

DUKE

SPECIAL ISSUE 2016

MAGAZINE

Say
What?

THE LANGUAGE ISSUE

Jeannette Rinehart '51 loves animals or anything “with four feet,” she says. So she was enthralled the first time she visited the Duke Lemur Center, which celebrates its 50th anniversary this year. “It is unique in all the world, and it is an experience available only at Duke.” Rinehart established two life income gifts to support the center in addition to ongoing donations. “It’s important to give back. I find it very rewarding to support a special interest,” said Rinehart. Her gifts will ensure future generations can enjoy the places (and primates!) that make Duke one of a kind. “Above all, supporting the Lemur Center is just such fun!”

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Language

SPECIAL ISSUE

Exploring what, why, and how we communicate

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This grotesque hollers to passersby from the upper roofline of Duke Clinic. You can't see it from the ground because of the hospital's growth.

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In Memoriam

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Universal Language

Language drives a university campus. And so it drives this issue of *Duke Magazine*.

A campus defines itself, or divides itself, according to the language of the disciplines: Neuroscientists write for other neuroscientists in terms different from, say, how literary scholars write for other literary scholars. There's the school-specific language embedded in student conversation: You need to keep up with your T-Reqs—meaning, in Dukespeak, you need to be satisfying your curricular requirements for Trinity College.

There's the streamlined language of social media: So many screens, in so many campus settings, and just what are they illuminating? The rousing

language of sports spectators: What would the Cameron experience be without shared experiences, shared expectations, and shared chanting? The concerned language of protest: What kind of conversation makes or breaks a campus community?

There's even the visual language of physical space: These days Duke is doing a lot with glass façades—a nod to the vocabulary of transparency.

I write this as I head to a small laboratory for putting language under examination, that cultural curiosity called a book club. Many

of the clubbies, in this case, are Duke-connected. They are intrigued by big ideas and particularly by how language can propel those ideas. We gather, we catch up, we focus on the assignment for the evening, we let our focus dissipate with a freewheeling foray into current events. It's like college all over again, though fueled by better wine and genuine home-baked cookies.

Not exactly beach reading, but *Seven Brief Lessons on Physics*, by Carlo Rovelli, was a summer choice of the club. An Italian theoretical physicist, Rovelli (sounds like ravioli, which would nicely fuel a bookish discussion) is identified as a founder of “the loop quantum gravity theory”—

language that sounds as quirky as “quarks,” which, of course, jumped out of a James Joyce novel right into the Standard Model of physics.

Rovelli sketches physical phenomena that are super-charged and super-sized, and some that are mind-numbingly, inconceivably, tiny. (The language of mathematics isn't one of his sketching tools: There's just one equation in eighty pages of physics-focused musings.) He presents a reality that's awesome, in the pure sense of that word: the universe beginning as a small ball that exploded to its present cosmic dimensions.

What Rovelli does with the spectrum of phenomena, from subatomic par-

ticles to black holes, is use beautiful language to probe elusive concepts. Language fundamentally isn't about vowels and consonants, but about how they interact to create an effect. Rovelli's immense, elastic universe, similarly, derives its beauty not from objects in isolation, but rather from the relationships among them.

Language takes us to a different understanding and a different place—to an unfamiliar universe. With Rovelli's invitingly slender volume, we're led into a cosmos that explodes, collapses into bottomless holes, plays games with time, curves, ripples, and sways. The work performed by the universe sounds a lot like the work performed by language. Language

is pretty wild. Sure, we array our words according to certain rules. But there's plenty of play room within the bounds of those rules. As words spin out, collide, and get entangled, they produce awesome effects—delighting, unsettling, and teaching.

