Columbia's investments have outperformed the investments of

Columbia's investments have outperformed the investments of every other university or foundation endowment with a portfolio of \$1 billion or more—earning an annual rate of return of 12.1 percent.

Alumni and friends should know that the University's investment returns over the past ten years reflect a significant step up: thanks to high-quality investment professionals, sophisticated technology, a thoughtful governance structure, and solid guiding principles, Columbia is in the top echelon nationally in terms of sustained endowment growth.

ENDOWMENT BASICS

The University's endowment of \$7.8 billion is the foundation of Columbia's financial strength and academic excellence—a collection of money and financial assets donated for long-term investment to support research, scholarship, education, and financial

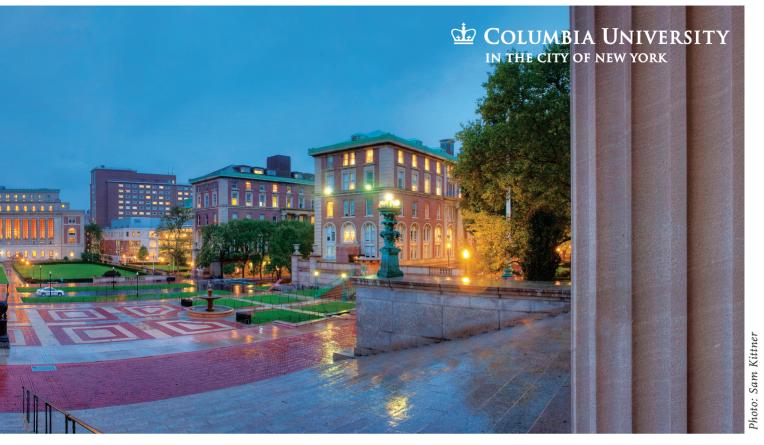
aid for our students. Today it comprises more than 4,500 separate funds, many established in support of specific programs, scholarships, or faculty chairs, which are invested as a single pooled investment account. The endowment funds both benefit the University's current financial needs and generate income and capital gains

that provide a dedicated stream of financial support in perpetuity.

A STEP UP

In 2002, the University Trustees established the Columbia Investment Management Company (CIMC), a nonprofit University subsidiary that invests the endowment. Here are the key facts:

- In its first eight years—from FY2004 through FY2011, a period that included the recession—Columbia's investments have outperformed those of every other university and foundation with an endowment of at least \$1 billion.
- Columbia's annual rate of return was 12.1 percent, versus a peer median of 7.7 percent, over that eight-year period. While a rising tide has lifted all boats to some extent, Columbia's endowment performance has been consistently above average, in the good years as well as in the downturn of 2008 and 2009, leading to more consistent returns.



- Columbia enjoyed the best returns among its Ivy League peers in both FY2011—23.6 percent—and FY2010—17.3 percent—the two most recent years for which investment returns are available.
- In conjunction with fundraising, Columbia's investment returns have pushed the endowment to its highest level ever: \$7.8 billion as of June 30, 2011. (The FY2012 return won't be known until this fall.)

GOOD INVESTING AND GOOD MANAGEMENT

CIMC is charged with providing strong returns to Columbia while maintaining an acceptable level of risk and observing the highest professional standards. Its experienced managers have the flexibility to consider different investment strategies and vehicles in pursuit of this goal. Removed from the day-to-day business of the University, they make decisions from offices in Midtown Manhattan.

The team is overseen by a small board, composed largely of investment profes-

sionals, who evaluate the endowment's performance not on the basis of the most recent quarter or year but with an eye toward the long run. The CIMC board (consisting of University Trustees and non-Trustee alumni) is accountable to the University's Board of Trustees.

The Trustees who established CIMC believed this governance structure and these principles would produce effective investment tactics and, ultimately, successful outcomes.

While past performance is no guarantee of future results, and the endowment will certainly have strong and less strong years, the successful results of the last decade point to the effectiveness of the CIMC model. As an organization, CIMC is built to last—to continue delivering excellent returns over the long run.

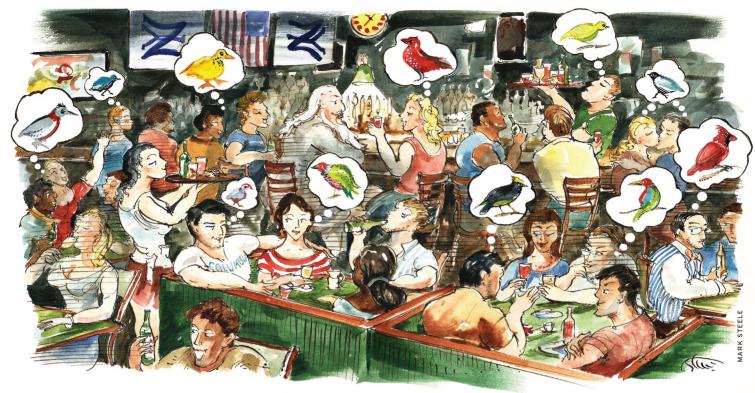
THE BOTTOM LINE

While it has always been rewarding to support Columbia—its students, its faculty research, its broad mission of service—giving to Columbia today brings the additional satisfaction of knowing that your contribution is being invested wisely. From endowment gifts to charitable remainder trusts to donor-advised funds, assets entrusted to Columbia are managed by an accomplished team with a record of investment success that rivals any of our peers.

As the \$5 billion Columbia Campaign approaches its final year, Columbia alumni and friends should know that their past gifts—and their future ones—will be in the best possible hands.

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If you would like to learn more about connecting the performance of Columbia's endowment with your own retirement and estate planning, contact Gift Planning at 800-338-3294 or e-mail gift.planning@columbia.edu.



Trivial Pursuits

hat were the only two animals specifically named as being on Noah's ark?" A thick Jersev accent booms from a loudspeaker, rising above the murmur of small talk at 1020, a dive bar at the corner of Amsterdam and 110th, Mike Straniere, host of the bar's Tuesday trivia night, takes pity on the puzzled crowd. "I'll give you a hint: they're both birds."

> On this spring evening, the bar's best seats — booths with sticky forest-green tables strewn with crumpled takeout bags and cardboard coasters — are filled. In one booth, a team of three puts its heads together. Two Catholic missionaries, Michael Preszler and Justin Petrisek of the Fellowship of Catholic University Students (FOCUS), fresh out of college and assigned to the Columbia campus, confer with mechanical-engineering student Ben Malec '12SEAS.

"Definitely a dove."

"A dove and a pigeon."

"Chickens . . . "

There's not much time to debate. Questions come fast here — in Straniere's words, "boom, boom, boom."

A fourth player, math major James Diotte '12CC, arrives late and can't remember the second bird. Neither can another latecomer, FOCUS missionary Laura Scharmer, who says that she has a Bible. But thumbing through Genesis would be cheating, as would the more modern technique of secretly Googling on one's iPhone. Ultimately, the question inspires the team's name, How Many Missionaries Does It Take to Find Out What Two Animals Noah Took on the Ark? — We Have Three.

The questions in the first round of general trivia address such topics as geography, science, and pop culture. Petrisek easily recalls the name of the girls' gang from Grease (the Pink Ladies) and later, in a eureka moment, gets the guys' (the T-Birds). The team also comes up with the cities at either end of the Orient Express

(Paris and Istanbul) and the Middle Eastern spread made from sesame seeds (tahini).

"I'm very choosy about my questions," says cohost Paul Ellerin, who started the game at 1020 in 2007. Ellerin says he is constantly in "trivia mode," finding potential questions at museums, on posters, on television. "I don't like multiple choice, and I don't use true or false. I have a philosophy about what makes a good question: when a person hears the question, he should think, 'This is something I used to know, something that I learned at one point in my life."

Before the second round, the theme round, Straniere gives the customary warning: "Remember the first rule of trivia night — don't shout out the answers." Tonight's theme is TV-sitcom settings. Players are asked to name the cities of ten shows, including Full House (San Francisco), The Drew Carey Show (Cleveland), and Happy Days (Pittsburgh is our team's hopeful guess).

Hummed theme songs fill the air as Preszler, who's been dutifully recording teammates' answers on the score sheet, laments, "I haven't seen any of these."

The stakes are modest — a twenty-dollar bar tab for first place, a ten-dollar tab for second, and a pint glass for third — but among people whose egos are closely tied to their intellects, the drive to win can get intense. "For me, I just want to win every time," says Mithun Kamath, a second-year Columbia law student. "I like the idea of testing your wits against Columbia students who you know are intelligent and have a lot of knowledge about a lot of random things."

"We suck at this," Malec says at the onset of the next round, the top ten. Tonight's list is the top-ten cities for international tourism. The teams write down their best guesses, helped by Straniere, who provides clues like, "There's only one in the United States."

With the first half completed, the hosts read out the answers. Cheering erupts for the first round of results (one team is particularly proud of guessing Milwaukee for Happy Days), and then come the groans — the top ten is a disaster, full of Asian cities. It turns out Noah's second bird was a raven.

After a short break, during which the hosts check over the score sheets and announce the rankings, How Many Missionaries finds itself near the bottom. There are thirty more points that could be won in the second half, but another round of general trivia gets mixed results, and then during the music round it all falls apart. Here, these twenty-somethings, quick to recognize Lady Gaga's "Poker Face" and the Fray's "Over My Head," can't name Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes" or Kim Carnes's "Bette Davis Eyes." As the questions wind down, our team begins to face the music: victory is out of reach. Conversation tumbles into job hunts and karaoke venues.

By the time the prizes are awarded, the bar is crowded with boisterous new customers who are not interested in trivia. How Many Missionaries gets a ninetynine-cent bag of potato chips for a funny answer, having identified Wayne LaPierre as the head of Credit Suisse (he's the head

of the National Rifle Association). The team munches the chips while listening to the final results, which start from the bottom. The moment of truth comes all too soon: "Third from last, with 32.5 points, How Many Missionaries."

First prize goes to We Had All Week to Come Up with a Name, a regular team that includes Kelly Burdick '11TC.

"Tuesday is our sacred time," Burdick says. "It's a crazy, complex world, and a little bit of trivia time helps."

We Had All Week would go on to win the following Tuesday, too, but seldom does a team reign for long. A strong university presence means high turnover and, happily for non-Columbian players, extended breaks that provide a respite from packs of brainy undergrads.

"You find the bar half-empty and realize that the term must be over at Columbia. Suddenly there's room to breathe and fewer teams to compete against," says Darren Bradley, an assistant philosophy professor at City College. "We never seem to win, though."

— Maya Rock

Let the Games Begin

rince Constantine of Greece, in his martial mustache and uniform, was easy to spot on the dusty terraces of Argos. The archaeologist approached with characteristic eagerness: he had a mission. It was April 1894.

The archaeologist was Charles Waldstein 1873CC, a classical scholar of astounding range. He had written books on psychology and sculpture, and even a study of John Ruskin. Born in New York in 1856, Waldstein went on from Columbia to earn a doctorate at the University of Heidelberg before beginning a career teaching classical archaeology at Cambridge University.

It was there, in 1886, while also serving as director of Cambridge's Fitzwilliam Museum, that he met the Baron de Coubertin, of France. The two men, fused by a passion for education and athletics, became friends.

In early 1894, Coubertin asked Waldstein for a favor. For several years, Coubertin had been promoting the creation of a new, international Olympic Games in the model of those staged in ancient Athens. But support had so far been lukewarm: Coubertin had scheduled an International Athletic Congress for Paris in June, but virtually no delegates had yet consented

to attend. Coubertin asked Waldstein to intercede with the Greek royal family on his behalf. Waldstein, who had temporarily relocated to Athens to become the director of the American School of Classical Studies there, agreed to seek out the prince.

As Waldstein and his colleagues excavated the great temple at Argos, Prince Constantine and other members of the Greek royal family toured the site. Waldstein buttonholed the prince and described a plan for Greece to host a competition of the world's best athletes on the site of the ancient games. By the time the royal family concluded its four-hour stay in Argos, the

prince had promised to serve as an honorary member of the Olympic Congress.

Though Coubertin would earn rightful credit as the founder of the modern Olympic Games, it was Waldstein's intervention in Argos that was the project's turning point.

In the end, Waldstein, too, became an honorary member of the Olympic Congress. In Athens, at the inaugural 1896 games, he helped to organize the gymnastics event and refereed cycling and tennis. Ever the man of action, Waldstein was also a member of the US Olympic delegation. a distinction that guaranteed him a list of firsts: Columbia's first Olympian, New York's first Olympian, and America's first Jewish Olympian.

He competed as a marksman, joining John and Sumner Paine, brothers from Boston who would become Olympic champions. Waldstein's event was the 200-meter military rifle, at the shooting range at Kallithea. Forty-two shooters from seven countries competed in the event, but only the scores of the top twelve finishers were recorded, and Waldstein was not among them.

Just where Waldstein learned to shoot is unclear. He was unlikely to have done so growing up in New York City; more likely he practiced as an adult on his farm and estate in Newton Hall, near Cambridge, England. Nor is there a record of how he made the team; probably he asked Coubertin, who found a spot. Of the fourteen members of the American shooting team, Waldstein was one of only two who did not win medals.

Waldstein returned to Cambridge in 1895, where he would teach, off and on,

for the rest of his career. He was knighted in 1912 and changed his name during World War I to Walston, perhaps to distance himself from his family's German heritage. He died of a heart attack in 1927, at the age of seventy, while on a Mediterranean cruise, not far from several of the archaeological sites that he had uncovered.

This summer, the Olympics are being held fifty miles from Waldstein's Cambridge, in London, with the shooting events to take place at the Royal Artillery Barracks. There are nine events: three apiece for rifle, shotgun, and pistol.

Waldstein would likely be surprised at the growth of the sport. The US national team alone has fifty members, and nearly half of them are women.

- Jim Reisler '86JRN

Dreams from My Mater

t the time of Barack Obama's last Columbia graduation, Ronald Reagan was president, Harold Washington had just become the first black mayor of Chicago, and the gates at 116th Street and Broadway were wide open. On Low Plaza, Obama's all-male class, the last in College history, watched as philosopher Mortimer Adler '28GSAS received an honorary degree, six decades after failing to get his BA because he didn't pass the swimming test.

Fast-forward twenty-nine years, to May 14, 2012. The iron gates were locked and blockaded by three garbage trucks. Campus buildings were evacuated and sealed. Magnetometers and Secret Service agents were everywhere. And on South Lawn, under a white tent, thousands waited to hear Obama speak as president of the United States.

Obama's Commencement address to the Barnard College Class of 2012 had been much gossiped about. An official White House statement said that "as the father of

two daughters, President Obama wanted to speak to some of America's next generation of women leaders." But pundits concluded that the Barnard overture was part of the president's effort to shore up his female base in an election year.

"Today, women are not just half this country; you're half its workforce," Obama told the 594 cheering seniors, their families, and their friends. "More and more women are outearning their husbands. You're more than half of our college graduates and master's graduates and PhDs. So you've got us outnumbered."

For those who know Obama not just as the leader of the free world but as a member of the Class of '83, his appearance on South Lawn seemed improbable. It's hardly a state secret that the president has never fully embraced Alma Mater.

"He felt no attachment to Columbia," writes journalist David Maraniss in the newly published Barack Obama: The Story.

Obama himself has acknowledged that as a transfer student from Occidental College, where he spent his first two undergraduate years, he wasn't a man about campus.

"Mostly, my years at Columbia were an intense period of study," he told Columbia College Today in 2005. "When I transferred, I decided to buckle down and get serious. I spent a lot of time in the library. I didn't socialize that much. I was like a monk." His classmate Wayne Root, the 2008 Libertarian Party vice presidential candidate, told the New York Times shortly before the election, "I've not only not met him, I've not met anybody who met him."

Still, Obama wasn't entirely reclusive ("This area looks familiar," he guipped from the podium). He hit the local landmarks periodically, eating at Tom's Restaurant with his roommate and fellow Occidental transfer student Phil Boerner '84CC and listening to jazz at the West End. He had some minor involvement with the Black Students Organization. And he published a long piece about two student antiwar groups in the campus newsmagazine *Sundial*.

But like many of his classmates, Obama struggled to cope with the fierce New York of those days. The College didn't offer dorm rooms to transfer students back then. and, as Obama told the Barnard graduates, "some of the streets around here were not quite so inviting." In a now-famous story, the twenty-year-old future president couldn't get into his walkup apartment at 142 West 109th Street on his first night in Manhattan. By his account in his memoir Dreams from My Father, he slept in an alley and bathed at a fire hydrant with a vagrant the next morning. Later, when living at 339 East 94th Street, he would talk with neighbors about the sound of gunfire in the night.

Now, in his return to Morningside Heights, sniping broke out again, this time of the verbal variety. Some Columbia students took the news of Obama's impending Barnard address as a snub. (It didn't help that the College Class of 2011 had tried unsuc-

cessfully to persuade the president to speak at Class Day the year before.) The *Spectator* and *Bwog* were flooded with responses of disbelief and anger. Curiously, though Barnard did not solicit the speech, it took the brunt of the attack. "Academically inferior" and "feminazis" were among the milder epithets.

Barnard president Debora Spar dismissed the invective as "nineteen-year-olds writing at four thirty in the morning." And by the time Obama spoke, the conflict had evaporated amid the joy of graduation. The president got plenty of laughs when he referred to the "sibling rivalry" of the occasion — perhaps a nod, in part, to his sister, Maya Soetoro-Ng '93BC.

"I can tell you that he has affection and respect for Columbia and the College," said Federal Communications Commission chairman Julius Genachowski '85CC, Obama's Harvard Law School classmate and *Harvard Law Review* colleague. Indeed, though Obama couldn't make his twenty-fifth reunion, which coincided with the 2008 presidential campaign, the then senator from

Illinois gave Columbia a thousand dollars and sent a warm note to his class.

Would he attend his thirtieth next year? Obama's classmate Jonathan Zimmerman, director of the History of Education Program at New York University, who remembers the president from a sociology class taught by Andrew Walder, hopes so. "I've never been to a reunion," he said. "But if that guy says he's going, I'm going!" More likely, the Columbia College Alumni Association will at some point give Obama its highest honor, the Alexander Hamilton Medal: the presidency aside, the CCAA has presented the Hamilton to every other College graduate who has won the Nobel Prize.

"I think that after things settle down, he would be open to it," said Gerald Sherwin '55CC, co-chair of the CCAA's Alumni Recognition Committee. But then, Sherwin asked, what do you give the man who has everything? "An honorary degree? He already has a Columbia degree. I'm sure he passed the swimming test."

— Thomas Vinciguerra '85CC, '86JRN, '90GSAS

Becalmed

for Rachel Wetzsteon

is anything but calm. Relict of wind, you are left to the waves' whims. An indolent rocking works slack canvas free. For weeks you had foreseen a mangrove harbor, though fearing the worst — that storms would rob you of the dreamed chance to breathe again the pine-dank hills of home. You had it precisely plotted, despite the risk. Now the wind is out, and all the tools of reckoning fall senseless. The teacups of the anemometer dip this way and that and come up dry. At night in your dark bunk, you hunker down and pray that tomorrow brings the slightest stirring, a ripple on the feckless swells. A great force can whip a hurricane to land. A greater one sits like an anvil on the sea's bruised surface until the zephyr fails. She exhales then goes calm.

— David Yezzi '95SOA is the author of the poetry collection Azores, named one of the best books of 2008 by Slate.

Rachel Wetzsteon '99GSAS, a poet, died in 2009.

"When you think of this as insanity, it is."

— Josh Fox at an antifracking rally in Los Angeles, May 2012

hey're out there.

Two men with white mustaches in blue California casuals stand at the back of a group of fifty people on a green soccer field atop a bluff overlooking America's largest urban oil field. Beyond, the city of Los Angeles unfurls in ledges and promontories of pink-and-salmon rooftops, white walls, and barren palms, a fabric sewn together with utility wires and mountain scrub, a brittle blanket flung over a rickety bed. The sun burns hard in the gas-blue sky. Below, on the parched, brown hills of the thousand-acre Inglewood Oil Field, hundreds of black pump jacks work the strata, their hammerhead-shaped weights nodding over the ground like prehistoric birds pecking for the last drops.

Up on the soccer field, in the Kenneth Hahn State Recreation Area, Food & Water Watch holds a press conference to kick off a statewide antifracking campaign. A lectern stands in the grass. A few feet behind it, people from communities around the Inglewood Oil Field hold placards that spell out GOVERNOR BROWN, STOP THE INSANITY. BAN FRACKING NOW.

The word fracking, short for hydraulic fracturing, has had a semantically complicated life. Strictly speaking, it describes a well-stimulation technique in which millions of gallons of water, sand, and chemicals are injected at high pressure more than a mile underground to open fissures in shale rock and release trapped gas. But to fracking opponents, the term signifies the whole production process enabled by hydraulic fracturing and horizontal drilling, which have allowed companies to tap gas deposits inaccessible through conventional vertical drilling. This wider process covers well boring, well casing, wastewater disposal, land clearing for well pads and pipelines, infrastructure building, methane flaring, sand mining, and heavy trucking.

