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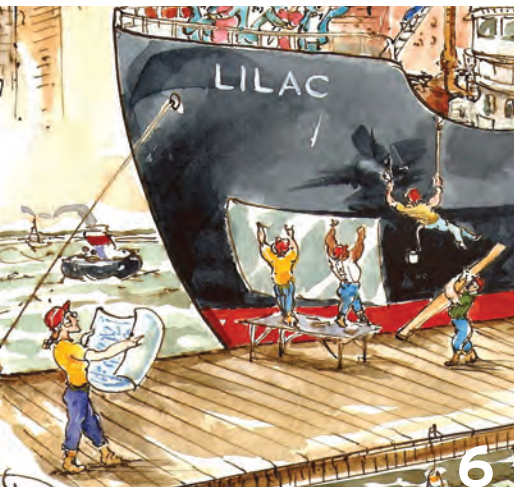

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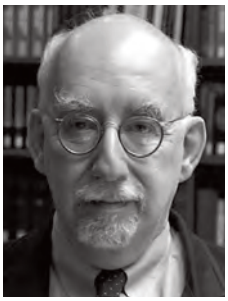

Ira Katznelson '66CC is the Ruggles Professor of Political Science and History at Columbia. His books include *Liberal Beginnings: Making a Republic for the Moderns* (with Andreas Kalyvas) and *When Affirmative Action Was White*. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. >> Page 56

Sharon Olds '72GSAS has received the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Critics Circle Award, and the San Francisco State University Poetry Center Book Award. She teaches in the graduate creative-writing program at NYU. >> Page 36

John Parsons is a professor of physics at Columbia. Since 1994, he has helped to lead the European Organization for Nuclear Research's ATLAS experiment at the Large Hadron Collider, outside Geneva. He contributed to the discovery of the Higgs boson. >> Page 14

JÖRG MEYER

David Shapiro '01CC is an artist, writer, and fine-art appraiser. He is the founding editor of *Museo*, an online contemporary-art publication. His work has been featured in the MoMA PS1 show Expo 1: New York. >> Page 28

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

letters

READER V. LEADER

I read with interest your Spring 2013 cover article profiling NAACP president Benjamin Jealous ("Justice's Son"). On the cover, and again in the text of the article, the NAACP is called the oldest civil-rights organization in the United States. With respect, the National Rifle Association, founded in 1871, is thirty-eight years older than the NAACP, and claims in excess of four million members against the NAACP's 500,000. As such, the NRA has a much better claim to the title of oldest and largest American civil-rights organization.

David Sack '95LAW
New York, NY

I was under the impression that the National Rifle Association was the nation's oldest, largest civil-rights organization. "Baddest, boldest, most hated," etc., I can't comment on, but *Fortune* magazine rated the NRA the nation's most effective lobbying organization.

Peter Caroline '57CC
Green Valley, AZ

Benjamin Jealous objects to the requirement of some states for voters to prove their identity with a state-provided ID because of the burden of cost to the voter. But vote stealing is epidemic. Something has to be done about it.

Jealous's support of same-sex marriage is at variance with God's precept (Leviticus 20:13). How does he justify this? Jealous opposes the death penalty. Genesis 9:6 informs us that those who shed blood, by man shall their blood be shed. Implicit is that it is to be done by those duly authorized by government.

Jealous also laments stop-and-frisk, which he claims is unduly exercised against blacks. This is a practical matter, because blacks are disproportionately involved in crime as a percentage of the population.

John Dreyer '47SEAS
Elmhurst, IL

The magazine's article on Ben Jealous is riddled with tendentious and flat-out wrong statements large and small, including the article's description of the potential impact of Texas's voter-ID law.

Without digging into all the details or denigrating Jealous's current work, I want to call out one close-to-home detail whose description has no place in a Columbia publication. You state that Jealous "fought to save full-need financial aid and need-blind admissions, and when the University announced plans to raze the Audubon Ballroom, site of Malcolm X's assassination, and replace it with a biomedical research center, Jealous organized a one-day protest that led to his one-semester suspension."

Jealous was not punished for organizing a protest. He did that lots of times at Columbia without any scrutiny or punishment. The College only disciplined Jealous, rightly, when he seized a building during the review period before exams.

Even if the school chooses to lionize Jealous for his more recent activities, it should not assist him in rewriting the history of his time on campus. He behaved abhorrently and was justly punished. That reality should be presented accurately, not whitewashed.

Dan Morenoff '96CC
Dallas, TX

Benjamin Jealous is critical of efforts to contain voter fraud and paints himself as a hero for resisting efforts to ensure a legitimate turnout. However, it seems reasonable to require some identification for voting, just as such identification is required in so many other activities in our country.

We should be aware that voter fraud is a growing campaign strategy, and there are many examples of multiple voting, fraudulent registration, illegal residents voting, and other means of altering the legitimate vote. It is very difficult to prove under our voting

laws, but as a local candidate (I successfully ran as a Republican for the California State Assembly and the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors) I was very aware that it exists. At our local University of California campus, there are regular incidents of a precinct voter turnout exceeding registration. Certain populations regularly evidence heavily weighted turnout that defies logic or experience in other activities.

In California, these practices are primarily the domain of one political party, and I am sure pursued by both parties and numerous candidates of all persuasions around the country. If fraudulent-voting campaign tactics become the norm, one can make a reasonable case that our democracy will be threatened. Let's be more thoughtful on this issue.

Brooks Firestone '61CC
Solvang, CA

Benjamin Jealous opposes the NYPD's stop-and-frisk policy, which saves hundreds of lives every year. Most of these lives are black. When these policies end and young blacks die again in the hundreds, their blood will be on him. Illegal? Maybe. Effective? Yes.

Seven hundred guns taken yearly is two guns per day, guns that are still being carried after 700,000 stops per year — five million total. Maybe we need more stop-and-frisk, until guns taken is zero. What is the hard part? Don't carry guns. Don't carry drugs. Don't carry contraband. How many arrests before the message is heard?

If 90 percent of those stopped are not arrested, that means 10 percent are arrested. One-tenth random stops leading to arrests sounds like good criminal profiling to me.

Martin Heilweil '66CC
New York, NY

NOT HIS TYPE

It seems that *Columbia Magazine* has followed the *New York Times Magazine* into the same trap of hard-to-read headlines and covers (Spring 2013). As designer Jan Tschichold said many years ago, the purpose of typography is to make printed matter easy to read. Fortunately, you left the contents page as it should be, which is more than can be said of the *Times*.

Notwithstanding my objections to your cover design, I enjoy reading *Columbia Magazine* immensely and will continue to do so.

Wolfgang von Manowski '63GS, '67GSAS
Daly City, CA

UNIFORM OPINION

Great article about Robin Nagle and the New York City Department of Sanitation by Paul Hond (In the City of New York, "The Pickup Artists," Spring 2013), but Nagle's suggestion that it's "the most important uniformed force on the street"? I don't think so. NYPD, FDNY, and EMS share that honor.

Marlene Streisinger '88CC
Staten Island, NY

SURGE PROTECTION

In his Explorations article about protecting the US electric grid from catastrophic attack, David J. Craig describes the threat from electromagnetic pulse (EMP) triggered by a nuclear detonation high in the air (Spring 2013). He says that in America the threat of an EMP attack has long been dismissed "as too far-fetched to warrant serious concern."

In Great Britain, where I was born and mostly worked, the threat was not ignored.

In 1972, I represented the London clearing banks on the UK National Computer Security working party. The threat from EMP to the telephone network, on which the financial sector then depended for computer-to-computer communications, was among the many risks we identified. We determined that the copper-wire network's electromechanical switches were likely to survive the surges of current induced by an EMP attack, but that newer electronic switches were vulnerable. Fortunately, that view was never tested.

A "cascading failure" of another sort would strike the banking industry the following decade. It was predictable. I, with a few others, warned the New York Federal Reserve in 1983 that the systems developers of nearly all the city's banks were using the same algorithms, albeit in different software, to make trading decisions. There was bound to come a time when almost all traders would respond in the same way at the same time. So if the market went down, it would go down fast. That happened on October 21, 1987.

Adrian R. D. Norman '67BUS
Crowcombe, Somerset, UK

SALT AND SWEET

Here is my response to Moira Egan's profound and elegant poem "On Marriage," in the Spring 2013 College Walk:

Of late it troubles me, the life-sustaining
assessment of "marriage";
for to many it is, in fact, a thing, abstract;
an entity subject to ebbs and flows; a
ring forgotten.

And when I said, "my marriage is on the
rocks" (I'm sorry but)
the cocktail was quite clear with a trace of
sweet found only
at the very back of the palate yet enduring
if savored and divinely accepted.

"What went wrong?" "Nothing." I answer,
thinking, "She fell in
love with another; a change of heart, not
uncommon and not without
shared onus, but plainly in a sea with salt
and sweet uninhabitable."

I, the fish, removed from it, with pure forgiveness, become amphibious.

Ken Hayes (K. Scott) '92CC,
East Setauket, NY

THE SPY WHO FAXED ME

Thomas Vinciguerra's interesting College Walk piece "For Our Eyes Only" (Spring 2013) evoked a memory. The journalism-school Class of 1952 had a variety of guest speakers. One was Ernest L. Cuneo, an executive of the North American Newspaper Alliance (and credited in Vinciguerra's article with conceiving of what would have been the first James Bond film). Instead of telling us about NANA and its role as a news and feature service, Cuneo discussed

a subject that caused most of us to wonder what the hell he had been smoking. He told us about a mechanism whereby text and graphics could be transmitted over telephone lines. He called it "fax," short for facsimile. With that kind of imagination, it's no wonder he went on to sketch out James Bond's improbable adventure stories.

Oh, yes: Xerox marketed the first fax machine twelve years later.

Ed Silberfarb '52JRN
New York, NY

WHAT'S IN THE CARDS?

I fear that our destruction of the card catalog — this hundred-plus-year-old historical collection — is a great mistake ("Card, Discard," Finals, Spring 2013). Yale University elected to keep all its drawers along with the cards. We hubristically assume that electronic data are with us forever, never to be lost to natural or manmade catastrophes.

In the very same issue of *Columbia Magazine*, there's an article on the threat of an electromagnetic pulse wiping out the electric grid and the Internet ("Protecting the grid from the bomb," Explorations). Melvil Dewey would certainly not have approved!

Norbert Hirschhorn '58CC, '62PS
London, UK

I would like to point out one of Melvil Dewey's lasting innovations that was not mentioned in "Card, Discard." Dewey founded the world's first school for educating librarians at Columbia University in 1887. This established modern librarianship as a profession. With that pedigree, Columbia-trained librarians have always had the reputation for being the most professional and dedicated in their field. This was true until the 1990s, when Columbia closed the oldest library school for monetary reasons.

Stephan Spitzer '77LS
Brookeville, MD

I read with interest your article about the card catalog in 310 Butler Library, but also with the realization of how short a memory the University appears to have. Melvil Dewey was indeed the chief librarian, but he was also the founder of the first school of library education, which was established at Columbia in 1887. Conflicts over the admission of women led to the removal of the school to Albany, but in 1926 it returned to Columbia and trained many of the outstanding librarians of the twentieth century. The retirement of the card catalog may be a poignant moment, but the total obliteration of what became the School of Library Service is unforgivable.

Many universities find it financially necessary to combine faculties, prune underused facilities, and generally revamp the mission of the institution. The SLS used little space, needed few operational tools, and provided the necessary trained personnel without which no library can function. It was, therefore, very unfortunate that in 1992 the University thought fit to simply close the SLS, with little response to alumni appeals for information about the decision-making process or any opportunity to question the action taken.

The current application for undergraduate admission to Columbia College includes a question about other family members who have attended the University and provides a checklist of the various schools, but fails to list the School of Library Service as a possibility. This is a rewriting of history, which I find to be profoundly saddening as well as enormously irritating.

I have spent my life working as a professional librarian using the skills taught by the outstanding teachers in the field, a faculty singular in its excellence and devotion to the world of books and learning. Surely, they and all their students deserve better treatment from the University than to find that their contribution to education has been erased from the memory of Columbia.

Paula Frosch '72LS
New York, NY

According to Columbia's director of undergraduate admissions, Peter Johnson, the application for admission was updated as of this past application cycle (for the Class of 2017) to include a check box for the School of Library Service. — Ed.

What will happen to the cabinets and to the cards?

Bill Hudgins '72CC
Gallatin, TN

The cabinets in the center of Butler 310 will be dismantled and removed from the building; the pieces will ultimately be discarded. Many of the cards will be moved to cabinets on the exterior walls of the room to ensure that no important bibliographic information is lost; the balance will be recycled. The historic clock that currently sits on the cabinets will be incorporated into the design of the new room. — Ed.

THE WADDLING KIND

It was wonderful to learn that Columbia doesn't just concern itself with shepherding its human young to self-sufficiency. The care taken to see ducklings and their mother from a tough-city start to a silken-pond finish was admirable and reassuring; the big university extends its nurturing on behalf of wild things, too ("Freshman Orientation," College Walk, Fall 2012).

Connections with other creatures can be, as Columbia groundskeeper Edwin Justiniano put it, "a beautiful thing. A beautiful thing." A couple of years ago, a pair of mallards visited my small pond in Topanga Canyon, California. Eventually, the male left, perhaps telling his mate, "You stay, no matter what. I'll be back." After it was clear that the female was not going anywhere, I feted her with Quaker Oats and cracked corn. Six months later, she flew off, and now, two years later, I still await her return. Maybe this time with ducklings.

Susan Hanger '76GS
Topanga, CA

One year after the publication of Paul Hond's article "The Gas Menagerie," about Josh Fox and his film Gasland, *we continue to receive letters about fracking. We have moved that debate to our website: magazine .columbia.edu/letters/summer-2013. — Ed.*

JOE McKENDRY

Safe at Home

A couple of days before helping to lead the Lions to their first Ivy League baseball title since 2008 (see news story, p. 50), General Studies sophomore Joey Falcone sits down in Tom's Restaurant and asks for "The Lumberjack" — eggs, pancakes, sausage, bacon, and toast. He addresses the waitress with deference, and from time to time, he calls his breakfast companion "sir." As a former Marine combat medic who served for six years, including two tours of Iraq and one of Afghanistan, Falcone is used to taking orders, not giving them.

"It's still like that," he says. "I don't want to take the classes I want to take; I want to take the classes people tell me to take."

At twenty-seven, Falcone is the oldest Division I ballplayer in the country. And as a relatively recent arrival on campus — he transferred last fall from the College of Staten Island — the sinewy six-foot-five-inch designated hitter still defers to authority. "I'm newer to the program than some of these other guys," he says. "So even though I'm older and have seen a little more, when it comes to baseball, I ask *them* for advice."

"It's funny when he comes up to me and asks me about swinging, or about where to study," says graduating Lion co-captain Alex Black. "It's like he's an eighteen-year-old freshman. He fits perfectly into our world. When we do our stretching, he'll be in the back of the line. It's not like he's trying to rise above and lead all of us."

Falcone has had a great season, batting .333 and leading the team with a .536 slugging percentage. Those are numbers you might expect from a player with Falcone's pedigree: he's the son of former major-leaguer Pete Falcone, who pitched for ten seasons with the Giants, Cardinals, Mets, and Braves. Falcone *fils* maintains that whenever his father talks shop with him, he says only this: "Get the bat head out! Get the bat head out!" The young Falcone laughs. "I'm not saying that's not sound advice. It probably is."

Falcone moved around as a kid during his father's playing days, including a stay in

Italy during Pete's brief tenure in a European league. He graduated from Bolton High School in Alexandria, Louisiana, where, as a right fielder still physically small, he was not a standout. Instead of shooting for an athletic scholarship, he enlisted.

"I knew I was immature," he says. "I knew I didn't have any drive to do my schoolwork. I knew that if I graduated and just hung around in the street I'd get in trouble. I had no aim, no interest in college. I wanted to play baseball, but baseball was a thing of the past as far as I was concerned."

And so he went to war.

"Every time you go on a mission, it's like Russian roulette," he says. "You never know who's going to get hit or who's going to step on the bomb." One time it was his friend John Malone, who caught it in the neck in Afghanistan. "He went down, his eyes were open, he was fighting like, 'I'm tough, I'm going to hang in there.' But the blood was coming out too quick. Too much, too fast."

There was also Aiyad Gaab, the bodyguard of a local Iraqi police chief, who was blown up by a car bomb planted under his seat that had been meant for his boss; he lost both legs and some fingers. "Man, that guy took it like a G," says Falcone, using street slang for gangster or tough guy. "He was hurting, the poor kid, but he was saying his prayers, not knowing if he would make it, and he would see that he didn't have his legs and he'd say, 'Oh, man,' instead of rolling around in agony."

When Falcone got out in July 2010, he was confused and bitter. He had seen some heartening things — the many Iraqis who welcomed the American presence, the ordinary people who invited him into their homes to escape the heat, the police recruits who responded enthusiastically to training — but as a whole, the experience had simply been too intense.

"I hated everybody," he recalls. "I was angry at society; I was angry at the world. If people knew what was going on over there, they would never have agreed to a war. If they had seen the casualties, they would have stopped. I was also a medic, so I wasn't fazed by it anymore. That's weird. You're supposed to be fazed by it."

Determined to "shake my present state as quick as I could," Falcone enrolled at the College of Staten Island in 2011, where his grades were good enough for his coach to suggest that he apply to GS.

Now Falcone wavers between pursuing nursing and economics. As for baseball, he's philosophical about possibly turning pro ("I'm certainly open, if it comes my way, to playing at the next level"). What's certain is that being at Columbia has made the adjustment to life stateside that much easier.

"Getting back to school, being around civilians, being around baseball — that was what helped me slowly but surely put the training wheels back on," he says, finishing his breakfast. "And the more that I was able to do that, to figure out how to be a civilian, the more I realized, I'm still here."

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

Station Identification

Two robed figures walk along a path to a three-story, red-brick, Federal-style building. The structure has rows of windows and is topped by a weathervane and a cupola that touches a blue sky. Plump autumn trees frame the tableau.

"It must be a courthouse," one New Yorker says after taking out his earphones. A tourist bound for Battery Park supposes it is a school or a church at South Ferry. "Where the ships are," he adds happily. An older woman deliberates on the image and declares it a mansion.

Here on the platform of the Chambers Street IRT station at West Broadway in TriBeCa, straphangers have been asked to ponder the hundred-year-old artwork embedded in the water-stained walls of the tunnel. Each wall bears thirty copies of the image across the length of the two-block-long platform, making sixty in total on both walls.

The tiles are the decorative highlight of the station, but many of them are so grimy as to be completely obscured.

This decline probably wasn't what William Barclay Parsons 1879CC, 1882SEAS, the first chief engineer of the New York City subway, had envisioned. Parsons was responsible not only for designing the original plan for the Interborough Rapid Transit subway, but for bringing art and design below ground. Under his direction, the architectural team of Heins & LaFarge designed the mosaic and terra-cotta artwork that provides many stations with their identity.

In 1906, Heins & LaFarge were succeeded by a young architect named Squire J. Vickers. It was Vickers who designed the second generation of subway art, including the tiles at Chambers Street. Between 1918 and 1919, Vickers's station mosaics were installed to provide riders a portal through which their imaginations could be transported from sometimes dreary underground locales.

A century later, on a summer day, not a single rider at Chambers Street can correctly identify the building in the picture. But if Vickers and Parsons were here, they'd tell you that those terra-cotta tiles depict College Hall, home of King's College, located

on Murray and Church Streets near Park Row. College Hall was designed by Robert Crommelin, a member of the Trinity Church vestry, and constructed in 1760. During the Revolutionary War, King's College closed, and the hall was transformed into a hospital — first American, then British.

After the war, King's College became Columbia College, which continued using College Hall until the school moved in 1857 to a campus in Midtown. That same year, the building was demolished.

Before the older woman boards her train, she says, "If you asked me where Columbia is now, I could tell you." And were she to ride up to West 116th Street and get off the train, she might see, on the station wall, mosaics that say "Columbia University" — which makes Columbia the only institution to appear on the walls of two New York City subway stations.

So why did Vickers choose College Hall for Chambers Street? Obviously, there's the location, though it's unlikely this would have been the sole reason, especially since so few subway stops contain images of old New York. Might Parsons, the IRT mastermind, have had some influence? After all, Parsons had been his class president at Columbia, cofounder of the *Daily Spectator*, and, starting in 1917 — a year before Vickers brought College Hall to Chambers Street — was chairman of the Columbia Board of Trustees, a position he held until 1932.

Even if Parsons didn't push for the College Hall design, the building would never have been far from his mind: in the Trustees' Room in Low Library rests College Hall's cornerstone, and also the copper crown that resided under College Hall's weathervane before the Revolutionary War.