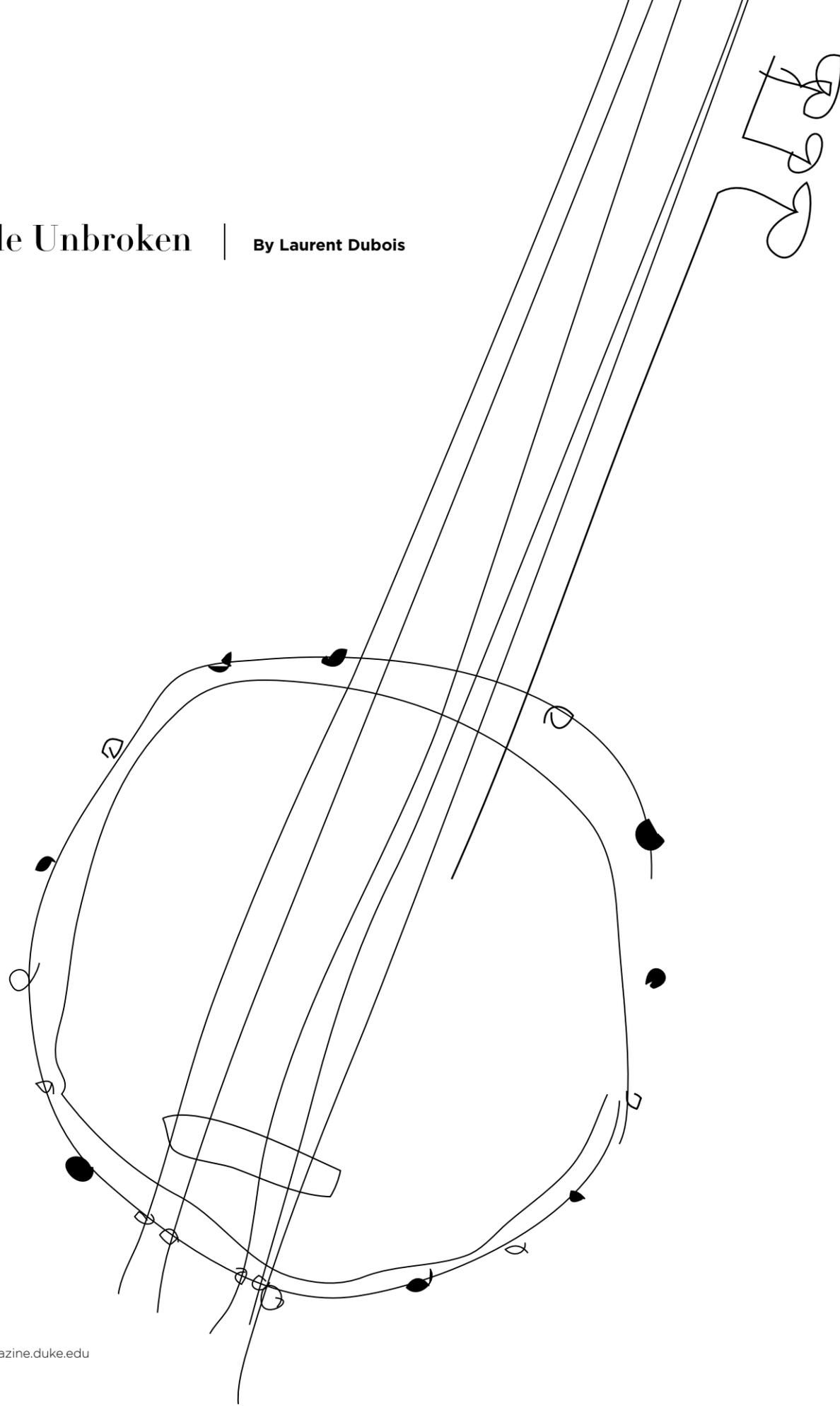
Language, we might also say, introduces us to a universe of possibilities.

—Robert J. Bliwise, editor



Circle Unbroken

By Laurent Dubois



For the past year, I have spent untold hours studying, and sounding out, two pages in an old book: Hans Sloane's 1707 *Voyage to the Islands*. It's a beautiful object, large, leather-bound, full of images of trees and shells and spiders and fruit. But my colleagues David Garner Ph.D. '14 and graduate student Mary Caton Lingold and I keep coming back to two pages of music—an evanescent fragment offered to us from across the centuries.

For us, these pages have become a door into a largely lost world of sound, language, and music. They are the earliest example of musical notation representing Afro-Caribbean and Afro-Atlantic music, and essentially the only one until the late eighteenth century. As such, they represent a tiny trace of one of the most important musical epics in the modern world: the creation of modern Afro-Atlantic music, which today is as close as we get to a global sound, perhaps even a global language.

Sloane grew up in Northern Ireland and studied in France, where he became interested in the burgeoning field of natural history. He traveled to Jamaica in the 1680s and began studying and documenting the flora and fauna of the island. He soon realized that the enslaved Africans on the island's plantations, who had to grow their own food on small gardens and provision grounds, had a deep knowledge of the natural world. Sloane became interested in their cultural life, particularly their music, and when he left Jamaica, he carried with him three handmade instruments he had acquired there. Two of these had gourd bodies covered with an animal skin, and flat necks with several strings stretched upon them. These are some of the earliest known examples of the New World instrument that came to be known generally as the banjo.

About a decade ago, I began playing the banjo, and soon I became fascinated by the instrument's history, which I've researched in collections in the U.S., Europe, and the

Dubois is professor of Romance studies and history and the director of the Forum for Scholars and Publics at Duke. He is the author of The Banjo: America's African Instrument (Harvard University Press, 2016). The "Musical Passage" site is www.musicalpassage.org, and the "Banjology" site is www.sites.duke.edu/banjology.

Caribbean. This has been a process of gathering tiny fragments from many different places to tell a bigger story, and Sloane's work is one of the most vital of these fragments. His collection ultimately became the foundation for the creation of the British Museum, but somewhere along the way the instruments from Jamaica were lost, and only a few written traces and one image depicting them remain. This same fragment has fascinated Lingold, who is writing a dissertation on early Afro-Atlantic music, and Garner, a banjo player and composer interested in drawing on vernacular musical traditions to create new works. They both have taught me that no matter how valuable a book might be in communicating musical history, it can only do so much: To truly understand the language of music, you have to hear it.

So, for the last year, the three of us have been meeting to find a way to bring the music of seventeenth-century Jamaica to life. Sloane writes that he asked someone he met in Jamaica, a man he names simply as Mr. Baptiste, to "take the words they sung and set them to Musick." The result is that, in his book, there is musical notation for five distinct pieces of music: one called "Angola," another "Papa," and then three pieces under the title "Koromanti."

We read and reread the lines, debating the meaning of each term. And then David began sounding out these complex songs, on banjo and mbira. Each time he did, we heard something new and different, and it changed how we read the words, too. The music and the text began to shift, together, and our interpretation got richer and richer.