Now, in the noonday heat, a man walks to the lectern. He wears a gray Yankees cap, black Simple Shoes, a dark-blue hoodie, and knockoff Wayfarer specs, suggesting a cross between a young Elvis Costello and a lateperiod Beastie Boy.

People clap and cheer. The men at the back clap, too.

The speaker speaks. "I'm happy to be here for the ribbon-cutting ceremony of the work-over rig right behind you," he says, referring to the yellow derrick rising into view from the gulch below. East Coast irony glints briefly in the California sun. He goes on: "We're at a moment where every trend in the world is to move away from fossil fuels and toward renewable energy — solar, wind, hydropower, geothermal. To be taking steps backward in the heart of Los Angeles? I wish I could say that this was unfamiliar and strange to me as an emissary from New York and Pennsylvania, where the proposal was to frack in the New York City watershed and the Delaware River basin."

The emissary is Josh Fox '95CC, a theater director and filmmaker whose movie *Gasland* pushed fracking onto the national stage. Ever since *Gasland* aired on HBO in the summer of 2010, Fox has spent much time in front of

By Paul Hond





^{The} GasMenagerie

microphones in shale-striding states — at colleges, rallies, concerts, town meetings, and anyplace else where people come together to oppose gas drilling. Advocates of fracking tout jobs (for engineers, welders, pipefitters, food-service workers, lawyers, realtors), energy independence, a cleaner-burning alternative to coal and oil, lower energy costs, and, through the leasing of mineral rights, financial relief for people who really need it. The industry says fracking is safe. Yet to Fox, the whole thing seems absurd, surreal, a tragedy made ridiculous by the "what could possibly go wrong?" setup and an all-too-foreseeable denouement.

"We're here over the Newport-Inglewood fault," Fox says. "Earlier this year, I toured central Arkansas with *Nightline*, visiting a series of towns that had suffered a thousand earthquakes in a year due to injection wells and fracking. The earthquakes ranged from the very small to a 4.7 that cracked the walls of a school."

The two men at the back shift their weight, watching Fox with pleasantly mild expressions of attentiveness.

"This is insane," Fox says, "to be thinking about fracking in the fault lines of Los Angeles."

You don't have to watch *Chinatown* nine times to know that water is everything in LA, and Fox doesn't dwell on the most conspicuous threat — the contamination of the city's drinking water due to some wildly improbable scenario, much like the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster or the BP blowout in the Gulf or the Baldwin Hills dam collapse right here in what is now Kenneth Hahn Park or the methane-tainted drinking wells in Dimock, Pennsylvania, or the earthquakes last winter in Youngstown, Ohio. Nor does he rattle off the health problems that the oil field's neighbors claim to have endured since 2006, when the Houston-based energy company Plains Exploration & Production (PXP) began restimulating the Inglewood wells after years of falling production. No, for Fox, it's the fracking-in-a-major-fault-zone angle that really captures the magnitudes.

"It's an absurdity of the kind that is all too regular back East, where the audacity, the bullying, the level of impunity under which these companies operate can be rather astounding."

The two men glance down at the grass. When Fox is finished, they join in the applause.

One of the men then approaches someone nearby who is scribbling on a pad.

"Hi. Are you a reporter?"

"More or less."

"I'm from the California Independent Petroleum Association, and we're out here to let people know the truth. You can't believe what you hear in *Gasland*." The man hands the reporter a flyer containing quotes from regulators and engineers denying any proven link between fracking and groundwater contamination. "I mean, why on earth would you want to ban something that brings jobs and prosperity and better air, and can free us from Mideast oil, and that we've got in abundance? Why would you want to stop something like that?"

- "What about those earthquakes in Ohio —"
- "That had to do with a reinjection well. Not with fracking."
- "But wasn't it wastewater from fracking?"
- "Give Rock a call." The man hands the reporter a card. "Rock will be glad to answer any questions."

"I heard there's a school next to the oil field that has sixty inhalers for students with asthma —"

"Call Rock."

After the press conference, Fox, his video camera in hand, chats with local activists and poses for pictures. Then he walks across the soccer field to the parking lot. He doesn't notice the industry men, but when someone tells him that they were in attendance, Fox isn't surprised.

"They follow me around," he says dryly. But you can hear the faintest tremor underneath.

Who's Afraid of Pennsylvania Fox?

"Pennsylvania is getting fracked to hell. It's a disaster area."

— *Josh Fox*, May 2012

"Gasland seeks to inflame public opinion to shut down the natural gas industry . . . The film presents a selective, distorted view of gas drilling and the energy choices America faces today."

— John Hanger (D), former secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection

"The myth that terrible chemicals are getting into the groundwater is completely myth. It is bogus."

— Michael Krancer (R), current secretary of the Pennsylvania DEP

"The Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection has been wholly captured by the natural-gas industry. I don't think there's any question about that."

> — Susan Kraham, senior staff attorney at Columbia Law School's Environmental Law Clinic

"If the specific identity of a chemical, the concentration of a chemical, or both the specific identity and concentration of a chemical are claimed to be a trade secret or confidential proprietary information, the vendor, service provider, or operator may withhold the specific identity, the concentration, or both the specific identity and concentration of the chemical from the information provided to the chemical disclosure registry."

— from House Bill 1950, or Act 13, signed by Pennsylvania governor Tom Corbett (R) on February 14, 2012

When the fox came to the henhouse — no, when the landsman came to the Fox house, the story took a turn. The gas boom hit a bump. The letter arrived on a spring day in 2008, the landsman never know-

ing that the fellow studying the fine print from under the brim of his Yankees cap in the red house in Milanville, Pennsylvania, was the founder and artistic director of International WOW, a New Yorkbased film and theater company devoted to creating work addressing political and social crises; and even if he had, he might reasonably have assumed that anyone in so unremunerative a business as the avant-garde theater would find his offer a godsend: nearly five thousand dollars per acre to frack the property. At nineteen and a half acres, that was almost a hundred grand. All Fox had to do was sign.

But Fox, unlike many in northeastern Pennsylvania, had no hungry mouths, no failing farm, no mortgage arrears, no crushing medical bills. His parents had built this house in the woods near the Delaware River the year Fox was born, and while the money would certainly have been useful, the prospect of his own tabernacle of wood and stream being transformed into a gas field bestirred the man's inner Thoreau, not to say his inner Rachel Carson. "I woke up one morning in 2008 and declared myself a journalist," Fox later wrote. "I had to. My home was under siege by the gas-fracking industry. I felt that I had to not only seek out the true effects on public health and the environment of the largest onshore natural-gas drilling campaign in history but also to report what I found to my community."

So he made Gasland, a real-life disaster movie in which people who live near fracking sites in Dimock, Pennsylvania, and in Colorado and Wyoming, experience headaches, nausea, sick livestock, contaminated well water, flaming faucets, neuropathy, tumors, brain damage. The gas companies deny blame, regulators appear ineffectual if not compromised, and lessees with health problems and buyer's remorse fear retaliation for speaking up. We learn that fracking fluids contain proprietary mixtures of hundreds of chemicals, including known or suspected carcinogens (benzene, toluene, xylene), and we see postcard-perfect images of Western landscapes that have been pocked and punctured with well pads and derricks.

Gasland won the 2010 Sundance Special Jury Prize, got picked up by HBO, was later nominated for an Oscar, and turned Fox, the film's sharp, droll, banjo-picking narrator, into a kind of environmental pop star. Rather than let HBO do all the work, Fox hit the road: for the next year and a half he toured two hundred cities around the United States and ten countries. He screened Gasland; sat on panels with scientists, educators, and actors (Alec Baldwin, Mark Ruffalo, Scarlett Johansson); and did solo stuff, delivering dead-funny, deadserious monologues enumerating the perils associated with fracking and noting that "even if you were to get all this gas out perfectly safely, and everyone was really happy with the process — even if nobody got sick from it — we'd still have a huge problem with burning another twenty, fifty, hundred years' worth of fossil fuels." Eager crowds turned out wherever he went, and Fox, amazed, found himself at the heart of a grassroots movement largely of his own making.

Not everyone went gaga for Gasland. To his critics, Fox was an alarmist, an agitator, a master of innuendo, a manipulator of facts, "Even if you were to get all this gas out perfectly safely, we'd still have a huge problem with burning another twenty, fifty, hundred years' worth of fossil fuels." an ends-justifies-the-means trickster bent on destroying the energy future of a nation that President Obama has called "the Saudi Arabia of natural gas." The gas industry tried to discredit Fox by zeroing in on Gasland's alleged inaccuracies, particularly the case of a fire-breathing kitchen faucet in Weld County, Colorado, which the movie implies was caused by fracking but which the Colorado Oil and Gas Conservation Commission determined was the result of naturally occurring methane in the landowner's water well.

This past March, Teddy Borawski, the chief oil and gas geologist for Pennsylvania's Department of Conservation and Natural Resources,

compared Gasland to Nazi propaganda. "Joseph Goebbels would have been proud," Borawski told an audience in Lancaster County. "He would have given [Fox] the Nazi award." Fox, whose father and paternal grandparents survived the Holocaust, wrote an open letter to journalists condemning the slur and calling on Governor Tom Corbett to take action: "If the Corbett administration fails to fire Borawski and fails to begin a real assessment of the effects of gas drilling on the state, then certainly the Corbett administration has lost all credibility and legitimacy." Borawski made a public apology and kept his job.

A month earlier, on Valentine's Day, Corbett, who according to the nonpartisan National Institute on Money in State Politics received \$1.3 million in campaign funds from the oil and gas industry, signed Act 13 into law. Act 13, among other things, stripped municipalities and townships of zoning authority for gas drilling and gave it to the state. Dozens of Pennsylvania towns that had attempted to regulate fracking saw their local zoning ordinances overturned. It seemed that Gasland's indictment of Pennsylvania's modern-day Gold Rush had failed to impress the state legislature. With the new law, Pennsylvania managed to justify Gasland's paranoid visions and to exceed them.

Columbians on the Case

The fracking question has made for busy times at Columbia's Environmental Law Clinic. The clinic, an academic program run by law professor Edward Lloyd and senior staff attorney Susan Kraham '87CC, '92LAW and staffed by twelve to twenty law students, is representing clients in drilling-related cases involving airpollution exemptions, the Tennessee Gas Pipeline, the Delaware River Basin Commission (a regional regulatory body that includes four states and a federal representative), and, not least, Act 13.

"Pennsylvania had been litigating for years over the scope of municipal authority to limit the production of natural gas," says

^{The} Gas Menagerie

Kraham. "The Pennsylvania Supreme Court made it clear that while municipalities couldn't regulate the operations, they could regulate their location. Act 13 essentially says, gas drilling can happen anywhere."

On April 4, 2012, in Harrisburg, Kraham and three other attorneys representing eight Pennsylvania townships and counties, a doctor, a town supervisor, and the nonprofit Delaware Riverkeeper Network filed for a preliminary injunction against the new zoning rule.

"People have basic property rights under the Fifth Amendment and the Fourteenth Amendment," Kraham says. "Those rights can be limited by zoning under very old federal law, to the extent that zoning is adopted to protect the public health and welfare. If I own property in a residential neighborhood and the municipality tells me I can't put in a metal-plating facility, that's because keeping that kind of facility away from a residential area protects the public health. It's been understood that that is an acceptable restriction on private-property rights. The state of Pennsylvania has now impacted people's private-property rights. But has it done so on the basis of public health and safety? We would say no. Putting a compressor station or a drilling rig three hundred feet from a public school or three hundred feet from my house affects my property rights in ways that don't protect the public health.

"The question is, does the state have the authority to do this? It undercuts everything we've come to understand about zoning and local authority."

The state's argument, according to Kraham, is that the legislature has the authority to determine policy statewide, and has decided that the development of natural gas is in the state's interest, and that the municipalities' authority can be restricted.

But, Kraham says, "Pennsylvania's constitution has a provision giving people the right to a safe and clean environment. One of our claims is that the state is preventing municipalities from exercising their obligation to protect the environment. Another claim is that, under the Pennsylvania constitution, the legislature can't adopt what is called a special law, meaning that you can't adopt a law that applies to just one person or just one industry. Every other industry in Pennsylvania is subject to zoning. This one isn't."

Meanwhile, law students in the clinic have traveled to towns like Towanda in north-central Pennsylvania to see drilling operations and their effects firsthand. Andrew Kirchner '09CC has been examining fluid-disposal issues, specifically, the enormous wastewater pits that have bloomed on farms and fields. Of the two to eight million gallons of fluid pumped into a well for a frack job, about half flows back up.

"These wastewater impoundments are being used in ways that are hazardous to the environment and human health," Kirchner says. "Some impoundments have no fences. There are ripped liners and liners held down by bags of concrete, and conditions where the water table rises above the base of the impoundment and takes on polluted water. Frack water is really noxious. If you

live within a thousand yards of it, you can smell it, and it can give you nosebleeds and make you dizzy.

"One of the most dramatic things we saw was an impoundment in the backyard of a house. This is a populated area. You see house, drilling operation, house, drilling operation. There are compressor stations, well pads with five to ten trucks, huge derricks. At dusk, they bring in floodlights, and the drilling is really loud. People can't sleep.

"There is pipeline activity everywhere: bulldozers clear wide swaths for the pipelines. These are state forests, state game lands, and they've been cut up. This is a beautiful part of the country, and the amount of industrialization is hard to believe.

"But the big shock for all of us was the truck traffic. Every other vehicle is a tanker truck. The trucks go from the impoundment to the well site back and forth, day and night. They suck up water from ponds and streams, they drive to injection sites in Ohio to get rid of the waste. They have created such deep grooves in the road that the bottom of our car was scraping the road and got stuck."

Yet for all this physical evidence, it was a section of Act 13 that really drove the message home for Kirchner.

11) If a health professional determines that a medical emergency exists and the specific identity and amount of any chemicals claimed to be a trade secret or confidential proprietary information are necessary for emergency treatment, the vendor, service provider, or operator shall immediately disclose the information to the health professional upon a verbal acknowledgment by the health professional that the information may not be used for purposes other than the health needs asserted and that the health professional shall maintain the information as confidential. The vendor, service provider, or operator may request, and the health professional shall provide upon request, a written statement of need and a confidentiality agreement from the health professional as soon as circumstances permit.

"It's brazen," Kirchner says. "Limiting what a doctor can discuss with a patient or other doctors — that's beyond everything for us."

The Chase

Just after the LA press conference, Fox and his video camera get into the back seat of a car belonging to Chris Paine, director of the 2006 documentary *Who Killed the Electric Car*? Paine lives in nearby Windsor Hills and is acquainted with the fumes of the rekindled oil field.

As Paine cruises down a winding parkland road and onto South La Cienega, Fox sees something coming toward the car: a big red-and-gray tanker truck, and another one behind it. "Halliburton!" Fox says, bringing his camera to his eye. The trucks pass — Oklahoma plates, ACID printed on the bumpers, hieroglyphs of hazmat warnings on the sides. A fresh current runs through Paine's electric car. "Let's follow them," Fox says. Paine does a nifty U-turn, and Fox is half out the window with his camera as the little car pulls alongside

the eighteen-wheeler. "This is one of my favorite pastimes," Fox says merrily into the wind. "Chasing Halliburton trucks!"

Halliburton, energy-services giant, innovator and implementer of hydraulic fracturing and horizontal drilling, and, as *Gasland* reminds us, prime beneficiary of the Bush administration's 2001 energy task force chaired by US vice president and former Halliburton CEO Dick Cheney, who pushed for the 2005 energy bill that exempted fracking from the Safe Drinking Water Act of 1974 and the Clean Water Act of 1972 — yes, *that* Halliburton — manifesting itself in full armor on the streets of LA. What are they up to? The truckers are as oblivious to Paine's car as a ship is to a barnacle.

"Got 'em," says Fox, drawing back into the car. Paine turns at the next light, and the trucks head off to an undisclosed location somewhere in the hills of the Inglewood Oil Field.

Waiting for Cuomo

"Geologists estimate that the entire Marcellus Shale formation may contain up to 489 trillion cubic feet of natural gas throughout its entire extent. To put this into context, New York State uses about 1.1 trillion cubic feet of natural gas a year."

- NY Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC), 2011

"Our two chief economies in New York State are tourism and agriculture. Those are two things that can't happen in a gas field."

— Josh Fox

Two weeks before Los Angeles, Fox unplugged himself from an editing room in New York where *Gasland 2* was under construction (according to Fox, the new movie will focus on "the contamination of our political system by industry lobbying and influence") and drove up to Albany to testify at a state-senate hearing on fracking. On the way, he spoke about the state of the state.

"New York is facing a crucial decision on whether or not to allow the gas industry in," he said. "With all the leasing that's

Drill site, Forest Lake, Pennsylvania.

been going on in the Southern Tier, the amount of gas wells would be between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand, throughout 50 percent of New York State. This is the greatest environmental and economic issue facing the state in its history."

In 2009, the New York DEC released an environmental-impact statement on gas drilling in the state. The report included a recommendation that drilling be permitted in the New York City watershed. This did not sit well with the water-huggers. That one of the world's last great unfiltered water supplies, the drinking source for ten million people, should be exposed to risks of irreversible harm by an agency charged to protect it, was enough to draw thirteen thousand public comments to the DEC website (the previous record was a thousand). A revised study was undertaken. Then, last summer, Governor Andrew Cuomo, between a rock and a hard place, let a de facto moratorium on fracking expire, while agreeing to spare the watersheds of New York City and Syracuse. In September, the new DEC report was released, and this time more than sixty thousand comments poured in. Critics felt the statement failed to fully consider the potential effects on human health, and demanded a separate health study.

Final regulations may be handed down this summer.

"Why are we, in the twenty-first century, going on a statewide campaign to develop fossil fuels?" Fox continued. "We know that we have to get off fossil fuels. And we also know that renewable energy can run the state. So here's the thing: we're at this moment of real decision. A lot of politicians are very afraid of the repercussions of taking on oil and gas, but they're simply on the wrong side of history."

In early June 2012, the DEC floated a proposal that fracking be allowed in a few struggling counties on the Pennsylvania border, by local consent. Then, on June 20, two years to the day after the HBO debut of *Gasland*, Fox released, on the Internet, an eighteen-minute video called *The Sky Is Pink*. In it, Fox, using the gas industry's own documents, demonstrates how gas drilling and fracking can indeed result in the contamination of drinking water, and appeals directly to Governor Cuomo to protect the entire state. This position is summed up in the video by Democratic state senator Daniel Squadron, who says, "When it became clear very quickly that drilling would be insane in the New York City watershed, the next question gets asked by the public automatically: 'If it's not safe for the New York City watershed, why is it safe for someone else's?'"

efore there was Gasland, there was Hancock.

In 2009, Columbia's Urban Design Lab produced a remarkable document called "Hancock and the Marcellus Shale: Visioning the Impacts of Natural Gas Extraction Along the Upper Delaware," which gave a clear and thorough assessment of natural-gas drilling's likely effects on the economy and environment in the Delaware River watershed.

The lab's director, Richard Plunz, who is a professor in the Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation, has a home in Sullivan County, New York, in the region of the Marcellus Shale formation, which underlies parts of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio.

The report projected the town of Hancock as a "ground zero" for potential fracking in the Western Catskill region of New York State: "It's where Route 17 meets the railroad, the river, and Route 97, which goes up the New York side," Plunz says. "The railroad is important because you can haul fracking sand in and fracking fluid out of there. You also have the Delaware River and a lot of other surface water. So it was an obvious place to lease land."

By 2009, a guarter of the land area in Hancock had already been leased for drilling.

"The Upper Delaware is protected by the National Park Service as a wild and scenic river," Plunz says. "It's an eagle sanctuary, and has some of the best trout fishing on the East Coast. This creates a conflict over the protection of water resources. The water is there, obviously, and the gas industry will need it. New York City has said, No way. New Yorkers don't want their water system to be touched. People assume that the New York City restrictions will hold, legally. But then there's the whole rest of the region.

"Many questions involve land values and property taxes. If there's a lease on your land, your property is devalued. People didn't understand that initially. They were told by the gas-company landsmen, 'You're going to make a fortune, and you won't even see a well.' But even without a well, nobody is going to buy property that has a lease. The value of the neighbors' property probably decreases, too. No one wants to buy a house in an industrializing landscape.

"The long-term economic prospects for these towns are diminished. The land will be undesirable, scarred with roads and well pads and possibly contaminated. The owners will have collected their proceeds from the production as long as possible, but when the profits end they can simply walk away. With that, the town's tax revenue fades.

"I live in the town of Lumberland, and am a member of the planning board. Next door is the town of Highland. In Highland, almost four thousand acres of land have been leased. There is a preserve of seventeen hundred acres with a sizable pond. The owners stocked the pond with trout, and they had a big restaurant and people went there and fished the trout, and the trout was cooked at the restaurant. It was a pretty big business. Then the owners leased the land. The pond will make a good water source for the fracking.