— *Benjamin Waldman '08GS/JTS*

The Tender

Under heavy iron clouds, in the swish and glug of New York harbor, she sleeps, her dreams of scalloped sea and winking light disrupted now and again by an aquatic squeal that sounds like an orca's call. Whale song, it's true, can be heard again in New York waters (humpbacks, fins, big blues), but here at Pier 25, at the foot of North Moore Street, the cry belongs to the 174-foot, 770-ton *Lilac* as she nuzzles the black rubber fenders wedged between hull and pier. The whales, it seems, could have company in their back-from-the-brink resurgence: if the *Lilac*'s master realizes a dream of her own, the old ship's twin engines will fire, her pipes will bang, her pistons will jump, her cranks will turn, and smoke will puff from the yellow stack of America's last steam-powered lighthouse tender.

Mary Habstritt '89LS stands at the top of the *Lilac*'s metal gangway in welcome. She wears jeans, a navy-blue sweatshirt, and wire-frame glasses, and has wind-bleached hair the hue of rock salt and marine rope. "Ships," she says, leading a visitor aboard, "often have many lives. This was true for the *Lilac*'s sister ship, the *Arbutus*, as well. They get reused for different purposes."

Habstritt ducks through a doorway and into the wardroom, where the officers ate, and where the walls now flaunt photos of the *Lilac*'s launch in 1933. Habstritt tells of the *Lilac*'s incarnations: built by the US Lighthouse Service, the federal agency charged with maintaining aids to navigation (it would be subsumed by the Coast Guard in 1939), *Lilac*, one of thirty-three such vessels produced between 1892 and 1939, spent four decades cruising the busy industrial corridor of the Delaware River, from Wilmington to Philadelphia to Trenton. Her crew of four officers and thirty-four seamen brought supplies and inspectors to lighthouses, made repairs, raised buoys from the water with *Lilac*'s boom and lowered them onto the deck to be serviced, and, in the days before automated lighthouses, ferried the oil that kept the lights burning. "The lighthouse keeper lived there with his family and basically couldn't leave, because he had to make sure the light was on all the time," Habstritt says. "In fact, some of the first females in the Coast Guard were the wives of lighthouse keepers who took over for their husbands."

Habstritt exits the wardroom into the spring mist, where hull rubs fender in a creaky wail, and walks across the *Lilac*'s rain-rinsed deck to the engine room. In World War II, she says, *Lilac*, like all Coast Guard vessels, came under command of the Navy: she was painted gray and armed with depth charges and small guns to protect the coast. "There were concerns about mine-laying U-boats, so she also was fitted with a degaussing system — an anti-mine system that neutralizes the ship's magnetic field so that magnetic mines won't attach to the hull. And it's all still here." Habstritt laughs. "There's a huge copper coil running around the hull of the ship, and controls for it up in the pilot house. But," Habstritt adds, "she had no encounters that we know of."

After the war, the ship was disarmed, repainted Coast Guard black-and-white, and returned to full-time buoy and lighthouse tending and responding to maritime emergencies like collisions and fires. In 1972, the *Lilac*, after thirty-nine years of continuous use, was decommissioned. The government donated her to the Seafarers International Union as a stationary train-

ing vessel at a seamanship school on the Potomac River. After the union retired her in 1985, she was sold into private hands and berthed at a marina on the James River in Richmond. In 1999, she went on the block again. She could well have ended as scrap, or, like her identical sister, been scuttled, another faded species wiped out.

That's when the New York–based nonprofit the Tug *Pegasus* Preservation Project — soon to spawn the *Lilac* Preservation Project — jumped in. By the winter of 2003, the *Lilac* was towed north, a ghost ship filled with small wonders: the nooks and cabins, the mess halls and galleys, the hanging cots and the original Webb Perfection stove, the steep ladderlike stairs with their rails wrapped in sailors' rope work, the living quarters so starkly reflective of military hierarchy, the honeycombed layers of Gumby-green paint ("The sailors call it 'puke green,'" says Habstritt. "It's supposed to be calming"), and, down below, the pièce de résistance, which Habstritt now approaches, lowering herself nimbly from the near-vertical stairs. Here, in this dank tomb of pipes and water tanks, lies an engineering triumph whose mechanics Habstritt knows well.

"There's one engine for each propeller," she says, standing between the two iron-red, twelve-foot-long steel engines. "The steam comes in from the boiler room and enters the engines through these pipes." The engines have three cylinders on top. "You're trying to get as much work out of the steam as possible, but it starts to cool as soon as it hits the engine, and so each time the steam is reused, it needs more surface air to do the same amount of work. That's why the cylinders gradually get bigger, and why it's called a triple-expansion steam engine."

A landlubbing Minnesotan, Habstritt had come east to study at the only Ivy League school with a library program. Soon she met a man who belonged to the Society for Industrial Archaeology, and who encouraged her to attend a gathering of the New York chapter. "It opened up a whole world of the history of manufacturing and the stories behind the products we use every day," Habstritt says. The president of the local chapter was Gerry Weinstein, a steam historian and industrial-landscape photographer.

MARK STEELE

After she and her boyfriend split up, Habstritt moved to the Twin Cities and took a job at the University of Minnesota library. During that time, she and Weinstein struck up a courtship. They got married in 1997, and Habstritt returned to New York, where she began researching the history of industrial sites and advocating for preservation.

"The more I learned about these places, the more I realized they were disappearing," says Habstritt. "In the world of preservation, industrial sites are the stepchild. People can understand the value of a historic house where Edgar Allan Poe once lived and worked. But an abandoned factory? Not so much." She mentions the Domino Sugar factory on the East River, sold to a developer last fall, as a museum-worthy structure (the sugar trade, Caribbean-US relations, monopoly, Teddy Roosevelt, factory life) that we demolish at the peril of national memory. "I felt that a lot of these sites needed someone to help save them," she says.

Powerful forces stood in opposition, naturally, and for Habstritt, fighting those frequently predetermined battles grew disheartening. But a ship was different; a ship wasn't real estate. Everyone wanted to save a ship.

Habstritt took over as the *Lilac* Preservation Project's director in 2011, learning all she could about the ship from government records and former crew, and about steam engineering from her husband ("we have a collection of steam engines at our weekend place"). She has been overseeing the ambitious volunteer-driven restoration effort at Pier 25 (painting, wiring, cleaning, refurnishing, patching, plumbing) as well as holding onboard events (readings, art exhibits, lectures, theatrical and choral performances) during the May-to-October season.

Habstritt climbs up into the bridge, the room from which the captain guided the *Lilac* along the Delaware. Polished binnacle, telegraph, nautical charts, wooden ship's wheel, radar equipment — *all still here*. Habstritt, underscoring the many lives of ships, recalls the fate of *Lilac*'s sister. "The *Arbutus* worked the Hudson and was based on Staten Island," she says.

"After her decommission, she ended up being used as a workboat for Mel Fisher, the famous treasure hunter. In 1985, Fisher and his crew found the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha*, a shipwreck from 1622 that yielded a lot of gold. When they were done with the treasure hunt, they sank the *Arbutus* off the Florida coast. That's one way to get rid of a ship — scuttle it. So she's down there off the Florida Keys."

As for the *Lilac*, the survivor, the last of her kind, rocking gently on the Hudson, she now enjoys the status of museum ship — a boat that never searched for treasure, but instead became it. — *Paul Hond*

Nordic Nosh

"Taste the small vial," says Mark Emil Hermansen, the concept developer at the two-Michelin-star-rated restaurant Noma in Copenhagen. "Vinegar brought from Denmark." A wave of gentle clicks rolls through the Northwest Corner Building auditorium as more than a hundred people pop open the plastic vials.

Downed in a single gulp, the yellowish-green vinegar, given out at the start of Hermansen's lecture, packs a punch akin to a shot of liquor — an attention-getting kickoff to the April 6 symposium, The New Nordic Cuisine in New York City, presented by the Department of Germanic Languages.

"I felt like my mouth was completely cleaned of the flavors that I had eaten over the last ten years," says Takeshi Kaji, a biological anthropology major, moments after the experience. "Brushing twice a day doesn't clean out your mouth as much as pine vinegar. My mouth was born again."

Clean is a word that comes up often in the New Nordic Cuisine, a movement started in 2004 with a manifesto signed by twelve influential Scandinavian chefs, among them Hermansen's boss, Noma chef René Redzepi. The ten-point platform calls for preparing food that's *pure*, *simple*, and *fresh*, in hopes of putting Scandinavia on the gastronomic map.

But this audience is interested in more than flavors: a crowd that includes a grad student in sustainability, a lawyer, a microbiologist, a Whole Foods vendor, an NYU professor, and a novelist asks questions about yeast strains and government labels. This response is just what the symposium's organizer, Columbia adjunct professor Hanne Pico Larsen, expected, having advertised at Columbia, NYU, and all the Scandinavian consulates, as well as in *Edible Brooklyn* and *Edible Manhattan*. "Food studies is big in New York City," she says, calling the symposium a "true New York City event."

The presenter's slides, though, are far from New York: in the beauty of the dark forests, swirling waters, and jagged cliffs of the Scandinavian landscape, one gets a feel for what's known in the movement as the Scandinavian *terroir* — a French word roughly meaning "sense of place." Nordic cuisine proponents seek to bring wild mushrooms and root vegetables to diners' plates with their essences intact, which means using certain foods only when they're in season. In this way, the cuisine resembles the growing farm-to-table movement familiar to Americans.

Hermansen shows a slide with a dish that he says can be seen "almost as a symbol of the New Nordic Cuisine: nature transformed into culture." The crowd murmurs in surprise at bright red radishes half buried in dirt in a clay pot. It looks like a page from a gardening catalog, but it's a Noma dish. Hermansen explains that the soil — really a mix of toasted malt and hazelnuts — is entirely edible.

During the break, there is coffee and small, delicate chocolates provided by the Danish-born gourmet chocolatier Fritz Knipschildt. A trio of women debate Hermansen's confident assertion that all the Scandinavian countries are equal members of the food movement. "Even if they talk about the Nordic region, there are big differences between the individual countries," says Magdalena Herrgard, the cultural attaché at the Finnish consulate. Despite the rise in Danish and Swedish restaurants, "no one in the US knows Finnish food."

But people get a chance to learn a *little* about Finnish cuisine through rye-bread baker Simo Kuusisto's presentation. Kuusisto started his New York–based bread business, Nordic Breads, without a connection to the New Nordic Cuisine movement, but he still sees a link, in that rye bread is a Scandinavian staple and that he gets his rye locally from a farmer upstate — "the little terroir we have here with our own land."

Siggi Hilmarsson '04BUS, founder of the yogurt company Siggi's, and Fredrik Berselius, chef and founder of Aska restaurant in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, got inspiration from their childhoods. Hilmarsson, while growing up in Iceland, lamented the traditional Icelandic snacks his parents forced him to eat. "I got potatoes and skyr, and I got it pretty plain. I got flatbread and rye." But when he came to New York, he missed skyr — Icelandic yogurt — and went on a mission to replicate it. He found willing customers, and eventually quit his post-business-school consulting job to run Siggi's full-time.

For Berselius, food is tied up with the suburbs of his native Stockholm, where "all weekend we would go out in the forest and pick berries and mushrooms." He adheres to the New Nordic manifesto in his restaurant, using local and in-season ingre-

dients, even if it means only being able to offer a herring dish once a year.

As the symposium ends, the audience receives samples of Kuusisto's rye bread. The bread is hearty and filling, but when attendee Aïcha Konaté '12CC is asked to name her favorite offering, she reaches back to the event's beginning, in a sentiment perhaps influenced by the New Nordic Cuisine movement's search for authenticity.

"The little vinegar vials — I think that was probably the best. The yogurt, chocolates, and the rye, that was nice, but the vinegar was great because we knew that it was made in Denmark." — *Maya Rock*

GTMO Road Show

On January 22, 2009, two days after taking office, President Obama signed an executive order mandating the closing of the Guantánamo Bay Naval Base detention facility within a year. No longer, he declared, would the United States accept the "false choice between our safety and our ideals."

For Liz Ševčenko, the founding director of the International Coalition of Sites of Conscience, that was the sound of a door opening. The coalition brings together museums that were once places with troubled pasts, such as Russia's Gulag Museum (the erstwhile Perm-36 labor camp) and the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis (formerly the Lorraine Motel, where Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated). As a group, Ševčenko says, "we were interested in how you connect past and present, how you bring a very diverse society together over contested histories."

In June 2009, Ševčenko convened a workshop to explore the issues surrounding Guantánamo and place the debate over the detention center's closing in historical perspective. It was, she would later say, "the most challenging public-memory project that even this veteran group could imagine."

As the years passed, however, the detention center at Guantánamo (known by its military abbreviation, GTMO) remained open, its closing delayed by opposition in Congress and the problems of trying, relocating, or repatriating prisoners. But Ševčenko's group wasn't structured to build a stand-alone museum; the Guantánamo Public Memory Project required a major initiative of its own.

In April 2011, Columbia's Institute for the Study of Human Rights (ISHR) cosponsored a Guantánamo conference with the international coalition. The institute's director, Elazar Barkan, saw possibilities for a Columbia-based undertaking.

"This project seemed like a great opportunity, especially after the Obama administration drew a line over any accountability for torture" by declining to investigate past abuses, Barkan says. This was a chance "for innovative representation of the critical political human-rights issues, and an interesting pedagogical experiment."

At Columbia, the Guantánamo Public Memory Project, based in Barkan's institute and led by Ševčenko, has created a curriculum for students of public history and museum studies. Columbia graduate students did the initial research into Guantánamo's history; twelve other universities, including Brown and the University of Miami, also participated. The final course project: the production of text, images, and oral histories for an exhibition, now touring the country through at least 2014.

After kicking off at New York University in December with a seminar co-sponsored by ISHR, the Heyman Center, and the Institute for Latin American Studies, the exhibition made its next stop at the Mabel Smith Douglass Library of Rutgers University. Near the entrance, a series of banners located Guantánamo in time and space. Visitors learn that a 1903 treaty with Cuba gave the United States control, but not sovereignty, over an area fronting Guantánamo Bay that would become a naval base. The territory, neither Cuban nor American, has remained a legal black hole, allowing the US government to detain refugees and suspected post-9/11 terrorists without constitutional protections.

The exhibition features video testimonies from Cuban and Haitian refugees, military and civilian personnel, and recent detainees like Omar Deghayes, a Libyan exile who attended law school in England and settled in Afghanistan. Deghayes fled the country after 9/11; he was abducted in Pakistan by Pakistani police, turned over to the US, and sent to Guantánamo. Never charged with a crime, he was beaten, humiliated, subjected to harsh conditions for six years, and then released without apology in 2007.

The exhibition situates the impasse over the detainees within a complex history rife with irony. During the Cold War, Guantánamo was a fortress against Cuban communism, but also employed many Cubans. In the 1980s and 1990s, it served as a prison and way station for Cubans and Haitians fleeing poverty and political repression for a new life in America. One of the exhibition's most poignant images is a thirteen-year-old Cuban refugee's crayon drawing of an American flag covered with barbed wire.

Yet the show makes clear that many who served at the naval base still remember it fondly. Students at the University of West Florida, in Pensacola, a community filled with retired military personnel, write that those stationed at Guantánamo during

the Cold War recalled "a close-knit family atmosphere and camaraderie."

Incorporating different viewpoints into the show was part of the mission, and stoked controversy. "Students and professors embraced the idea of multiple perspectives," Ševčenko says, "and were also troubled by including those with no criticism of Guantánamo."

While the exhibition tours, Ševčenko is developing a national public-memory laboratory to explore other subjects, such as mass incarceration and immigration. "We're trying to build a national model of using history to confront tough issues," she says, something she believes that universities are better placed to accomplish than other cultural institutions.

In May, President Obama announced that he wanted to renew efforts to release, try, or transfer GTMO's 166 prisoners — many of whom are involved in a hunger strike to protest their imprisonment — and close the detention center for good.

Guantánamo's history is shifting again, but the ending remains to be written.

— Julia M. Klein

Read more on the Guantánamo project: www.magazine.columbia.edu/gtmo

Army of One

It was a Saturday in 1936, and the boy, who was twelve, wanted to play baseball. But his father, Sam, a poor weaver at a silk mill in Paterson, New Jersey, had other ideas. He took the boy to the factory.

They went inside. The mill was big and hot and filled with machines and workers and the loud rhythms of the cast-iron looms.

"Do you feel the building shaking?" said Sam.

"Yes, Daddy."

"It's dark in here, isn't it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"It's dirty in here," said Sam. He took his son's hand and touched it to the silk that rolled off the spools. It left a glaze of machine oil and dirt on the boy's skin.

"You see that?" Sam said. "That's dangerous to your health."

The boy's childhood was filled with these sort of Dickens-on-the-Passaic vignettes, which affected him for the rest of his life. He grew up to become CEO of the payroll management company Automatic Data Processing (ADP), where he made enough money to run for the US Senate. He won the seat and was reelected four times. There, he built a legislative record rooted in his life experience: poverty, his father's death at age forty-three from cancer, his mother's struggle to pay the doctors and support two children, and an opportunity given to him as a veteran.

Frank Lautenberg '49BUS, who died on June 3, got his first job while in high school, at his parents' short-lived candy store. The family bounced around so often during the Depression that Lautenberg attended thirteen New Jersey public schools. He served in World War II — the last member of the Senate to have done so — and, after returning from Europe, went to Columbia on the GI Bill.

He was fifty-eight when he entered the Senate in 1982. As a lawmaker, Lautenberg authored the Toxic Right-to-Know Act of 1986, which required industry to disclose hazardous-chemical information to the public; the 1989 legislation that banned smoking on domestic flights; and the law barring those convicted of domestic abuse from purchasing or owning guns. His first major piece of legislation to be passed, in 1984, withheld federal highway funds from states that didn't raise their legal drinking age to twenty-one, leading to a national standard.

But Lautenberg, whose father quit school in the sixth grade, always came back to the importance of education. In 2008, Lautenberg co-sponsored the Post–9/11 GI Bill, to help veterans returning from Iraq and Afghanistan meet the rising costs of college.

In a 2005 interview with the Rutgers Oral History Archives, Lautenberg credited the original GI Bill for the transformation of "this kid who had no chance of a future."

"Columbia," he said, "was a life-changing experience. It wasn't so much the subjects that I learned; it was the horizons that I saw. When you're in the back of the store you don't see life that way."

Graduation was especially moving for a young man who had left his family to go to war as a signal corpsman and been knocked from a telephone pole in Antwerp in 1944 by the force of a German V-1 bomb.

"When I stood on the steps of Low Library," he said, "and General Eisenhower was the president of Columbia, and I got my diploma from General Eisenhower, seated in the audience were three of the most important people in my life: my grandmother, my mother, and my sister. The three women in my life who helped shape things and give me direction."

More than sixty years later, hundreds of veterans have been able to go to Columbia on the strength of Lautenberg's initiative.

"If you give nutrition to a plant, it grows," Lautenberg said. "If you give nutrition to a child, it grows. If you take a mind that can learn and you give it nutrition, it grows. I went from the back of a store to sitting at the desk that was occupied by Harry Truman before me. I still have the same desk."

— Paul Hond

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COLLISIONS

Move over, Higgs boson. Columbia scientists at the Large Hadron Collider are searching for the key to a unified theory of everything.

By David J. Craig

Illustrations by Keith Negley

John Parsons is poised to enter a new dimension.

It is a cloudy Monday morning in April, and the fifty-year-old physics professor is sitting in a swivel chair in his Pupin Hall office with his face inches away from his computer. On the screen is a colorful chart showing what happened when two protons zipped around the seventeen-mile-long circular tunnel of the world's most powerful particle accelerator, the Large Hadron Collider (LHC), outside Geneva, and smashed together at nearly the speed of light. When the protons met, the immense energy that had been stored up in their motion was suddenly released in the form of quarks, photons, electrons, gluons, muons, pions, kaons, and other particles that materialized like tornadoes churned out by a furious weather system. The new particles spun outward in all directions, each one moving in a manner that revealed its personality: some made a beeline for the collider's outer wall, others floated gently like streamers, and still others spiraled, as if trying to return from where they came. Their journeys, which took less than a billionth of a second and were tracked by computerized sensors, now made for a staggeringly complex and beautiful-looking puzzle.

Within the tangle, Parsons zeroes in on a single particle. He can tell it is a photon, or a light particle, by the clean angle with which it hit the detector. Photons are the fastballs of the particle world, always firing straight and hard. Parsons hopes that this one is pointing him to one of the most extraordinary scientific discoveries in a century.

"Look at where it came from," Parsons says, zooming in on the image. "Not from the point of the original collision, but a few centimeters off." The photon seems to have come from nowhere. This is a sign that it's a byproduct of another particle that was produced by the collision and then quickly decayed and disap-

peared. What could that be? "One possibility is a neutralino," Parsons says. "And where there's a neutralino, there may also be a gravitino."