As much as we've explored these pages, though, we keep finding new questions. There are words to the songs in African languages, whose meaning we still need to analyze and understand. But now that the music is living again—on our website Musical Passage—other musicians and scholars may join in the conversation, solving the mysteries of the past and expanding the early banjo's modern reach. ■

Each spring I look forward to seeing the mayapples (*Podophyllum peltatum*) twist their way up and out of the ground, unfurling like umbrellas and creating a short-statured canopy for imagined woodland sprites. The size of the colony gives me a clue about the quality of soil and moisture in the area. The plants also let me know that box turtles are probably nearby, waiting for the mayapples to ripen. Box turtles and mayapples have a partnership: Turtles love to snack on the fruit, and the plant gets an improved chance of germinating its seed once it passes through a turtle's digestive tract.

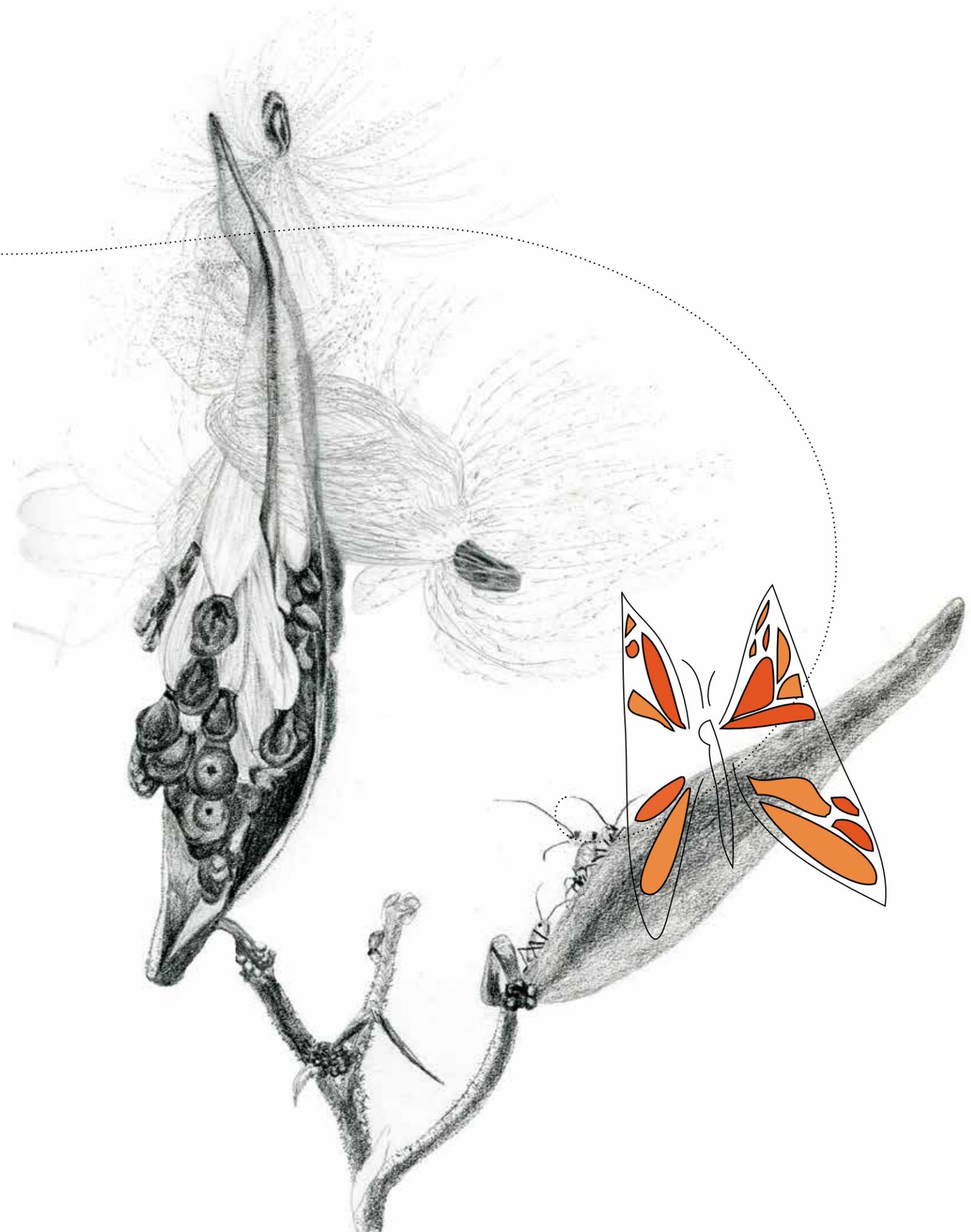
Growing up with Midwestern winters, I enjoyed the peculiar twilight-purple of an Illinois hawthorn's bark (*Crataegus mollis*) against a field of snow. It's a celebration of the serene and richly colored snow-filled landscape. The hawthorn tree also helps me understand that the field was browsed, perhaps by deer or cattle, roughly twenty or thirty years ago. The browsing discouraged other plants from growing, but not the fully armed hawthorn with its two-inch thorns that dissuade animals from nibbling.