"Highland's four thousand acres are adjacent to the new Millennium Pipeline, needed to haul the gas out. Nearby there are road improvements, like a new heavy-duty bridge across the Delaware connecting New York and Pennsylvania. They're also building feeder pipelines. The infrastructure is moving ahead. The industry figures that it'll prevail, and there's only citizen opposition to stop it. Unless Cuomo really puts his foot down."

What Goes Down Must Come Up

"The gas industry tells the public it's safe because they're extracting the gas so far below the ground surface that any contaminants they use will never make their way up to an aguifer. But that assumes that the gas well is properly developed and sealed. If it's not, contaminants have a pathway to migrate into upper aguifers. And once you've polluted an aquifer, it's almost impossible to undo the damage."

> — Patricia Culligan, professor of civil engineering and engineering mechanics, Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science

Days after his trip to Albany, Josh Fox entered a lecture hall packed with 150 students at Goucher College in Baltimore. The mostly female audience, rich in multicolored hair and nose rings, giggled and whispered as Fox took the stage ("That's Josh Fox!" "He's so sexy!"). You might have thought he really was a rock star. Jumpin' Josh Fox, he's a gas, gas —

It's not far-fetched. In high school, Fox performed in rock bands as a drummer, and soon turned to the theater. At seventeen, he directed his first play, Tennessee Williams's The Glass Menagerie. (He played Tom.) He majored in theater at Columbia, where he studied with the avant-garde experimental-theater director Anne Bogart and the Shakespeare scholar Edward Taylor, "Every story structure that's two hours long goes back to Shakespeare," Fox has said. "When you read Shakespeare in one year, two semesters, when you read every last play and every last sonnet, and you do that with Edward Taylor, boy, you understand dramatic structure after that."

Now, at Goucher, Fox, his banjo resting on a table behind him in its battered case, speaks not of rock, nor Glass, but of another favorite: cement.

"In the town of Dimock, the first place I visited in the film, the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection showed that the problem was with the well casing. The well gets drilled, then they case the outside of it with cement to protect the groundwater. That



cement is one inch thick, and has to go thousands and thousands of feet. Anyone ever worked with cement? You might want to learn a little bit: the job market is not so good. I worked a lot with cement as a contractor. Cement! It cracks all the time. Cement doesn't want to cooperate at all. The industry's documents show that 6 percent of these cement casings, which protect the groundwater, fail immediately upon drilling. Forty percent of the casings in the Gulf of Mexico are leaking. If you read the presidential report on Deepwater Horizon, what happened? Cement failed, and the whole thing blew up. The gas industry itself — not some independent scientific commission, not the Center for American Progress, not Cornell or Goucher or Columbia, but the gas industry — admits that 50 percent of well casings fail over thirty years. How long does a gas well have to last?"

"Forever," comes a shout.

"Who said forever? Yes! Forever! We have to protect the ground-water forever because the chemicals will stay down there — forever."

Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow

"We have a supply of natural gas that can last America nearly one hundred years, and my administration will take every possible action to safely develop this energy."

— President Barack Obama (D), State of the Union address, January 24, 2012

A hundred years isn't forever, but for a natural-gas supply it seems like an awfully long time. To Fox, packing his bags for Los Angeles, it's unthinkable: greenhouse oblivion. This bridge to renewable energy is not one that a man wishes to cross.

In 2009, the Penn State geologist Terry Engelder estimated that the Marcellus Shale formation held more than 500 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. The phrase "game changer" was oft heard, and the bridge to the future soared so high and far it vanished into the clouds. Many people saw a panacea for the nation's economic and geopolitical ills, but to some, these enormous reserves, reachable now through enhanced technologies, seemed to mock that cheap and bountiful energy source blazing faithfully overhead, its rays now warming the inside of Fox's rental car as he drives into town from LAX and sees, to the east, the pterodactyls bobbing in the hills of the Inglewood Oil Field.

Maybe he's not so far from home after all.

How long will they hammer the Marcellus? How much gas does it truly hold?

In a classroom in Schermerhorn Hall, two Columbia geoscientists weigh in.

"Some say that in two years it'll all be gone," says geophysicist Roger N. Anderson, the Doherty Senior Scholar at Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory (LDEO) and an adjunct professor in the Department of Earth and Environmental Sciences. "Others say, 'Just keep fracking it over and over again.' Nobody knows yet."

"So here's the thing: we're at this moment of real decision. A lot of politicians are very afraid of the repercussions of taking on oil and gas, but they're simply on the wrong side of history."

Sally Odland, a former industry geologist and the business manager for the Department of Earth and Environmental Sciences, agrees. "We have no history of production," she says. "With these new shale gas wells, you get peak production in one or two years, when the pressure is strongest, then a steep falloff. A few of the older shale plays in Texas and Louisiana, for instance, have done five years of production, so people are predicting, for New York and Pennsylvania, a cumulative production of ten, twenty, fifty years. That's bullshit. There's not enough data."

"The companies are gambling," says Anderson, who has done work for BP, Chevron, and many other

energy companies. "They've spent millions in advance. They had to buy the land, do the development, and bring in all the piping."

"And right now," says Odland, "because of overproduction, the price of gas is extremely low. Companies are drilling simply to hold position and keep their leases."

This past January, the US Energy Information Administration, which in 2011 had estimated 410 trillion cubic feet in the Marcellus, revised the figure to 141 trillion — about six years' worth of natural gas for the United States.

Is that a bridge worth building? Will all end well in the wells?

"I believe that with rules and oversight, and using the best technology and best practices, this drilling can, for the most part, be done safely," Odland says. "But it's an industry that will not self-police."

Anderson nods. "Too much money involved. You've got another problem, and it's the same as in the Gulf with BP: a regulator has to know as much as the driller. They have to be highly educated and highly paid."

"Yes," says Odland, "and you're in a time when states are cutting their budgets. So enforcement is a huge issue."

"The BP explosion was partly caused by the regulators not doing their job," Anderson says. "Aside from BP not doing its job. But it's a very long history. If you let them do whatever the hell they want, we'll end up with a lot more messes."

A View from the Ridge

Two hours after his rendezvous with the Halliburton trucks in South LA, Fox goes out to find them again. Two locals take him on a drive along a steep jogging path in Kenneth Hahn Park to the top of a hill. The plateau holds ball fields, playgrounds, and lookout points that command vistas of a vulnerable-looking city long overdue for the Big One.

The Gas Menagerie

The driver parks the car and everyone gets out. Fox brings his camera. The air has a chemical tang. It's the oil fields. Nearby, along a dirt hiking path, some fifty feet from a playground, behind a barbed-wire fence, lies an industrial plant, half hidden by trees. Signs hang from the fence, warning that the forbidden area contains substances known to cause cancer and birth defects.

"What's going on when you have a sign like this and a playground there?" says Fox, getting all this with his camera. "And the wind is blowing directly toward it."

Fox is working. His running monologues of casual observation of the absurdities we all take for granted form countermelodies over the cracked juxtapositions sniffed out by his camera. (An example of Fox's cunning comes early in Gasland when, at a hearing on Capitol Hill in which gas executives are testifying to the safety of fracking, the camera tilts down a few inches from the speakers' heads to reveal, on the tabletop, a row of plastic water bottles.)

Fox follows his guides along the hiking trail in the hot sun, still filming. The air induces dull headaches, itchy lungs. The party veers off the trail, through some overgrown brush, and into a secluded area of scrubby vegetation. A few feet away, at the bluff's edge, stands another barbed-wire fence. Fox goes to the fence and looks out across the canyon road to the dirt-brown hummocks of the Inglewood Oil Field. There, on the carved-out hill, in plain view, sit the red-and-gray trucks. There are other trucks, too, some outfitted with pumping equipment. The scene has the silent, motionless, furtive feel of a desert deal going down. If the workers at the site look up, they'll see a black speck on the ridge — a man with a camera.

Fox films for a few minutes, then ducks back through the undergrowth and takes the hiking trail back to the car. Just before he reaches the parking lot, he sees, on the side of the path opposite the hazardous-chemical signs, a sign for park safety that says NO GOLF. NO MODEL AIRPLANES.

Fox shoots both sets of signs.

Meanwhile, Back in Pennsylvania

Immediately after Susan Kraham and her colleagues filed for an injunction against the zoning provision of Act 13, the industry pushed back.

"The gas industry moved to intervene in the case and become a party," says Kraham. "The judge said no. The head of the senate and the head of the state assembly also moved to intervene, arguing that they had a 'real interest in the court getting the law right.'"

The judge said no.

Judge Keith B. Quigley was not the original judge in the case. The previous judge had disclosed that he had a gas lease on his property and a partial interest in a drilling company. The petitioners asked for a recusal. Now it was Judge Quigley.

On April 11, 2012, in a courtroom in Harrisburg, Judge Quigley handed down his order.

"The motion," Quigley wrote, "is granted." So it was: a 120-day preliminary injunction. "While the ultimate determination of the constitutionality of Act 13 is not presently before the Court, the Court is of the view that municipalities must have an adequate opportunity to pass zoning laws that comply with Act 13."

The court also expedited the briefing and argument of Act 13 so that it could determine the law's validity before the 120 days expired.

Governor Corbett's spokesman, Eric Shirk, betrayed no concern. "All this decision means," Shirk told reporters, "is the municipalities will get an additional 120 days to come into compliance with the zoning provision of the law."

Kraham had other ideas. "We want the court to rule that Act 13 is unconstitutional within the 120 days," she says.

On June 6, before seven judges in the Commonwealth Court of Pennsylvania, the petitioners presented oral arguments on the constitutionality of Act 13.

The stakes could hardly be higher: if the court finds the zoning provisions unconstitutional, it could invalidate the entire law.

Talking to Rock

Rock Zierman is on the line. He's the CEO of the California Independent Petroleum Association, which calls itself a "nonprofit, nonpartisan trade association representing approximately 450 independent crude oil and natural gas producers, royalty owners, and service and supply companies operating in California." Zierman, it turns out, doesn't know much about the activity at the Inglewood oil patch — he suggests contacting PXP, the company that leases the field — but, addressing the notion that fracking on fault lines in a city of millions is "insane," says, calmly and reasonably, "There are no founded cases of seismic activity due to fracking."

Zierman is speaking about fracking in its narrowest sense. According to John Armbruster, a retired seismologist at LDEO, fracking, which occurs at shallower depths "where the rocks are weak and not supporting any earthquakes," is of less concern to seismologists than the associated practice of reinjection: the pumping of wastewater into deeper disposal wells, a process that can last months or years (fracking takes a few days).

It was Armbruster who, last November, drove to Ohio to set up the seismological instruments that allowed LDEO to accurately measure the Youngstown quakes that occurred weeks later. (State regulators shut down the problem well.) While Armbruster rates the odds of an individual fracking well causing a major earthquake as "tens of thousands to one," and maintains that "society has to take some risks," he grants that "the chances of what happened at Fukushima were also minuscule." And in California, he says, which has a lot of earthquakes anyway, there is room for plausible deniability: "If a frack caused a few earthquakes, it's easy to say, 'Well, I don't think we're causing these earthquakes. You have no proof."

Proof, or the lack of it: a big theme in Gasland that continues to play out. Andrew Kirchner, the law student studying waste dis-



posal in Pennsylvania, recalls seeing puddles of tainted water outside a house located downhill from a well pad. Residents claimed their drinking water contained heavy metals. "It makes sense that elevated arsenic levels in people's well water would come from the fracking, but can you prove it? And a lot of these people can't," Kirchner says. "Getting your well tested can cost thousands of dollars. No one tests until there's a problem. The gas company can then say, 'Do you know what your water contained before?'"

But it's not just a lack of funds — or even nondisclosure agreements from settled lawsuits — that keeps people quiet. Kirchner reports that some residents believe their phones are being tapped, their e-mails intercepted. "The activists there are concerned for their well-being," Kirchner says. He isn't talking about bad water or earthquakes. Paranoia strikes deep in the gaslands.

But that's Pennsylvania. We're in California now.

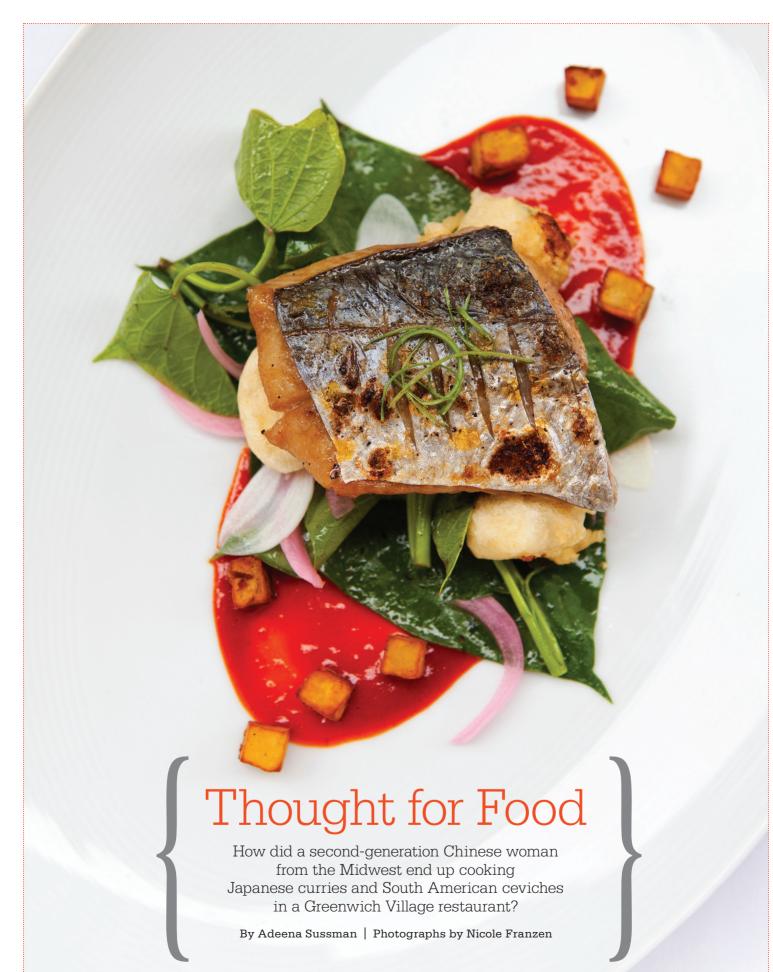
Summer and Smoke

It's been a long day for Fox up in the sooty air of Baldwin Hills, but he's still full of energy as he walks onto the stage in the auditorium of UCLA's Hammer Museum in downtown Los Angeles. Hundreds of people have filled the seats to hear Fox and Bill McKibben, the Vermont-based author, environmentalist, and educator, give a talk called "Fracking and Keystone: Energy Independence Versus the Environment," about the proposed Keystone XL Pipeline that would pipe tar-sands oil from Alberta, Canada, to the Gulf of Mexico.

After the talk, Fox plays a traditional Scottish tune on his banjo. Then he and McKibben go into the glass-enclosed lobby to sign DVDs and books, and to chat with the audience and pose for pictures. As the crowd mingles, there is a commotion near the door. Someone shouts for Fox: it's a man in a suit, blond-haired, redfaced, his angry words garbled by the intensity of his feeling. A security guard confronts the man, who shouts and stabs his finger at the air, accusing Fox of misleading the public.

The guard gets the man out the door, and seconds later he is gone. "Did you see that?" Fox says, to no one in particular. It's a rhetorical question, another way of saying, *They're out there*. Then someone, a fan, comes up to Fox and thanks him for *Gasland*, tells him how important it is, how brave. Fox thanks her. Then she asks if her friend can take their picture.

"Sure," Fox says, and he turns, smiling, to the camera.





nita Lo '88CC has brains on the brain as she pulls onto Barrow Street, chains her bike to a lamppost, and slips through the door of Annisa, her twelve-year-old West Village restaurant. It's just shy of 5:30 p.m. on a Thursday, and she's running late; the first customers are only minutes behind her.

Lo flies past the bar, where prep is going on for the night's service. Ella Fitzgerald scats on low volume as the bartender lines up rows of metal shakers on the marble countertop and extracts long curlicues of peel from half-carved lemons, limes, and oranges. In the small dining room, under muted yellow walls with little adornment save some branches suspended in vases, servers are memorizing the night's specials and giving the silver a final polish. Another evening performance is about to begin.

About seventy reservations are on the books, by no means an unmanageable number, but enough to get away from you if you aren't paying attention. Still, the seatings are evenly staggered throughout the night, so Lo will have some time to experiment.

Back to those brains. The gray matter in question, as spongy and unappealing as any jarred laboratory specimen, is from a calf that Lo had sought out from one of her meat purveyors that afternoon. "Some people have foragers," Lo says, extracting the brains from their clear plastic container and turning them over to inspect them on all sides. "I am my own forager."

The brains are a good find, since rhubarb is in season, and Lo has been looking for something interesting to pair it with. The brains, which have a high fat content, would be rich enough to cut the rhubarb's tartness. Lo knows that for many of her diners, they will be unfamiliar, which is all the more reason for her to push them.

Lo's staging area, a counter no more than five feet long and eighteen inches deep, sits in the center of the tiny but efficient kitchen. Two line cooks stand behind her, ready to grill, fry, and sauce, with another to her left making salads and cold appetizers, and a dishwasher, a few more steps away, already elbow-deep in suds.

Orders start coming in, and dishes start going out. Lo inspects a plate, wiping its rim clean before sending it out to the dining room. "Dice the confit a little smaller next time," she tells a cook quietly.

She pulls things from the pantry: shallots, white balsamic, sugar, salt, cracked black pepper, and the rhubarb. As another cook turns to watch, she runs her knife over a sharpening steel before unleashing it on the crimson stalks, dicing them with small, elegant motions into fragments so regular that they could have made a perfect mosaic.

A waitress passes by on her way out to the dining room, carrying an order of Jerusalem-artichoke fritters topped with crisp baby artichokes. "Nash is on the books," she tells Lo.

Lo stops mid-dice and, without a word, pulls out a black box stuffed with papers, clippings, and Post-its scribbled with intriguing words: fiddleheads, morels, black garlic, tripe. Inside is an inventory of many of the dishes she has served Nash, a regular customer who has eaten 339 meals at Annisa since record keeping began — not including his dozens of walk-in meals at the bar.

"If you're my regular, then you've probably become my friend, and I'm going to cook especially for you," says Lo, adjusting the lime-green bandanna anchoring her short black bobbed hair.

At times like this, when Annisa's printed menu becomes more of a reference point than binding document, it is clear how cerebral Lo's cooking can be. Unlike many chefs just a generation ago, who prided themselves on producing perfect versions of specific recipes, Lo is a part of a recent culinary tradition of perpetual experimentation. Her dishes are like equations, each ingredient a variable that can be adjusted according to what's in season, what would appeal to a favorite customer, what new combination might present itself.

Out of the frying pan

Late one July night in 2009, Lo was sleeping at her weekend home in East Moriches, Long Island, when the phone rang. On the other end was her business partner and ex-girlfriend, Jennifer Scism, and the news was dire. Annisa, the restaurant that they had built from scratch, had been badly damaged in an electrical fire. It wasn't clear yet how extensive the damage was, but Scism didn't sound optimistic.

"My first thought was that things couldn't get much worse than they already were," says Lo. She had recently been forced to close her newer restaurant, Bar Q, as well as a branch of her takeout

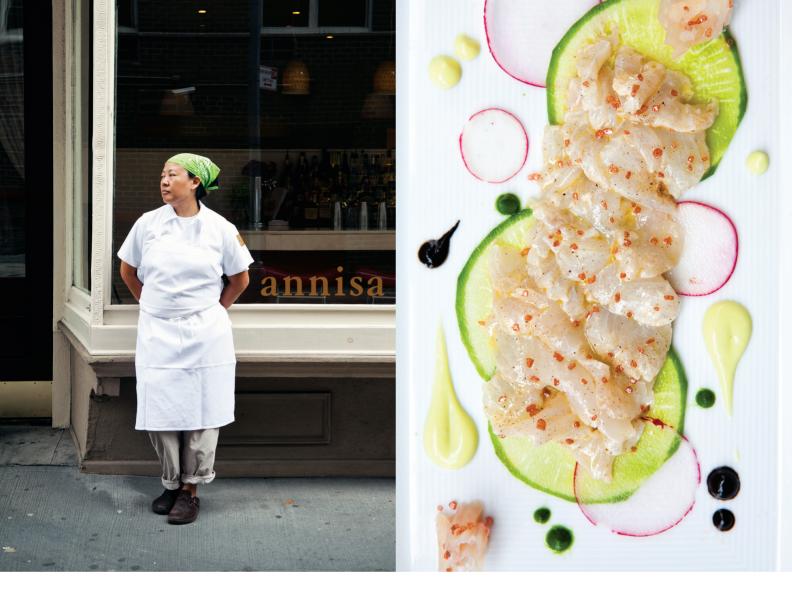
She runs her knife over a sharpening steel before unleashing it on the crimson stalks.

chain, Rickshaw Dumpling Bar, both victims of a sluggish restaurant economy after the 2008 stock-market crash. A few months earlier, her mother had died from a burst aneurysm. And now this?