The gravitino is precious quarry for experimental physicists: a new particle whose discovery would radically alter our understanding of nature. Since the 1970s, the so-called Standard Model of particle physics has been the law of the cosmos; its seventeenth and final cog, the Higgs boson, was found last year. A gravitino would be a different sort of beast entirely. This little ball of thunder would provide the first evidence for a controversial idea called supersymmetry, which holds that each of the seventeen particles already identified has a nearly identical cousin still hiding in the shadows: the photon gets a photino, the electron a selectron, each of six types of quark a squark, each of eight types of gluon a gluino, and so on. The theory goes that these supersymmetrical particles, or sparticles, are the missing puzzle pieces needed to solve mysteries that the Standard Model doesn't even try to address, mysteries such as: What came before the Big Bang? How does gravity work? Why is our universe expanding?

"If supersymmetry is right, we're basically talking about the key to a unified theory of everything," Parsons says. "The thought of it is thrilling."

If he is to find a gravitino, Parsons will need to be a creative sleuth. This is because a gravitino is thought to be impervious to electromagnetism and other forces. It is, in other words, invisible. Whereas most particles that pass through the LHC's silicon, liquid-argon, and iron sensors will knock electrons loose from their atoms and leave an irradiated trail of ions in their stead, a gravitino will slip through these heavy materials as if they were cheesecloth.

"The search for supersymmetry is exciting because nobody knows if it's real or not. Finding it would be a lightning bolt." — John Parsons

How do you discover something you can't see?

"You look for curious absences," says Parsons, who has been conducting the analysis with Columbia graduate student Nikiforos Nikiforou and physicists at the University of Liverpool. "First, you'll see less energy coming out of a collision than went into it, which suggests that something is sneaking past your sensors on the way out. And perhaps you'll notice these little oddities in the direction of your photons."

Parsons, a rosy-skinned Canadian with a calm demeanor, believes he has as good a chance as anybody of finding a sparticle. After all, he has spent the past twenty years designing, testing, and calibrating the circuit boards that act as the electronic brains in the LHC's largest detector, known as ATLAS. He did this work with Bill Willis, a Columbia professor who died this past fall and who was among the first prominent American physicists to get involved in the European-led LHC project, in the early 1990s.

"If you spend two decades developing a piece of machinery, you really get to know it," Parsons says. "You know its strengths, its limitations, and its quirks. And this gives you an intuitive feel for working with the data."

Over the past few years, Parsons and Willis used their intimate knowledge of the ATLAS detector to develop new analytic techniques that enabled scientists for the first time to identify photons that are second-generation byproducts of collisions. The method involves not only tracing the photons' paths but also recording how much time they take to reach the detector's sensors: even the slightest delay will signal that they sprouted from other, slower particles that traveled the first few centimeters from the collision.

Parsons and Willis's techniques were instrumental in finding the Higgs boson, which had been a Holy Grail for physicists since being theorized in the 1960s. The Higgs is not invisible, although it might as well be: it appears only fleetingly in high-energy circumstances before transmuting into more ordinary particles like photons, the way a hurricane downgrades into a tropical storm.

"One of the Higgs's most distinctive decay patterns is turning into two photons," Parsons says. "So analyzing the journeys of these light particles was helpful in pulling off its mask."

The importance of the Higgs boson's discovery, which was announced last summer, is difficult to overstate. The Higgs is a physical

manifestation of an energy field that permeates space and acts like cosmic molasses, slowing down particles as they move. It thus explains how particles acquire mass, which was the last remaining gap in the Standard Model.

To Parsons and to many other scientists working at the Large Hadron Collider, however, the real drama is just beginning. As important as the discovery of the Higgs boson was, it hardly came as a surprise. The existence of the Higgs had been theorized for so long, and physicists had accumulated so much indirect evidence for it, that the work had come to feel like a long, slow march toward the inevitable.

"There is an entire generation of physicists, of which I'm a part, who have spent their careers with the Higgs looming over the horizon," says Parsons. "It is satisfying to have finished the job. But frankly, we're also happy to move on to other things. The search for supersymmetry is exciting because nobody knows if it's real or not. Finding it would be a lightning bolt."

INTO THE WEIRD

The concept of supersymmetry grew out of physicists' attempts in the 1970s and '80s to resolve a paradox they had observed in nature: that tiny objects and larger ones are controlled by different forces. In the quantum world, activity between particles is governed by electromagnetism and the so-called weak and strong forces that bind atoms together. Gravity is imperceptibly weak in this realm — so weak, in fact, that particle physicists don't even figure it into their equations. Yet the interactions of more massive bodies — from dust particles, say, all the way up to planets, stars, and galaxies — are dominated by gravity.

"It turns out that our best descriptions of the quantum world and the macroscale world just don't mix," says Brian Greene, a Columbia theoretical physicist and mathematician. "And if you're in the business of trying to identify truly universal laws to describe nature, that's a problem."

Supersymmetry's solution is to propose that the differences between the forces are not fundamental or irreconcilable at all but merely seem this way because of the limitations of our perspective — namely, that we are stuck observing a universe that has been cooling and

expanding for fourteen billion years. If only we could glimpse the universe in the first trillionth of a second after the Big Bang, say proponents of supersymmetry, we would see that the forces initially acted on equal terms. Scientists are doubtful they will ever build a particle accelerator powerful enough to recreate the high-energy conditions of the universe's birth. But experiments at existing colliders have recreated phenomena from within the first billionth of a second after the Big Bang, and they have shown that the forces do act more similarly, although not identically, at these energies. Many theorists take this as a sign that the forces were once part of a single entity called the "superforce."

"The arrows seem to point back to a unity that may have existed among all the disparate

parts of the universe," says Greene. "It seems that in the first moments after the Big Bang there was an elegant simplicity, a grand synthesis that shattered and eventually crystallized out into the messy world that we see around us."

Where do all the photinos, gluinos, squarks, gravitinos, charginos, zinos, and other sparticles figure in this story? They play bit parts, to say the least. Theorists suspect that few sparticles survived more than a nanosecond after the Big Bang, and they have no idea what most of them did then. In fact, their notion of these sparticles derives mainly from their efforts to mathematically accommodate the idea that nature's forces once were unified. And what the mathematics requires is that every known particle has a supersymmetrical partner that resembles it except for being heavier and having a different spin. (A particle's spin is an intrinsic quality related to the way it moves.)

If this strikes you as a bit too convenient, you're not alone. Some physicists see it this way, too. Among the idea's chief detractors is the Nobel-winning theoretician Sheldon Glashow, who once joked that supersymmetry must be right, since "half the particles have already been discovered."

Peter Woit, a theoretical physicist who teaches at Columbia, likens supersymmetry's adherents to Scrabble players who, disliking the letters they have been allotted, slip their hands into the bag for a few more. "The theory doesn't identify previously unrecognized symmetries among real entities that we have in front of us," he says. "All of its symmetries are between things we see in nature and imaginary entities. You need to regard a theory like that with some skepticism."

MASTER KEYS

Far-fetched as supersymmetry might seem, large numbers of theoretical physicists and mathematicians have devoted their careers to developing the theory in recent decades. And it has proved useful in addressing many other mysteries. Take the problem of the universe's total amount of matter: scientists say there is a discrepancy between the amount of known matter and the gravitational strength of celestial bodies. That is, if our galaxy were composed only of the elementary particles we are familiar with, it would not generate enough gravity to keep our sun and three hundred billion other stars orbiting its center. The discrepancy is glaring: scientists estimate that more than 80 percent of the universe's mass has yet to be accounted for. Dark matter, so named because it is assumed to be unobservable, has been hypothesized to account for this discrepancy, and the invisible gravitino that Parsons is chasing is considered a leading candidate to be dark matter.

"It's enormously striking that sparticles come with the properties necessary to make them candidates for the dark matter," says Greene. "It didn't have to be that way. Nature doesn't always provide us such ready-made solutions. This is a wonderful case of a hand fitting into a glove."

Supersymmetry is also a cornerstone of string theory, which hypothesizes that particles consist of tiny loops or strings of energy that vibrate at distinct frequencies. Because string theory offers a simple explanation for the characteristics of elementary particles and their interactions with the fundamental forces, it is regarded as a leading candidate for what scientists call a theory of everything. And it makes mathematical sense only when the total number of particles gets doubled.

Call that convenient. Or consider it a sign that Parsons and his colleagues at the LHC are on the cusp of glimpsing a hidden pattern in nature with tremendous explanatory power.

"It's like what Einstein said of his concept of general relativity," says Greene. "It seems too beautiful to be wrong."

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

More than twenty Columbia physicists are now working at the LHC, which is overseen by the European Organization for Nuclear Research, or CERN, and lies three hundred feet below ground at the French-Swiss border. The physicists include doctoral candidates like Diedi Hu and Andrew Altheimer, who specialize in analyzing gigantic data sets; postdoctoral researchers like Emily Thompson, who studies dense plumes of energy, or jets, that sometimes shoot out of particle collisions; and undergraduates like Nilay Kumar, who is a whiz at writing computer code used in physics experiments. All of the members of Columbia's LHC team, which is led by Parsons and fellow physics professors Gustaaf Brooijmans, Emlyn Hughes, and Mike Tuts, made important contributions to the discovery of the Higgs boson. Many are now involved in the search for supersymmetry.

"This is clearly the next hot thing," says Hughes. "Most of my graduate students now want to look for sparticles."

Columbia physicists developed many of the electronic components inside the Large Hadron Collider's ATLAS detector, whose eighty-foot-tall cylindrical banks of magnets and sensors are often pictured in media reports. The scientists are now responsible for maintaining the equipment they made and for helping other physicists interpret the data generated by their instruments. Many of these components were designed and tested at Columbia's Nevis Laboratories in Irvington, New York.

"Say it's 3:00 a.m. and there's a question about how reliably your electronics are working," says Nikiforos Nikiforou, a Columbia PhD student who lives and works full-time at the LHC. "You might have to get your team down into the pit and run some diagnostic tests. Your job is to do whatever is necessary to make sure that detector is working smoothly at all times."

Today, these Columbia physicists are helping to lead a major LHC renovation and upgrade. The $10 billion machine, which has already produced collisions four times as powerful as any in the past, is now being readied for even higher-energy collisions that will take place in 2015. The scientists expect that by smashing protons at faster speeds and in greater quantities they will more than double the amount of energy the collisions release per second. This could help find evidence of supersymmetry, scientists say, because most sparticles are hypothesized to appear only at higher energy levels than the LHC has reached so far.

"It seems that in the first moments after the Big Bang there was an elegant simplicity, a grand synthesis that shattered and eventually crystallized out into the messy world that we see around us." — Brian Greene

"The higher the energy level, the further back you're inching toward the conditions of the Big Bang," says Parsons. "And every bit of progress can make a difference in the phenomena you see."

Supersymmetry is not the only concern of the Columbia physicists at the LHC. Parsons, Brooijmans, Hughes, and Tuts have graduate students who continue to analyze the Higgs boson in order to better understand how it behaves. This work will continue for years. And some of the scientists are hoping to see familiar particles do unfamiliar things. Brooijmans is studying the top quark, which is among the more exotic of the seventeen known par-

ticles, to see how it behaves when shot out of collisions at nearly the speed of light.

"The top quark is the heaviest of the seventeen known particles, which means it is the one the Higgs binds to most strongly," says Brooijmans. "It only existed naturally in the very first moments of the universe. But at the LHC, we're able to produce several top quarks each second. If there exist particles that are heavier than those we've seen, it's probable that they would decay into the top quark or interact with it. This could provide a window into all sorts of new physics phenomena."

All of the experimental physicists interviewed for this article expressed at least mild skepticism that evidence of supersymmetry will be found at the LHC. But the prospect of learning firsthand whether nature follows the script written in the theorists' notepads clearly excites them.

"Honestly, it's what's keeping me on the project," says Hughes. "I'm the type of scientist who has always loved solving puzzles, and supersymmetry is the most amazing half-finished puzzle. If you take it off the table, the field of particle physics just wouldn't have the same allure for me."

How long could the search for supersymmetry go on? Could it be forty years, like the search for the Higgs? This is, in fact, the great fear of many physicists.

Tuts, who oversees four hundred ATLAS scientists as the project's US operations program manager, will step down from that position this fall to return to his own research. He might look for evidence of extra dimensions, a component of most versions of supersymmetry and string theory. To illustrate the mind-bending concept, Tuts offers an analogy of a person who lives on a tightrope and whose only options are to walk forward or backward. Such would be a one-dimensional existence. But what if he could shrink down to the size of an ant? Then he would realize that his rope is filled with crevices into which he can crawl. Many theorists today suggest that our universe contains up to seven extra dimensions that likewise are too tiny for us to notice.

"If this were true, you might see particles disappear without a trace, suggesting they've slipped into another dimension," Tuts says. "Do I think that's likely? Not really. I personally find the concept a bit far-fetched. But I think you have to look for it. The potential payoff is just too big."

LAMPPOSTS AND DARK CORNERS

Parsons has not found evidence of supersymmetry yet. The gravitino he thought he saw? He concluded it was a fluke.

This is a familiar story. In the past year, scientists at the LHC have published dozens of papers detailing their searches for sparticles. None have turned up gravitinos, selectrons, or squarks — only statistical blips, hiccups, and quirks.

Critics say this is telling. The most popular versions of supersymmetry, which are the simplest and those with the broadest implications, predicted that sparticles would be discovered almost immediately after the LHC was turned on, much sooner than the Higgs.

"Am I surprised that no evidence of supersymmetry has been found?" says Woit. "No. And if it isn't found soon, the best outcome would be for theorists and experimentalists to shift their focus elsewhere. There are plenty of other questions they could be working on. We've only just begun to understand how the Higgs works. That could keep them busy for years."

Few physicists have ruled out supersymmetry altogether. Some, including Parsons, say there remains a small possibility that sparticles could still be found in data that was produced before March, when the LHC was shut down temporarily to prepare for higher-energy experiments. A more likely scenario, he and other physicists say, is that sparticles will be found in 2015, when the LHC finally fires on all cylinders.

"There is a growing realization that if supersymmetry exists, it probably isn't the version we expected," says Parsons. "The question now is whether or not the entire concept is invalid."

How long could the search for supersymmetry go on? Could it last forty years, like the search for the Higgs? This is, in fact, the great fear of many physicists. They worry that the LHC won't find evidence of supersymmetry and yet won't disprove it either, since it can always be argued the

collider simply isn't powerful enough to see sparticles. This could put the field in limbo, with some theorists spinning off what University of Minnesota physicist Mikhail Shifman recently warned would be "contrived, baroque-like, aesthetically unappealing modifications" of supersymmetry instead of breathing new ideas into the field.

"I would be thrilled if we could rule out supersymmetry and string theory," says Greene. "People might think that sounds odd, since I've spent my professional life working on these ideas, but I'm not wedded to any theory. What I want is to find out something true about nature. Unfortunately, if no evidence comes through at the LHC, it won't necessarily mean these theories are wrong."

In the meantime, Parsons continues to run his analyses, looking for unusual photonic activity. To do this work, he logs on to the LHC's website, downloads a few gigabytes of data to his laptop from a gymnasium-sized computer center in Switzerland, and runs statistical-analysis programs that he and his students created. He does this work on the subway, at home in his pajamas, and at the ice rink in suburban New Jersey where he plays hockey every Thursday night. Most days he does it in his office, a drab and sparsely decorated place littered with cardboard boxes — evidence of his constant travels between Morningside, Nevis Labs, and Geneva.

"If the gravitino exists, it's good at hiding," he says. "The only way to find it is to be patient. We've looked under the lampposts. Now we need to look in the dark corners."

STREET-BEAT CONFIDENTIAL

Journalist Juan González has been writing about wrongs for thirty-five years.
WHAT'S HE GOT TODAY?

Juan González, sixty-five, a columnist for the New York *Daily News*, zooms up the Avenue of the Americas in his brown Subaru hatchback toward Rockefeller Center. He just wrapped a broadcast of *Democracy Now!*, the independent news program that he's co-hosted with journalist Amy Goodman since 1996. Today's show ran long with a segment on the Obama administration's crackdown on whistleblowers, and the columnist had to rush out. It's ten in the morning, and González is staring down the barrel of 3:00 p.m.

"I'm always working on a bunch of different stories at the same time," he says, scanning the street for a parking spot. "But the problem is, the column is always due every Tuesday and Thursday" — he gives a half laugh from the throat, the amused aspiration with which he punctuates truths, large and small — "whether I'm ready or not. The space is there, and I have to figure out what's ready to write."

It's a Thursday, mid-April. Earlier, *Democracy Now!* covered two big stories: the Boston Marathon bombing three days earlier (still no suspects, despite what CNN and the *New York Post* might have indicated) and an explosion at a fertilizer plant in Texas that killed fifteen people and injured two hundred. But for González '68CC, his mind buzzing with government data, City Council motions, House bills, labor contracts, property law, budget figures, hospital records, and tipster's notes, the news is everywhere.

Take today: González is playing with three ideas for his pending column. There's the Hudson Yards West Side redevelopment deal ("The city promised, when Hudson Yards was approved in 2005, that it would build thousands of new housing units in the area, and that 28 percent would be affordable housing. It's now eight years later, and I'm trying to find out what actually happened"); a dustup in Brooklyn in which parents from three public schools that share a building with a freshly renovated charter school claim that the Department of Education failed to give their facilities equal improvements; and the city's proposed $144 million contract with Verizon to maintain its 911 system, even though Verizon has yet to pay the $59 million in damages sought by the city over delays in the original upgrade.

"Investigations in the press have dwindled," says González, a two-time George Polk Award winner and a *News* columnist since 1987. "They cost money and take more time to prepare, which is an investment that most commercial media no longer feel they have to make."

González began his career in 1978 at the *Philadelphia Daily News*. His early pieces were dispatches from Puerto Rican and black neighborhoods, human stories told in straight, unsentimental prose with a moral edge. He portrayed the victims of crime, fire, and negligent landlords, profiled real-estate speculators, exposed fishy land deals and education scandals, produced a major series on cancer rates near industrial sites, and, later, covered City Hall.

"I've always been interested in digging deeper into stories, and have gradually zeroed in on land development and government contracting, areas that nobody covers. I've gotten away from pack journalism. Right now, everybody's on the Boston bombing, so how many new things can you come up with? I'd rather go to where nobody else is paying attention."

González nabs a parking space. He gets out of the car and walks to a curbside vendor and buys coffee and a jelly donut. Cup in one hand, paper bag in the other, the col-

By Paul Hond | Photographs by Ashok Sinha '99SEAS

umnist crosses Sixth Avenue, shambles into the old Sperry-Rand Building, and rides the elevator up to the *Daily News*.

A brief timeline of events illuminating the passion of Juan González begins, aptly, with a headline:

THE SPIRIT OF WAR PERVADES THE BREASTS OF ALL AMERICANS

Patriotic Citizens Advocate Recourse to Arms to Wreak Vengeance Upon Spain for the Cruel and Cowardly Destruction of the Maine

1898: Bolstered by public froth whipped up by the Hearst and Pulitzer empires over alleged Spanish atrocities, the US helps the Cuban and Filipino militaries defeat Spain in the Spanish-American War, gaining control of the Philippines, Guam, Cuba, and the fertile Caribbean jewel of Puerto Rico. After four hundred years of Spanish rule, many Puerto Ricans welcome the English-speaking vanquishers, believing them the heralds of Puerto Rican self-determination.

1917: The US, having retained Puerto Rico and opened her to US sugar interests, passes the Jones Act, which preserves US authority over Puerto Rican political and economic life, and makes all Puerto Ricans US citizens. Puerto Ricans are now eligible for conscription, and about 18,000 serve in World War I.

1937: After years of severe economic distress, Puerto Rico roils with anti-US feeling. On March 21, Nationalists march on the southern city of Ponce to commemorate the end of slavery on the island. The demonstrators are met by the police, who fire into the crowd. Nineteen people are killed. It's the worst massacre in Puerto Rican history.

1947: Juan González is born in Ponce. When he is four months old, his family, in a wave of US-planned emigration meant to ease political and economic tensions on the island, moves to the mainland US. New York City. East Harlem. *El Barrio*.

That is where González's story begins.

González steps off the elevator with his donut and coffee and hatful of stories and enters the vast, open office of the *Daily News*: rows of desks and computers, headphoned workers glued to their terminals, Samsung flat screens (CNN, ESPN) screwed to every cream-painted support beam. González steps into a small private office.