Of all the stories I have seen, heard, or read, the most magnificent is the epic saga the land has to tell. Step outside; undulating hills, rivers and their valleys, the plants that thrive—all are chapters in a story that began long, long ago. Some stories are large, with continents moving, mountains lifting, and valleys forming. Other stories are small, such as the American beech (*Fagus grandifolia*) that tells us about the deep, rich soils that help it thrive, or the ants that help a trillium (*Trillium species*) transport its seed.

Years ago I planted a milkweed, commonly called butterfly weed (*Asclepias tuberosa*), in my garden because I liked the flowers and because milkweed is the only food for monarch caterpillars. Just days later, one monarch caterpillar appeared on the plant. It felt good to be helping butterflies. The next day I noticed four caterpillars on my one plant. The third day the plant was gone, entirely consumed. But nature is clever. The plant had enough "oomph" left in its roots to send up entirely new stems, leaves, and, weeks-later-than-typical, beautiful orange flowers. This was a reminder that nature's story has been unfolding for thousands of years, whereas I have been attentive for less than one human lifetime. Butterfly weeds have probably gone through that double emergence for eons and are well-adapted to the drain on their resources.

Reading the landscape is a daily adventure for me. It's my way of actively seeing and not allowing nature to drop into the role of "wallpaper" in my life. I find delight in a plant, a view, or a toad hopping past my foot, in the rich connection to the world around me. I learned to look for nature's stories from the many amazing teachers I have encountered in person and in books. Sharing those stories completes the circle between subject, student, and teacher. ■

Little is the director of education and public programs at the Sarah P. Duke Gardens.



Milkweed illustration by Cynthia Gehrie

The **emoticon** is not a recent invention; its use can be traced back to the nineteenth century. Today, emoticons are the world's universal language. Simple, recognizable pictograms illustrate complex ideas and emotions, allowing us to transcend the barriers of language, age, and culture. How effective are today's emoticons as a language system? Can they compare to ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, and tell a narrative without any written words? ■

Li '15 is a London-based designer and illustrator.



There's a Podcast for That

By John Biewen

After thirty years as a public radio reporter and documentary maker, I joined the podcasting stampede last fall, launching *Scene on Radio* at Duke's Center for Documentary Studies. Even more than I imagined, I've found myself giddy with the sense of liberation that comes with the medium.

More and more listeners are finding their way to this new frontier, too. It's not the only phenomenon that has people scratching their heads in 2016. But still, what explains it? And perhaps more intriguing, why are so many people tuning in?

We are well into the digital age, after all. And we're presumably a visual culture—with movies, spectator sports, and cat videos all endlessly available. Podcasts? They are, essentially, radio—that is, *audio without pictures*. A medium pronounced obsolete generations ago, with the arrival of TV, at least as a means of telling stories. Yet audio storytelling is still here, and flourishing.

A few months ago there were 250,000 podcasts on iTunes. As I write this, we're past 325,000. In less than two years—going back to the pre-*Serial* era, of course—podcasting has gone from a niche activity to one that seemingly everyone feels compelled to be engaged in, either as a listener or creator. And the audience is growing with the supply: Twenty-one percent of Americans over the age of twelve listen to podcasts today.

The first explanation, I think, is that podcasting, like radio, boasts humanity's oldest and best storytelling tool: the voice. Long before film, photography, even the quill pen, people told stories to one another, the pictures conjured in the listener's imagination. Stories told in the dark. The best radio shows and podcasts spark vivid movies for the mind's eye. It turns out that today's humans, even young ones, will gravitate to something akin to their grandparents' *Fibber McGee and Molly*.

Add the fact that people are busy, and that audio is so companionable. It doesn't demand that you point your eyes at it. It tags along

while you do something else—commute, cook, huff away on the treadmill.