The next day, she wound past the sun-washed summer homes of East Moriches, pulled onto the Long Island Expressway, and made the two-hour drive into the city, feeling as if she were going to the morgue to identify the remains of a loved one. Annisa, which she opened on a shoestring in 2000, was outfitted with equipment so old that the electrical couplings had simply melted. As soon as she walked in the door, it was clear: the place was beyond repair.

After nearly two decades of fifteen-hour days, Lo's back ached, and her knees were shot. She longed for more time to read and write. Scism, for her part, wanted out; she was ready to leave the city and the restaurant business behind.

But Annisa was the place where Lo felt most at home, and she was hopeful about its future. She was working on a cookbook and had recently filmed a season of the television competition *Top Chef* Masters, placing fourth among twenty-four of the country's most



respected chefs. The show was set to air the next year, in 2010, and millions were expected to watch, which meant that the restaurant would certainly benefit. And then there were the twenty-two employees, many of whom felt like family. Lo often joked with them that she didn't have an exit strategy. But this wasn't the way she wanted it to end. Lo decided to take a chance.

Scism stayed on to help Lo oversee the design and reconstruction, though when Annisa reopened in April 2010, she said goodbye for good. "This was the first time Anita took sole responsibility for the restaurant," says Scism from Maine, where she now lives with her husband. "I used to play bad cop to Anita's good, and now she had to be both. She had to put all sides of her personality out there."

Mise en place

Lo, who grew up the daughter of two doctors in suburban Birmingham, Michigan, was always someone with multiple sides: "I was Asian on the outside and white on the inside," she says. "I know I don't look the part, but I'm actually kind of a WASP."

This was the result of a relatively prosperous childhood and parents who were hell-bent on their children assimilating. Lo's father, Luke, who was originally from Shanghai, died when Lo was three; her mother, Molly, who grew up in a Chinese enclave of Malaysia, quickly remarried an American of German descent. Things weren't always easy in their blended family, but love and respect for food brought them together.

"If you're Chinese, you're going to be interested in food," says Lo. Molly was a passionate cook, often coming home after a fourteen-hour day to put six dishes on the table. She taught Lo to explore culture through her palate, which meant, at home, a mixture of China, Malaysia, Germany, and Hungary, thanks to a nanny who introduced them to dishes like *paprikash* and goulash. "She also had Mexican friends working around the corner, which meant tortillas, rice, and beans," Lo says. "Delicious stuff."

Lo and her family took long, unusual trips abroad. They went to Europe, Iran, Morocco, and Turkey, each destination chosen with a specific dish in mind. Lo ate reindeer in Copenhagen, frites and mussels in Belgium, and an intense, cold sour-yogurt drink in Iran, where Lo and her family were shuttled around in a black limousine. In Malaysia, Lo sampled tart, lychee-like rambutans in her aunt's garden. "I parked myself in front of that tree and didn't

Thought for Food

get up all day," she recalls. Other relatives hosted long, elaborate banquets in China, which the family visited before Nixon did. "For most people I grew up with," says Lo, "an exotic vacation was going to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan or maybe Florida. And here we were going to Tehran. We were freaks." Returning to Michigan was always a letdown. For high school, Lo attended a small progressive school in Massachusetts with an international population. "My family was so 'other," she says. "It was great to be in a place with so many 'others' like me."

After she was accepted to Columbia, where she would major in French, Lo moved to New York, spending time with a high-school friend, Philip Anderson, whose mother, Susan Heller Anderson, was a writer for the *New York Times* food section. Philip had grown up partly in France, and he would feed Lo from a fridge filled with rillettes, cornichons, and other Gallic staples.

"At the time, Columbia's was known as one of the four worst university cafeterias in the country," says Lo. "I wasn't giving in." She moved off campus after her freshman year and learned to cook, starting with her childhood recipes — a mix of curry, *laksa*, chicken *paprikash*, and Chinese dishes — with the occasional splurge on lobster. She moved on to the original *Joy of Cooking*

and early quick-cooking books by Jacques Pépin '70GS and Pierre Franey. By senior year, she was an accomplished amateur.

Between her junior and senior years, Lo took her first trip to France, and spent it at La Varenne, a small but influential cooking school in Paris. She took four consecutive one-week courses, her first formal culinary training, and spent her free time shopping at local markets and treating herself to weekly dinners in city restaurants. "Clearly, I had a knack for cooking, and that experience brought it all together for me," she says. Knowing then that food was going to be more than a hobby, she returned to La Varenne for a short stint after graduating. Back in the states, she found entry-level work at two important TriBeCa restaurants — Bouley, then Chanterelle — whose menus emphasized classical French cooking. In between, she returned to France for a six-month program at the École Ritz Escoffier. At these early jobs, she cemented her basic skills and her work ethic; Daniel Bouley remembers her chopping chives until she could do it without looking at the cutting board. She also gained a classical foundation on which to build her own distinctive style.

Wanting to expand her culinary outlook to include more Eastern flavors, Lo moved to a French-Vietnamese restaurant, Can,



where she met Scism, who was working as a grill cook. But it was when Lo took the helm of a Korean restaurant called Mirezi that she caught the attention of the *New York Times* restaurant critic Ruth Reichl, who praised her inventive dishes and "beautifully arranged food" in a glowing review. After Mirezi closed in 1998, Lo and Scism spent a year traveling the world.

"Anita will eat anything," says Scism, recalling a day in Bangkok when a vendor challenged Lo to eat a cockroach. "At one point, I told her she had a wing stuck in her two front teeth," says Scism with a laugh. "The thing about Anita is, she didn't try the bug because she was challenged; she tried it because she really was curious about how it would taste."

By the time Lo returned to the States, so-called fusion cooking — combining ingredients and techniques from diverse cultures — had become popular. "As far as I was concerned," she writes in her new cookbook, *Cooking Without Borders*, "fusion meant that my identity finally had a name."

As fusion cooking spread, though, it became diluted and took on negative connotations. But for Lo, the concept still had great meaning. "Now we need another word to describe what is, in essence, all cuisine," she writes. "There are no true borders in food. Each cuisine has been affected by another . . . and food, like language, is constantly evolving. It is a living entity that grows and changes at each individual stovetop, at the hands of cooks across the globe."

With that philosophy, Lo, with Scism, opened her own restaurant, Annisa, which means "women" in Arabic. Business was bumpy in the first years, as is to be expected from a new restaurant, but critical success was immediate. The *Times* twice awarded Lo two stars, and a coveted Michelin star followed in 2009, which she has maintained every year since.

Hook and line

Lo typically heads out to her weekend home on the North Fork of Long Island after service Saturday night to recover for a couple of days, often entertaining friends in the business. She rises around noon and says very little until she's fed the dogs and had her first cup of coffee. The kitchen is impeccable, the walls lined with the same white subway tile as Annisa's kitchen.

Out the window is a view of the water, and Lo goes out on it almost every day, on a borrowed eighteen-foot Parker fishing boat with a center console that allows her to walk the perimeter while she fishes for striped bass and bluefish. "I find few things as relaxing," says Lo. "I love it." If she catches something, she'll haul it in and make it the centerpiece of a meal back at the house, sometimes using ingredients from her garden, where she grows herbs and Concord grapes, gooseberries, tomatoes, and sour cherries. "If I had more time, or the birds weren't faster than me, I'd make pie," she says.

Lo keeps a copy of the Annisa menu on hand and uses her downtime to conceive and test new recipes, integrating seasonal ingredients with obscure ones. Often, she is inspired by her surroundings — she cooked the first conch she ever caught, then thought of how she would serve it at the restaurant. But always there is a twist, a global emphasis. Take the seaweed she finds on the beach, for instance: "In Japan, it's called *hijiki*, but if you put lemon, garlic, and olive oil on it, it tastes Mediterranean," says Lo.

Food for thought

Midway through "Nash night," all is smooth. The dining room is humming, and waiters bob and weave their way to the kitchen, where they pick up their next course and chat with Lo. Two years after the fire, a few staff members are new, but almost every single member of the old crowd returned, an exceptional show of

"There are no true borders in food. Each cuisine has been affected by another."

loyalty in a fickle industry. Not that Lo is afraid to act like a boss. "If I need to explain something to you three times, I'm fine with that; it probably means I didn't explain it well the first time," she says. "But if I feel like there's insubordination going on, we've got a problem."

When Lo comes out of the kitchen, there is a flutter in the dining room, as diners crane their necks to get a glimpse of her, the TV star. But she is thinking about Nash. The plate from his first course comes back to the kitchen wiped clean. Lo makes a note, stuffs it into the Nash box, and then it's back to the brains.

Lo gathers the rhubarb into two piles in front of her. One goes into a bowl with some sugar and white balsamic, a quick pickle in the making. Another is poached with wine and spices. Lo prods the dull-pink brains with her index finger, then carves a few ingots of rosy veal tenderloin from a cylinder of meat. She sears the tenderloin in a hot buttered pan, then dredges the brains in flour and flash-fries them, arranging the two proteins on a pristine plate. Next, she plates the rhubarb duo — poached with the loin, pickled with the brains — and adds a rich foie gras-laced sauce and another that's earthy-silky with mushrooms and cream. Finally, a scattering of delicate morels, and the dish is ready for tasting.

Lo summons her cooks. They grab forks and taste the brains — crispy on the outside, creamy on the inside — together with the rest of the elements, a counterpunch of sweet, savory, tart, and rich. The feedback is unanimous: "Outstanding, Chef."

She shakes her head slightly. "Needs tweaking; more acid," she says, handing the plate to the dishwasher. "Work in progress."

Adeena Sussman's writing has appeared in Food & Wine, Martha Stewart Living, Gourmet, and Manhattan Magazine.







By David J. Craig

nterpretive mapmaking in the United States has a spotty history.

The low point, urban planners agree, came in the 1930s, when bureaucrats at the federal Home Owners' Loan Corporation produced maps of some 240 US cities showing each neighborhood's average residential income. The maps were intended to help government officials implement a mortgage-relief program for distressed borrowers, but they turned out to be an ideal tool for those who wished to discriminate. Over the next few decades, private banks used the maps to justify their refusing mortgages to blacks in the poorest areas, on the basis that residents of these neighborhoods could be considered "high-risk." Redlining, as the practice came to be called, was common in many US cities until the 1970s, when it was finally outlawed.

"Those maps were powerful because they were colorful, easy to interpret, and they told a clear story," says Laura Kurgan '90GSAPP, an associate professor of architecture and the director of Columbia's Spatial Information Design Lab (SIDL) at the Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation. "Would bankers have discriminated against residents in those areas anyway? Perhaps. But the maps made it easy. And back then, only small numbers of people had access to social data or the ability to visualize it, so not a lot of thematic maps were made. Those in existence were very influential."

More data, more maps, more stories. More voices participating in a conversation about how to view our cities, address their problems, and serve their residents. That's the goal of Kurgan and her colleagues at SIDL, who, for the past eight years, have been training civic organizations, nonprofit groups, and ordinary citizens to tell their own stories through thematic cartography: the practice of creating maps overlaid with statistical information.

SIDL researchers, working with collaborators around the world, have made maps that show where air quality in Beijing is worst, where traffic congestion in Nairobi could be alleviated, which Los Angeles neighborhoods are most dependent on immigrant labor, and which New York City streets frequently have trash pile up because of missed collections.



They even helped stop a New York City rezoning proposal. In 2009, with the city considering an ordinance to allow high-end commercial tenants into Manhattan's Garment District — on the theory that the physical proximity of garment retailers and suppliers is less important in the Internet age — SIDL researcher Sarah Williams distributed cell phones equipped with global positioning system (GPS) technology to dozens of garment workers. She encouraged them to send SIDL a text every time they made a fabric delivery, trim pickup, or costume inspection. The resulting maps demonstrated that the garment workers were constantly dashing around the eight-block district; the City Council soon shelved the proposal.

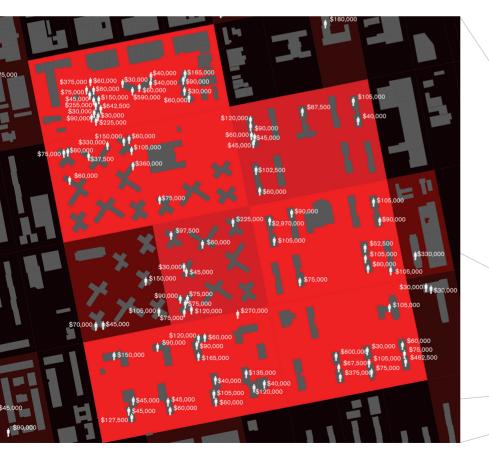
"Some of our collaborators are nonprofit research groups that come to us for help displaying their findings," says Kurgan. "In other cases, as with the garment workers, we're helping citizens collect data and then create visuals to demonstrate something about their lives."

A thematic map, like any tool for presenting statistics, will reveal the biases of the person who produces it. Consider, for example, a crime map. If you were to plot on a map the 150,000 serious crimes that occurred in New York City last year, how would you do it? A map showing one dot per crime would frighten people away from Times Square and Midtown Manhattan. If the data were adjusted

for each neighborhood's population and commercial density, Times Square and Midtown would look safe, and northern Manhattan and northern Brooklyn would appear most dangerous. A map displaying only violent crimes would look different still. Police departments, when deciding where to dispatch their officers, typically use a combination of these mapping strategies.

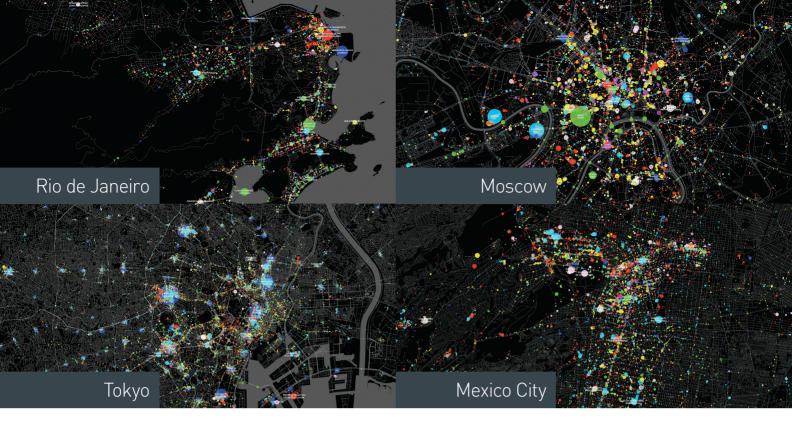
But all those approaches share an underlying assumption: that the best way to stop crime is to see where it happens. In 2005, Kurgan and her SIDL colleagues, together with the Brooklyn-based nonprofit Justice Mapping Center, hit upon an altogether new way of looking at crime. Using statistics from state corrections departments across the US, they created a series of maps showing how much money is spent to incarcerate people from certain inner-city neighborhoods. The maps reveal that in some places the government is spending more than a million dollars annually to imprison people from a single block.

The stark black-and-red matrices that compose SIDL's Million-Dollar Blocks project — several of which are now owned by New York's Museum of Modern Art — are meant to provoke questions, such as, if more investments were made in afterschool programs, parenting classes, or playgrounds in those neighborhoods, could crimes have been prevented and money saved?



Stumbling blocks: SIDL mapmakers, by showing how much public money is being spent to incarcerate people from certain inner-city neighborhoods, hope to make crime-prevention programs seem like better investments. In 2004, New York State spent more than \$1 million to imprison people from the Brooklyn blocks that appear in bright red on this map.





Illuminating experience: In Moscow, shoppers are drifting away from the city center. In Tokyo, nightclubbers are sticking close by the subway lines. In Rio, they flock to Ipanema Beach. These are among the insights of Columbia researchers who mapped the locations of people who use the social-media service Foursquare in these cities and in Beijing, Mexico City, Mumbai, and New York.

"Our goal was to bring the problem of mass incarceration down to the street level," says Kurgan, who notes that the maps, produced for New Orleans, Wichita, Phoenix, and New York, have been periodically updated. "We wanted to show the places, in a granular way, where policies were having an impact, and to create something that could be useful to people who want to change those policies."

Some SIDL projects are less weighty. Last year, Williams programmed her computer to download huge amounts of information from the website of Foursquare, a social-networking service that uses GPS receivers in cell phones to enable subscribers to broadcast their whereabouts to friends. Williams hoped that if she mapped the precise locations of Foursquare updates — information publicly accessible on the service's main page — she might reveal something interesting about life in cities.

For one week in July 2011, a computer in SIDL's office at the architecture school downloaded the content of every Foursquare update from New York City, Moscow, Beijing, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, and Mumbai. By the week's end, people in these cities had posted more than two million updates. Williams, using another computer program she created for the task, then translated the information into dots whose colors represent the type of activity popular at a location — green for outdoor activities, mauve for arts events, yellow for dining, hot pink for nightlife, and so forth — and whose sizes represent the number of Foursquare users engaged in the activity.

The brilliantly colored maps do hint at patterns: in Tokyo, young people in search of nightlife cluster around subway stops; in Rio, they rarely venture from Ipanema beach; and in Moscow, shoppers populate the city's outer rings, where several Western-style megamalls have been built in recent years.

Heading into the project, Williams had expected to find Four-square activity in New York City concentrated in wealthy and white neighborhoods. If this were true, she thought, it would suggest a digital divide in social-media use with implications for, among other things, how city agencies and nonprofits communicate with those who need their services. "Imagine you're a health-care organizer trying to educate people about air-quality problems," she says. "Should you use social media? That's a popular strategy right now. But are people in poor neighborhoods really using these sites? That's difficult to know."

In fact, her map shows that New Yorkers across the entire city, from Chelsea to Harlem and Brownsville to the South Bronx, are using Foursquare regularly. (While most activity occurs in Midtown and Lower Manhattan, the number of updates in those areas is proportional to their density.)

"New York is a social-media city, top to bottom," says Williams, who was recently invited by Mayor Michael Bloomberg's office to show city officials how they might use her methods to learn which public squares and parks are busiest. "We found patterns in the data that you couldn't see before — stories that didn't exist. The maps really make them pop." \(\preceq\)

Douglas Quenqua contributed reporting to this article.



Gustav Klimt's *Judith I*, 1901 (oil on canvas) at the Museo Correr in Venice, Italy

GETTY / MARCO SECCHI

Your on Klimt

In his new book, *The Age of Insight*, University Professor Eric Kandel explores the interface of art and neuroscience through portraits by three turn-of-the-century Austrian painters. "They were embedded in an energetic intellectual period, active in Vienna's famous salons, and influenced by science," he says. "In turn, they had deep psychological insights." Here, the Nobel Prize-winning neuroscientist shares his own insights — into his book, his past, and our love affair with pictures.

Gustav Klimt is essentially an art nouveau artist. He influenced Oskar Kokoschka, the first great Austrian expressionist painter, and Kokoschka later influenced Egon Schiele, who carried expressionism even further. These three artists were uncovering unconscious mental processes in their drawing and painting in parallel with Sigmund Freud and Arthur Schnitzler, who were doing so in their writing. All of them, through their connections in Vienna's salons, were influenced by Carl von Rokitansky, the head of the Vienna School of Medicine.

Rokitansky's motto was "Truths are hidden from the surface." He was attempting to make medicine more scientific; it really hadn't been before. He told his students, "When you examine a patient at the bedside, all you have to go on is the history and physical examination. You hear sounds coming from the heart, but you don't know what those sounds mean. Does an abnormal sound from the heart come from the aortic valve, from the tricuspid valve, the mitral valve?" They didn't know in those days. The only way they could discover the answer was

to correlate their findings from the bedside with what the patient showed in his autopsy after his death. In Vienna, unlike any other city in Europe, everybody who died in the general hospital was autopsied, and the autopsies were done by one person. Rokitansky collaborated with a great clinician, Josef Skoda, and they compared the autopsy results with what they had heard and seen at the bedside. They were able to make sense of the clinical examination and began clinical-pathological correlation, which is the basis of modern scientific medicine.

Rokitansky was later elected to parliament and became a spokesman for science and a public intellectual. His belief that you have to go deep below the skin to really understand what's going on became the leitmotif that guided Freud, Schnitzler, and the three Viennese modernist artists. Don't immediately believe what the patient thinks his illness is about: you have to dig deeper into the unconscious mental process. Freud developed psychoanalysis as a way to understand and explain the nature of unconscious drives.



Of course he missed a number of things. For one, he had limited insight into female sexuality.