He sits at his desk in a reclining chair, picks up the phone, leaves a message for a Brooklyn parent. "This is Juan González of the *Daily News*," he says, with no trace of expectation that the name will produce a result. "I'm trying to do something for tomorrow's paper. Please call me as soon as you can." He hangs up, punches more numbers, and leans back with the receiver to his ear, his fingers tentacled around the mouthpiece. "They didn't mention how big the hole is that the city is going to have," he tells the source on the other line, "'cause, you know, the interest payment on bonds actually went up this year." González speaks in a rich semi-nasal New Yorkese mixed with a scoop of asphalt. "Like I said, the ideal report puts it all in one place and counts all the money, but I'm concerned that my editors won't want me to do another piece on how much money's being sunk into Hudson Yards." He makes more calls, spills some donut crumbs on his desk. "Councilwoman, how ya doin'? It's Juan." This for a longer-range story. He lowers his voice. "How is it possible for a charter-school network that works in an almost tyrannical manner with these students — that's how they treat them in school — how is it possible for the schools to keep producing these incredible scores? It has to be that they're pushing out all the kids that are gonna do bad, so that they can only have" — the half laugh — "kids that they know are going to produce good test scores." After this, González calls back the parent for the fourth time in an hour. "Sorry to keep bothering you; it's Juan González at the *Daily News*, I'm desperately trying to reach you . . ."

The family lived in a cold-water flat in a tenement on East 112th Street, in the Italian section of El Barrio. González's mother was a seamstress and garment worker. His father, an alcoholic and barely literate, worked in a Bronx cafeteria and stressed education to his children with what González would later describe as "a frenzy that bordered on cruelty," often involving a leather strap.

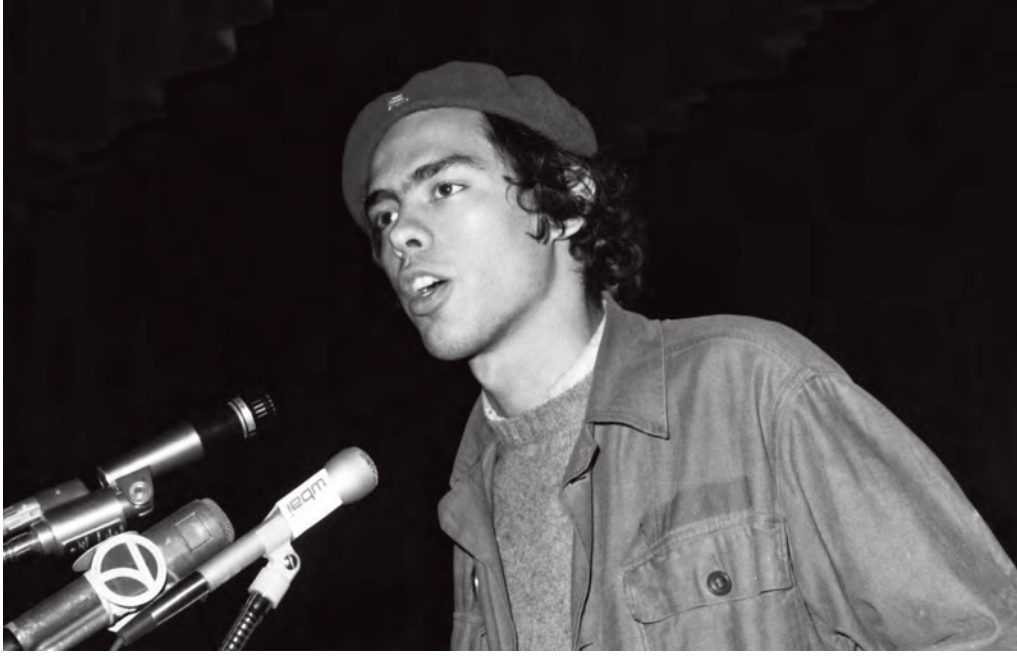
In 1956, the family moved to a housing project in East New York, Brooklyn. González attended Franklin K. Lane High School, where he was one of the few Puerto Ricans on the mostly white campus. His English teacher, Pauline Bonagura, convinced González's parents to let him apply to a summer high-school program at the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University. "The summer of 1963, I went to Northwestern and studied journalism," González says. "The following year, my senior year, I was the editor of the paper."

"Councilwoman, how ya doin'? It's Juan." This for a longer-range story. He lowers his voice.

This was no ordinary high-school newspaper. González's staff included David Vidal,

future foreign correspondent for the *New York Times*, and Stephen Handelman, future foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*.

"My guidance counselor, Judith Temple, told me, 'Hey, you need to apply to Columbia.' I didn't even know what Columbia was. Certainly my parents didn't. I applied to a bunch of colleges. Grinnell College in Iowa and Columbia offered me full scholarships. I wanted to go to Grinnell, but in my senior year of high school, my father died. He died of cancer. My mother didn't want me to go all the way to Iowa. So I went to Columbia for my family. That turned out to be a good decision."



HY ROTHMAN / NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Meeting the press: Gonzalez during his Young Lords days.

González became the first in his family to go to college, and one of a handful of Latinos at Columbia. Well-liked but culturally alienated, he joined the *Spectator* as a sports reporter, and had the occasion to write a news story about a student-run tutoring program for needy families on the West Side. González fell in love with the program. He quit the *Spectator* and got involved in other local causes, including working with citizens in Manhattan Valley who were organizing against a gym that Columbia planned to build in Morningside Park. Some people objected to the idea of a private institution constructing a recreational facility in a public park in a poor neighborhood without giving equal access to the residents.

"In January '68, I participated in a protest at the gym site," says González. "A young African-American minister convinced a bunch of us students to join him in sitting in front of the bulldozers. We all got arrested. When the student strike broke out in April, I became involved."

In the student protests against the gym and the University's involvement in weapons research amid the US war in Vietnam, González occupied a Columbia-owned building on West 114th Street and was arrested a second time. Columbia suspended him. Decades would pass before he got his degree.

By the fall of '68, González had joined Students for a Democratic Society, and the following spring he participated in a takeover of Mathematics Hall. But in 1969, it seemed, most students just wanted to go to class. González was arrested and spent thirty days in jail.

The stay did not reform him. As soon as he got out, he took his activism to where it was needed most — a dozen blocks east of campus, and a thousand worlds away.

González hangs up the phone, bites into his donut. It's past 11:00. Ready or not, he steps out into the newsroom and walks over to Jill Coffey, the morning editor at the city desk.

"Hey, Juan!"

"Hey, how's it going?"

González sits beside Coffey, who asks González what he's going to write. "I have no idea yet," González says. He mentions the Texas explosion and pitches a piece on workplace deaths.

"Yes, I like that," says Coffey.

"The other possibility, more local, is another Success charter thing."

After González's spiel, Coffey says, "I always like the charter-school stories, because I feel that they affect a lot of people. To me, that's the one."

The summer of '69: not your hippies-in-the-mud-LSD-rock-festival '69, but a health/education/housing crisis in El Barrio that drove twenty-one-year-old González and a group of young, educated, media-savvy Puerto Rican nationalists to form the Young Lords. Not a street gang, as in their Chicago antecedents, but a multiethnic squad of community-focused, Black Panther–influenced revolutionaries, young men and women in purple berets with pins that said "*Tengo Puerto Rico en Mi Corazón*," who over the next three years pulled off a string of spectacular direct-action gambits. They burned garbage on Third Avenue to protest a chronic lack of sanitation services, procured urine-testing kits to detect lead levels in children in tenements (bringing national attention to lead poisoning), obtained TB screening equipment and training from supportive doctors and then politely commandeered a city x-ray truck to perform follow-up chest x-rays, reentered a local church (where they'd previously been assaulted by the police) and turned the structure, briefly, into a community center with a children's free-breakfast program. Later, they slipped into the decrepit city-owned Lincoln Hospital in the South Bronx at 3:00 a.m., took over a wing, and, with willing medical staff, turned it, also briefly, into the People's Hospital, providing testing for anemia, TB, and lead poisoning, as well as drug treatment for addicts.

"From July 1969 to 1971, the Young Lords developed a fascinating and compelling way to frame the issues and act on them," says Frances Negrón-Muntaner, director of Columbia's Center for the Study of Ethnicity and Race. "The community didn't have access to the resources necessary to create well-being, and the Young

Lords dramatized that by specializing in what you could call the victimless kidnapping of buildings, calling attention to resources that were available but not being offered to the community.

"They were superheroes in a way, and no one ever got hurt, which was a key part of their strategy," she says. "Every target they selected had to do with producing a healthy Puerto Rican political and physical body that could fully participate in the city. Sometimes they were arrested, but they were never tried. And if they *were* arrested, the people running the institution would drop the charges and say, 'They are right!'"

Ray Suarez, senior correspondent for the *PBS NewsHour*, has known González for twenty-five years. The two met through the National Association of Hispanic Journalists, which González cofounded in 1984.

"Juan has been a friend of the little guy throughout his career, crusading for powerless, voiceless people," says Suarez. "And all he's doing through journalism is what he was doing through activism in the Young Lords."

In 1972, the group, aiming to organize Puerto Rican labor, changed its name to the Puerto Rican Revolutionary Workers Organization. Members moved to cities where Puerto Ricans worked in industry. González got a job at the L. W. Foster Sportswear factory in Philadelphia. In 1973, the year of the last major national garment workers' strike, he organized Foster's five hundred employees. But as the reconfigured Lords became "increasingly extreme and Maoist," González left the organization and got a job at a newspaper printing plant.

Late in 1978, he enrolled in a journalism course at Temple University. Two weeks in, the instructor, who was an editor at the *Philadelphia Daily News*, encouraged González to apply for a job at the paper. González did, and in December, the paper hired him as a clerk. By early 1979, González was a full-time reporter.

The charter-school story comes out Friday, and that morning González drives from his home in Inwood, where he lives with his wife and teenage daughter, to the Chelsea set of *Democracy Now!* Having started as a radio program on the five-station Pacifica network, *Democracy Now!* is currently broadcast over more than 1,100 media outlets worldwide.

González, in a gray suit, takes the elevator and exits into a spotless, sunny office that wraps around the entire floor, with the TV studio in the middle. The walls and shelves flash with plaques and trophies, including González's Polk Awards.

The show starts at 8:00 a.m. Amy Goodman delivers the headlines (in Boston, one suspect in the marathon bombing is dead and another is at large; thirty-two people are dead in a suicide bombing in a Baghdad café; Venezuela is auditing votes in its election after calls for a recount). González then presents a segment on the trial in Guatemala of the former US-backed dictator Efraín Ríos Montt, who is being tried for crimes against humanity for the slaughter of Mayans during the military's campaign against leftist guerrillas in 1982 and 1983. "Ríos Montt," González tells the audience, "is the first head of state in the Americas to stand trial for genocide."

With all eyes on Boston, an in-depth report on the trial of an ex-dictator in a small Latin American country might seem extraneous to a US audience. But as González has shown, foreign involvement can yield all sorts of unintended harvests.

When Frances Negrón-Muntaner arrived at Columbia in 2003, one of her tasks was to develop Latino Studies, including the Introduction to Latino Studies course. She had read González's book *Harvest of Empire: A History of Latinos in America*, which appeared in 2000, and felt it would give students a complex, accessible synthesis of the history behind Latino immigration and settlement.

"González came up with a gripping metaphor," Negrón-Muntaner says. "When you use 'harvest of empire' to understand the Latino presence in the US, it provides an explanation to all who ask, 'Why are there so many Latinos here?' *Harvest of Empire* shows that this process has taken a very long time, and doesn't fit the American-dream narrative of upward-mobility immigration. Though many of those who are immigrants

come here for a better life, the larger social forces propelling this movement of people are part and parcel of American expansionism and intervention in those very countries that become producers of immigrants. People say, 'They are aliens. They are foreigners. What are they doing here?' But when you look at the conditions of the US state- and nation-building process, you realize they're not foreign. They're not alien."

Harvest of Empire is required reading in nearly two hundred colleges in the United States. The revised 2011 edition covers the current immigration debate and was made into a documentary that has played in a dozen US cities since February.

After fifteen years in Philadelphia, González returned to New York in 1987. He had a job waiting at the *Village Voice*, but when the *Daily News* offered him a column, with better pay, González grabbed it.

These were grim years for race relations. González covered the Crown Heights riots, the LA riots, the Washington Heights riots. He emerged as the leader of the 1991 *Daily News* strike, chronicled the Giuliani years,

"Early on, I developed a sense about the unjust treatment of people. Even how my own family was treated."

won the Polk in 1998 for his "street-savvy, unflinching columns," and, a decade later, uncovered the largest fraud against government in New York City history: a taxpayer boondoggle in the Bloomberg administration's CityTime project to computerize the municipal payroll, in which CityTime consultants ripped off the city for $740 million. The stories led to indictments of consultants and the resignation of the city's payroll director — and earned González his second Polk.

But González might be better known as the journalist who, a month after the 9/11 attacks, wrote columns on the dangerous levels of contaminants around Ground Zero.

"Everyone was interested just in returning the city to normal, and there was a big push to get people back to working in the area," González says. "Through my environmental contacts, I got ahold of results from tests that the EPA and the city had been doing that showed there was much more contamination than people realized."

There was backlash against the paper from the Giuliani administration and Christine Todd Whitman, the head of the EPA. They said González was exaggerating. Whitman contacted the *Daily News* and was allowed to write an op-ed piece countering González's claims.

"Some of the editors started quashing my columns," says González. "They killed two of them and relegated the others to the back pages. So I went to Ed Kosner, the editor in chief, and said, 'Ed, why are you holding up my columns?' And he said, 'Well, the EPA says the stuff that you're writing isn't accurate, and so does the Giuliani administration, and besides, the *Times* isn't writing anything about it.' And I said, 'Since when do we decide what we're going to write based on what the *Times* decides to write? You have to trust my reporting.' So we went back and forth, and I finally said, 'Ed, you don't know me well. And I don't know you well because you've only been here a couple of years. So here's what I'm going to do: I'm going to keep writing on this topic. I think it's important, and when a lot of people start getting sick ten or fifteen years down the line, I don't want it to be on my conscience that I didn't do what I needed to do as a reporter.'"

Five years later, as people started getting sick, the paper, under different editors, ran editorials exposing the problem. For this, the *Daily News* won a Pulitzer Prize.

"Early on, I developed a sense about the unjust treatment of people," González says in his office, when asked what motivates his work. "Even how my own family was treated."

It's a Wednesday morning in June. González is dressed in a pale-orange polo shirt and turtle-green sports jacket. This morning's column reports that the city's new $88 million 911 dispatch system has crashed four times in its first three days.

"When I was sixteen," González says, "my father started having pains in his neck. He kept going to the doctor, who told him repeatedly it was nothing. Finally, the doctor said he needed a procedure, but it was August and the doctor was going on vacation and said he'd do the procedure when he came back. The pain developed into a tumor that grew very rapidly. When the doctor returned, he realized it was cancer, and sent my father to Sloan-Kettering. In those days, a Puerto Rican walking into Sloan-Kettering" — the half laugh — "was more like a curiosity."

González's father had surgery the next day, and died. The doctors claimed the tumor had gone too close to the brain. When they tried to remove it, it caused a brain hemorrhage.

"I really felt that my father was not treated the way other patients would have been," González says. "So the sense that people who don't have any income or wealth are treated unjustly has always been with me. After the Young Lords, I decided that I wanted to use journalism as a way to right wrongs."

This morning, González has two pots boiling for his next column. One involves a large, quota-driven increase in inspections and fines against small businesses in all boroughs except Manhattan. The other concerns a curious pattern of disciplinary actions in a powerful, high-performing K–6 charter-school network, a story that González has been developing for more than a year.

"It looks very much to me," he says, opening a yellow folder on his desk, "that they held this student back because he was going to ruin their test scores." González thumbs through some papers, and a glint of delight enters his voice: the thrill of the sleuth closing in. "If I'm able to show that this has been a sophisticated operation of rigging test scores," he says, "it's gonna blow this thing completely out of the water."

Without Walls

A jaunt through the boundless visual worlds of six young, successful Columbia artists

By David Shapiro

Plunk yourself down in the middle of the work of the artists you're about to encounter, and you begin to notice certain patterns: a rigorous intellectual component; a shrewd sense of irony and history; a free play of imagination; a confidence built from having exhibited at major local and international galleries, museums, and art fairs; and, most strikingly, an embrace of multiple traditions and media.

David Brooks
Still Life with Stampede and Guano (2011)
Concrete animal forms that lived with wild seabirds, guano, and varnish
(Dimensions variable)

"Ask yourself: what is the best way to represent the body of ideas you're interested in?" says Gregory Amenoff, a painter and the chair of the visual-arts program at the School of the Arts. "People come in as painters, sculptors, video artists, photographers, printmakers, and animators, but they're put in one large pool, where their peers encourage them to consider what different forms their ideas can take."

In this virtual gallery tour, curated by artist and critic David Shapiro '01CC, we see the diversity of forms and ideas that exemplify the Columbia program's "no walls" interdisciplinary philosophy. There's Anya Kielar's Pop-inflected, female-centered collages, assemblages, paintings, and fabric pieces; Marc Handelman's illusionism and Western mythology, rendered in paintings and installations; Francesca DiMattio's paintings and Frankensteinian fusions of historical ceramic idioms, inspired by Chinese porcelain and the French rococo; the digitally induced paintings and search-term mashups of Kevin Zucker's technology-meets-culture ruminations; Laleh Khorramian's fantastical, culturally influenced paintings, drawings, installations, and digital animations; and the ecological concerns and political critiques of the Amazon-sojourning sculptor David Brooks.

Here, the medium isn't the message, but rather, it's the channel through which the message is most effectively realized; here, form leaps to the service of ideas. This scheme would seem to reflect a comment by Amenoff on Columbia's program:

"Just because you come in as a painter," he says, "doesn't mean you can't branch out."

Portraits by Jörg Meyer

Continue the gallery tour and learn about alumni events in the arts.
www.magazine.columbia.edu/art

David Brooks

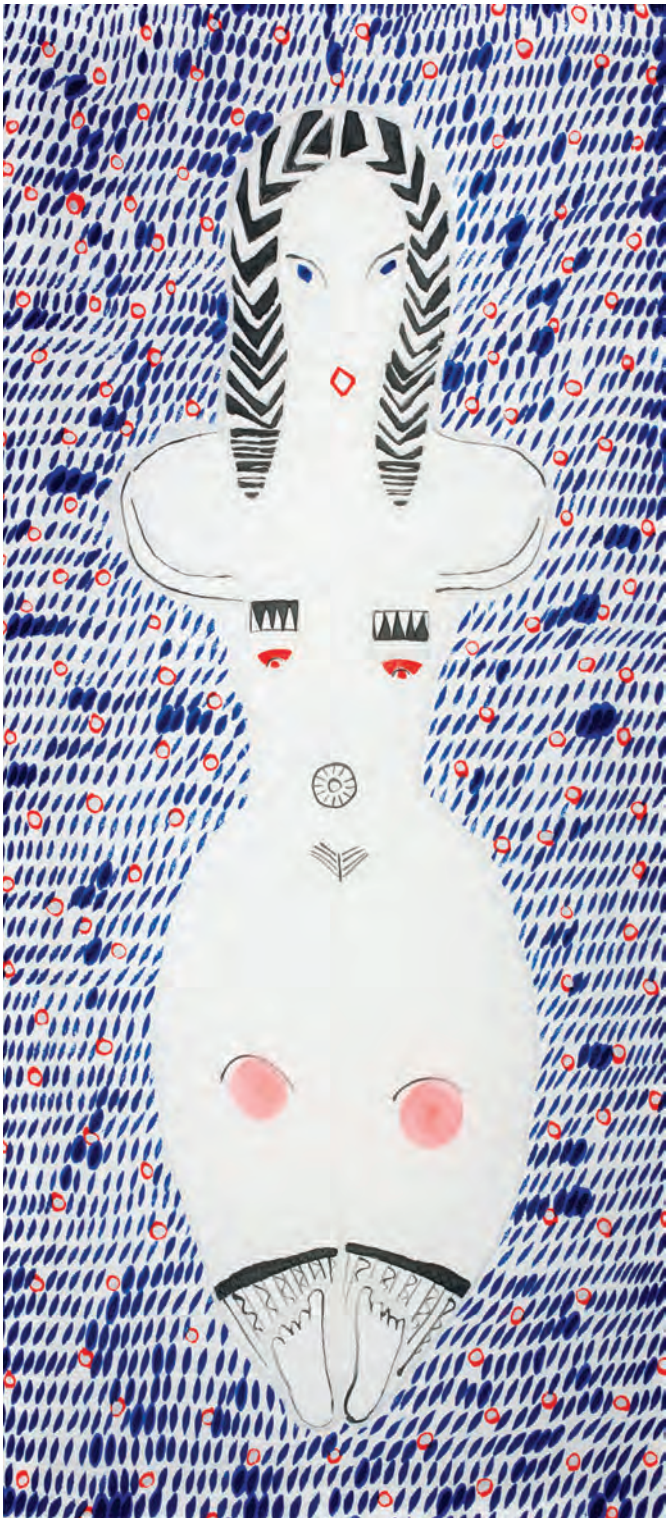
Visiting David Brooks's live-work loft studio in the Dumbo neighborhood of Brooklyn is like taking a trip to a natural-history museum. Mantels are lined with skulls, teeth, petrified wood, and taxidermied creatures: a bobcat, a fish, a flock of migratory birds. It's a fitting environment for Brooks '09SOA, who creates sculptures — often monumental in scale — that investigate the natural world and its relation to an encroaching human culture.