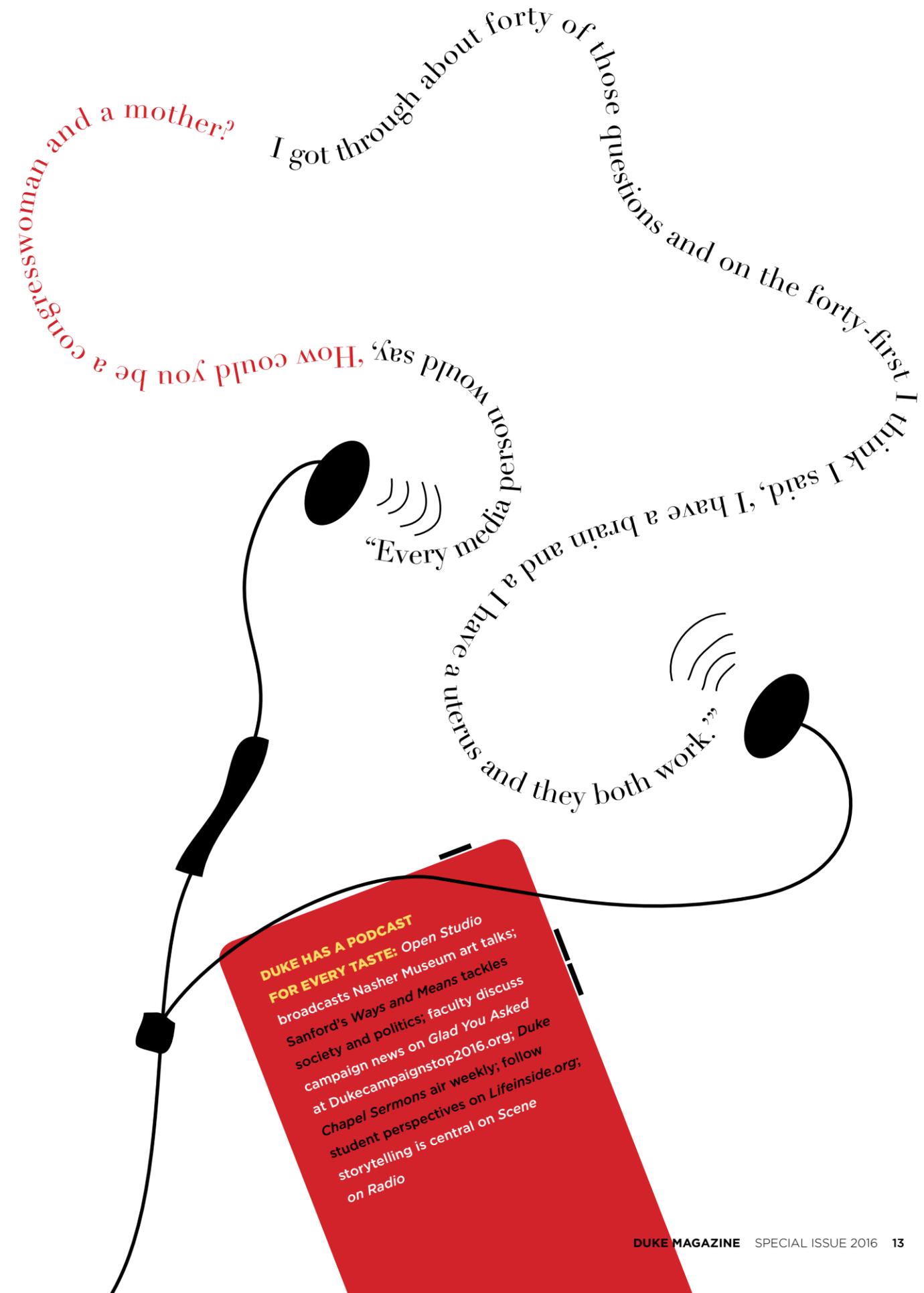
At the same time, part of podcasting's appeal is that it's *not* radio. Radio people like to talk about the intimacy of their medium, but podcasts are more intimate still. Lots of us listen to podcasts on our phones, through earbuds. They effectively deliver those voices and sounds directly into our heads. There's no distance at all.

Additionally, podcasts are untethered from the clock: They wait patiently on your devices, there at your convenience. And they, more than radio broadcasts, are free to be quirky, less concerned about reaching a mass audience. (Though when episodes go viral, they prove to be one of the cheapest and most potent platforms out there.) Are you into a particular religion, or personal finance, or bicycling? There's probably a podcast, or many, for you.

This podcasting moment represents a burst of freedom. Freedom for the creators, certainly. The barriers to entry are strikingly low. Have a laptop, a microphone, and an Internet connection? There's no gatekeeper to decide whether your piece gets on the radio show, no FCC to police your sailor's mouth, and no editor (unless you want one) to hinder your creativity or your self-indulgence. (Some listeners might wish that more podcast creators did have editors.) While they don't cost much to make, only a small fraction will make real money for their creators. Like bloggers, some will go away as others soldier on for their smaller batches of fans and, mostly, for the joy of it. As for liberating the listener, see above: 325,000 podcasts and counting.

For me, the freedom of podcasting means the privilege to create a show that reflects my values and sensibilities, and those of the center where I work. It means the freedom to present a diverse array of voices exploring the textures of our society and human experience—as tellers and producers of stories. The freedom to imbue stories with the sound of life happening, and to let those stories breathe—to present people not as sound bites but as three-dimensional humans. ■

Biewen directs the audio program at the Center for Documentary Studies, where he teaches and produces documentary work for NPR, the BBC World Service, and other audiences.



In 64 B.C., during a time of great political unrest in Rome, Marcus Tullius Cicero ran for consul, the highest office in the land. His campaign faced long odds. He was not from one of the aristocratic families that made up the political establishment; outsiders rarely attained the consulship. Yet as his brother, Quintus, suggested in a pamphlet offering campaign advice, Cicero possessed an advantage that could overcome his outsider status: In Republican Rome, as in modern democracies, effective communication was vital for winning elections, and Cicero was the most accomplished public speaker in Roman history.

What made Cicero an unsurpassed orator? Besides his brilliance and relentless drive to excel, Cicero mastered rhetorical theory from classic handbooks like Aristotle's *Rhetoric*. He even contributed to the genre himself. A number of devices and principles from these ancient handbooks have withstood the test of time. Here are just a few that we have seen, two millennia later, in the current presidential campaign:

Enthymeme.

In a 140-character world, brevity is digital wit. Hence the attractiveness of the enthymeme, a type of syllogism in which the speaker intentionally withholds the premises or conclusion of an argument. The enthymeme works because of succinctness, simplicity, and the active participation of the audience, who has to supply the missing information. Aristotle noted its powerful popular appeal in democratic Athens.