But Klimt, a painter of the unconscious, had remarkable insights into female sexuality and was able to enrich our understanding of it. He appreciated that women had an independent sexual existence from that of men, and understood that sexuality is not a pure drive that always exists by itself, but can be fused with aggression. We see this in Klimt's 1901 painting of Judith and Holofernes, which is singular in Western art. (Previous page.) In this story from the Jewish apocrypha, Judith, a modest widow, plans to save her people from Nebuchadnezzar's general Holofernes, whose troops had laid siege to her small town near Jerusalem. She enchants Holofernes, he celebrates and drinks heavily, and she encourages him to take her to his tent. There she seduces him, he falls asleep, and she decapitates him. In Klimt's portrait she hardly appears to be a modest widow. She is in a postorgiastic phase, fondling his head, which is barely visible in the corner. The picture, which fuses eroticism with aggression, is an unprecedentedly modern depiction of the femme fatale. Klimt reveals that the power of women can be frightening and, with the decapitation, anticipates Freud's writings about castration anxiety.

This cross-pollination of scientific and artistic ideas was carried further by Klimt's presence in the salon of Berta Zuckerkandl, whose husband, Emil Zuckerkandl, was a great anatomist and pathologist who worked with



Klimt, a painter of the unconscious, had remarkable insights into female sexuality and was able to enrich our understanding of it.

> Rokitansky. Berta was an art historian, an art critic, and an enthusiastic supporter of Klimt. The Zuckerkandls introduced Klimt to biology, and he became fascinated with it. He read Darwin, attended Rokitansky's lectures and dissections, looked through the microscope, and began to incorporate images of cells and other structures into his paintings. The oval shapes you see as decorative elements in some of the paintings were meant to represent ova, for instance, and rectangular shapes were his symbols for sperm.

> You see this in his painting *The Kiss*, and most explicitly in the painting Danaë, wherein Zeus impregnates Danaë in a shower of golden coins. Rectangular symbols indicate that the coins are really sperm. She's like a reproductive machine; as the viewer moves from the

left side of the canvas to the right, Danaë turns the rectangular sperm and circular ova into fertilized embryos, symbolizing conception.

One of the cornerstones of psychoanalytic thought is that the way to explore other people's unconscious minds is to first explore your own. The Interpretation of Dreams is essentially Freud's self-analysis. Klimt never painted any self-portraits or even portraits of men. He painted women exclusively.

By contrast, Kokoschka did a number of self-portraits and depicted himself in a very honest way, particularly in The Tempest. There he painted himself with his lover, Alma Mahler. She is depicted as calm amidst a storm, serene and asleep, whereas he is collapsed in rigid and helpless anxiety. This theme of vulnerability and self-exposure is carried to an extreme by Schiele, who constantly depicts himself, often nude, to explore existential anxiety — the conflicts of everyday life.

We, the beholders

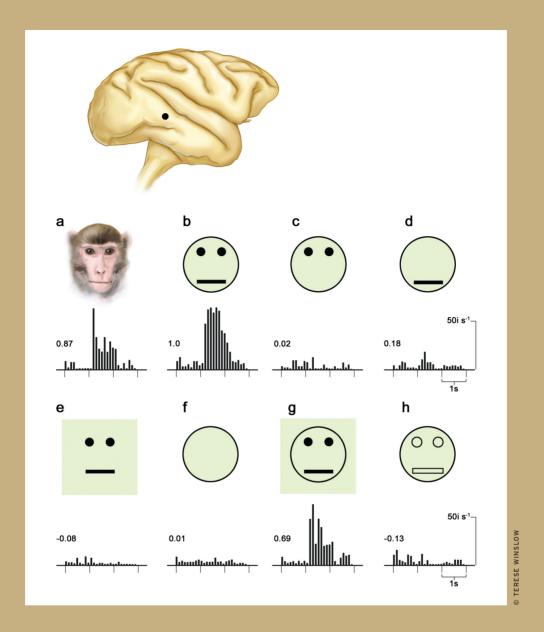
These interactions of artists with medical and biological modes of thought raised the question: how do you bring artistic and scientific understanding together?

Freud tried, but wasn't successful. The first person to succeed was Alois Riegl. One of the leaders of the Vienna School of Art History, Riegl wanted to make art history more scientific and to align science with psychology. He thought that the scientific aim of the art historian should be to explain how the beholder responds to a work of art. Riegl showed that in the Renaissance a lot of paintings were inwardly directed both psychologically and pictorially. (He used Masaccio's Trinity in Santa Maria Novella in Florence as an example of a painting that did not attempt to bring the viewer into the picture's narrative.) Later, in the paintings of Frans Hals and other Dutch painters, figures point outward and bring the viewer in. The psychoanalyst and art historian Ernst Kris and the art historian Ernst Gombrich together directed themselves to the beholder's response. They argued that any work of art is inherently ambiguous; each of us has different interpretations. We, the beholders, recapitulate in our own heads the artist's creative steps, albeit on a lesser scale.

This was a profound insight, because it pointed out that the brain is a creativity machine. It gets incomplete information and structures it in a realistic way. Some of this is determined by our genes; that's why we all see the universe pretty much the same way. But there are important individual differences that are determined in part by our own experience, such as the way we resolve ambiguous stimuli. Gombrich picked up on this theme,



Gustav Klimt's *Danäe*, 1907–08 (oil on canvas)



Monkey see, monkey fire neuron

There is a large area of the brain that is concerned with faces. Scientists have done imaging experiments demonstrating that a certain area lights up when you show a subject a face, but not, say, when you show pictures of a house. Others have done imaging experiments with macaque monkeys.

The monkey experiments are fascinating. If you show a monkey the face of a monkey, a cell fires. If you show a monkey a cartoon of the face, it fires even more dramatically, because the image is an exaggeration. But you have to show the monkey the entire face: if you leave out the mouth or the eyes, the cell doesn't respond.

Nor do cells respond if you turn the face upside down. But if you exaggerate the face by pushing the eyes apart or pulling them closer together, the cells go wild.

In 1996 the Italian neurophysiologist Giacomo Rizzolatti discovered that there are other areas of the brain in the supplementary motor cortex involved in responding to simulation. There are two areas that have a population of cells called mirror neurons that respond in a monkey's brain (and perhaps in the human brain) not only when the monkey picks up a peanut, but when *you* pick up a peanut. They respond to other people's actions.

— EK



which Kris developed by focusing on ambiguous figures and showing how we could look at something and be completely tricked by what we see. In a sense, an important part of figurative painting involves convincing the beholder that the two-dimensional canvas actually conveys three-dimensional information. This is key: it opens up a way for biology to help explain how the beholder reconstructs the image in his or her mind.

The face that launched \$135 million

When you stand in front of a work of art, you often feel a sense of simulation. You feel it in your body. There's reason to believe that mirror neurons mediate a component of that. (See sidebar, left.) Other areas of the brain are involved in empathy — how you respond to emotional aspects of facial expressions.

We even have an idea of why people fall in love with works of art. What accounts for Ronald Lauder's paying \$135 million in 2006 for Klimt's portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer, the painting on the dust jacket of *The Age* of Insight?

Love of art involves a number of brain systems, but it particularly involves the brain chemical dopamine, which modulates almost all components of enjoying a work of art. The dopaminergic system is recruited for love, for addiction, for food, for sex — all positive, pleasurable reinforcements. If you show somebody a picture of his or her love object, the dopaminergic cells fire very actively. If you're rejected in a romantic relationship and you're shown a picture of your unrequited love, the cell response is even wilder.

I've been asked if this reductionist approach risks taking the magic out of art. To me, not in the slightest. We know a lot about the heart, for instance: we know it's a muscular pump, we know how it works, we know how to fix it. Does it make it any less romantic? If you read Karl Vietor's commentary on Goethe's Faust or Harold Bloom's on Shakespeare, it helps you understand the work of those poets better, but it doesn't take the magic out of your aesthetic response. An analysis is an additional insight into certain aspects of the art. It works in parallel with other processes.

There are other people who feel that as neurobiology comes along, psychology is going to become passé. I don't for a moment feel that way. Without good psychology, you can't have meaningful neurobiology. Without a psychology of perception, where can neurobiology of vision begin?

It's obvious that artists are psychologists. They have insight into human nature.

Closing the circle

I am Viennese, and I am interested in Vienna for obvious reasons. But my involvement with it is complicated. I have great disdain for the Vienna of 1938 and 1939, a terribly traumatic period for me. In part, my book is sort of an attempt to come to grips with posttraumatic stress, to work it through. My wife, who was hiding in the south of France during the war, has a similar obsession. She also had more difficult experiences than I, even though the French were more helpful to Jews than the Austrians were. She has a more positive attitude toward the French than I have toward the Viennese.

My attitude toward contemporary Austrians is changing, however, because they are changing. When I won the Nobel Prize in 2000, the phone rang off the hook. A lot of the calls were from Vienna. One newspaper reporter said, "Ah, isn't it wonderful: another Austrian Nobel Prize." I reminded him that this was an American Nobel Prize — an American Jewish Nobel Prize.

I was soon contacted by the president of Austria at the time, Thomas Klestil, who wanted to know how his country could recognize me. I told him that recognition was not what I needed. What I wanted was to

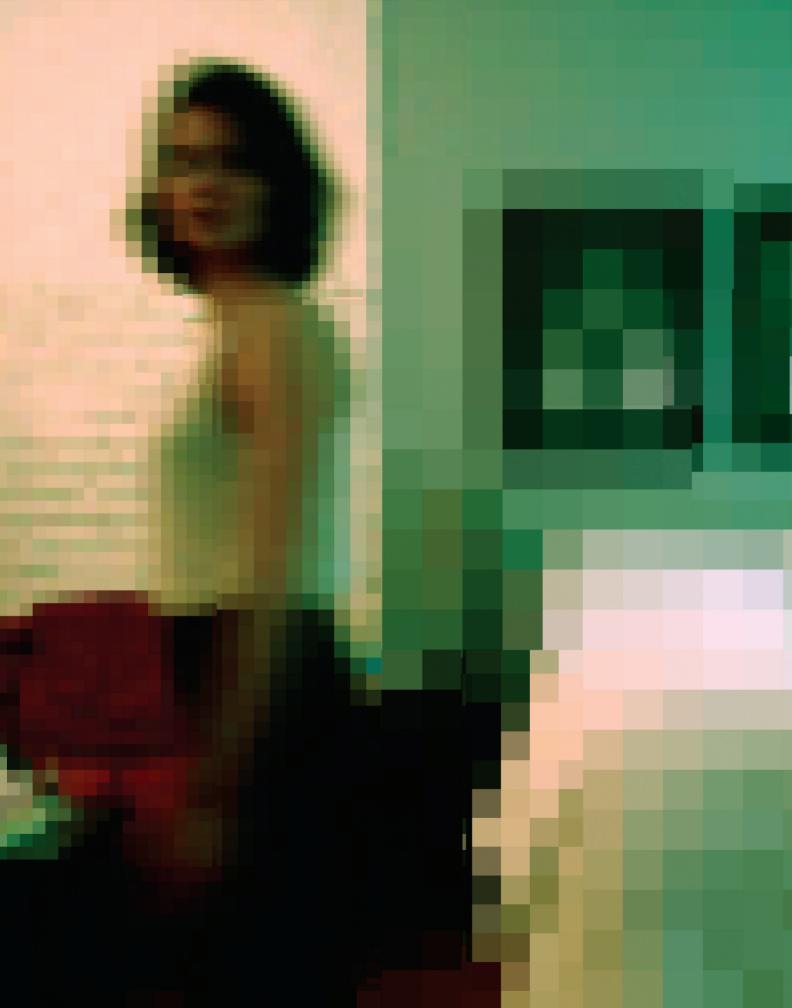
What accounts for Ronald Lauder's paying \$135 million in 2006 for Klimt's portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer?

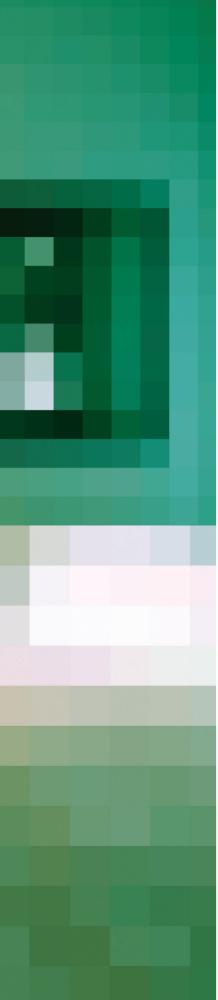


have a symposium at the University of Vienna on the response of Austria to National Socialism. Klestil put me in touch with the minister of culture, who set aside the necessary funds. With the help of my friend and colleague Fritz Stern, we organized what turned out to be a strong and interesting symposium.

But while I was there, I was struck that the University of Vienna sits on the part of the Ringstrasse called the Karl-Lueger-Ring, named for the turn-of-the-century mayor of Vienna whose anti-Semitic platform was such an inspiration to Hitler that he adopted it himself. Several of us began to publicly object to the idea that the university should sit on a street with such a name, and we urged them to change the name to Universitätsring — University Ring.

The Austrians waltzed around the decision for years. Finally, just this spring, the city council, with support from the current president of Austria, Heinz Fischer, a marvelous progressive leader, approved changing the name. The old signs will come down and the new signs will go up in September. 🝲





two laptops

fiction by ed park

1.

Something has changed in my life. With my face, I should say. I don't know when it happened. My features look like they're slowly sliding off — some to the left, some to the right. Bits even seem to be heading north. It's not like I spend my days thinking about this migration, but sometimes I'll see the change in a photograph, catch it in the mirror. In horror, my face will scramble to right itself, the eyes moving back in place, the nose straightening, the lips losing their droop.

2.

But of course everything is changing. Cortright, my fourteen-year-old son, wants to become a rock star. He can't carry a tune and has no rhythm. He's tried to play guitar, keyboards, drums, trumpet, violin. He doesn't like being called Cortright anymore, nor Cort. He hates his name and wants to be called C-Love. Better yet, he says, don't call me anything. He's a strange kid, but it could be worse.

3

After my wife left me, I took a Mediterranean cruise by myself. It was unseasonably cold, and I rarely left my cabin, even for meals. I had never been on a cruise before, but I thought that countering the dramatic change of Linda's departure with another dramatic change — i.e., being at sea — was a good idea. Something along the lines of two wrongs making a right. It was a terrible idea. I don't know what I was thinking. I must have been out of my mind.

4.

Linda left me for Cortright's old piano teacher, a woman. I don't know how I feel about this. Well, I feel bad, but the precise nature of the badness is elusive. Had I been holding her back? Did Linda always favor women, and if so, why had she agreed to marry me in the first place? Maybe it meant that I had feminine qualities. I don't think I do, but it's possible.

I for one have felt some attraction to Cortright's former guitar instructor, also a woman, incidentally. She always wore an old tie-dyed shirt, the pattern in front like the Spiral Jetty. Her favorite group was Moby Grape. She was just over half my age but looked and moved like an old hippie.

6

When it was clear that Cortright had no musical talent, we stopped the lessons. We thought maybe he would want to do sports instead. This was also a failure. One day, he said he liked computers, so Linda signed him up for a class at the community college by the airport. I gave him my old laptop. He mostly watched YouTube, teenagers covering songs he liked, shooting emotional glances into the tiny laptop lens.

Once when I was home sick from work, I logged on and saw that he'd been leaving negative comments on these performances. By negative I mean nasty. He was leaving them under the name CLove2012. This was back in 2010. Is something supposed to happen in 2012?

Linda and her companion live on the same block as me. In fact, they're more or less across the street, in the brownstone right next to the one across from my building. They have no curtains. The angle is such that I can only see some of their furniture. When the lights are on. The lights aren't on all the time.

It's not that I look every night. At first I did. I looked every hour. All I did was look. I rarely saw Linda, but when I did I became all pulse and thought I'd faint. She looked so beautiful in this miniature form. Years had been taken off her age. Meanwhile, my face was shifting, creeping out of symmetry.

I didn't know what to do. It all felt illegal and thrilling. Once Cort walked into the room while I was at the window, standing in my boxers.

- "That's not Mom," he said. He switched off, living one day with his mother, one day with me.
- "What?"
- "Where you're looking. She's on the second floor."
- The second floor was doused in drapes.
- "Are you sure?"
- "Those are the Chung-Ruizes. The mom is a doctor. The dad is a doctor, too."
- "They have kids?"
- "A little baby named Raoul."
- "So I was spying on Dr. Chung-Ruiz. Does she look like Mom?"
- "Not really," my son said.
- I felt my face shift a little more.



9

When Cortright — I'm sorry, I cannot call him C-Love — is staying with Linda and the piano teacher, he brings his laptop with him. He has a small room there, filled with all the instruments he cannot play. Sometimes he'll Skype with me. The picture is unstable and the sound gets scratchy and so we hang up after a few minutes.

I don't know whether the problem is with their network or mine, or whether we're on the same network, or even really what a network is. But Cort's face will go metallic, bits of it gray and bits of it green, and big chunks of the image will fall out, so it looks like I'm seeing his skull.

At the same time, I'm breaking up in front of his eyes. Although the way he describes it, it's just that the room I'm in is getting brighter and brighter until I disappear into the walls.

10

Last night, I came home from work and turned on the news. My son was already in his room, lost in music. I wanted to check e-mail, even though I'd checked it just before leaving the office a half hour before, not to mention on the way from the office to the subway, twenty-five minutes earlier, and on the short walk from the station to my apartment, three minutes ago.

There's no one I'm expecting to hear from. I suppose I'm waiting to hear from someone I'm not expecting.

CNN hummed in the background, mixing with Cort's acid loops. I placed a frozen burrito into the microwave and entered a random unit of time. My computer was on now, but it wasn't showing my usual desktop. I was looking into a space I'd never seen before. Linda moved from one side of the screen to the other, disappearing as she exited each edge. She was saying something, but I couldn't hear. She didn't look particularly beautiful or luminous, different in any way. She didn't look happier or sadder. She looked absolutely the same. Then the scene corroded, bits of gray and bits of green.

Cortright emerged from his lair and said he'd left his laptop at his mom's place, that he was going over to get it. I told him his dinner was in the microwave; he should eat before it got cold. I wanted to buy some more time, to look at Linda exactly as she was. This was something I wouldn't be seeing again.

Ed Park '95SOA is the author of the novel Personal Days and a cofounder of the Believer, as well as an adjunct professor in the School of the Arts. "Two Laptops" was written for and read at Columbia Magazine's second annual Lit Night, held in April.

NEWS

Valentini named College dean

James J. Valentini, a chemistry professor and former department chair who stepped in as Columbia College's interim dean following the resignation of Michele Moody-Adams last fall, has been officially appointed the sixteenth dean of the College and vice president of undergraduate education.

"This is the ideal job for me. I love this job," Valentini recently told the *Columbia Spectator*. "I love the students. I love the faculty. I'm going to try to live up to the expectations people have for me."

President Lee C. Bollinger, in an e-mail announcing Valentini's appointment on June 11, praised his "inclusive leadership style." He wrote: "Jim's many notable strengths as a scholar, teacher, administrator, and recognized leader of the College community made him the unanimous selection of an advisory committee that considered several very impressive internal candidates as finalists for the deanship."

Valentini, who grew up in the small town of Lafferty, Ohio, and was the first member of his family to attend college, has been a member of the Columbia faculty since 1990. An expert in chemical-reaction dynamics, he was previously a researcher at Los Alamos National Laboratory and a chemistry professor at the University of California, Irvine.

At Columbia, he has held many administrative roles. In addition to chairing the chemistry department from 2005 to 2008 and directing the department's undergraduate studies, he has chaired the Arts and Sciences Academic Review Committee and the College Committee on Science Instruction. He has also served on the Committee on the Core, the College Committee on Instruction, the Alumni Association Board, the Presidential Advisory Committee on Diversity Initiatives, and the University Senate.

As interim dean of the College this past academic year, Valentini earned a reputation for being remarkably accessible to students. Soon after being named to the post, he held town hall–style meetings, began writing a blog, and created a special e-mail account that students could use to send him ideas. He also embraced the nickname "Deantini," which was chosen for him by students in an online competition and is now engraved on a glass nameplate on his desk in Hamilton Hall.

"His open-door policy creating regular opportunities for students to express their views already has endeared 'Deantini' to the undergraduate student body and has energized this central part of the University community," Bollinger wrote.

University announces new effort to increase faculty diversity

Columbia, as part of an ongoing effort to diversify its faculty, has announced that it is setting aside \$30 million to recruit professors from minority groups traditionally underrepresented in American higher education, as well as women in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics.

Funds will also support the academic careers of underrepresented students, post-doctoral researchers, and junior faculty. Half the monies will come from the University's central administration, through the provost's office. Columbia's schools will chip in the rest.

The goal, wrote President Lee C. Bollinger and Provost John H. Coatsworth in an April 2 announcement, is to build a faculty that "more closely reflects the composition of the national pool of qualified candidates."