New York audiences are most likely to know Brooks from his site-specific installation *Preserved Forest* in MoMA PS1's 2010 exhibition *Greater New York*. In this piece about deforestation, Brooks arranged nursery-grown trees in a sunken atrium to represent an Amazon rainforest. He then sprayed the forest with a cement truck's worth of latex-laced concrete, a material that is susceptible to fissure from plant growth. Over time, the trees sent shoots through and around the concrete, fulfilling his prediction that the concrete and the organic matter would "begin to define each other."

In another recent piece, *Still Life with Stampede and Guano* (2011), Brooks allowed concrete lawn sculptures of charging lions, elephants, and horses to collect a patina of guano from deliberate exposure to seabirds at the Florida Keys Wild Bird Center.

Preserved Forest (2010)
Nursery-grown trees, earth, and concrete
(Dimensions variable)

Seated Women (2012)
Fabric, dye, textile paint, wood, and paint
97 × 42 × 3 in.



Anya Kielar

The art of Anya Kielar '05SOA typically explores generalized images of women, making frequent reference to the histories of both painting and photography. In *WOMEN*, a 2012 solo show at Rachel Uffner Gallery on the Lower East Side, Kielar used nontraditional "painting" methods, including textile dye and devoré — a burnout technique typically used for T-shirts. These works, inspired by set design, folk art, early-twentieth-century painting, and the notion of "primitivism," were suspended between ceiling and floor throughout the gallery.

In an earlier group of large-scale works she calls "sprayograms," Kielar employed a stenciling technique to create vibrant images on paper that hover between the abstract and the figurative. While the sprayograms make use of acrylic paint, they allude to a type of camera-less photograph called a "photogram," which was championed by the surrealist Man Ray, who called his "rayographs."

Francesca DiMattio

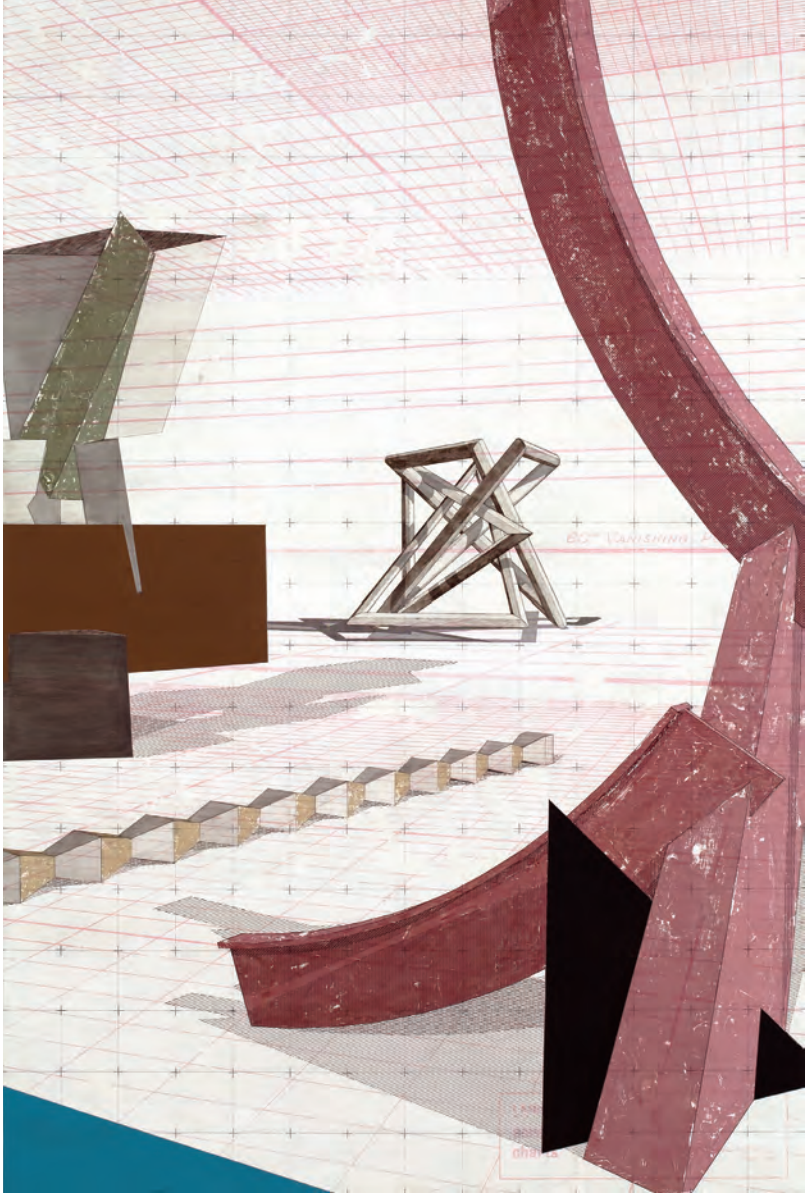
Jardinier (2012)
China paint and underglaze
on Porcelain ceramic
70 × 24 × 22 in.

Francesca DiMattio '05SOA titled one of her recent ceramic works *Jardinier* (Gardener), a label that captures not just the piece, but something larger about her work as well. After years of working only in Brooklyn, DiMattio became newly inspired by the bucolic spaces of rural upstate New York, where she spent much of her childhood. Deciding to return to familiar territory, she set up shop on the west bank of the Hudson in the ceramics studio that her mother built for crafting terra-cotta pieces for the family's extensive gardens.

DiMattio makes her painted ceramic pieces by casting porcelain, then fusing and intentionally rupturing the forms before firing. A painter by training, she particularly relishes the process of surface decoration.

While developing her ceramics practice, DiMattio has continued her earlier work of creating large-scale paintings of inventive architectural spaces. Like her clay works, these paintings combine patterns, representations of textures, and stylistic allusions.

Jingdezhen (2012)
China paint and underglaze
on Porcelain ceramic
12.5 × 16 × 12 in.



http://sketchup.google.com/3dwarehouse/search?q=%22abstract+sculpture%22&styp=m&btnG=Search&reps=1 (2010)
Acrylic, pencil, ink, transfers, gouache, and Letratone on canvas
75 × 49 in.

Kevin Zucker

In the mid-nineties, when most of us were sending our first e-mails, Kevin Zucker '02SOA, then an undergraduate at the Rhode Island School of Design, was finding a way to incorporate digital drawing into his painted canvases: "I thought the lousiness of that fit might make for something interesting," he says. At Columbia, he practiced what would become his signature technique: creating and printing digital drawings, then transferring the ink from the prints onto acrylic-primed canvases. He continues to work in this vein in his Brooklyn studio, adapting with evolving technology.

Much of Zucker's recent work makes use of the three-dimensional modeling program SketchUp. For one series, which was on view last year in a solo show at the Lower East Side gallery Eleven Rivington, Zucker generated digital representations of imagined vacation resorts in the rain. For another recent painting, Zucker based his forms on a mashup of Internet search results for the keywords "abstract sculpture," and in *Amalgamated Sculpture* (2010), he created three-dimensional forms from a similar search.

Laleh Khorramian

"People want to see my work as Iranian," says Laleh Khorramian '04SOA, "but why don't they ask what's Floridian about it?" Khorramian was born in Tehran and raised in Orlando, a place she describes as quintessentially American, and her artwork — paintings, drawings, digital animations, and installations — fluidly draws images and ideas from both places and beyond. Her current fascination is science fiction.

Khorramian creates darkly surreal monotype prints, which she makes by painting in oil or ink on glass, then transferring the image to paper. She also uses these images as cells in digital animations, and has begun to take her mixed-media approach a step further, incorporating these animations into objects within larger installations. For example, she fit a screen playing an animation into a refrigerator as part of her 2013 solo project for Art Basel. The project follows a sci-fi narrative of a lieutenant in the future banished to a planet ravaged by chemical waste.

Communication Shrine (2013)
Refrigerator, glass, neon, tin boxes, LED, and three DVD minidisk players
65 × 34 × 27 in.

Lieutenant Swimm's Ceremonial Vest (2013)
Jute, ceramic, wire, and metal screen
68.1 × 16.9 in.

Marc Handelman

When the curtain is pulled back in *The Wizard of Oz*, the audience discovers that "there is something more real in the illusion of something than the real thing." Marc Handelman '03SOA invokes this critique by Slavoj Žižek while talking about illusionism in his paintings, large-scale oils that move deftly between abstraction and representation, focusing on landscapes, surfaces, and qualities of light.

Handelman's new, yet-to-be-exhibited paintings fill every wall of his studio in Brooklyn's Gowanus neighborhood. The works are based upon manipulated stock images of patterns in rock surfaces. In this series, Handelman sprinkles crushed-glass particles onto the wet paintings, giving them a velvety quality and shifting tones that impart a resemblance to computer screens.

Handelman based an earlier series on weapons manufacturers' advertisements, focusing on the clichéd image of the sunset over the endless American landscape. He used various painting processes to represent and disrupt these commercial visions of the sublime. In one such technique, Handelman painted an image on a preliminary surface, then transferred it to the canvas using a sheet of plastic, resulting in an image interrupted with random fragments.

Market, Missile Launcher, Apartment Complex (2008)
Oil on canvas
70 × 62.5 in.

Sharon Olds, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, takes us through the windows of her broken marriage.

Shards of Love

By Meghan O'Rourke

When Sharon Olds's husband suddenly left her in 1997 after more than thirty years of marriage, she did what she'd long been doing — she sat down with "a ballpoint and my spiral notebook" and began writing poems about the experience. The poems kept coming for fifteen years. They chart the arc from rage and shock ("my job is to eat the whole car / of my anger, part by part") to a belated acceptance and acknowledgment: "I freed him, he freed me." As ever, Olds found a way to transform personal pain into powerful art.

Olds, who teaches at NYU, won this year's Pulitzer Prize in poetry for the book that eventually emerged: *Stag's Leap*, a painfully detailed, frank, and ultimately charitable account of divorce's grief. Now seventy, Olds '72GSAS still seems youthful in person — her hair is long, her enthusiasms are evident. This *jouissance* extends into her poems, which have always sought to glean meaning from trauma. Her new collection derives its disconcerting force from Olds's eye for the telling detail and her capacious vision of the thwarted promises — and built-in limitations — of love. In the best of ways, she makes the reader reflect on how little any of us know about our partners' inner lives. "I did not know him," she writes. "I knew my idea of him."

Like much of Olds's work, *Stag's Leap* has a plainspoken documentary force. In "While He Told Me," Olds recounts how, as her husband told her he was leaving, she simply "looked from small thing / to small thing, in our room, the face / of the bedside clock, the sepia postcard / of a woman bending down to a lily." They go to bed together, and she finds herself observing his soon-to-be-gone body. In another poem, she sees him with his new lover and thinks, "you seemed / covered with her, like a child working with glue."

Olds has always written powerfully and without embarrassment about eroticism and the body — and in particular the male body — describing not only her father's penis but the pope's ("While his eyes sleep, it stands up / in praise of God"). Sexual candor is at the core of her work; in her first book, *Satan Says,* from 1980, she famously wrote, "As soon as my sister and I got out of our / mother's house, all we wanted to / do was fuck, obliterate / her tiny sparrow body and narrow / grasshopper legs." In many ways, her work epitomized a strain of confessionalist writing that dominated American poetry in the late 1980s and early 1990s. For these reasons, the poet Billy Collins has called her "a poet of sex and the psyche." But what's sometimes missed in all the focus on Olds's subject matter

Illustrations by Cliff Alejandro

is her fine formal control. Olds was raised in a "hellfire Calvinist" family in Berkeley, and her early poems are shaped and relentlessly driven by a four-beat hymnal rhythm not unlike Emily Dickinson's.

Olds published *Satan Says* when she was thirty-seven, polarizing readers from the start with her sometimes scathing directness and her celebrations of the body in all its messy forms — the body as site of abuse and pleasure, sexuality and fecundity, but also memory and wisdom. The transgressive moments are balanced out by an intuitive, holistic searching for meaning.

The poems in *Stag's Leap* have an appealing long-limbed quality. The lines extend more than halfway across the page, and the poems are dense blocks of text, mimicking the mind struggling to untangle and make sense of a new reality. Over the course of the collection, Olds describes telling her mother and her children the news ("*But when will I ever see him again?!*" her mother asks). She recalls the intimacy of cutting her husband's hair one day when he was sick, how he was so tall "it was like tree husbandry." Effortlessly, Olds sounds this mundane familiarity for depth, remembering how that night she "stroked his satiny hair, the viral / sweat creaming out at its edge," and as he spoke to her, "love / seemed to rest, on us, in a place / where, for that hour, it felt death could not / reach." Then there's the moment she finds a photograph of another woman in the washing machine and "later / in the day, I felt a touch seasick, as if / a deck were tilting under me —."

This is a remarkably generous book, in which the cast-aside wife reexamines her assumptions about a marriage, and by doing so gets at the wordless currents that underlie any long-term erotic and domestic relationship. In this sense, *Stag's Leap* is consistent with Olds's earlier work: she insists on moving beyond pieties and surfaces in order to understand the depths within, until finally time works its effects:

> And slowly he starts to seem more far
> away, he seems to waft, drift
> at a distance, once-husband in his grey suit
> with the shimmer to its weave —

The lived experience of loss, Olds suggests, is a confrontation with memory and mystery.

Meghan O'Rourke is a poet and critic, and the author of the memoir The Long Goodbye *and the poetry collections* Halflife *and* Once.

While He Told Me

While he told me, I looked from small thing
to small thing, in our room, the face
of the bedside clock, the sepia postcard
of a woman bending down to a lily.
Later, when we took off our clothes, I saw
his deep navel, and the cindery lichen
skin between the male breasts, and from
outside the shower curtain's terrible membrane
I called out something like flirting to him,
and he smiled. Before I turned out the light,
he touched my face, then turned away,
then the dark. Then every scene I thought of
I visited accompanied by a death-spirit,
everything was chilled with it,
each time I woke, I lay in dreading
bliss to feel and hear him sigh
and snore. Near sunrise, behind overcast, he got
up to go in and read on the couch,
as he often did,
and in a while I followed him,
as I often had,
and snoozed on him, while he read, and he laid
an arm across my back. When I opened
my eyes, I saw two tulips stretched
away from each other extreme in the old
vase with the grotto carved out of a hill
and a person in it, underground,
praying, my imagined shepherd in make-believe paradise.

Stag's Leap

Then the drawing on the label of our favorite red wine
looks like my husband, casting himself off a
cliff in his fervor to get free of me.
His fur is rough and cozy, his face
placid, tranced, ruminant,
the bough of each furculum reaches back
to his haunches, each tine of it grows straight up
and branches, like a model of his brain, archaic,
unwieldy. He bears its bony tray
level as he soars from the precipice edge,
dreamy. When anyone escapes, my heart
leaps up. Even when it's I who am escaped from,
I am half on the side of the leaver. It's so quiet,
and empty, when he's left. I feel like a landscape,
a ground without a figure. *Sauve*
qui peut — let those who can save themselves
save themselves. Once I saw a drypoint of someone
tiny being crucified
on a fallow deer's antlers. I feel like his victim,
and he seems my victim, I worry that the outstretched
legs on the hart are bent the wrong way as he
throws himself off. Oh my mate. I was vain of his
faithfulness, as if it was
a compliment, rather than a state
of partial sleep. And when I wrote about him, did he
feel he had to walk around
carrying my books on his head like a stack of
posture volumes, or the rack of horns
hung where a hunter washes the venison
down with the sauvignon? Oh leap,
leap! Careful of the rocks! Does the old
vow have to wish him happiness
in his new life, even sexual
joy? I fear so, at first, when I still
can't tell us apart. Below his shaggy
belly, in the distance, lie the even dots
of a vineyard, its vines not blasted, its roots
clean, its bottles growing at the ends of their
blowpipes as dark, green, wavering groans.

Poems reproduced from Stag's Leap,
published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Discandied

When my hand is groping on the toolroom shelf for ex-
marital liquor to drink by myself,
it bumps something it knows by one bump
and rustle, one chocolate bar with almonds, then the
muffled thunk of another — he would hide them,
then give me one when I was sad. When he left,
he did not think, as who would,
to go to the caches and empty them, to the
traps and spring them. I take the fascia
of bars to the compost, denude them of their peel,
and chuck them in with the rumps and grinds,
the grounds and eden rinds,
and I carry the bowl outside, to the heap,
and trowel a pit in some eggshell crunch where the
potato sends its crisp shoots
of rage up, I tuck the cocoa
shards in — vanillin to vanillin,
very nut to very nut,
and remember how he hated it
when I tried to get him to talk to me,
tried with a certain steadiness —
nagged him to reveal himself —
maybe these desserts were not only gifts,
but bribes or stops, to close my mouth
an hour on sweetness.

The Healers

When they say, *If there are any doctors aboard,*
would they make themselves known, I remember when my then
husband would rise, and I would get to be
the one he rose from beside. They say now
that it does not work, unless you are equal.
And after those first thirty years,
I was not the one he wanted to rise from
or return to — not I but she who would also
rise, when such were needed. Now I see them,
lifting, side by side, on wide,
medical, wading-bird wings — like storks with the
doctor bags of like-loves-like
dangling from their beaks. Oh well. It was the way
it was, he did not feel happy when words
were called for, and I stood.


STAR
SPAN
SEC
APPLYIN
LESSO
OVER
SAFEG
AMER
Haro

KATHERINE LAMBERT

To Deter and Protect

How close *were* we to nuclear Armageddon? Harold Brown '45CC, '49GSAS, who served as secretary of defense under Jimmy Carter, speaks with *Columbia Magazine* about the threats of the Cold War and their lessons for today.

Columbia Magazine: Your new book *Star Spangled Security* reminds us that the world was a tense place when you began your term as secretary of defense.

Harold Brown: Yes, the Cold War was pretty warm in those days. There had been a period of détente during the Nixon years, but the Soviets kept building up their nuclear forces, and they seemed, at least to some people, to be trying to gain predominant influence in Africa, Latin America, and even the Middle East.

Columbia: The Soviet Union posed an existential threat. Did that fact always weigh on you?

Brown: There were two pieces to that. One was the threat of a nuclear attack. As the Soviets ratcheted up their nuclear capabilities, that concern was always present in the room. When they moved their ballistic-missile submarines closer to our east coast in 1978, reducing our warning time, it concerned us enough that we increased the readiness of our bomber force. We also worried about the increased accuracy of Soviet land-based ballistic missiles, which could affect the survivability of our land-based missiles. That preoccupied me because I had primary responsibility for responding to those Soviet buildups in a way that preserved our deterrent capability.

The other piece was geopolitical competition. I was less inclined to see this as a threat because it was clear the Soviet economic and political system wasn't working too well.

Columbia: It was clear even in the late 1970s?

Brown: It was pretty clear to me and to the rest of us in the Carter administration. Moreover, though our military capabilities had suffered depletion during the near decade of the Vietnam War, if you asked which country could really move forces a long distance and rapidly, it was the US, not the Soviet Union.

Columbia: How real was the possibility of a land-based, conventional European war?

Brown: It was a considerable worry. After the US, Europe was the biggest center of economic production, and it was where the Soviets were poised for potential conquest. They had a large ground force, much larger than the combined forces of the Western Europeans and the US. When I came to office, it was the first thing that I concentrated on, because that's where the perceived imbalance of capabilities was greatest. We could get to Africa or Latin America rapidly and outdo the Soviets, but in Europe they were right on the inner German border of a then-divided Germany. The general view, which the Soviets clearly believed, was that they could roll over NATO forces, US forces, and Western European forces to the English Channel within a couple of weeks.

Columbia: With so great an imbalance, what part did nuclear arms play in the equation?

Brown: Before we changed the balance of forces in Europe, the strategy was to deter a Soviet attack on Western Europe

by the threat of nuclear escalation. There were all sorts of theories and plans to use tactical nuclear weapons if the Soviets started an invasion. The hope was that it would cause them to pull back or at least stop. More likely, they would have responded with nuclear weapons and it would have escalated to a general nuclear war, which would have destroyed Europe *and* the US *and* the Soviet Union. Even if it hadn't escalated to all-out nuclear war, who knows how it would have turned out.

Whether the Soviets were deterred, or whether they decided that it was too dangerous, which is not quite the same thing, is not clear. I think their intention was at least to overawe the Western Europeans by a predominant conventional and nuclear capability and somehow use that to gain political power in Western Europe. That didn't work.

Columbia: Those who didn't live through the Cold War may be baffled by the idea of developing and deploying new weapons in order to limit the risk of war. This was called mutual assured destruction, or MAD.

Brown: You're asking about psychology. Does the threat of mutual suicide deter a potential enemy? I think the answer is that it did.