Among contemporary politicians, Donald Trump stands out for arguing in enthymematic form in debates, in media interviews, and especially on Twitter. For example, Trump responded to a weak May 2016 jobs report by the Department of Labor by tweeting: "Terrible jobs report just reported. Only 38,000 jobs added. Bombshell!" Since voters tend to hold the president—and more generally his party—responsible for economic performance, and since Hillary Clinton is a member of the president's party, in just seventy characters Trump has argued that his opponent's economic policies are a dead end.

Paradiastole.

Crucial to campaigning is the ability to defend your own record, character, and platform as well as to attack your opponent in these areas, as Quintus reminded Cicero. This makes it useful for your rhetorical toolkit to include paradiastole, the rhetorical redescription of actions using different terms than your opponent to persuade your audience to see the actions in an alternate moral light. The trick is to realize that the difference between virtue and vice often depends on the details, which may be interpreted differently.

For instance, in interviews in early June, Trump described Clinton's use of a private server as a "criminal situation," whereas Clinton called it a "mistake." Similarly, Trump detractors describe his sometimes crude and offensive language as inexcusably "racist," "misogynistic," and "intolerant," whereas his supporters excuse this same speech by seeing it as part of a "bold," "courageous," or "honest" assault on an oppressive political correctness.

Logos, ethos, pathos.

A speaker can persuade by rational argument (logos), by the credibility of his or her character (ethos), and by arousing the audience's emotions (pathos). Given the Clinton campaign website's list of detailed policies on more than thirty issues, and Trump's attempts to tap into voters' anger and frustration with the state of our country, you could contrast these candidates' rhetorical styles as pitting logos against pathos. But as each candidate has turned toward the general election, ethos has loomed large.

In her June Democratic primary victory speech, Clinton presented herself as a progressive, ceiling-breaking pioneer. Trump, meanwhile, countered with his own speech presenting himself as a "fighter" and "champion" for the people against a "rigged [political] system." If Cicero is right in elevating ethos over logos, we can understand why Trump supporters may overlook his lack of detailed policies if they trust him to fight for them. Likewise, Clinton did not rest on her specific plans but aimed to earn the trust of Bernie Sanders' progressive voters.

While it remains to be seen how political rhetoric will influence the 2016 presidential campaign, Quintus apparently was right about its power in the campaign of 64 B.C.: Cicero was elected consul. ■

Atkins is an assistant professor of classical studies at Duke. His research and teaching focus on Greek and Roman political thought and ethics.

If you look at old medical texts, you see a kind of poetry in the naming of things. Some names are nearly onomatopoeic: The rumbling your stomach and intestines makes is called *borborygmus*. Some names sound like characters in an action movie: The *buccinator* is the muscle that allows you to pull back the angle of the mouth and flatten the cheek area. Other names are evidence that anatomists have imaginations, too: I remember the first time I dissected down to the bony indentation deep in the head that holds the pituitary gland, a part called the *sella tursica*, the Turkish saddle.

But human beings are more than their biology, and however beautiful and fascinating the language of medicine can be, that same language can be alienating and confusing to patients if clinicians do not pay attention to other forms of language, other ways of speaking about the body. This is especially true at the end of life, when it is crucial that we understand what matters to a patient and family.

I once had a patient who was eight years old, and who was dying from complications related to a bone-marrow transplant. His father, who was Muslim, was uncertain about decisions he had to make such as whether or not to do cardiopulmonary resuscitation when the child's heart stopped. From within his story, he wanted to be faithful to his son and faithful to God. I had no idea how to help him find his way. When I walked into the room, I heard music playing, and so I began our conversation by saying, "What beautiful music."

He answered, "It's not music."

"What is it?"

"Chanting."

"What are they chanting?"

"The Koran."

"What part of the Koran are they chanting now?"

dignity

healing

He listened for a while, and then he said, "It is the part that says that in life we want many things. Sometimes God says yes. Sometimes God says no. But whether God says yes or no, praise be to God."

Beginning with that part of his story, I asked him to tell me more, from inside his story, about medicine, God, fatherhood, and the dignity of caring for each other. By the end of the conversation, he had come to clarity about what to do, again, from the inside of his story. Biology could not help him decide, but his story did.

To say what matters is to make a statement of value, and value is not a biological concept. When we talk about what we value, we use the language of stories, faith, hope, fear, and mystery. I have come to think of the practice of medicine as being closer in spirit to the humanities than to the pure sciences. If it fails to pay attention to its humanistic aspect—the aspect that is most fully expressed through storytelling—medicine has the potential to do great harm.

William Osler—one of the early proponents of the application of scientific investigation to medical exploration—loved literature. He pitied physicians who didn't read literature; he thought they had to learn to read stories, to listen to the inside world of others, which is what stories do. As a physician, when you're welcomed into the life of another person as a guest, to wield power responsibly, you need a way to grasp that world.

The inside of a person's world is revealed through stories. And to tell or listen to stories well, we must care about the language that is being used. ■

Barfield is associate professor of pediatrics and Christian philosophy in the schools of medicine, divinity, and nursing. He is a pediatric oncologist and palliative care physician, and he directs the medical humanities program in The Trent Center for Bioethics, Humanities, and History of Medicine.