Over the years, the University has made a significant effort to diversify its faculty, especially in the Arts and Sciences; since 2004, the Faculty of Arts and Sciences has hired about thirty scholars from underrepresented groups. "Columbia has made notable progress in attracting, recruiting, and retaining talented faculty from underrepresented groups, but there is more to be done," says Andrew Davidson, vice provost for academic planning, who is leading this effort. "These investments give us the opportunity to keep up the momentum."

The new effort, he says, will broaden the undertaking to include all of Columbia's schools. He recently sat down with deans across Columbia to review the composition of their faculties.

"John Coatsworth and I understand that each school has different needs and cir-



Vice provost Andrew Davidson, pictured with nursing dean Bobbie Berkowitz, is leading an effort to increase the racial and gender diversity of Columbia faculty.

Valentini's appointment was recommended by a search committee chaired by ecology professor Ruth DeFries. The committee also included professors Christopher Brown, Robert O'Meally, Cathy Popkin, Thomas DiPrete, Stuart Firestein, Christia Mercer, and Norma Graham; alumni Kyra Barry '87CC and Yale Fergang '87CC, '88SEAS; and students J. T. Ramseur, Mary Kircher, and Karishma Habbu.

"Jim impressed the committee with the depth of his understanding of Columbia College and the clarity of his thinking about the future of undergraduate education here," wrote the committee members in a June 11 letter to the University community. "We were struck in particular by his appreciation of the contributions of all members of the community — students, alumni, faculty, and administration — in making Columbia College a world-class liberal arts learning environment.

"Jim is also firmly committed to ensuring that all Columbia College students are able to avail themselves of academic opportunities, regardless of their financial circumstances," the letter continues. "In his nine months as interim dean, Jim Valentini has set the highest standards for transparency and integrity in the governance of the College and of the Arts and Sciences. He has brought energy and creativity to every task."



James J. Valentini, seen here chatting with students at the Dean's Scholarship Reception in February, earned high marks as interim dean of the College this past academic year.

cumstances," Davidson says. "We asked each school to develop its own three-year strategic plan to enhance the diversity of its tenured and tenure-track faculty, shaped according to its specific situation.

"All Columbia schools are choosing to emphasize the recruitment of faculty members from underrepresented groups," Davidson continues. "On top of this, some schools are focusing on the recruitment of postdocs as a possible pathway to enhance the diversity of their faculties, while others are concentrating on work earlier in the pipeline."

Columbia's schools will compete for the new funding; the provost will appoint a committee of senior faculty to review recruitment proposals and make recommendations. Proposals will be judged on candidates' scholarly excellence and their potential to contribute to Columbia's diversity mission through teaching, research, and service.

The provost's office is also renewing a program that offers small grants to junior faculty who contribute to the diversity goals of the University, providing some support for doctoral students, and offering internships that will serve as a bridge for outstanding undergraduates to go on to PhD programs. In addition, Davidson is working with Columbia's schools to expand their mentoring programs for young academics. "We want to make sure that senior faculty are being paired with younger counterparts to show them the ropes," says Davidson, who, as the longtime executive vice dean of the Mailman School of Public Health, created a mentoring program there. "Everybody needs help at first. They need to ask a more experienced person, 'What is the best conference for me to attend? Should I go for another grant right now, or should I focus on publishing my next paper? What do I need to do to get promoted?"

Bobbie Berkowitz, the dean of the School of Nursing, says the availability of the new funds will help her school compete for outstanding minority faculty candidates, whose value on the academic job market is often quite high.

"Most faculty at schools of nursing are not racial or ethnic minorities," she says. "So the competition to recruit these individuals can be formidable. Now, having this money set aside for increasing faculty diversity, we're going to be in an even better position to hire the best candidates."

To read the University's full announcement, visit news.columbia.edu/home/2722.

Geophysicist Sean C. Solomon appointed director of Lamont-Doherty

Sean C. Solomon can tell you a lot about a planet by looking at its surface. Smooth plains? The sign of lava flow, and thus a fiery interior. Long vertical cracks? A side effect of heat expansion. Mountainous ridges? Left behind a few billion years ago after the planet cooled and deflated.

"In my field, you learn to make good use of all of the evidence you have," says Solomon, "because it certainly isn't easy to get."

Solomon, a geophysicist who is internationally renowned for his studies of Mercury, Venus, and Mars, was recently named director of Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory (LDEO). Located on a 157-acre campus in Palisades, New York, LDEO is home to two hundred geologists, seismologists, oceanographers, and climatologists.

"I've admired Lamont my whole career," says Solomon. "It is a pillar of earth science and a very special place. The scientists here are true explorers — fiercely independent and creative."

If it seems odd that a space researcher would be picked to lead a group of earth and environmental scientists, Solomon can explain: the study of Earth and the study of other planets are closely related, and have always informed each other. LDEO seismologists, he points out, were the first to measure seismic signals on a celestial body other than Earth, when Neil Armstrong and his *Apollo 11* crew delivered their instruments to the moon in 1969.

"Back then, Lamont studies on Earth's plate tectonics and the moon were revolutionizing our understanding of how all planets evolve," he says. "A lot of the seismology work done at Columbia in the 1960s actually inspired me to go into geophysics."

Great shakes

Early in his career, Solomon conducted research on Earth's plate tectonics, earning his PhD in geophysics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1971. He stayed on there for another two decades to teach and oversee one of the earliest ocean-bottom seismology labs. Solomon and his graduate students, by placing instruments on the bottom of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, gained insights into how the shifting and grinding of tectonic plates create new crust.

Solomon then used his knowledge of Earth's plate tectonics to explain the development of other celestial bodies. In 1978, he published a paper in the journal *Geophysical Research Letters* theorizing that billions of years ago, the moon, Mercury, and Mars — relatively small bodies that do not appear to have multiple tectonic plates — each began cooling and contracting at a pace roughly associated with its size and internal temperature. Over the years, additional research on the moon, Mercury, and Mars has supported Solomon's argument.

"Sean's model still represents the paradigm today, which is absolutely amazing," says G. Michael Purdy, a geophysicist who was LDEO's director from 2000 to 2011. "Most papers in our field are made irrelevant within five or ten years, because the field is young and our knowledge is rapidly improving."

CAA Turkey event brings travel to a new level

A highlight of this May's CAA Global Event in Istanbul came when Ipek Cem Taha '93SIPA, '93BUS, the founding director of the Columbia Global Center in Turkey, moderated a frank discussion on Turkey's "paths to the future." The audience of more than 250 included newly admitted Columbia students and their families, alumni of other American universities, the broader Columbia alumni community living in Turkey, and visiting alumni and faculty. The panel members, all leaders in their fields - television host and German government adviser Ali Aslan '00JRN, '01SIPA; publisher Vuslat Dogan Sabanci '96SIPA; architect Nazli Gönensay Akbaygil '94GSAPP; and Internet entrepreneur Emre Kurttepeli '90SEAS - wrestled with such issues as

women's and minority rights, the place of religion in politics, how to preserve Turkish identity amid slapdash development in Istanbul, and how Europe sees Turkey.

Five days of CAA programming also included architecture tours featuring Columbia art historian Holger Klein and a conversation on arts and archiving with School of the Arts dean Carol Becker and SALT gallery director Vasif Kortun. "The collaboration with the global center and Ilknur Aslan ['98SIPA], president of the Columbia Club of Turkey, brought this event to a new level," says Ilene Markay-Hallack, the Office of Alumni and Development's executive director for University events and programs. "Our colleagues in Istanbul opened doors to a kind of Turkish Core Curriculum for us."



Vuslat Dogan Sabancı '96SIPA, chairwoman of the board of the Hürriyet Publishing and Printing Company, spoke about Turkey's future at a CAA Global panel discussion.



Sean C. Solomon

Solomon, 66, currently serves as principal investigator of NASA's *Messenger* mission to Mercury and co-investigator of NASA's *Grail* spacecraft mission to the moon.

The *Messenger* spacecraft, which entered orbit around Mercury last fall after a nearly seven-year journey to the innermost planet in our solar system, is now mapping the planet's surface and taking spectrometer measurements to assess its chemical composition and that of its thin atmosphere.

"These observations will tell us more about the planet's history and how it has been changing," says Solomon. "And this, in turn, will tell us more about how all planets evolve — including our own."

Our future planet

Solomon came to Columbia July 1, succeeding LDEO interim director Arthur Lerner-Lam, a seismologist who stepped into that position last year when Purdy was named the University's executive vice president for research. Solomon was previously a research scientist and director emeritus at the Carnegie Institution in Washington, DC.

Solomon says he does not expect to make radical changes at LDEO: "I'm definitely not coming to Columbia with a particular agenda to strengthen planetary science. Might I like to see some new areas of research grow here? Sure. But those types of priorities will be developed in consultation with my new colleagues. My primary goal is to preserve Lamont's existing strengths and nurture them."

One of the reasons he came to Columbia, Solomon says, is that he believes in the mission of its Earth Institute, a University-wide enterprise that brings together researchers whose work has the potential to improve environmental, social, and economic sustainability, especially in the world's poorest countries. (Solomon served on the advisory board of the Earth Institute, which encompasses LDEO, from 2004 until last year.)

"I think it's a wonderful model — to take our scientific knowledge and use it to address the future state of our planet, whether this pertains to resource management, public health, poverty amelioration, or climate-change mitigation," says Solomon. "I believe this is the way scientists at an international university should be approaching their work."

In search of a cure, for love

Herbert and Florence Irving, who are Columbia University Medical Center's leading benefactors, have committed to give \$40 million to the Herbert Irving Comprehensive Cancer Center, which encompasses all cancer-related research, patient care, education, and prevention efforts at CUMC and its partner, New York–Presbyterian Hospital/Columbia.

With their new gift, the Irvings have given a total of nearly \$200 million to CUMC and the teaching hospital, of which \$177 million has been dedicated to cancer-related programs.

The Irvings say they are inspired to finance cancer research because of their own good fortune to be alive and in love after more than seven decades together. "The global prevalence of cancer, and how it robs people of precious time with loved ones," says Herbert, "is what motivates us."

In a recent Wall Street Journal profile of the couple, reporter Melanie Grayce West '05JRN recounted intimate details of their romance: how when Herbert was stationed in Europe during World War II, his young wife mailed him large packages of sardines, herring, and candy that overflowed from his pup tent; how they were once so poor that they ate dinner nightly at Florence's mother's home in Brooklyn; and how, after the war, they bought a house on the GI Bill, settled in Long Island, and raised a family.

When in 1969 Herbert cofounded Sysco Corporation, now the largest food-service



Herbert and Florence Irving

distributor in the US, he and his wife never imagined becoming wealthy philanthropists.

"In between is a lifetime," Herbert told the *Journal*. "These things happen little by little."



Win the Future

"Here, whatever your field of inquiry, you've seen the best that humanity has to offer," said President Lee C. Bollinger to the more than 11,000 degree candidates and 20,000 guests who gathered around Low Plaza for Columbia's 258th Commencement on May 16, "which means you have internalized a standard of excellence against which you can always measure your and others' efforts."

In his annual address, Bollinger spoke of a world whose connectedness via the Internet, while improving "the abilities of social movements to challenge entrenched authorities," brings new responsibilities for its people. In the "open marketplace of ideas," he said, "you have to win the future every day. You have to par-



ticipate. You have to speak. You have to make your case against others, especially against dangerous ideas." The inclusiveness of contemporary public debate, he said, underscores the importance of education: "When everyone can speak, we all have an interest in the quality of mind everyone brings to the discussion. If people are vulnerable to being fooled by falsehoods and deluded by deceits, we

Bollinger then conferred honorary degrees on jazz composer Muhal Richard Abrams, former Chilean president Michelle Bachelet, biomedical engineer Shu Chien, Latin American scholar Jean Franco, University of Pennsylvania president Amy Gutmann, and author and activist Gloria Steinem. The University Medal for Excellence, awarded annually to an outstanding alum under the age of forty-five, was presented to Thomas Kitt '96CC, a musical director, composer, conductor, and arranger on Broadway. Two days earlier, US president Barack Obama '83CC was



in Morningside Heights to deliver Barnard College's Commencement address and to receive that college's highest honor, the Medal of Distinction.

Bollinger would save his highest praise for the graduates.

"I close by saying in complete candor and with the utmost confidence that you, the Class of 2012, are the most intelligent and attractive graduating class we have ever seen." Bollinger paused, perhaps to think of the prior 257 classes. "Definitely the most attractive, in any event."





Photographs by Eileen Barroso







Gac Filipaj '12GS

An honorable life

Gac Filipaj had nearly finished law school in his home country of Yugoslavia when war broke out there in 1992. Facing conscription into the Serb army, he fled to the United States as a political refugee.

He arrived in New York City speaking no English and with no job prospects. He took work as a janitor at Columbia because the position, in addition to paying him enough to help support his parents and siblings — ethnic Albanian dairy farmers back in a tiny village in Montenegro — would enable him to take classes for free.

This spring, after nineteen years juggling his custodial duties with part-time course work — that's seven years of English-language instruction followed by another twelve of ancient Greek, Latin, poetry, ethics, and philosophy — the fifty-two-year-old Filipaj donned a cap and gown to receive a bachelor's degree in classics, with honors, from the College of General Studies.

"It was the happiest moment of my life," says Filipaj '12GS.

Few people have spent more hours on the Morningside campus in the past two decades than Filipaj. He arrives early most mornings, backpack over his shoulder, to attend class. At 2 p.m., he changes into his blue coveralls to work his shift at Lerner Hall, which runs until 10:30 p.m. And then it's time for homework: he takes the subway back to his Bronx apartment and studies late into the night.

Filipaj became a minor celebrity on campus in the days leading up to Commencement, as ABC News, CBS News, the Associated Press, and National Public Radio dug into his story: how the lifelong bachelor still sends most of his earnings back to his family, how he lived without a computer until last year and wrote his papers longhand, and how he plans to continue working here while pursuing a master's degree in philosophy. "This story is so amazing," wrote the *New York Daily News*, "it's hard to know where to begin."

After receiving his diploma at the College of General Studies graduation ceremony on May 13, Filipaj walked off the podium onto South Lawn to a loud chorus of cheers. Donald Schlosser, the University's assistant vice president of facility operations, along with several of Filipaj's coworkers, were there to embrace him.

Filipaj says he was initially apprehensive about all the media attention. But he gave some compelling interviews. What is the most important lesson he learned in school? "I thought I knew a lot, but I came to know I know almost nothing," he told *Bwog*. His favorite philosopher? "Seneca," he told ABC News. "Because his letters are written in the spirit in which I was educated in my family: not to look for fame and fortune, but to have a simple, honest, honorable life."

At medical campus, education with a view

Columbia University Medical Center has released architectural plans for its new education building on Haven Avenue, between West 171st and West 172nd Streets, on its campus in Washington Heights. The fourteen-story building, designed by the firm Diller Scofidio + Renfro in collaboration with Gensler as executive architect, will have a glass façade on its southern side, exposing a cascade of stairs and several interconnecting social spaces and study areas.

Outside, a large terrace and new green space will overlook the Hudson River. Inside, on the northern side of the building, there will be classrooms, an auditorium, offices, and a high-tech simulation center where medical students will hone their clinical skills by working on mannequins and using virtual-learning techniques.

"The new Medical and Graduate Education Building will be the social and academic anchor of the CUMC campus," says Elizabeth Diller, the principal in charge of the project for Diller Scofidio + Renfro. "Spaces for education and socializing are intertwined to encourage new forms of collaborative learning among students and faculty."

The building, which is expected to be completed by 2017, will serve medical and graduate students at all four CUMC schools — physicians and surgeons, nursing, public health, and dental medicine - as well as students in the biomedical departments of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. It is supported by a lead gift of \$50 million from P. Roy Vagelos '54PS and his wife, Diana Vagelos '55BC, announced in 2010.

Visit cumc.columbia.edu/news-room.



A new education building at Columbia's medical campus, seen in this rendering facing north, is being designed by Diller Scofidio + Renfro.

Mass appeal

It will be the most important physics discovery in 50 years. If scientists at the Large Hadron Collider near Geneva, Switzerland, are able to confirm the existence of the hypothetical Higgs boson, as is widely expected to happen soon, it will explain why all other elementary particles have mass. This will uphold the Standard



Columbia physicists Amber Miller, Michael Tuts, and Brian Greene discuss the search for the elementary particle known as the Higgs boson at a World Leaders Forum event.

Model of particle physics, which is the most widely accepted theory of how subatomic particles interact. But what if they don't find the Higgs?

"Well, it's one of those great win-win situations," said Brian Greene during a recent panel conversation with fellow Columbia physicists Amber Miller and Michael Tuts, along with Scientific American editor in chief Mariette DiChristina and New York Times science reporter Dennis Overbye. "If they find it, it will be an amazing moment because it will confirm an idea — a purely mathematical idea that tells us that space may be filled with a molasses-like substance through which everything moves — that has been on the table since the 1960s. If they don't find it, it will be amazing because it will force us back to the drawing board to think of what other explanation we may have for this manifest feature of reality — that particles have mass."

Tuts, who manages some four hundred physicists searching for the Higgs at the Large Hadron Collider, said that he and his colleagues who are now smashing together protons in a seventeenmile-long circular tunnel are on the lookout for anything unusual: "Our job is to make sure that no matter what our theoretical friends predict, we're ready and capable of finding whatever is out there. The most exciting thing, of course, would be to find something totally unexpected."

For video, visit news.columbia.edu/oncampus/2756.

In brief

Manhattanville goes platinum

The US Green Building Council recently awarded Columbia its LEED Platinum certification — the council's highest rating — in the "neighborhood development" category for the University's plan to build a seventeen-acre campus in Manhattan-ville. This marks the first time the council has ever awarded its Platinum certification to a university campus plan.

Columbia was praised for the energy efficiency of its slated facilities; the clean, quiet, and low-emission construction work now taking place there; and the University's commitment to making the new campus open and accessible to neighbors.

"The Manhattanville campus will help usher in a new era of development of smarter, healthier communities across the globe," said US Green Building Council president and cofounder Rick Fedrizzi.

Hearts and mind

Columbia medical researchers led by Donald Edmondson have found that one in eight people who suffer a heart attack or other acute coronary event go on to experience posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD) as a result. The meta-analysis of twenty-four studies shows that heart patients who develop PTSD double their risk of having another cardiac event within one to three years.

The findings suggest that posttraumatic stress might arise from any life-threatening event, says Edmondson, whose study was published June 20 in the online journal *PLoS One*. "The underlying similarity between heart attacks, combat experiences, and even witnessing other people going through violence is that the person experiences the threat of mortality and feels out of control," he says.

Wrongful death?

In 1986, a twenty-six-year-old man named Carlos DeLuna was executed in Texas for the murder of a convenience-store clerk. This spring, Columbia Law School professor James Liebman and a dozen of his students published *Los Tocayos Carlos*, a book-length monograph that presents evidence of DeLuna's innocence.

DeLuna had insisted the killer was a man named Carlos Hernandez, who physically resembled DeLuna in addition to sharing his first name (*tocayo* means "namesake" in Spanish). The prosecution claimed Hernandez was a product of DeLuna's imagination. But Liebman and his students concluded that Hernandez was a real person who had admitted to many people that he was the real murderer before dying in prison in 1999.

Visit www.thewrongcarlos.net.

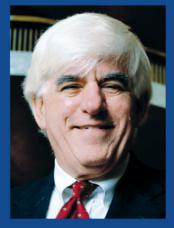
"Why?
So tomorrow's students can walk through the same doors that we did."

STEVE CASE '64CC, '68LAW
UNIVERSITY TRUSTEE EMERITUS

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.

NEWSMAKERS

Pulitzerlandia

Columbians made a strong showing in this year's Pulitzer Prizes. In the journalism categories, David Kocieniewski '86IRN of the New York Times took the explanatoryreporting prize for his work exposing the



David Kocieniewski '86JRN

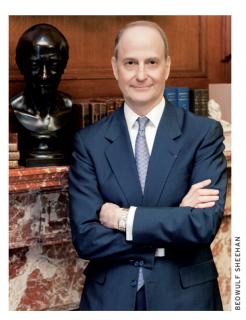
ways in which wealthy individuals and corporations drive down their tax bills, while a story by Eli Sanders '99CC in Seattle's alternative weekly newspaper the Stranger won for feature writing. Sanders, a former Spectator editor-in-chief, followed the victim of a violent crime through her attacker's trial and beyond. In the arts categories, Tracy K. Smith '97SOA claimed the poetry prize for her book Life on Mars, and the late Columbia professor of African-American studies Manning Marable was awarded the history prize for Malcolm X: A Life of Reinvention. Karen Russell '06SOA was named a finalist in the fiction category for her novel Swamplandia! (There was no prize awarded for fiction this year, for the first time since 1977.) Russell also recently won the New York Public Library's Young Lions Award, a \$10,000 prize given annually to a fiction writer age 35 or under.