Columbia: Foreign policy might have been simpler when the US lived in a world with one big enemy. Has the world grown too complex for that?

Brown: We no longer have that relationship with Russia, and we don't have it with China. I expect we will not quite have it with China, even if we become more adversarial. The Chinese know our history with the Soviet Union, and we both realize that it doesn't make sense to get into a mutual-suicide deterrent approach.

You do see it with other countries. Look at the Israelis and the Iranians, look at the Indians and the Pakistanis, and you see the same thing operating. It's possible that there could be a nuclear war. What prevents it? The thought that it would mean mutual suicide. That's how it was between the US and the Soviet Union.

Columbia: Is it the same with North Korea?

Brown: North Korea is an interesting example. I don't think so far they have gained anything by having nuclear weapons, except perhaps attention. They know that if they use nuclear weapons, that's the end of the regime and probably of the population as well. It does allow them to posture and occasionally to behave violently, but that's something we live with. They've been bribed several times, but mostly because of fear that they could start a conventional war with South Korea. They could wipe out Seoul or at least damage it severely without nuclear weapons. The South Koreans aren't worried about North Korean nuclear weapons; they're worried about North Korean artillery.

Columbia: Do you foresee war on the Korean Peninsula?

Brown: I don't think so. I see them heading for another round of talks at some point. But whether they'll be bought off and to what extent, I don't know. The North Koreans have boxed themselves in. They have made so many threats that if they don't do anything, they look not-serious. On the other hand, if they do anything in the way of an attack on some South Korean island or outpost, there is sure to be retaliation. North Korea seems to have finished its temper tantrum for the moment.

Columbia: The other nuclear question mark is Iran.

Brown: Unlike North Korea, Iran is a real country. Along with Turkey, it's the major country in that general region, with a long history and a real future. Iran will be around for a long time, and it's going to be very influential in its area, unlike North Korea.

The immediate question is, to what extent can Iran be deterred from acquiring nuclear weapons? They want the potential to have them on short notice at the very least. I suspect we probably would be prepared to offer some reduction in sanctions in return for their holding short of a nuclear-weapons capability, defined as having nuclear weapons, not *potentially* having them. The president has made a fairly strong commitment to preventing them, but I don't think he or anybody else of authority in the United States is prepared to have another Iraq-type war to prevent it. There are other ways to sabotage Iran's nuclear capability, but that's a separate issue.

> We should not commit to doing something without knowing just how we are going to do it. Assad should go, but there are a lot of elements in the opposition who are not our friends.

Columbia: You've said that military action against Iran would at best slow down the development of nuclear arms and harden the population against us.

Brown: My view is that it would delay it but make it more certain.

Columbia: Where do you think Syria is heading?

Brown: Into chaos. As that conflict continues, extremist Islamic elements may well gain predominant power in the opposition to Assad. His support from Iran and Russia could preserve his control of part of Syria. And the conflict risks spreading beyond Syria. The hope on the US side was that some regional powers — the Turks, the Saudis — would use their influence and take charge and support groups that would gain power and influence. That seems not to have happened. I'm

President Jimmy Carter holds a 1977 cabinet meeting with, from left to right, Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown.

sure there are Saudis supporting Islamist radical groups, which is not much help. The Turks, who are in many ways the natural power to try to influence things, since they used to run the country, haven't done so.

We would need to be sure we understood the situation before getting drawn in. Iraq and Vietnam are examples of US involvement on the ground when the past was not fully understood by the people who made the decisions. The forces were not properly assessed. Syria is another such case.

We should not commit to doing something without knowing just how we are going to do it. Assad should go, but there are a lot of elements in the opposition who are not our friends.

Columbia: As secretary of defense, how did you strike the balance between being a policy person and being an implementation person? It seems as though you had a heavy hand in both aspects.

Brown: Like it or not, I think the secretary of defense should do the job of running the department. If he doesn't, he can leave most of it to the deputy secretary of defense, and that has on occasion happened. It couldn't happen with me because I'm a hands-on person. I had spent eight years in the Defense Department before and had run some things, and it was inevitable that I would resume making program decisions, starting initiatives with weapons programs and with procurement policy. When it came to weapons decisions, my instinct was to work hard on those and to oversee them and initiate strongly.

The secretary of defense has no choice but to deal with other countries. That automatically gets you into the US security-policy issues.

Columbia: Does that blur the line between the Department of Defense and the State Department?

Brown: State and Defense often disagreed, but the fact that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and I were old friends helped. State Department people tend not to be decisive decision makers. For them, a negotiation is a success no matter what happens.

Columbia: You've written about the difficulties that some secretaries of defense have had in their second terms. Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter in 1980, so you didn't have to face that possibility. Should there be a one-term limit for secretaries of defense?

Brown: Well, my own judgment is that anyone who has served longer than four and a half years has come to a bad end.

Learn more about Harold Brown's time at Columbia.
www.magazine.columbia.edu/brown

Harold Brown studied physics at Columbia, earning his PhD at the age of twenty-one. He served as director of the Livermore Laboratory, secretary of the Air Force, and president of Caltech. He is a trustee of the Center for Strategic and International Studies and the author of Star Spangled Security, *written with Joyce Winslow.*

NEWS

Merit E. Janow picked to lead SIPA

She has adjudicated trade disputes between nations, practiced corporate law, served in government, and worked for top nonprofits. And everything she has learned she has tried to impart to Columbia students.

"I'm a proud Columbian, having first been a student at our law school, and later returning as a scholar and teacher," says Merit E. Janow '88LAW, who has written several books on international trade and investment. "I've always enjoyed helping people prepare for their own careers in the world of policy. That's part of the joy of it all."

EILEEN BARROSO

Merit E. Janow

Janow, a professor at the School of International and Public Affairs since 1994, became dean of SIPA on July 1.

"Merit's strength as a scholar and her deep experience with international public policy make her ideally suited to lead the school," says President Lee C. Bollinger.

Janow began her career practicing law privately in New York City and soon established herself as an expert on international trade and Japan. From 1989 to 1993, she was a deputy assistant US trade representative for Japan and China, negotiating trade agreements between the US and those two nations. In 1997, Janow, who by then was teaching at SIPA and Columbia Law School, also worked at the Department of Justice as the executive director of an international antitrust advisory committee to the US attorney general. In 2003, she was elected to the appellate body of the World Trade Organization, which hears final appeals in international trade disputes. During a four-year tenure, she reviewed dozens of appeals pertaining to agricultural subsidies, goods and services, and environmental regulations, among other issues.

In recent years, Janow has increasingly shifted her focus to teaching and scholarship. She has directed SIPA's international finance and economic policy concentration and codirected Columbia's Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation Study Center.

She says that leading SIPA appeals to her in part because of President Bollinger's focus on expanding Columbia's mission as a global university.

"It's a privilege to lead this renowned school, especially at a time when Columbia is engaging the question of what a global university is and needs to be," Janow says. "SIPA has long been one of the most global of public-policy schools. That doesn't mean that everything we do is concerned with policy at the international level, but it does mean that SIPA has economists, lawyers, health specialists, policy experts, and others who are making vital contributions to solving the complex, multidimensional problems facing the world today."

B-school receives $100 million pledge from Ronald O. Perelman

This spring Columbia Business School took a big step toward financing its new home in Manhattanville.

In May, the school received a $100 million pledge from Ronald O. Perelman, the chairman and CEO of MacAndrews & Forbes Holdings, for one of two new buildings it will erect between 130th and 131st Street, west of Broadway, over the next several years.

Perelman's pledge represents the second $100 million gift the business school has received for its move. Henry R. Kravis '69BUS, of the private-equity firm Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Co., pledged the same amount in 2010. These gifts are the largest ever for the business school and are celebrated in the naming of the buildings: the Ronald O. Perelman Center for Business Innovation (depicted in the artist's rendering at right) and the Henry R. Kravis Building.

The business school is now two-thirds of the way toward its $500 million fundraising goal for the twin projects. Additional support has come from many other donors, including Leon G. Cooperman '67BUS, who gave $25 million.

"We have always had the talent, ideas, curriculum, research, and community of a stellar business school," says business dean Glenn Hubbard. "Soon, thanks to Ronald's generosity and that of our other donors, we will have the facilities to match."

Perelman, a seventy-year-old native of Philadelphia whose holding company owns stakes in industries as varied as cosmetics, biotechnology, and entertainment, is annually listed among the world's most generous philanthropists. In recent years, he has made naming gifts for a cancer-research program at UCLA, a heart institute at New York–Presbyterian Hospital, a center for

Mary Cunningham Boyce named engineering dean

Mary Cunningham Boyce, a former MIT professor who is an expert in nanotechnology and materials research, is the new dean of the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science.

Boyce started her new job July 1, coming to Columbia after more than twenty-five years at MIT, where she recently chaired its mechanical-engineering department.

"Columbia is fortunate to welcome such an impressive dean at a time of both signal accomplishment and new opportunity for our School of Engineering and Applied Science as it approaches its 150th anniversary," says President Lee C. Bollinger. "Professor Boyce has distinguished herself throughout her academic career not only as a scholar, but also as a teacher and mentor driven by an abiding commitment to nurturing the next generation of engineers."

Boyce won several awards at MIT for her teaching and devotion to students.

A leader in the field of the mechanics of materials, she studies the elastic, thermal, and kinetic properties of physical systems at the nanometer scale. Her work has led to innovative material models with the potential to influence a range of industrial and academic fields, including polymer processing, composite-material design, tire mechanics, and biological cells and tissues.

At MIT, Boyce is also known for overseeing research teams that brought together faculty from many different departments. Her support of multidisciplinary research should receive a warm welcome at Columbia Engineering, where today faculty are pursuing novel collaborations with researchers in medicine, public health, journalism, political science, history, climatology, and many other fields. To support this type of work, New York City recently gave Columbia seed funding to create a new Institute for Data Sciences and Engineering. Columbia's new Northwest Corner Building — where engineers are working with chemists, biologists, and physicists — and the development of the Manhattanville campus also offer opportunities to expand the engineering school's research and teaching.

"Columbia's convergence of talented individuals from diverse disciplines positions it as a focal point for innovation," says Boyce. "Our society has become both more inspired by and more demanding of engineers' role in developing solutions to some of the most pressing global challenges, and working together we can be instrumental in building that future. The next decade offers unique opportunities to further expand the excellence and impact of the school. I am excited to be part of that future."


Mary Boyce

DONNA COVENEY

reproductive medicine at Weill Cornell Medical Center, the dermatology department at New York University Langone Medical Center, the main stage at Carnegie Hall, and the rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum.

DILLER SCOFIDIO + RENFRO

Perelman's gift to Columbia Business School was inspired, he says, by the school's vision for its new home. The buildings, to be designed by the New York architecture firm Diller Scofidio + Renfro, will reflect the fast-paced, high-tech, and highly social character of business today, featuring spacious interiors that promote a free-flowing exchange of ideas among students, faculty, alumni, and visiting practitioners.

"The business landscape is changing rapidly and dramatically," says Perelman, who serves on the B-school's board of overseers and is the father of two alumni of the school and a current student. "It is our responsibility to ensure that we are building a generation of great business leaders who drive success in an ever-changing, competitive global economy, and I believe Columbia Business School has its finger on the pulse of the changing nature of business education."

Virtual Cuba

Memory sticks. Recordable CDs. Portable hard drives.

To Cubans, these are tools of resistance. In a country where the news media are controlled by the government and access to the Internet is restricted, swapping digital-storage devices stocked with independent journalism, film, and political writing is one of the few safe ways to share information under the noses of government censors.

EILEEN BARROSO

"Someday, when they make a monument to democracy in Cuba, they will build a statue commemorating the thumb drive," said Yoani Sánchez, a Havana journalist whose blog, *Generación Y,* is celebrated for its critical descriptions of day-to-day life in Cuba.

Sánchez, thirty-seven, was speaking at Columbia's journalism school on March 14 as part of a three-month tour of the Americas and Europe that she undertook after being permitted to leave her country for the first time in more than a decade. She arrived in Morningside Heights four years after she won the prestigious Maria Moors Cabot Prize for reporting on Latin America. The prize is administered by the journalism school, and since the Cuban government would not let Sánchez travel, she received it in absentia.

Her long-delayed visit to Columbia included a conversation with students in which she discussed the role of social media in democracy movements; the extravagant lengths to which she has gone to access the Internet; and how Cuban exiles can push for change on the island.

The best way to help? "If you travel to Cuba, at the end of your trip, look inside your suitcase for any digital media you might have, and give it to someone."

>> Watch video at news.columbia.edu/sanchez.

"A mind always learning"

Over 14,000 people graduated from 18 of Columbia's schools and affiliates on May 22. They hailed from more than 100 countries, and ranged in age from 19 to 83. No matter their place in life, though, President Lee C. Bollinger encouraged them to remember that their education had only begun.

"I like what Renzo Piano — our master architect for the new Manhattanville campus — said upon turning 70, when I asked him how it felt," said Bollinger in his annual Commencement address. "He said it came as a surprise, and he felt that life naturally should be 210 years: 70 to learn, 70 to do what you've learned, and 70 to teach others what you've learned. What this really reflects is a mind always learning, for even if you lived to be 210, you would still never master all you need to know in that time. So, as you grow older and ask yourselves the inevitable question, 'What have I accomplished in life?' always add the thought, 'And what can I still learn?' I hope you always remain the brilliant students you have been here with us."

Bollinger then conferred honorary degrees on bacteriologist Stanley Falkow, philanthropists Herbert and Florence Irving, literary scholar Arnold Rampersad, journalist Paul E. Steiger, public-health advocate Zena Stein, and legal scholar Laurence H. Tribe. In addition, the University Medal for Excellence, which is given annually to an outstanding Columbia graduate under the age of forty-five, was presented to technologist Alicia Abella '95SEAS.

EILEEN BARROSO

Christian S. Stohler appointed dean of dental college

Christian S. Stohler, an accomplished medical researcher and the dean of the University of Maryland School of Dentistry, has been named dean of Columbia's College of Dental Medicine and senior vice president of Columbia University Medical Center, effective August 1.

Stohler, who earned doctoral degrees in dental medicine and in hematology from the University of Bern, in Switzerland, is an expert on pain management and on jaw ailments such as temporomandibular joint (TMJ) and related muscle disorders.

As the dean of the University of Maryland's dental school since 2003, Stohler has overseen a period of growth that has made Maryland's the largest public dental school in the US. He has also led a curriculum update, overhauled the school's business operations, fostered faculty entrepreneurship, and expanded the school's global presence.

Before joining Maryland, Stohler spent more than twenty years at the University of Michigan, where he was a professor in its dental school's department of biologic and materials sciences. He also served as the chair of that department and as the school's director of research.

"I am delighted to join Columbia University," said Stohler. "The bold leadership at the University, including from President Lee C. Bollinger, whom I know from my time at Michigan; the pervasive and unwavering commitment to excellence and innovation at the College of Dental Medicine; and the impressive esprit de corps among the faculty, which includes world-class clinicians — all of this makes Columbia a dream opportunity for me."

Christian S. Stohler

In brief

Paris fest

Columbia is collaborating with the Bibliothèque nationale de France to hold an international literary festival in Paris this fall. The World Writers' Festival is the first major project of Paul LeClerc '69GSAS, the former president of the New York Public Library, in his position as director of Columbia's Global Center in Paris.

The festival will feature some thirty high-profile writers and emerging authors from around the world, who will discuss their work and explore the role of literature in the twenty-first century. Events will take place across Paris, many of which will emphasize outreach to children in poorer neighborhoods. Some 7,500 to 10,000 people are expected to attend.

LeClerc intends for the festival to be an annual event, expanding beyond France by next year.

The World Writers' Festival will run from September 20 to 22.

Brazilian horizons

The Lemann Foundation recently signed a multimillion-dollar agreement with Columbia to support initiatives that will recruit and fund scholars and students dedicated to civic engagement in Brazil. The gift, which is Columbia's largest ever for Brazil-related efforts, establishes and endows the Lemann Center for Brazilian Studies, the Lemann Professorship of Brazilian Studies, and a fellowship fund for graduate students at several Columbia schools. The gift will also fund projects initiated by the recently opened Columbia Global Center in Rio de Janeiro.

Great teachers

Stuart Firestein and Shih-Fu Chang won the 2013 Great Teacher Award, presented in June by the Society of Columbia Graduates. Firestein, a professor of biological sciences, studies olfactory neurons as a model for understanding how the nervous system delivers messages to the brain. Chang, the Richard Dicker Professor of Telecommunications and a professor of computer science at Columbia's engineering school, has developed novel ways of extracting information from video content using machine-learning and computer-vision techniques.

Two silvers for Auster profile

Columbia Magazine has won two CASE awards for "The Solitude of Invention," the fall 2012 cover story on novelist Paul Auster '69CC, '70GSAS. Writer Stacey Kors earned a silver award in the best articles of the year category, and art director Eson Chan won a silver for editorial design of the profile, which featured paintings by Sam Messer. CASE, the Council for Advancement and Support of Education, is a professional organization with more than 3,600 member institutions.

Flex, stretch, pump, press

This spring, Columbia opened its new five-story, 47,700-square-foot sports center at the Baker Athletics Complex on the northern tip of Manhattan. The Campbell Sports Center, named in honor of University Trustee chair and former Lions head football coach William V. Campbell '62CC,

features a strength-and-conditioning center, coaches' offices, team meeting rooms, an auditorium, and a lounge and study area. It is the first major training facility ever created for the Lions at Baker, which is the University's main outdoor sports compound.

"The opening of the Campbell Sports Center has done exactly what we hoped, which is provide a home for our varsity teams that practice and compete at the Baker Athletics Complex," says Columbia athletics director M. Dianne Murphy. "Our athletes and coaches say they love being there. It's an iconic building with lots of natural light pouring in, great views, and an energizing vibe. It's a place where you want to be working out, getting faster and stronger."

The Campbell Sports Center, at 218th Street and Broadway, has improved the lives of players on the nine varsity teams that compete at Baker: football, baseball, softball, field hockey, lacrosse, men's and women's tennis, and men's and women's soccer. Previously, these teams worked out and held meetings at Dodge Fitness Center, the Morningside gym that is shared with the general student population, and traveled uptown for full practices. Now, the players do all their sports-related work at Baker.

"Just being able to go right from lift to practice without having to schedule in as much time for travel has really helped," says Creaghan Peters '14CC, a member of the field-hockey team. "It makes a big difference in managing your academics."

The core of the Campbell Sports Center is a spacious strength-and-conditioning room with huge windows that frame views of downtown Manhattan and the shores of the Hudson and Harlem Rivers.

The glass and aluminum-clad building was designed by Columbia professor Steven Holl, who is one of the world's leading architects, and his associate Chris McVoy '92GSAPP. Holl created MIT's honeycomb-like Simmons Hall and a knotty cluster of towers connected by sky bridges in Beijing called Linked Hybrid. The Campbell Sports Center is Holl's first building in New York City.

"It's clearly a Holl building, with its abstract façade, eccentric spaces, and complex geometry," wrote architecture critic Michael Kimmelman in the *New York Times* March 6. "It's not a beauty. But it is a tough, sophisticated, and imaginative work of architecture."

Columbia architect Steven Holl, at right, pictured here with Chris McVoy, says his inspiration for the Campbell Sports Center's zigzag staircase motif was the diagrams drawn in football playbooks.

Photographs by Jenica Miller

JÖRG MEYER

SPORTS

A SPRING TO REMEMBER

GENE BOYERS / CU ATHLETICS

Silence on the court, please

They shut out Cornell 7–0 on the Big Red's home courts. They beat Harvard for only the second time in program history. Then they shut out Dartmouth, Penn, and Princeton in the final two weeks of the season to clinch their first-ever Ivy League title. The members of the women's tennis team, anchored by undefeated All-American Nicole Bartnik '13CC, thus fulfilled a mission. "In our first meeting of the year, I told the team that we had one and only one goal, and that was to win the title," head coach Ilene Weintraub '02CC told the *Columbia Daily Spectator* in April. "That was the first and last time I ever talked about it or allowed them to speak of it. Instead, we focused on the process and on the little things."

In the fast lane

Katie Meili '13CC proved her place among the best swimmers in the country at the NCAA Division I Championships this spring, finishing third, seventh, and ninth in the 100-meter breaststroke, 200-meter individual medley, and 200-meter breaststroke, respectively. Meili, a two-time All-American who could have competed in the 2012 Summer Olympics if not for breaking her hand during practice shortly before the games, plans to pursue a professional career as a competitive swimmer. She is pictured here with teammate Alena Kluge '14CC, at left, who made her NCAA Championship debut in the 400-meter individual medley after winning the event at the Ivies.