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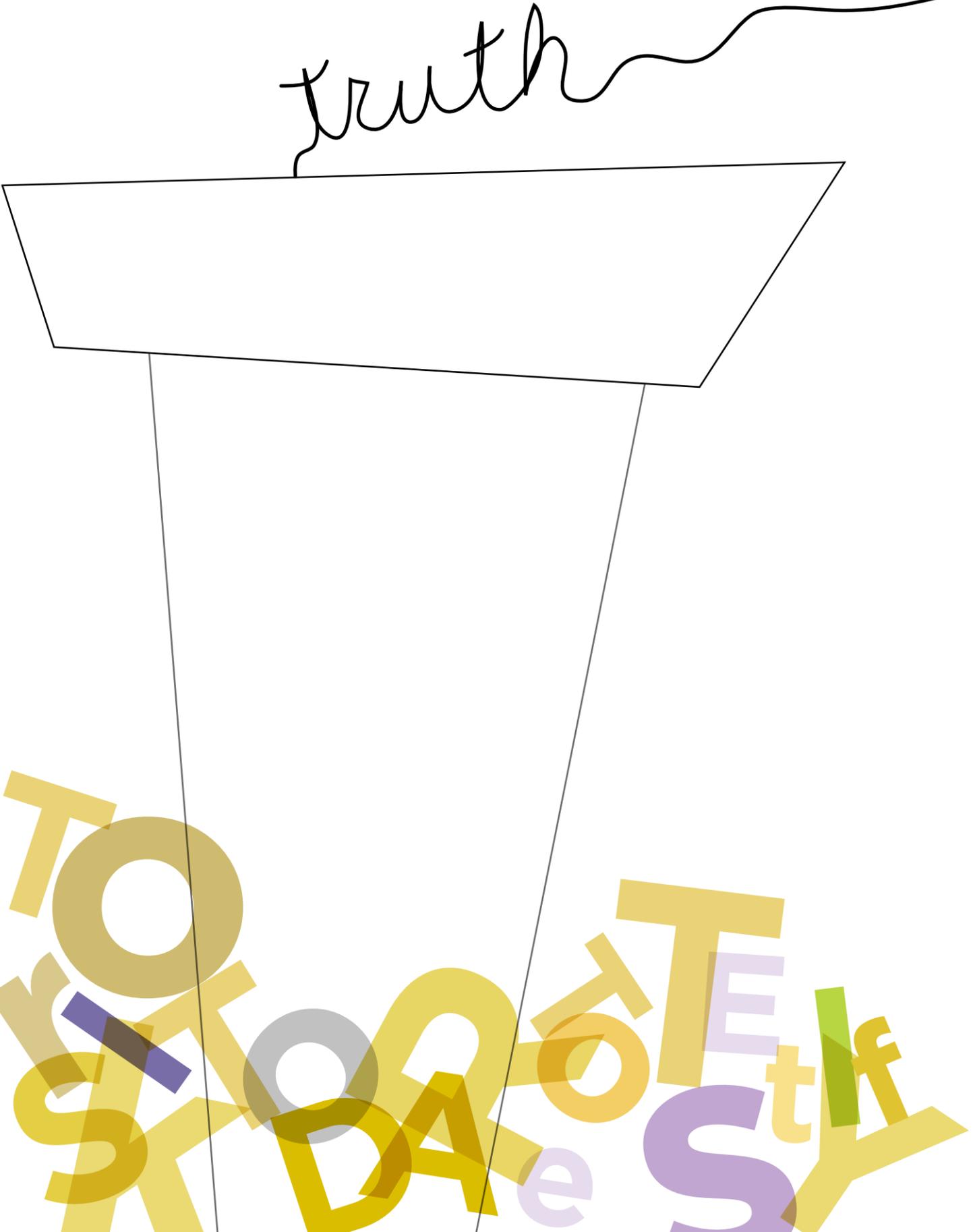
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STORIES



truth

The language of faithful preaching is tensive language—unsettled language, language at the breaking point. For it is language that seeks to speak of God, but cannot fully speak of God. It is the destabilizing language of story and metaphor, paradox and poetry, which gestures toward the space created when language reaches its limits and words collide with each other. The language of preaching, as theologian Karl Barth has put it, is always a “provisional attempt,” never the final word, never controlled by the preacher. Preachers seek to speak of the divine, but always speak humanly, ever aware that our words cannot be equated with the Word of God.

Preachers are like the “madman” in Dostoevsky’s short story “The Dream of a Ridiculous Man.” The man has a vision in a dream, and he *must* share it; he must *preach*, as at least one translation puts it. But there is a problem: “I do not know how to put it into words,” he says. “After my dream I lost the knack of putting things into words. At least, into the most necessary and important words. But never mind. I shall go on and I shall keep on talking, for I have indeed beheld it with my own eyes, though I cannot describe what I saw.” Like the ridiculous man, faithful preachers seek to bear witness to a message that simultaneously claims us and confounds us.

The language of preaching is unfinished language. Preachers seek to form into words a Word that can never be captured in words. So preaching is an ongoing, never-ending provisional attempt. There is a reason preachers step into the pulpit week after week. The repetition is a form of confession: We haven’t gotten it right yet; we need to try again, to “keep on talking.” As Swedish homiletician Carina Sundberg has noted, each week we seek to place another small linguistic fragment into a mosaic that is never complete. Because preachers can only speak humanly, we keep on speaking.