He's got their backs

In partnership with New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, where he works as chief of the scoliosis service, Ohenaba Boachie-Adjei '80PS has opened a specialty hospital in his native Ghana, which provides comprehensive and affordable orthopedic and rehabilitative services for adults and children. Boachie-Adjei, who has treated more than 17,000 patients in the US and internationally, hopes the hospital will become the premier orthopedic teaching hospital in sub-Saharan Africa.

New directions

The former president of the New York Public Library, Paul LeClerc '69GSAS, will be the new director of Columbia's Global Center in Paris. LeClerc, a scholar of French literature, led the NYPL for sixteen years, served



Paul LeClerc '69GSAS

as president of Hunter College and provost of Baruch College, and is currently a visiting scholar in Columbia's French department . . . Deborah Cullen has been appointed the next director of Columbia's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery. Cullen comes



Deborah Cullen

to Columbia from El Museo del Barrio, in New York, where she is director of curatorial programs. The Wallach Gallery is currently located in Schermerhorn Hall but will move to the Lenfest Center for the Arts on the Manhattanville campus in 2016.

Cardboard lions

In an effort to improve its lackluster recycling record, the Bloomberg administration named Ron Gonen '04BUS as its firstever deputy commissioner for recycling and sustainability. Gonen, an adjunct lecturer at Columbia Business School, is the cofounder of Recyclebank, which encourages recycling by awarding consumer incentive points redeemable at stores and restaurants. His priorities in his new role are to provide more recycling bins in public spaces and amp up curbside composting programs . . . Jennifer Wright '09BUS has devised an eco-friendly pizza box that is now being used in several Central American countries, with plans in the works for national distribution in the US. Made from recycled cardboard, the GreenBox also has perforations that break it down into easy serving plates and leftover-storage containers.

Lions and Cowbovs and Angels, oh my!

Jeff Adams '12CC signed a free-agent contract with the Dallas Cowboys, becoming the eighth Lion in Columbia history to sign with the NFL. Adams, a left tackle, was an All-Ivy first-team member for three consecutive years and a third-team Associated Press All-American player during his senior year ... Two members of the Columbia baseball team have been drafted by Major League franchises. Outfielder Dario Pizzano, a Columbia College senior and the 2012 Ivy League Player of the Year, was taken by the Seattle Mariners in the fifteenth round. Pitcher Pat Lowery '12CC, a 2012 first-



Pat Lowery '12CC

team All-Ivy ace, was drafted in the twentyfirst round by the Los Angeles Angels. They are the first players drafted from Columbia since 2004.

Millions served

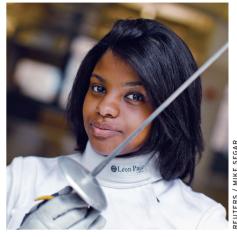
iFood.tv, a website cofounded by Alok Ranjan '06BUS that has the biggest collection of online cooking videos, has started seven new specialty channels and opened its first New York office. The site, which Ranjan started when he was a student at Columbia, gets about four million unique visitors a month . . . Daniel Hillel, an adjunct senior scientist at Columbia's Earth Institute, has won the World Food Prize for his work with micro-irrigation, which saves water by releasing small, targeted amounts onto crops. The award, announced in June at a Washington, DC, ceremony keynoted by US secretary of state Hillary Clinton, honors Hillel's work in improving crop production in arid regions in more than thirty countries.

Park place

Adrian Benepe '81JRN stepped down as the New York City parks commissioner to take a newly created position with the Trust for Public Land, a national conservation group based in San Francisco. Benepe, who has worked in New York City parks since he was sixteen, has been commissioner since 2002. In his new role, Benepe will be attempting to establish parks in urban areas across the country using the same public-private partnership model with which he had success in New York.



Adrian Benepe '81JRN



Nzingha Prescod

Let the games begin

Seven Columbians are headed to London in August to participate in the 2012 Summer Olympics. Rower Nick LaCava '09CC will be a member of the US men's lightweight four boat, which secured its bid to London after defeating teams from the Netherlands and Serbia. The Serbian boat, which was closely edged out in the qualifying match, included LaCava's former Columbia teammate Milos Tomic '06SEAS. A Columbia College sophomore, Nzingha Prescod, joins alums Nicole Ross '10CC, James Williams '07CC, '09GSAS, and Jeff Spear '10CC on the US Olympic fencing team. (The women foilists and men sabre fencers clinched their spots at the Division I fencing championships this past spring.) Distance runner Lisa Stublić '06CC will compete in the marathon on the Croatian team, after finishing ninth in the Berlin marathon in 2010. She is Croatia's firstever female Olympic marathon runner. At Columbia, she helped earn four consecutive Ivy League cross-country championships. Sprinter Erison Hurtault '07CC will represent Dominica in the 400-meter race. Though Hurtault was born and raised in New Jersey, both of his parents are from the small Caribbean nation, which granted him dual citizenship.

REVIEWS



Dwight Eisenhower greets students and the press from the steps of Low Library shortly after his appointment as Columbia University president in 1948.

Gentle in Manner, Strong in Deed // By Christopher Caldwell

Eisenhower in War and Peace

By Jean Edward Smith (Random House, 950 pages, \$40)

Trouble was already brewing in Morningside Heights when Dwight Eisenhower arrived to succeed Nicholas Murray Butler as president of Columbia in the spring of 1948. Six months earlier, the University's Marxist Study Group had invited the legislative director of the American Communist Party to speak in Pupin Hall, just as tensions were steadily escalating between the US and the Soviet Union. When a member of the Pupin family objected to having "Kremlin agents" speak on campus, Ike responded immediately. "I deem it not only unobjectionable but very wise to allow opposing systems to be presented by their proponents," he wrote to the family. "Indeed, I believe that arbitrary refusal to allow students — especially upon

their own request — to hear the apostles of these false systems would create in their minds a justified suspicion that we ourselves fear a real comparison between democracy and dictatorship."

What stands out about this letter, aside from its decisiveness and commonsensicality, is the quality of the writing. Eisenhower wrote well because he thought clearly, as we learn from Jean Edward Smith '64GSAS in *Eisenhower in War and Peace*. His mind was steady and judicious, not incandescent and original.

Eisenhower's backers in the interwar military establishment were intellectuals. He was the protégé of the US Army's two most brilliant generals, Fox Conner and George Moseley. Future British

prime minister Harold Macmillan called Eisenhower "a jewel of broadmindedness and wisdom." Both de Gaulle (whom Eisenhower effectively installed as president of France in 1944, over Roosevelt's misgivings) and Stalin (with whom Eisenhower carried on a correspondence) trusted him more than they trusted any other American.

It is unjust, then, that the man who led Allied troops to victory in World War II and managed eight years of peace and steadily rising prosperity as president should so often be cast as an eponym of mid-twentieth-century American incuriosity. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., for instance, wrote the year after Eisenhower left office, "We have awakened as from a trance."

Although he left few traces at Columbia, Eisenhower put the University — which had been suffering from poor fundraising and a dwindling endowment — back on a solid financial footing, unified the campus by getting the city to close 116th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam, and impressed a faculty that included Jacques Barzun and Richard Hofstadter with his command of history. When Joseph McCarthy accused a Columbia professor of Communist leanings, Eisenhower defended him publicly and "handed McCarthy his first setback." Yet, as Smith puts it, Eisenhower had "mastered" Columbia within a few months. By February 1949, he was already taking his first leave of absence (to chair the Joint Chiefs of Staff), and by the spring of 1950 his support at Columbia "had all but evaporated." Ike soon accepted an assignment from President Truman to go build NATO in Europe.

While there is a good deal of primary research here, Smith's strength is his sense of where the existing Eisenhower literature is reliable and where not. Smith served as an infantry officer in Berlin in the 1950s and has written biographies of Ulysses S. Grant and Lucius Clay; he is able to do justice to Eisenhower because he knows the military milieu intimately. He understands not just what it must have felt like for an officer to await weather reports on the eve of D-day but also what it felt like for Mamie Eisenhower and other Army wives ("no segment of society is more rank-conscious") to dismantle a short-term apartment before moving on to another posting.

Smith, a political scientist at Marshall University, helps us to understand why Army chief of staff George C. Marshall promoted Eisenhower over 228 generals in June 1942 to make him commander of the European theater. Partly through intelligence and partly by accident, Eisenhower had accumulated the perfect resumé for directing the largest war effort in history. He had a gift for, and a fascination with, logistics. He was one of the rare officers of his generation — Patton, de Gaulle, and the German general Heinz Guderian were among the others — to have recognized during World War I that the tank would revolutionize warfare. He had commanded one infantry unit (the 15th) that had spent more than a decade in Asia, and another (the 24th) that was all black. His work in the 1920s surveying

World War I battlefields for General "Black Jack" Pershing gave him a firsthand familiarity with the military terrain of northern Europe.

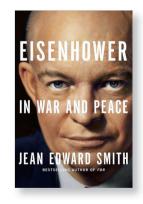
And like a straight man in a screwball comedy, Ike was unthreatened by the megalo-, mono-, and egomaniacs one meets at the top levels of competitive organizations. The lessons he learned working for the narcissist MacArthur and managing Patton's uncontrolled outbursts would come in handy when reining in Richard Nixon, his vice president, whom he neither understood nor liked nor trusted.

No strategic genius, Eisenhower was a great manager of military and bureaucratic forces, as well as a patient and fast learner. He was versatile, too: in Normandy after D-day, grateful local farmers lent Eisenhower's headquarters a cow so that the officers might have fresh milk during the Allied advance. Eisenhower was the only one who knew how to milk it.

Smith is much stronger on Eisenhower's military achievements than on his political ones. There is something in Eisenhower's unflappability, in particular, his unwillingness to get too riled up about either the Cold War or domestic Communism, that Smith admires a lot. He clearly believes that we, living in an age of partisan extremes, tend to underestimate moderate presidents. Ike was decisive enough to desegregate Little Rock's schools with federal troops in 1957 but cool enough to avoid a confrontation with the Soviets over Berlin the following year. Eisenhower ended Truman's war in Korea and

didn't start any of his own, consolidated NATO, kept taxes high, nominated Earl Warren to head the Supreme Court, built the interstate highway system, and brought the federal government into the business of local education.

Eisenhower governed at a time of unprecedented confidence in leadership. He was largely responsible for it. Triumph in World War II had lent enormous prestige to the US military, the hierarchical organization par excellence. The 1950s saw the institutions of politics, culture,



and business reformed to imitate the military, particularly as those institutions filled up with returning veterans. American life became more organized, scientific, bureaucratic, uniform, pyramidal. The American system was capable of great feats, but it exacted a high price in individuality. It was inevitable that the next generation would revolt against it. Eisenhower, though, managed the system so that it not only produced few abuses but left a mostly positive legacy. He may have been the only person who could have done so.

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at the Weekly Standard and a columnist for the Financial Times.

Wheel in the Sky // By Joshua J. Friedman

The Roebling Legacy

By Clifford W. Zink (Princeton Landmark Publications, 288 pages, \$50)

"Between New York and Brooklyn there is nothing in common, either in object, interest, or feeling," proclaimed General Jeremiah Johnson, a Brooklyn city father, in 1834, "unless it be the waters that flow between them." But as Brooklyn's western shore filled with factories and its docks with ferries, at least one man came to believe that those waters must be bridged.

That man was John Augustus Roebling, a Prussian-born engineer and wire-rope manufacturer in Trenton, New Jersey. Roebling



had patented a method of spinning wire strands into mighty cables in midair, using a traveling wheel to pull the strands across the abyss. In 1857, Roebling began a decade-long campaign for an East River bridge. "Of the same width as Broadway," he wrote, "the Bridge will form a great avenue between the two cities."

In The Roebling Legacy, Clifford W. Zink '85GSAPP chronicles the family's achievements and setbacks: how

Roebling died suddenly before construction even began; how his son Washington reluctantly took up his father's post, only to be taken ill himself and forced to oversee the project from his study in Brooklyn Heights. A photograph captures the fragile, hopeful



moment in 1877 when the bridge directors gathered to mark the first passage of the traveling wheel.

When the Brooklyn Bridge finally opened, on May 24, 1883, it was praised as a triumph of human ingenuity. "It so happens that the work which is likely to be our most durable monument . . . is a work of bare utility," wrote the architecture critic Montgomery Schuyler. "Not a shrine, not a fortress, not a palace, but a bridge."

Borrowed, Stolen // By Kelly McMasters

Girlchild

By Tupelo Hassman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 275 pages, \$24)

Girlchild, the debut novel of Tupelo Hassman '06SOA, trots out all the unsavory characters you'd expect from a story that takes place in a trailer park: single-mom bartenders, absentee fathers, snobby girls from the right side of the tracks, sexual predators, and gambling grandmothers. Then there are those damaged by them, including the title character and narrator of the story, one Rory Dawn Hendrix. But in Hassman's calm voice, these characters are rendered eerily complex, and the expected is turned on its head, making for a blisteringly beautiful narrative.

A young girl living with her mother "just north of Reno and just south of nowhere," Rory Dawn understands the world in ways no schoolchild should. Her voice rings so clearly in our ears that it is a shock to learn, halfway through the book, that she hasn't said a word aloud for months, a traumatic response to the sexual abuse she experiences at the hands of her babysitters. A mix between the bootstrapping Mary Call from Vera and Bill Cleaver's young-adult novel Where the Lilies Bloom and the scrappy, intellectual child of Janisse Ray's memoir Ecology of a Cracker Childhood, Rory Dawn is both the wisest and the most feeble-minded character in the book.

"I can hear all I want about sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll on the playground," she says, so it makes sense that she is drawn to the *Girl Scout Handbook*, where she finds "step-by-steps for limbering up a new book without injuring the binding and the how-tos of packing a suitcase to be a more efficient traveler." The reader intuits that Rory Dawn will likely never own a new book, but we keep reading in the hope that she may one day pack a suitcase — or even a brown paper bag — if it means she might be getting out of the trailer park.

The first time we see the *Girl Scout Handbook*, Rory Dawn is using it as a prop as she spies on a cute neighbor boy. The book wasn't always hers, she confesses: "At first, I borrowed it from the Roscoe Elementary School library, borrowed it over and over again until my name filled up both sides of the card and Mrs. Reddick put it in the ten-cent bin and made sure to let me know that she did." This is not the last kindness Mrs. Reddick bestows on Rory Dawn; the librarian haunts the periphery of the book as one of the few adults in Rory Dawn's world who neither abuses nor demoralizes her, even going so far as to chastise another teacher who offers her a backhanded gift of a pair of nude pantyhose before a spelling bee. Rory Dawn studies for the bee in the safety of the stacks, one of the only places she finds peace in her hardened world.

The level of detail Hassman layers into her pages is astounding. She shows us the rotten mouths of the neighbors in the trailer park, the "hands paused from stringing garlands of silver beer tabs," and the grimy fingernails of the boys in shop class. She conveys the lifesaving quality of "a quick pour and a friendly smile" while evoking the deadening rhythm of the successive first and fifteenth days of each month. The narrator's sexual abuse splays

across the page, the specifics hidden under thick black redacting stripes — one of several narrative experiments. Prayers become prose poems, the consequences of a drunk-driving fatality get worked out on the page as a math problem, and facts leak out via clippings from caseworker files.

The short-burst chapters conjure the effect of shotgun fire riddling a street sign, a relentless rat-tat-tat whose tempo is impossible to escape. The form reflects the anxiety that runs through this book, like Rory Dawn furiously clawing at her own mouth to keep secrets from

spilling out, or flattening herself on the ground after spotting some kids hopping a fence nearby. Hassman draws this terror viscerally, making us understand what it is to never, ever feel safe — not in your own town, not in your own school, not in your own home, not in your own body, and certainly not wearing your favorite rainbow T-shirt in the bathroom with the Hardware Man when the lights go out.

But in the end, though we spend most of the book waiting for someone to save her (or, if you are like me, waiting for



Mrs. Reddick to invite her over for a sandwich and show her some college pamphlets), Rory Dawn is safest by herself.

Kelly McMasters '05SOA teaches the writing seminar More Than Memoir at the School of the Arts. Her book Welcome to Shirley: A Memoir from an Atomic Town is currently being made into a documentary film.

What Kind of President? // By Stacey Kors

The Obama Question: A Progressive Perspective
By Gary Dorrien (Rowman & Littlefield, 232 pages, \$35)

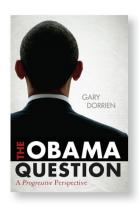
In May, when Barack Obama became the first US president to come out in support of gay marriage, there was a palpable feeling of relief among progressive Democrats. For many, the pronouncement was the long-awaited proof of Obama's unrealized potential; it was also a reminder of promises not yet kept.

In *The Obama Question: A Progressive Perspective*, Gary Dorrien offers insight into how the candidate of hope and change was transformed into the president of cope and adapt, while simultaneously making the case for Obama's second term. Setting the stage with a brief biography to provide context for Obama's politi-

cal and social views, Dorrien, a professor of social ethics at Union Theological Seminary and a professor of religion at Columbia, examines Obama's greatest policy challenges and successes to date, many of which have involved battles with an openly antagonistic Republican-led Congress.

Dorrien contends that Obama's achievements are sizable, despite having been forced to set aside many of his original goals to focus on an economic crisis inherited from the previous administration. Not only did Obama push through a massive stimulus package in his early days in office that staved off a full-scale depression, Dorrien asserts,

but he also resuscitated the flatlining American automotive industry, ordered the drawing down and removal of combat forces in Iraq and the killing of Osama bin Laden, mended frayed diplomatic relations with current and former allies, and passed an unprecedented healthcare reform bill that provides coverage to millions of previously unin-



sured Americans — an idea previously attempted, without success, by presidents as different as Clinton and Nixon.

But Dorrien is not an Obama apologist. He makes a potent argument for the president but is also quick to point out what he considers political missteps, most notably Obama's appointment of Republicans and Wall Street insiders to manage the banking crisis, his subsequent unwillingness to prosecute those responsible, and his failure to fight for a public option in his health-care reform

package, the last of which came as a severe blow to progressives hoping to move the country one step closer to a single-payer system.

It is through Dorrien's analysis of these and smaller disappointments that a compelling and complex portrait of Obama emerges: that of a pragmatic, progressive-leaning, and philosophical moderate who believes strongly in social reform yet is often hindered by his own cautiousness and judiciousness. Frequently citing the president's "two-handed" approach — carefully weighing every argument first on one hand, then the other — Dorrien stresses that only when Obama overcomes his conciliatory nature and starts taking strong ideological stances (which he has done at least twice

since the book's publication, with his endorsement of gay marriage and his fight for insurance coverage of contraception) will he be able to achieve his policy goals and cement his political legacy.

In his concluding chapter, "What Kind of Country?," Dorrien draws on his background as a theologian and ethicist to delve into America's crumbling social structure, which he blames on a variety of noxious influences, including conservative conspiracy theorists, the ever-widening economic divide, and an increasingly narcissistic, individualistic, and rootless middle class. In the midst of this moral cynicism, Dorrien claims, Obama remains an optimistic, forward-looking communitarian, promoting connection and civility while supporting social justice.

While this final ethical analysis is interesting, it feels like an afterthought. Moreover, it is too oblique to be a call to action. A stronger rallying cry for ambivalent progressives would be a reminder of the reforms that Obama still hopes to achieve if he wins a second term: an overhaul of America's educational system; a comprehensive immigration policy with a path to citizenship; a federally funded green-energy program; and a long-term, job-creating rebuilding of the country's infrastructure.

In making the case for a second term, *The Obama Question* oddly overlooks the most basic of all arguments: that meaningful change, especially in a democracy, takes time. This may be a hard sell in our impatient, myopic society, but it is a concept that progressives, by definition, should be able to grasp.

Stacey Kors is a freelance writer and critic. Her work has been published in the New York Times, the Financial Times, and Gramophone. She lives in New York City.

Smells Like Teen Spirit // By Daniel Asa Rose

The Year of the Gadfly

By Jennifer Miller (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 384 pages, \$24)

Jennifer Miller's first book won some heavy-duty praise. *Inheriting the Holy Land*, a nonfiction account of an idealistic program that brings Israeli and Palestinian kids to Maine and helps them to hash out their differences, was blurbed by such luminaries as Madeleine Albright and Elie Wiesel, and deemed "a superb book on a crucial issue of our time" by *School Library Journal*. Miller '08JRN, '11SOA, said the *Washington Post*, was a "voice worth listening to."

Seven years later, Miller's voice is changing. Her second book is a novel called *The Year of the Gadfly*, and the gadfly in question, fourteen-year-old Iris Dupont, is nosy, shrewd, pesky, gimlet-eyed, and hard-bitten, for an adolescent. She is, in other words, an aspiring journalist, though she's still growing into her toughness, which she also uses as a defense to counter her social unease. She's soft as sponge cake inside.