DAVID BRANN / COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

Great swords

The Lions dominated the 2013 USA Fencing Division I National Championships in April, bringing home two gold, two silver, and two bronze medals. In all, seventeen Lions placed among the top thirty-two finishers. None was sharper than 2012 London Olympian Nzingha Prescod '14CC, pictured below, who became the 2013 foil national champion. Placing just behind her with a silver medal in women's foil was fellow 2012 Olympian Nicole Ross '13CC. In the men's sabre competition, Will Spear '15CC won a bronze medal, and in the men's épée competition, Alen Hadžić '14CC won a bronze.

KIERA WOOD / COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

Magical run

The Lions baseball team beat Dartmouth in the best-of-three Ivy League Championship Series by sweeping the opening doubleheader on May 4. In claiming the league title, the Lions (26–19, 16–4 Ivy) earned a berth in the NCAA Regionals. The Lions then pulled off their first-ever NCAA Tournament victory in dramatic fashion, coming from behind to overtake New Mexico 6–5 in thirteen innings largely on the strength of six and two-thirds innings of scoreless relief work by pitcher Joey Donino '14CC. The Lions' postseason run finally ended in a 10–5 loss to perennial powerhouse Arizona State on June 2. "I'm extremely proud of my guys," head coach Brett Boretti said after the game. "It's been a tremendous season for us. They played as hard as they could. But all good things have to come to an end."

MIKE SEGAR / REUTERS

DAVID BRANN / COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

Easy as one, two, three

Uju Ofoche ’13CC won the long-jump competition at the Ivy League Heptagonal Outdoor Track and Field Championships on May 4, marking the third consecutive year she won Ivy titles in both the indoor and outdoor long jumps. Ofoche was also a member of the winning 4×100-meter relay team, along with teammates Marvellous Iheukwumere ’14CC, Iris Chijioke ’16CC, and Jaycee Parker ’16CC. Other individual Ivy titles were won by Iheukwumere in the 100- and 200-meter dashes and by Waverly Neer ’15CC in the 5,000-meter run. The Lions women climbed the podium for a silver medal in the team competition behind first-place Cornell.

Unbowed

Sarah Bernstein ’15BC led the Lions to a team title in the women’s recurve division at the 2013 Archery National Championship in Cedar City, Utah, on May 18. Bernstein won the individual bronze medal in recurve, while her teammates Tiffany Kim ’16CC and Grace Kim ’15CC, who are sisters, finished sixth and seventh, respectively. All three Lions archers earned both All-American and All-Academic honors this spring, while their teammates Julie Hoffman ’16CC and Sara Lavenhar ’14CC made the All-East Team.

GENE BOYERS / CU ATHLETICS

XIAOYIN CHEN / COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

Mat-tastic

Steve Santos ’13CC, an overwhelming force on the wrestling mat for the past four years, finished off his career by placing third at the NCAA Championships on March 23. Before a sellout crowd of more than sixteen thousand at the Wells Fargo Arena in Des Moines, Iowa, Santos picked up a pair of victories to achieve the best individual result in Columbia wrestling history. The three-time All-Ivy selection graduated with ninety-one wins.

Crew’s control

Stroke, stroke, stroke! Simple, right? Actually, crew teams formulate detailed race plans, and only the best teams execute them well. Columbia’s varsity lightweight eight executed theirs flawlessly in the Grand Final at the Men’s National Lightweight Championships on Lake Natoma in Sacramento, California, on June 2. The result was a bronze medal for the Lions in one of the closest finishes ever at the nationals. The Lions finished half a second behind the Yale eight, who were one second behind Harvard, while holding off fourth-place Dartmouth by a quarter second and Cornell and Princeton by little more. “We had planned a progression for the last five hundred meters,” head coach Scott Alwin said after the race. “We did not row urgently, but we hit each move at the right time, just as we had planned. If we had started too early or too late, we would have lost our margin.” The next week, Alwin was named lightweight coach of the year by the Intercollegiate Rowing Association.

GENE BOYERS / CU ATHLETICS

NEWSMAKERS

Pulitzers and a Peabody

Columbians were well represented in this year's pool of Pulitzer Prizes. In addition to Sharon Olds's poetry award (see feature, page 36), **Ayad Akhtar '02SOA**, who studied film at Columbia, won in the drama category for his play *Disgraced*, about a Pakistani-American lawyer grappling with his cultural identity. The Pulitzer for explanatory reporting went to the staff of the *New York Times*, including **David Kocieniewski '86JRN, Bill Vlasic '82JRN,** and **Steve Lohr '75JRN**, for their nine-part series "The iEconomy," which investigated the global high-tech industry . . . **Habiba Nosheen '09JRN**, an adjunct professor of radio and video reporting at the Graduate School of Journalism, took home a Peabody Award for her reporting in "What Happened at Dos Erres," about a boy abducted during a 1982 military massacre in Guatemala, which aired last spring on Public Radio International's *This American Life*.

NINA SUBIN

Ayad Akhtar '02SOA

Magic to Do

Two members of the Columbia community took home top prizes at this year's Tony Awards. **Diane Paulus '97SOA** won for best direction of a musical for *Pippin*. Paulus, who is the artistic director of the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was previously nominated in the same category for her revival of *Hair*. **Hal Luftig '84SOA** was honored as a producer of *Kinky Boots*, which was the winner for best musical. This is his fourth Tony Award . . . **Eric Shaw '03GS** won for outstanding writing in animation at the Daytime Emmy Awards this June. Shaw was recognized for his work as the head writer of the PBS show *WordGirl*.

Kids R Us

Denise Adusei '10BUS has made headlines for her work with Peartree Preschool, which she opened this May in Harlem. Adusei, a Harlem resident, was inspired to found the school after seeking options for her daughter and learning that there were twenty-five thousand children vying for five thousand pre-K spots in the neighborhood. She drafted the business plan as a student at Columbia, and earned grant money from the New York Public Library's business-plan competition and Columbia's Eugene M. Lang Entrepreneurial Initiative Fund . . . weeSpring, a social networking and e-commerce site cofounded by **Allyson Downey '03SOA, '10BUS**, was a finalist in the NYU Stern Entrepreneurs Challenge, and also won the audience-choice award in the same competition. The site allows members to shop for products geared toward infants and children, and to exchange information, reviews, and ratings with other parents.

LARA LEVINE

Allyson Downey '03SOA, '10BUS

Leagues of Their Own

Three Columbia Lions are headed to the pros next year. **Josh Martin '13SEAS**, a 2013 All–Ivy League first-team football player, signed with the National Football League's Kansas City Chiefs. From the baseball team, first baseman **Alex Black '13CC** could also land in Kansas City, drafted by the Royals franchise. Pitcher **Tim Giel '13SEAS** will stay closer to home, joining the New York Yankees organization as a free agent.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS / GENE BOYERS

Josh Martin '13SEAS

Into the Wild

John Cochran '09CC won the twenty-sixth season of the television show *Survivor*, outlasting his competition for thirty-nine days on the Caramoan Islands in the Philippines. Cochran, who also graduated this spring from Harvard Law School, originally appeared on *Survivor: South Pacific* in 2011, and is one of only two winners in the show's history to make it through the full season without having a single vote

cast against him. He takes home one million dollars in prize money.

In Good Company

The business magazine *Fast Company* named **Robert Reffkin '00CC, '03BUS** and **Eitan Grinspun**, a Columbia associate professor of computer science, to its list of the 100 Most Creative People in Business for 2013. Reffkin is the founder and CEO of Urban Compass, a website and social network that helps New Yorkers navigate the real-estate rental market, and the founder of New York Needs You, a mentorship program for high-achieving, low-income, first-generation college students. Grinspun is the codirector of Columbia's computer-graphics group, which has found a niche applying Newton's laws of motion to computer animation.

Swearing In

Eric Garcetti '92CC, '95SIPA was elected mayor of Los Angeles in a nonpartisan runoff election on May 21. Garcetti served on the Los Angeles City Council from 2001 to 2011, and was its president for five years. A Rhodes Scholar who also holds a degree from the London School of Economics, Garcetti is the city's first Jewish mayor and its youngest in more than a century . . . **Mary Jo White '74LAW** was recently sworn in as the chairman of the US Securities and Exchange Commission. White is a former federal prosecutor who oversaw the trials of John Gotti and the terrorists responsible for the 1993 World Trade Center bombings, and she has spent the last ten years as the chair of the litigation department at the law firm Debevoise and Plimpton.

Eric Garcetti '92CC, '95SIPA

EXPLORATIONS

Charting the world's energy future

The energy issues that confront policymakers today have never been more complex: Should the US export natural gas? What would be the geopolitical ramifications of importing less oil? Will Asian and African countries develop closer ties with the Middle East as their energy needs increase? How much money should be invested in wind power, solar power, and biofuels?

A new research center at the School of International and Public Affairs was launched this spring to address questions like these. The Center on Global Energy Policy, directed by former White House energy adviser Jason Bordoff, was inaugurated April 24 at a conference whose list of attendees provides a glimpse into the kind of multidisciplinary research the center will support: economists, financial analysts, engineers, climatologists, political scientists, national-security experts, elected officials, and industry leaders all convened to discuss policy solutions to the world's most pressing energy challenges.

"A few decades from now I think we are going to look back at this time as a really transformational moment in our energy history," said Bordoff in his introductory remarks. "New technologies are unlocking hydrocarbon resources across North America, and most likely soon elsewhere around the world. Clean-energy technologies are making rapid advancements. Climate-change impacts are being felt with more frequency. All of these things are having profound economic, geopolitical, national-security, and environmental impacts. Energy policy needs to keep pace with how quickly the energy world is changing."

The center's primary objective, Bordoff says, is to produce "independent, balanced, data-driven analysis" that will help policymakers make well-informed decisions about energy issues.

Bordoff knows firsthand the needs of politicians and their staffers. Before coming to Columbia to create the Center on Global Energy Policy in January, he spent four years at the White House, most recently serving as special assistant to President Obama and senior director for energy and climate change on the staff of the National Security Council.

"In Washington, there are times when a policy issue will hit your desk and you will need to brief your bosses on it by the end of the day," he says. "You don't have time to do deep analysis. And it can be surprisingly difficult to find trustworthy information — you'll find one study funded by one industry, one study by another industry. We hope to be an objective, trusted source of analysis."

The new center will produce interdisciplinary research projects by Columbia faculty as well as by outside experts. A new fellowship program will bring energy-policy experts to Columbia to research and write, lead study groups with students, and give public lectures. The center recently announced its first full-time fellow: David Sandalow, who until recently served as the acting US under secretary of energy and the

KEVIN KRAJICK / COLUMBIA EARTH INSTITUTE

Columbia paleontologist Paul Olsen, seen here sampling rock along the sea cliffs of southern England, has found evidence that volcanic activity caused a massive extinction that marked the end of the Triassic period.

Mass extinction pinned to volcanism

Two hundred million years ago, our planet was a verdant place teeming with turtles, early crocodilians, tree-dwelling lizards, flying vertebrates like pterosaurs, and the first mammals, including the canine-like cynodont. And then over the course of a few thousand years — the blink of an eye in geological terms — half the earth's animal and plant species died off. The massive extinction, which cleared the way for the evolution and domination of Jurassic-period dinosaurs, is crystal clear in the fossil records.

But what caused it? Scientists have long suspected that volcanic eruptions were to blame, because around the same time — give or take a few million years — tectonic forces were starting to break up the supercontinent known as Pangaea, dividing it into the seven continents we know today. The movement of the earth's crust melted the underlying mantle rock and caused huge quantities of lava, dust, and smoke to spew out. Scientists have not been able to say conclusively that the volcanism killed half the planet's inhabit-

assistant secretary for policy and international affairs, will study US-China energy relations, advanced-vehicle technology, and clean-energy finance.

The April conference was attended by several high-profile guests who threw their support behind the center, including New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg, national-security adviser Tom Donilon, deputy energy secretary Daniel Poneman, the US State Department's special envoy and coordinator for international energy affairs Carlos Pascual, and author Daniel Yergin.

"The challenges that we face are clear," said Poneman at the conference. "We must transform our energy economy from one that is dependent on carbon to one that has a much more diversified, low-carbon future. We'll need the smartest scientists, the brightest engineers, and the most far-sighted politicians to get this done, and clearly with the founding of this center at this university, we've got a great start."

>> Watch video at energypolicy.columbia.edu.

EILEEN BARROSO

Good energy: Jason Bordoff, at right, the director of the new Center on Global Energy Policy, moderated a panel discussion on April 24 with, from right to left, Andy Revkin '82JRN, a *New York Times* environmental reporter; Trevor Houser, an international energy-market specialist at the Rhodium Group; Francis O'Sullivan, a sustainable-energy expert at MIT; and David Goldwyn, an energy-security consultant who runs Goldwyn Global Strategies.

ants, however, because their methods for dating ancient sediments left too wide a margin of error.

A study published recently in the journal *Science* provides the best evidence yet that the fiery eruptions were the cause of the calamity. The authors, who include Columbia paleontologist Paul Olsen, Columbia geophysicist Dennis Kent, and Carnegie Institution for Science geologist Terrence Blackburn, say they can pin down the eruptions to the same 20,000-to-30,000-year period during which the extinctions are believed to have occurred.

"This may not quench all the questions about the exact mechanism of the extinction itself," says Olsen, who has been investigating the question since the 1970s. "But the coincidence in time with the volcanism is pretty much ironclad."

The scientists came to their conclusion using a variety of new methods for dating sediment: Blackburn analyzed the decay of uranium isotopes in a rare mineral called zircon, for instance, while the Columbia researchers correlated variations in lake-sediment layers to changes in the earth's orbital path around the sun.

With the same layers found in Nova Scotia, Morocco, and the New York City suburbs, the eruptions "had to be a hell of an event," says Kent.

The scientists say the extinction they are investigating, which marked the end of the Triassic period, may hold lessons for modern society about the ramifications of climate change. The volcanic activity that occurred during that period is believed to have caused the atmosphere's carbon-dioxide concentration to double over a relatively short time and thus to have contributed to a warming trend and an acidification of the planet's oceans that may ultimately be to blame for the devastation. The sharp increase in carbon-dioxide levels that occurred then is similar to what is taking place now.

"We know that the two timescales are comparable," Olsen says. "So there probably are very significant lessons to be learned."

REVIEWS

COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION / OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

A man works in a Tennessee Valley Authority chemical plant near Muscle Shoals, Alabama, in a 1942 photograph by Alfred T. Palmer.

Hard Bargain *// By Christopher Caldwell*

Fear Itself: The New Deal and the Origins of Our Time
By Ira Katznelson (Liveright, 706 pages, $29.95)

It has taken a long time for Americans to calm down about Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Seven decades after his death, histories of the New Deal era still tend to be partisan. FDR's defenders credit him with having saved capitalism (even if they are seldom fans of capitalism in the first place). FDR's detractors claim that, in an authoritarian age, the New Deal was, unsurprisingly, an authoritarian program. The possibility that both sides might be correct has rarely been considered. In an ambitious history, Ira Katznelson '66CC, the Ruggles Professor of Political Science and History at Columbia, highlights the radical achievement of FDR, but grants that it owed much to "illiberal political orders, both within and outside the United States."

One illiberal order that Katznelson is thinking of in particular is the European systems of charismatic leadership — Nazism, communism, and fascism — which were more sympathetically viewed in the US than we care to remember. Columbia was not immune:

Nicholas Murray Butler told students that such regimes were producing "men of far greater intelligence, far stronger character, and far more courage than the system of elections." It was Italian fascism that most influenced the New Deal, Katznelson believes. Roosevelt sent his Committee on Administrative Management to Rome to study Mussolini's government. Roosevelt did not manage to defang the regulatory agencies as Mussolini had done, but only because Congress stood in his way.

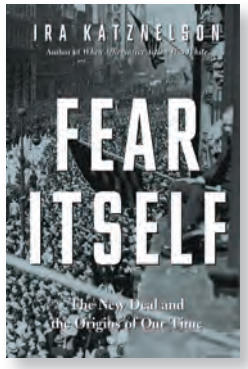
Katznelson explicitly rejects the view that the New Deal was itself a dictatorship, but he approvingly notes the remarks of *New York Times* journalist Anne O'Hare McCormick describing Washington's atmosphere in the months after Roosevelt took power as "strangely reminiscent of Rome in the first weeks after the march of the Blackshirts." In discussing the National Recovery Administration (NRA), the New Deal agency that sought to steer much of the country's commerce until the Supreme Court ruled it unconstitutional in 1935, Katznelson notes that FDR "made use of instruments that had largely been invented and sponsored by antidemocratic regimes."

The other illiberal order that most influenced the New Deal was closer to home. It was the Southern system of racial segregation that we know as Jim Crow. The South protected its racial order through a one-party state, and FDR was its national beneficiary. In 1936, he got 97 percent of the vote in Mississippi and 99 percent in South Carolina. Never during his administration did Southerners make up less than 41 percent of the Democrats in either house. Southerners were eager to "harness Yankee finance capital that had helped impoverish their region ever since the Civil War." Early on, they voted almost unanimously for the most progressive parts of the New Deal. And the South was as eager as FDR to regulate business and finance. The Banking Act of 1933 was sponsored by Virginia senator Carter Glass and Alabama representative Henry Steagall. The New Deal would not have passed without Southern support, and that support came at a price. The Southern states demanded local discretion on any federal welfare, development, and regulatory programs that might disrupt the segregationist racial order. Farm workers and maids, for instance, were excluded from the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938 because in the South most were black.

The alliance could not last forever. In the course of the 1930s, Northern Democrats began losing patience with the South — either that or they had got what they needed out of it. They voted for anti-lynching legislation that they had previously helped quash. Starting with the Wagner Act of 1935, they pushed to spread trade unions, which Southerners saw as having the potential to integrate labor markets. Southerners began to see that they could not get federal money without federal involvement in their local institutions. That seemed to stop the New Deal in its tracks.

But only seemed to. Katznelson's book alters our view of the relationship between the New Deal and World War II. FDR lovers have always looked at the conduct of the war as the *second* great thing the president did. FDR haters have claimed the New Deal failed and the economy was rescued only by wartime production. Katznelson makes the bold claim that FDR's conduct of the war was an extension of his conduct in the economic emergency. FDR certainly saw it that way, warning in his 1939 State of the Union address, "All about us rage undeclared wars — military and economic."

In Katznelson's view, the war gave the New Deal a new lease on life. It permitted a second "radical moment." The South, the most pro-war part of the country, rejoined the president's coalition for many of the key votes. FDR, not always constitutionally, created whole agencies by executive order, including the Fair Employment Practices Committee, seed of the entire civil-rights enforcement bureaucracy. He froze prices, capped salaries at $25,000, imposed a "victory tax," regulated large corporations in ways the NRA had only aspired to, and so extensively stepped up military production that, by the end of the war, the federal government owned 40 percent of the country's capital assets.



The consolidation of economic activity in World War II appeared to be leading toward a social-democratic "planning" state of the sort Western European countries favored until very recently. That didn't happen, largely because the coalition that passed the New Deal had booby-trapped it with all sorts of local prerogatives. Parts of the New Deal have endured for three quarters of a century. But much of it has proved possible to undo. That is due in part to the way the New Deal was built. It was, Katznelson shows, a collaboration between a president acting on leadership principles that cannot now be avowed and legislators defending a racial order that cannot now be countenanced.

This book is gripping, anecdotal, erudite, and sophisticated in its deployment of political theory — though *Fear Itself* is a misleading title. Katznelson invokes "the ambit of a permanent fear" a lot, following worries over communist subversion and nuclear weaponry all the way up to the inauguration of Dwight Eisenhower in 1953. But the book is not about fear. It is about the dark side of the New Deal, for which Katznelson believes we pay a price even today.

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

Holding On // *By Mythri Jegathesan*

Wave
By Sonali Deraniyagala (Knopf, 228 pages, $24)

In July 2005, I met a seven-year-old boy in a small coastal town in northeast Sri Lanka. He told me that he had lost his entire family in the 2004 Boxing Day tsunami, which claimed more than 35,000 lives in Sri Lanka and nearly 230,000 lives altogether. He pointed to a fading but sizable scar on his forearm. The tsunami's powerful waves had thrown him and his mother up into the branches of a coconut tree outside their home. To save him from falling into the waves, his mother bit into his arm and hoisted him higher into the tree's branches. Taking my hand, he placed my fingers on the scar's uneven surface so that I could feel where his mother's teeth had been. He told me that he hopes the scar will never fade.

In *The Body in Pain*, Elaine Scarry writes, "Physical pain has no voice, but when it at last finds a voice, it begins to tell a story . . . for what is quite literally at stake in the body in pain is the making and unmaking of the world." Scarry's observation resonates with *Wave*, a memoir by Sonali Deraniyagala. A SIPA adjunct professor who came to Columbia to research post-disaster economic recovery, Deraniyagala writes about grief rather than physical pain, though in such a visceral way that the two seem nearly interchangeable.

When the tsunami hits Sri Lanka's shores, Deraniyagala is vacationing with her husband, Stephen Lissenburgh; their two sons, Vikram and Malli, ages seven and five; and her mother and father. They are in Yala, a national wildlife park on the southern coast, and plan to return to her parents' home in Colombo later that morning. A few days after, they will continue home to London. As her friend comments just moments before they see the wave, "What you guys have is a dream."