A spunky new student matriculating at the fabled Mariana Academy, Iris is a know-it-all who covers her vulnerability with sass, a wiseacre whose obnoxiousness is so beyond the pale that it's endearing. As one of her teachers says, "Of all my students she was the most eager, the most enthusiastic, and, unfortunately, the most exasperating."

All of which makes us quickly grow fond of Iris, which is fortunate, because the plot she gets entangled in feels too knotty by half. It involves a series of switchbacks, double-crosses, and convoluted blackmail schemes, all hinging on the implausible death of a student many years earlier.

Still, the book has considerable charms. Miller has the conventions of prep-school lit securely in hand; the clique of cruel popular girls, and the awkward nerds who, when attempting to play baseball, get distracted by grasshoppers in the outfield. Mariana is the sort of place whose classrooms are full of students with copies of Ayn Rand stuffed in their back pockets, "guzzling information as if their brains were gas tanks." A group of troublemakers, hiding behind pig masks, think they can restore an ancient code of honor by doing dishonorable things. Sleepover parties are ironic to a fault ("The idea is to illuminate the hypocrisy of clichéd teenage social interaction by actively confronting those clichés and thereby subverting them"). Self-pity is endemic. De rigueur complaints are perfectly over the top (another exclusive school is not only "worse than the state pen" but "like the sixth circle of hell"). Conspiracy theories abound, as do amateur detectives, on the lookout for clues! clues! while waiting for something real to happen.

To the familiar prep-school staples our precocious protagonist adds some original wrinkles. Her version of an imaginary friend is the ghost of Edward R. Murrow, whom she consults for spiritual and journalistic advice, always addressing him by his last name in semi-affectionate jocularity. Wrapped in an overcoat and wreathed in cigarette smoke, the great man unburdens himself of such banalities as "We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result" until Iris finally wearies of him, realizing he's just as pretentious and flawed as the rest of us. Good riddance to the Camel haze!

The teenage angst in *The Year of the Gadfly* is miles more indulgent than the garden variety found in such recent boarding-school classics as Donna Tartt's *The Secret History* and Curtis Sittenfeld's *Prep.* Nary an eye in *Gadfly* is dry; nary a nostril is not raw from crying. Throats are

constricted as though "bitten by something venomous," lifelong friends are split apart "the way lightning splits a tree," and getting through the day is "like slogging through four-foot snowdrifts." In the span of one hyperbolic three-page section, not one but two characters pound their fists into lockers and countertops. Another is rumored to have tried to wipe the freckles off her body with Clorox. Miller is more inclined to name the problem ("angst is like the chicken pox—anyone under the age of twenty-five is susceptible) than to actually show it unfold.

On the other hand, the author is capable not only of putting together a winning main character but also of crafting one lovely sentence after another: "Her hair resembled a knotted ball of chestnut

yarn." "They were prone to spontaneous laughter as if their minds were linked by some mental open-source network." "She just looked at me with those lusterless eyes, the color of a mildewed pond." "The diner — the only one in town — glowed like a fluorescent fish tank." "To my fourteen-year-old eyes, her large pink areolas were like ice-cream cones licked flat." The descriptions of kissing alone justify the price of admission.



After such a mixed bag of a book, should Miller attempt another novel or

go back to the sort of nonfiction that won her such accolades her first time out of the gate? I hope she chooses nonfiction. As Miller knows better than anyone, there is no shortage of real angst in the world for her to write about, without trying to spark fire from the damp twigs of high-school melodrama.

Daniel Asa Rose is the author of Larry's Kidney: Being the True Story of How I Found Myself in China with My Black Sheep Cousin and His Mail-Order Bride, Skirting the Law to Get Him a Transplant — and Save His Life, named a best book of 2009 by Publishers Weekly.

It's Easy If You Try // By Joshua J. Friedman

Imagine: How Creativity Works

By Jonah Lehrer (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 304 pages, \$26)

"The Proust *madeleine* phenomenon," wrote the great journalist and gastronome A. J. Liebling '25JRN, "is now as firmly established in folklore as Newton's apple or Watt's steam kettle. The man ate a tea biscuit, the taste evoked memories, he wrote a book." Had Proust a heartier appetite, and fueled his talent with a

full menu of oysters, steamers, scallops, lobster, and duck, Liebling ventured, "he might have written a masterpiece."

The workings of genius fascinate us, not least because we secretly believe that if only we could arrange our lives just so, we would yet prove geniuses ourselves. If we woke up early, exercised,

ate the right breakfast, found a quiet room and an attractive notebook, we might all emerge Shakespeares, Mozarts, and Picassos.

Are we right? Jonah Lehrer '03CC, a science journalist and, as of June, a *New Yorker* staff writer, seems to want us to keep hope alive. In *Imagine: How Creativity Works*, Lehrer sends dispatches from labs where neuroscientists are charting our creative brains and tours companies where managers are manipulating work conditions to boost innovation. Splicing together research studies with anecdotes about artists and inventors, he makes a nebulous case for the notion that there is plenty we can do to make ourselves more creative.



Lehrer begins the hunt for the neurological mechanism of insight with Mark Beeman, a cognitive neuroscientist at Northwestern University. By studying patients with right-brain damage, Beeman concluded that the right brain, once considered the junior partner of the analytical left brain, is responsible for the vague but crucial job of finding "subtle connections between seemingly unrelated things." But how do the two hemispheres interact during moments of insight? Beeman, with his colleague John Kounios,

used fMRI and EEG readings to map the brains of people as they solved language puzzles. Beeman and Kounios found that their subjects worked as hard as they could, then got stumped, then complained about getting stumped. Finally, in a flash (and sometimes aided by a hint), the left brain deactivated and the right brain lit up with high-frequency gamma waves in a small fold of tissue called the anterior superior temporal gyrus. Insight had struck.

How can we coax our brains to make this leap from frustration to epiphany? According to the research of a British psychologist named Joydeep Bhattacharya, Lehrer tells us, neural alpha waves are an essential precondition. Alpha waves are associated with relaxation, so it should be no surprise that taking a warm shower or going on a long walk can stimulate creativity. Daydreaming, too, can help us stitch together our more rational thoughts, according to the work of another scientist, Marcus Raichle, who conceived his research after noticing that the brain was strikingly active while subjects' minds were drifting off. During these periods of reduced outward stimulation, it seems, the mind turns inward and begins sorting and reordering its previous thoughts. The challenge for those hoping to channel their daydreams into creativity is to maintain just enough attention to harness these new connections.

Lehrer explores other scientific discoveries, too, but he is always eager to alternate between science and the world of commerce to show creative people at work and the conditions that contributed to their success. He tours the campus of 3M, founded in 1902 as the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company but today famous for having invented Scotch tape and the Post-it note. He looks in

on Pixar Animation Studios, which in the past seventeen years has turned out hit after hit. Here and elsewhere, Lehrer observes employees who are encouraged to vary their routines, take breaks, cross traditional departmental boundaries, collaborate, converse.

It is in his effort to turn science journalism into service journalism that *Imagine* goes astray. From the start, Lehrer is at pains to assert that the book's conclusions are counterintuitive. "For most of human history, people have believed that the imagination is inherently inscrutable, an impenetrable biological gift," Lehrer writes. By letting us peer inside the brain and teaching us how to tap into our inherent creative tendencies, Lehrer tries to show us how to rig an unriggable system. But his cheats are the ones everyone already knows: Take a walk! Take a break! Take a trip!

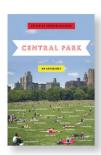
"There's something deeply surprising about these data," Lehrer writes, but not only does *Imagine* contain few surprises, in attempting to transform small scientific developments into a self-help program, it stretches the science beyond all coherence and utility. Happiness promotes one aspect of creativity, sadness another. Imagination, creativity, genius, and commercial success are hardly distinguished. With all these examples of self-betterment interspersed with stories of genius, how can readers help but take away the promise that they are only a few warm showers away from becoming Shakespeare?

And Lehrer does not shy away from explaining even Shake-speare's talent, walking us through the conditions that enabled his creativity: a dense urban center, a thriving theater culture, a rising literacy rate, the printing press. Shakespeare borrowed plotlines from other writers and spun them into gold, says Lehrer.

It was the welter of Elizabethan England that inspired him to become a playwright and then allowed him to transform himself from a poor imitation of Marlowe into the greatest writer of all time. Shakespeare is a reminder, in other words, that culture largely determines creative output.

But who disputes that people's lives and efforts are influenced by social conditions? How much of Shakespeare's greatness does that explain? In the end, Lehrer identifies only the characteristics that Shakespeare shared with his contemporaries, leaving us to wonder what distinguished him. Lehrer peels back each layer and gives up when he reaches the one that interests us: the kernel, the spark.

"There is a network of neurons in the brain, and the network shifts. All of a sudden, electricity flows in an unfamiliar pattern, a shiver of current across a circuit board of cells." But this is not the source of a new idea; it is the parallel story of the mechanics. By intercutting lessons about gamma waves with anecdotes about poets, Lehrer attributes too much explanatory power to these mechanisms. At the end of the book, the imagination seems just as mysterious as at the beginning.



Central Park: An Anthology

Edited by Andrew Blauner (Bloomsbury, 224 pages, \$16)

Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux designed New York's Central Park in the mid-nineteenth century to be a haven from the chaos of urban life, a place where green space would be accessible to all. Today the park still admirably serves this function, and several essays in this new collection edited by Andrew Blauner '90BUS pay predictable homage to its bucolic beauty and egalitarian harmony.

But "twenty some years ago, it was taken for granted that New York was hell," writes Adam Gopnik, and Central Park was the ninth circle of that hell. "When we refer to the 'bad old days' of Central Park, we are usually talking about the days of rampant crime, graffiti, abandoned buildings, bare lawns, and dead trees," writes former parks commissioner Adrian Benepe '81JRN in his introduction. "And yet I miss some aspects of those old days." He is not alone. Most of the book's contributors lived through Central Park's dark period and write about it with some nostalgia, even affection, as if the park's current incarnation, bolstered by more than \$600 million in public and private funds over the last decade, feels somehow inauthentic. It's an interesting twist to a collection that might have easily become sappy and dull. Instead, what Donald Knowler calls "probably the most closely watched and monitored 843 acres on earth," emerges in nineteen distinct ways, making for satisfying summer reading, preferably on a blanket in a quiet corner of Sheep Meadow.

— Rebecca Shapiro



An Unexpected Guest

By Anne Korkeakivi (Little, Brown, 288 pages, \$24.99)

In 1923, while preparing for an important dinner party, Clarissa Dalloway says that she will buy the flowers herself, opening what would become one of the iconic novels of the twentieth century. Nearly a hundred years later, across the English channel in Paris, Clare Moorhouse is doing much the same: like Clarissa, she has a day to pull off a dinner with potentially life-changing consequences (if all goes well, Clare's husband will be named the British ambassador to Ireland), and takes the reader along as she directs household staff and runs errands for the night. ("But ordering the flowers came first," she says as she mentally runs through her day's schedule, making a particular note to take that task for herself.) Clare is interrupted, as Clarissa was, with concerns for her child — in Clare's case a son, Jamie, who has just been suspended from boarding school. More importantly, she is haunted by a suitor from her past who, like Virginia Woolf's Peter Walsh, pays a surprise visit the morning of the party, as well as by a chance encounter with a foreign stranger embroiled in his own tragedy. Anne Korkeakivi '86GSAS does an admirable job echoing Woolf, but the references are too literal, and the constraints of following the earlier novel stifle the potential of An Unexpected Guest to really flourish on its own. Korkeakivi is at her best when she claims her own territory: Clare's past life, a mini political thriller, unfolds delicately over the course of the novel, and provides an intriguing counterpart to an otherwise overconceptualized project.

— RS



Living, Thinking, Looking

By Siri Hustvedt (Picador, 400 pages, \$18)

"How do we see, remember, feel, and interact with people?" asks Siri Hustvedt '86GSAS on the first page of her new essay collection, Living, Thinking, Looking. "What does it mean to sleep, to dream, and to speak? When we use the word self, what are we talking about?" To find answers, the "unaffiliated intellectual roamer" delves into psychology, philosophy, art history and theory, and, above all, neuroscience. The essays, written over the past six years, are divided into the three sections of the book's title. though these categories bleed into one another so liberally that it almost makes them meaningless. An essay on the French artist Annette Messager in the "Looking" section, for example, recounts childhood memories just as intense as many in the autobiographical section, "Living": "Dolls and figures and stuffed animals that talked to one another . . . The funeral my sister and I gave for a dead sparrow we found in the grass." The "Living" essays are largely dominated by Hustvedt's fascination with her own neurological conditions: crippling migraines and insomnia. The "Thinking" essays are perhaps the most far-reaching, interrogating the biology behind the memory, imagination, perception, and imagination she explores in the other two sections. It is impossible, Hustvedt seems to be saying, to separate art and science and experience, and it is only in our examination of their interaction that we can even begin to ask her most ambitious question: "What does it mean to be human?"

— RS

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and information flow to/from principal. and helping to coordinate staff activities. Strong project management, communication, and research skills are a must; previous managerial experience is a plus but not required. This is a yearround, full-time position with excellent compensation and benefits. Please e-mail vour resumé and cover letter to hlparecruit@gmail.com.

HOME/PROPERTY AND LIFESTYLE MANAGEMENT: Urban Upkeep cleans, paints, repairs, does chores, stocks provisions, conducts inspections, and waters plants. Maids, assistants, and party help. 3,500+ clients, insured. 212-532-0308; service@urbanupkeep.com. '98SIPA.

MATH TUTOR: Extensive experience, proven track record, and excellent references. Available in Manhattan and New Jersey to help students grades 6–12 with schoolwork, test prep, enrichment. Master's; certified. Please call Mel: 732-603-9521.

PERSONAL CHILDCARE ASSISTANT, HOUSING INCLUDED: New York. Devoted professional couple with three wonderful school-age children seeks highly intelligent, amiable, responsible individual to serve as part-time personal assistant helping with childcare, educational enrichment, and certain other activities at various times during afternoons, evenings, and weekends. Assistant will have a private room (in a separate apartment with its own kitchen on a different floor from the family's residence), with private bathroom, in a luxury, doorman apartment building, and will be free to entertain visitors in privacy. We would welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or other candidates who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. Excellent compensation, including health insurance and three weeks of paid vacation, and no charge will be made for rent. This is a year-round position for which we would ask a minimum two-year commitment. If interested, please e-mail resumé to nannypst@gmail.com.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST IN NEW YORK: Warm, experienced, mature therapist addressing emotional distress, work and relationship problems, unwanted behaviors. Lead a more satisfying life. Strict confidentiality, Midtown office. David Bergstein, LMHC: 212-532-2640.

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE/PERSONAL ASSISTANT: New York City. Highly intelligent, resourceful individuals with exceptional communication skills sought to undertake research projects and administrative tasks for a successful entrepreneur. We welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or others who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. \$90-\$110K/year to start (depending on qualifications). Resumé to: rapany@gmail.com. Please note that, due to the high number of respondents, we will unfortunately be unable to reply to every inquiry.

Real Estate

DRESDEN, ME: Beautiful waterfront farm, 28 pastoral acres, 2,400-ft. river frontage. Comfortable, attractive 1789 home, 2 barns, rental incomes, farm store, turnkey organic operation. Rural, 45 min. to Portland. Other potential uses: B&B, equestrian center, veterinary practice. Many major improvements. \$895,000. www.bridgefarm.info; 207-841-5299.

MAUI, HI:

Visit www.MauiRealEstateSearch.com, and contact alex@mauirealestatesearch.com for Maui properties.

NANTUCKET, MA: Homes by the sea or in town, for sale or rent, for families of all shapes. Pat Carr Calabrese: patcc@compassroserealestate.com; 917-655-4642.

Vacation Rentals

ACADIA NATIONAL PARK, ME: 8-bedroom, 7.5-bath waterfront estate in Northeast Harbor with pier and deep-water moorings. Monthly, May through October. 650-450-8413; neh2012@hmamail.com.

CAVENDISH, VT: Farmhouse, 2 double bedrooms, 2 single, on dirt road. Swimming pool, screen porch, X-C ski, snowshoe. Near Okemo but best for book- and antiques-loving couple or quiet family. \$500/wk. Contact: anna.writes@virgin.net.

CULEBRA ISLAND, PUERTO RICO: Newly built, fully furnished, 2-bedroom, 2-bath, waterfront casita, private dock. Rent weekly. vlupardi@gmail.com.

DEERFIELD BEACH, FL: Lakefront 2-bedroom, 2-bath villa, fenced backyard, near I-95, beach. Weekly/monthly. Contact: ABinNY@aol.com, 914-722-2757.

MANHATTAN, NY: Furnished luxurious vacation and business rental apartments: info@nyctemphouses.com; 646-465-5902; www.nyctemphouses.com.

MAUI, HI: 1-bedroom/1-bath condo on beautiful, uncrowded Sugar Beach. Kitchen, w/d, free wi-fi. Great rates! Contact: sbrph68@yahoo.com; 612-270-6992.

OCEAN BEACH, FIRE ISLAND, NY: Hear the ocean when you sleep at night. Four houses from the Atlantic Ocean. Available weekly, monthly. Inexpensive, 3-bedroom, plus convertible LR/BR, 2-bathroom, huge deck, bar, BBO, outdoor shower under the trees, piano, fireplace, beamed ceilings, A/C, washer/ dryer. Professor's charming heritage house. 1 hr. 15 min, from NYC; shared van service available from Manhattan. Tennis courts, sailing, near restaurants overlooking the bay; one of the most beautiful beaches in the world. No cars allowed. Only 2-story houses. Children's Montessori day camp down the block. \$3,500 per week (REDUCED PRICES FOR MULTIPLE WEEKS); \$13,000 per month! Call Dr. Pollner: 212-628-0226; 917-748-3868; mp2106@columbia.edu.

PARIS: Fifth floor, quiet, alcove studio sleeps three, balcony. View Eiffel Tower. www.parisgrenelle.com; 207-752-0285.

PARIS, MARAIS: Luxury rental in center of Paris. Close proximity Picasso Museum, Centre Pompidou, and other historical sites, as well as gourmet shops of rue de Bretagne. See owner's website at www.parischapon.com.

PARK CITY, UT:

www.parkcityluxuryrealestate.com.

ROME: Spacious, stylish, renovated apartment. Living room, 2 generous double bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen/breakfast room. Central location near St. John Lateran. \$850 weekly. 212-867-0489; www.casacleme.com; lm603@columbia.edu.

SHELTER ISLAND, NY: Charming retreat, starting Sept. 1. 203-629-1261; DeanGWS@gmail.com.

TORTOLA, BVI: 3-bedroom house 60 feet above Long Bay Beach. 646-526-7111; ewinghouse@gmail.com; www.ewinghouse.com.

VAIL, CO: Completely remodeled 3-bed/3-bath plus loft that sleeps 8 right on Gore Creek. Great views, privacy. Pool/hot tub, tennis; on free bus route less than 5 minutes to Lionshead. All-season resort with world-class skiing, fly-fishing, dining, shopping, golfing. Competitive rates. Contact: casaseacliff@gmail.com.

VIEQUES ISLAND, PUERTO RICO: Newly rebuilt and elegantly furnished with all modern conveniences in beautiful private setting, 3-bedroom, 3-bath, swimming pool. Casa Elegante, http://enchanted-isle.com/byowner/ casa-elegante.htm.

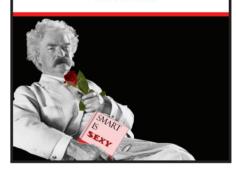
WINE COUNTRY, NEW ZEALAND: The Masters Lodge, a small luxury inn in the art deco city of Napier. Spectacular views over Pacific Ocean. 3-bedroom/3-bath, lounge, dining room, solarium, billiards room, and more. Easy conversion into private residence, if preferred. 10-min. walk to beach, shops, museums, and restaurants. See www.masterslodge.co.nz. Contact: joan@masterslodge.co.nz.

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Expansive Reading

Jean Edward Smith's new book on Dwight Eisenhower (Reviews, p. 54) tells us that Ike was more intellectually astute and curious than many people supposed, and this picture proves it: here, as president of the University, Eisenhower holds the October 1949 issue of *Columbia Alumni News*, the precursor to this magazine.

The issue opened with an unsigned editorial that begins, "Columbia was born in a borrowed vestry room and grew up in a deaf and dumb institution and an insane asylum. Now part of it will move into a dairy plant and bottling works." The Sheffield Farms plant, located near Riverside Drive on West 125th Street in Manhattanville, became Prentis Hall, which first functioned as a laboratory space for the engineering school and currently houses studios for the School of the Arts and the music department.

As Columbia moves forward with its Manhattanville campus, it is worth noting that today's administration, like the University under Eisenhower, is dealing with a timeless problem.

"That these structures have been needed desperately," the editorial goes on, "cannot be contested by anyone familiar with a University bulging at the seams."



University president Dwight Eisenhower with engineering dean James Kip Finch (left) and Trustees chairman Felix E. Wormser, 1949.



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