The opening pages draw us into this dream unraveling at high speed. As the wave approaches, Deraniyagala, her husband, and the boys flee their hotel and climb into a jeep in the hotel driveway. There is no time to warn Deraniyagala's mother and father, and the jeep speeds away, leaving them behind.

As the wave surrounds them, water fills the jeep. Deraniyagala and her husband lift their sons to the ceiling so that they can breathe. The tires lift off the ground, and the jeep begins to float. At that moment, Deraniyagala recalls the look on her husband's face: "I'd never seen him like that before. A sudden look of terror, eyes wide open, mouth agape. He saw something behind me that I couldn't see." The wave rushes toward them, and the jeep overturns.

It is not clear exactly what happens to her family next — Deraniyagala herself will never know — but with the overturning of the jeep, she loses her husband and sons, and, as with her mother and father, never sees them alive again. Like the young boy I met, Deraniyagala survives by holding on to a branch. "Why didn't I die?" she asks. "Why did I cling to that branch?"

Deraniyagala spends the next eight years "making and unmaking" her world. Her recollections of the first six months are intensely raw with grief and pain. As the bodies of her family members are slowly identified and recovered, she meticulously plots her suicide. "I'll wait until all the bodies are found," she writes. "Then I will kill myself."

She doesn't kill herself, but she also does not heal. Her body is merely tolerating its own existence, stretching the limits of survival beyond what we think is possible. She consumes cocktails of pills and booze, reveling in hallucinations and disaster pornography on the Internet. She harasses the Dutch family that has moved into her parents' emptied home. She fears sleep because she must "wake up the next morning and relearn the truth all over again."

Witnessing Deraniyagala's intense contempt for life, we learn that her grief's pain does not fade like the scars on our skin. Rather, it surfaces in objects, once mundane but now "pulsing" with unrelenting life force of what once was but can never again be. Vikram and Malli's soft school bags become "scalpels." An unexceptional, mud-encrusted doormat in her parents' home becomes a living artifact of the happiness they all shared when their family was intact. In one of the most poignant vignettes, Deraniyagala revisits the hotel rubble in Yala for the first time and finds the back cover of her husband's 2003 research report flapping in the sand. She clutches it to her chest and sobs. "Starved of their loveliness," she writes, "I feel shrunken."

Deraniyagala continually forces herself to remember, and transforms that collection of memories into an intimate testimony to the beauty that Stephen, Vikram, Malli, and her parents brought to her life. But it is also these very memories that challenge the wholeness she can feel as a mother, wife, and daughter without them. Maintaining this "equilibrium," she admits, is a daunting endeavor. "I lurch into what I am missing," she writes, and in doing so, she dares to become intimate with her family's ever-expanding absence.

Years after the disaster, Deraniyagala still struggles to maintain this balance, to remember that she is still the same person she was. Sitting alone in a New York garden, she hears her husband and sons laughing in a heap beside her. They are laughing about Malli's new family name for Deraniyagala, "Mummy Lissenburgh." Her husband and

boys died thinking of this as her name: "Me having no identity without these three boys to whom I was merely tagged on," she writes, which provides her with some solace. As long as she has that memory, her identity as a wife and mother will never fade.

Often fearful that others will find her pain "not palatable," Deraniyagala writes, "I am not one for telling." But her memoir convinces us that her grief is the fiercest incarnation of the love that they shared. We will never be able to consume the full experience of her loss, but she provides us with a transformative account of the love that nourishes her pain and ultimately perhaps even keeps her alive.

Mythri Jegathesan '13GSAS is a cultural anthropologist who studies development in Sri Lanka. She will teach at the College of William and Mary in the fall.

The Losers *// By Kelly McMasters*

The Fun Parts: Stories
By Sam Lipsyte (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 240 pages, $24)

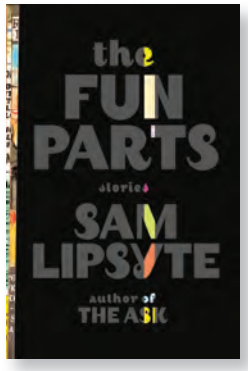
Writer, editor, and onetime Columbia lecturer Gordon Lish is famous for telling his students: "Don't have stories; have sentences." During workshops, the students took turns reading aloud to him until Lish lost interest and told them to stop. Many never made it past their opening line.

Harsh, maybe, but when heeded properly, Lish's advice has produced greatness. One of his protégés, Sam Lipsyte, an assistant professor of writing at Columbia's School of the Arts, is out with a new story collection, *The Fun Parts*, that is notable for its sentence work, perfect in its simplicity and charge. One story begins: "The Dungeon Master has detention." Another: "Classic American story: I was out of money and people I could ask for money." And another: "Davis called, told me he was dying." These deceptively straightforward sentences are Lipsyte's hallmark, even more so than his zany and often jovially obscene storylines, which usually get the glory. Of course, one would be nothing without the other.

None of these stories are being published for the first time; all thirteen have previously appeared in places like the *New Yorker* or *Playboy* and the *Paris Review*, but Lipsyte's black humor, as much on parade here as in his four previous books, keeps them from feeling stale. Many moments had me spitting out my orange juice, even on a second read.

Lipsyte's stories home in on losers at the periphery of society: Dungeons-and-Dragons-obsessed teens, a disillusioned high-school shot-putter, a drug-addicted cardio-ballet instructor, a male doula (excuse me: *doulo*), an earnest feminist writer working on her "poem cycles." These characters are extravagant in their messes, their dependencies, their self-aggrandizement, their whining. They flail across the page, wild with masturbation and drugs and irresponsibility, steeped in self-loathing or inflated self-esteem or both. They are at times terrifying and even pitiable. Their chaos is contagious.

And yet. Lipsyte manages to endear us to these losers. Not all of them, and not completely, but they certainly come across better than the conventional "winners." In "The Wisdom of the Doulas," for example, the aforementioned doulo looks atrocious — he's the "dude with the yellow teeth and the ratty (vintage) buckskin jacket." But his employers, the Gottwalds, are worse — "uptight success types with their antique Ataris and sarcastic sneakers," and we are not surprised when they name their newborn baby Prague.



The men of these stories are a particularly sad and tapioca-soft lot. If paired off, they generally play children to their grown-up wives, who have left or are in the process of leaving them, such as in the story "Expressive":

> "I want to save our marriage," says my wife. "Do you want to save our marriage?"
> "Yes," I say. "Just not right now."
> "Get out."

No one is left unscathed, certainly not children. In "The Republic of Empathy," Peg explains to William that she needs another child because "this morning I smelled the top of Philip's head. That sweet baby scent is gone. Now it just smells like the top of any dumbshit's head." Later, William tries to broach the subject with his toddler:

> I took Philip for a walk. He tired easily, but his gait was significant. He tended to clutch his hands behind his back, like the vexed ruler of something about to disintegrate.
> "How about a brother or a sister?" I asked.
> "How about I just pooped," Philip said.

Lipsyte is a satirist, but his stories capture something discouragingly real. After reading them, you'll think worse of the per-

son sitting next to you on the subway and even at your preschool board meeting, because Lipsyte's world is full of "the angry and ex-decadent, the loading-bay anarchists and hackers on parole, the meth mules, psych majors."

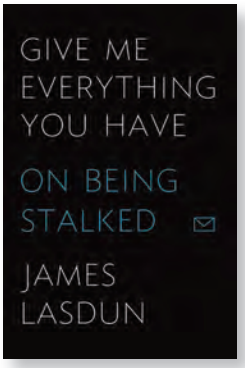
Story by story, deviancy begins to feel normal, and we see shades of these losers first in our neighbors and then, ultimately, ourselves; what starts as haughty laughter turns to a slow unsettling simpatico simper.

Kelly McMasters '05SOA teaches journalism and creative writing at Columbia. She is the author of Welcome to Shirley: A Memoir from an Atomic Town.

Verbal Terror *// By Kerry Fried*

Give Me Everything You Have: On Being Stalked
By James Lasdun (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 218 pages, $25)

Over the past twenty-five years, James Lasdun has been admired as a writer's writer, but despite accolades like a Booker Prize nod, hasn't found the wider audience he deserves. Perhaps this is because he is difficult to peg, moving from the novel to short fiction to nonfiction to screenplays to poetry, defying categorization at a time when success seems to demand it. Another possibility: his subtle and devastating narratives lack the easy consolations that would propel him into beloved-author mode.



Impasses and moral mazes are more his thing. Lasdun's narrators, for all their accomplishments and self-awareness, tend to be undone by the awful daring of a moment's surrender, whether that moment is one of innocence, arrogance, intimacy, misreading, or even goodwill.

As Lasdun now recounts in his memoir *Give Me Everything You Have*, one such moment of generosity led to a very modern form of home invasion. In late 2005, Lasdun, a British expat, was living in the Catskills with his wife and two children, teaching writing. (Today, Lasdun teaches in Columbia's School of the Arts.) He offered a promising writer he had taught two years before, an Iranian-born woman in her mid-thirties, bits and bobs of publishing advice. He relaxed into what he came to see as a new friendship.

Yet within months, Nasreen, as he calls her, was sending him an avalanche of threatening e-mails and smearing him across the Web (on Goodreads, the *Guardian*, Amazon, and so on) and to his employers. As her attentions grew stranger and more oppressive, Lasdun began to retreat. Convinced that she had been scorned, Nasreen branded him a sexual and, rather more unusually, literary predator. Among his multiplying misdeeds: he had arranged for her to be raped before he met her; he had appropriated her unpublished novel (a practice she termed "daytrading"), her e-mails, and even her life in his fiction and poetry.

Styling herself a "relentless verbal terrorist," Nasreen also blasted Lasdun's literary agent and a freelance editor, other members of Lasdun's supposed cabal of privileged Jews. Some of her screeds were vicious but incoherent; others were ultra-clear and insinuating. Still others were oddly pathetic: "I keep changing my e-mail address because I think you are blocking and silencing me and punishing me for my pain." But the communiqué that spawned Lasdun's title quells any pity. Having warned that "your family's going to get it if you do not right your wrongs," Nasreen dared Lasdun to call the police: "you get me in trouble and you're fucked. give me everything you have and go kill yourself."

Wise to his own missteps, Lasdun alchemizes his experience into art that evokes the dangers of isolation and ambition, mind games and magical thinking. It's a pleasure to follow his night thoughts on the power of a mentor's benediction, the male gaze, and man's bent for violence, and he loses none of his wit while facing the extreme: "This cyber-narcissism, not a vice I'd been prone to before, was another gift from Nasreen: I became — it sounds like a malady from some Victorian hygiene pamphlet — a compulsive self-googler."

Despite the wisdom gained, *Give Me Everything You Have* is pervaded with loss. For one, there's Nasreen's. Her flair for language vanishes in a morass of hatefulness, and she is reduced to capering about on the Web, a domain where invective and innuendo are rarely checked.

Lasdun, too, is diminished. Obsessed with unclouding his name, he realizes that language is no longer his ally. His pleas for protection — to his employers, lawyers, the police, and the FBI — come off as calculated, even absurd: "The harder I tried to be neutral and objective, the crazier I sounded."

He also fears he is becoming a bore — weighing his own motives, mourning his vanishing reputation — while turning increasingly

combustible. Two swift, charged encounters with strangers — one on a train, the other in a coffee shop — manifest Lasdun's sensitivity to shifts in atmosphere, and his gift for painting moments of conflict and self-laceration. In the second, when he asks someone who's leaving a table to clear up his trash, the man rebukes him with "*Sieg Heil*." "What?" says Lasdun. "Do you want me to throw a cup of boiling coffee in your face? . . . You must be out of your fucking mind, saying something like that to a Jew in New York."

Lasdun finds refuge in family and in books. By recognizing parallels to his situation in works as varied as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, with its exploration of honor, trust, and "moral combat," and *Tintin*, as well as the work of his hero D. H. Lawrence, Lasdun achieves a measure of objectivity, even empathy, with his pursuer. One surprise inclusion: Sylvia Plath, "especially 'Lady Lazarus,' that little tour de force of chortling malediction. It's a poem in the form of a piece of hate mail, after all (or so it seems to me now), complete with Nazified recipient."

In the final section of the memoir, which describes a visit to Jerusalem, Lasdun does his all to address the "uncannily adaptive" sickness of anti-Semitism and its "peculiar conflation of the roles of victim and oppressor." It's a dazzling coda, intimate and expansive. Here, and in Lasdun's recent fiction and poetry, any thought of Nasreen quickly disappears amid the throng of characters ranging through Lasdun's universe.

Kerry Fried has written for the New York Times Book Review *and the* Washington Post.

Wise Blood *// By Michael Gillis*

Modern Vampires of the City
Vampire Weekend (XL Recordings)

Modern Vampires of the City will go down as Vampire Weekend's first "grown-up" album — the moment the band graduated from Oxford collar–wearing, Oxford comma–bemoaning college kids to a quartet interested in meditations on mortality, capitalism, and spirituality in a secular world.

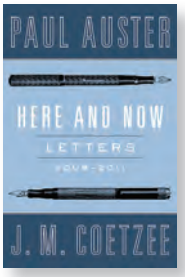
It's a stunning mission statement, and a grand expansion of Vampire Weekend's vision that pivots away from its past inward-looking critiques of privilege toward more universal themes. In place of lines teasing out the cultural capital behind buying Louis Vuitton are cries to an indifferent God and a motif of ticking clocks. Gone, too, are what in past albums could seem like archly hollow world-music pastiches, with the band instead opting for electrifying additions like the helium-warped Auto-Tune in "Ya Hey" and the deranged doo-wop of "Diane Young."

Yet to call these new thematic and sonic depths unexpected would be to sell the band's past work short. Yes, Vampire Weekend had previously defined itself as much through the privileged background of its members as through its music — but lyricist and frontman Ezra Koenig '06CC has kept a wry distance from these topics, allowing him to construct songs that seamlessly blend his bourgeois navel-gazing with an anthemic populism.

All of which is to say that Vampire Weekend hasn't become unrecognizable here — it's just evolved. Classical-music embellishments, for example, still litter the tracks, with album standout "Step" unabashedly appropriating the harpsichord progression of Pachelbel's Canon. It's a sonic reference that quickly fades into irrelevance as the heartfelt chorus unveils itself. "The gloves are off, the wisdom teeth are out, what you on about? / I feel it in my bones," Koenig sings, drawing out that last line with a genuinely affecting wobble in his voice, a sort of tremor of resignation.

Such ratcheting up of worry would doubtlessly prove tiring here if the album wasn't so endlessly energetic, with tracks like "Unbelievers," which nests dense explorations of faith within the sort of propulsive hooks for which the band's melodic mastermind Rostam Batmanglij '06CC has become deservingly famous. Similarly, declarations like "there's a lifetime right in front of you" in the gorgeous "Don't Lie" would skirt the edge of platitude without the earnestness Koenig pours into his vocals. What makes the band remarkable, however, is how soon they're able to follow up this wide-eyed paean to vanishing youth with a caustic kiss-off to the etiquette-obsessed in "Finger Back."

It's the same combination of sincerity and sarcasm, ballroom ornamentation and punk distortion, that's allowed a group of Columbia grads with a prep-school-chic aesthetic to top the Billboard chart for two successive albums now. And rightfully so. *Modern Vampires of the City* is a generous gesture, revealing a band ready to shed their autobiographical skins to better reach out to the world beyond.



Here and Now: Letters (2008-2011)

By Paul Auster and J. M. Coetzee (Viking, 256 pages, $27.95)

"I have been thinking about friendships," J. M. Coetzee wrote to Paul Auster '69CC, '70GSAS in 2008: "how they arise, why they last." The story of theirs takes place mostly on the page. They met at a literary event and, to bridge the hemisphere that separated them (Auster lives in Brooklyn, Coetzee in Australia), Coetzee wrote suggesting that they exchange letters and, "God willing, strike sparks off each other." In an age dominated by short communication like e-mail, text messages, and social media, one can't help wondering whether the resulting book, *Here and Now*, was their goal all along. But any reservations about the self-consciousness of the project ("for some reason," gripes Auster, "Paris hotel rooms are not equipped with typewriters") quickly fade as we discover that the letters are simply terrific — elegant and thoughtful musings about topics at the forefront of most of our minds. Both sports fans, Auster and Coetzee debate the nature of competition; both fathers, they explore what that role has meant in their lives; both divorced and remarried to scholarly women, they share a perspective on romantic relationships. They touch on politics, film, art, philosophy, and, of course, literature, and fans of both writers will recognize characteristic traits in their notes (for example, Auster's obsession with puzzles comes out in an anecdote about three chance run-ins with Charlton Heston). It's a charming correspondence, regardless of how and why it was conceived.

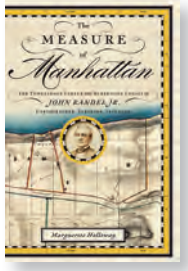
— *Rebecca Shapiro*

Her

By Christa Parravani (Henry Holt, 320 pages, $26)

In the wake of her sister Cara's overdose, Christa Parravani '03SOA read that when an identical twin dies, regardless of the cause, there is a 50 percent chance that the surviving twin will also die within two years. "Flip a coin," she thought. "Those were my chances of survival." The statistic is almost impossible to believe. But by the end of Parravani's memoir, *Her*, even half a chance seems high. Raised amid poverty and abuse, the sisters clung to each another, becoming so intertwined that even their memories were indistinguishable. When they married, they exchanged rings not only with their husbands but with each other, too, unable to fathom a union otherwise. In 2001, though, something happened that they couldn't share: Cara was brutally raped, and she dealt with it by turning to heroin, which eventually led to her death. Christa had been studying photography at Columbia, and as she tried to nurse her sister back to health, she turned her lens on them both, snapping a haunting series of identical, hooded figures that eventually became her master's thesis. After Cara died, Christa's urge to follow Cara to the grave was nearly irresistible. But instead, she revived the one part of Cara that she could. Cara had been a writer, and in tribute, Christa uses words rather than photographs to tell their story. "If I couldn't die with her, I could write my sister back to life." She does so admirably, and the result is a sparse, beautifully rendered portrait of an unimaginable loss.

— *RS*



The Measure of Manhattan

By Marguerite Holloway (Norton, 384 pages, $26.95)

In 1808, the state legislature of New York presented surveyor John Randel Jr. with the unenviable task of carving a tidy grid of streets from the sewage-laden island of Manhattan. And while that description might still seem apt, Marguerite Holloway's biography *The Measure of Manhattan* leaves little doubt about the massive transformation Randel effected through his geometric system. During four years of design, Randel squared an unwieldy sprawl, employing a level of devotion that provides emotional heft to a story that can at times be dry. Sections in which Randel gazes at the stars for days to discern true north, or is tormented by microscopic measurement errors, provide poignant glimpses of the perfectionism that enabled his grand scheme to prevail. At her most insightful, however, Holloway '88JRN, who teaches at Columbia Journalism School, pulls out from such details to reveal how modern Manhattan wasn't an inevitability, but a product of a precise period in history — one whose democratic and Enlightenment values are manifested in the design's mathematically perfect divisions. Seen in this light, each metal spike Randel plants while surveying takes on the aspect of a small wonder, reminding the reader of the audacity behind a plan to reconfigure the natural landscape to fit an age's philosophies. Though Holloway's telling occasionally meanders, its revelations might provide New York drivers something to muse on the next time they're stuck in gridlock.

— *Michael Gillis*

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COURTESY OF EL DIARIO / LA PRENSA ARCHIVE

Foto Finish

Pride, politics, protests, poverty, parades, pageants, Puente, pop singers — welcome to the photo archive of *El Diario/La Prensa*, New York's oldest Spanish-language daily newspaper. The archive, which Columbia acquired in May, spans the last half century and contains some five thousand images.

"*El Diario* has photos of people and events that other daily newspapers did not record or else simply footnoted," says *El Diario* executive editor Erica Gonzalez '05JRN. "The collection is priceless for anyone — students, researchers, documentarians — interested in producing work on New York City's social, political, and economic life and its largest ethnic community."

The collection's thirty-nine boxes will be housed in the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Gonzalez says that the paper wanted to team up with an institution "that would give this unique treasure — a decades-long photo narrative of Latino New York — the care and importance that it deserves."

From the archive: New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller (right) hosts a 1970 reception to support the congressional campaign of Herman Badillo (seated at left). Badillo was running to become the first Puerto Rican–descended member of Congress. Also present are Marisol Malaret, the first Puerto Rican Miss Universe, and Luisa Quintero (standing with Rockefeller), the influential *El Diario/La Prensa* political reporter. Badillo was elected that November.

Learn more about the archive.
www.magazine.columbia.edu/eldiario

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- Stay tuned for more information. Questions? E-mail: alumni@columbia.edu

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