At the same time, preachers must also, paradoxically, speak boldly, which, as my students repeatedly remind me, can be dangerous and scary. Though always a provisional attempt, preaching nevertheless calls us to speak truth—to risk, to dare, to testify.

At the top of almost all my course syllabi I include a quotation from the classical pianist Hélène Grimaud: “A wrong note that is played out of élan, you hear it differently than one that is played out of fear.” Here is the deep tension within the language of preaching, whether it takes the form of poetry or parable or prophecy: Preaching involves *both* speaking humbly *and* speaking with élan. It involves speaking without fear of the wrong note, while confessing there will always be wrong notes. It is thus language that finally gestures beyond itself, relying not only on human rhetoric but also on the grace and promise of the living God to inspire and create anew. ■

Campbell is professor of homiletics in the divinity school and a former president of the Academy of Homiletics. His most recent book, coauthored with Johan Cilliers, is Preaching Fools: The Gospel as a Rhetoric of Folly.

I come from sugarcane and rice
 Gold that never touched the fingertips of my people
 Just blessed their skin a honeyed brown
 Left their lips sweet and fruitful
 So I know my tongue got a power to it
 Gives something prolific
 Like a stream of a current
 The way Kaieteur spreads arms wide to catch me in my dreams
 So when I wake
 My mouth be humming a melody
 Like waterfall
 Like life being made new
 Over and over
 When I speak
 It rains like a flood
 A quick rushing in air
 To tremor the silence
 My words be an earthquake
 A rupture
 A break in all that is set and known
 And now there is a shift to new
 My words be a miracle
 A birth
 A gold skin mother who labored with fire in her womb
 Felt the burn as I was conceived
 Knew something strong was coming
 And she let the soulfulness of her words
 Pour out into the space around
 With her voice she claimed it
 With a forced language
 One not native to my ancestors
 She still took back her voice through a roar
 Same roar I hear when I speak
 'Cause our voice merge
 Amplified echo
 I am my mother's daughter
 Which is to say
 I am a queen
 Royalty—the women in my blood line be goddess



Know how to speak life and joy into a dead thing
 Rattle a body back whole
 With comfort of a kiss
 Breath be a ray of sun
 Lyrics be a horizon—
 Grace
 My words be a gospel
 Miraculous
 A clean thing
 Tongue deliverance
 A blessing through the dark days
 So when I speak the language of my mother, and my mother's mother
 And those before who lived through the darkness of a man's touch
 And was too holy
 To fall chaos
 Know then that I only let my lips
 Speak a praise song
 Tributes with meaning
 Would never speak into dust and tombstone
 Nor let man colonize my kingdom with a fist again
 Nor let him map my nation with jaw
 Stretch wide enough to try to swallow
 My full
 My hips of struggle and pain
 But still sways
 Never will cease its rhythm for another
 Like my voice
 Never goes mute to allow another to taint it
 This body
 With my great grandmother's quick tongue
 My grandmother's laugh lines
 Mother's unwavering speech
 Still carries on
 The way an empress does

Croker-Benn is a rising junior majoring in cultural anthropology with a minor in global health. She loves music, dancing, and poetry. She sees her mother, who came to America from Guyana by herself, as her role model.

What separates a poem from a jingle? Is a tagline just poetry that persuades us to buy something? Is poetic speech simply an advertisement for something that cannot be purchased? These were the questions that we asked each afternoon in a seminar I taught through the English department at Duke, “Mad Men/Avant Poets.”

The course, and the questions above, asked us to think about social conventions that cordon off one form of concise, rhythmic language from another. Rather than assume that a poem is what appears on a library shelf, and an ad is what occupies the ever-expanding marketplace, we explored instances in which the fields of poetry and professional promotion overlapped.

One of the best examples came in the form of Margaret Fishback, a successful copywriter and poet whose papers are housed at Duke’s Rubenstein Library in the Hartman Center for Sales, Advertising, and Marketing History. Born in 1900, Fishback found her way to Madison Avenue and her first advertising job with R.H. Macy’s company by age twenty-six. She would eventually rise to the rank of copy chief before departing Macy’s in 1958.

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A 1938 brochure advertising luggage illustrates the young copywriter’s zeal for the well-fashioned phrase. With a cartoon pelican on the cover, the pamphlet—titled *The Vanishing American*—begins, “Some people still go around, pelican-fashion, stuffing over-night toothbrushes into breast pockets, and distending the middle-aged hips of world-weary brief cases with pajamas, papers, and odd bits of string.” The narrative, brimming with literary devices and conspicuously wrought formulations, proceeds by drawing a comparison between the idyllic Mr. and Mrs. Sleek and Mr. and Mrs. Frump.

Just as she embellished her ad copy with literary flourishes, she brought to her poetry the pithy and knowing tone of a copywriter. Between 1932 and 1940, Fishback published five volumes of poetry, mostly light verse, with jocular titles like *I Feel Better Now* (1932) and *I Take It Back* (1935). Her skill at light verse—a form that addresses trivial subject matter with outlandish word play, sim-

plistic rhyme schemes, and heavy alliteration—is flexed in a different way in some of her print ad campaigns. One can see this at work in one of her taglines for Macy’s:

A local Socrates remarked
As on his Macy bed he parked,
“I need no sleep-inducing pills,
For I shop where they POST NO
BILLS”

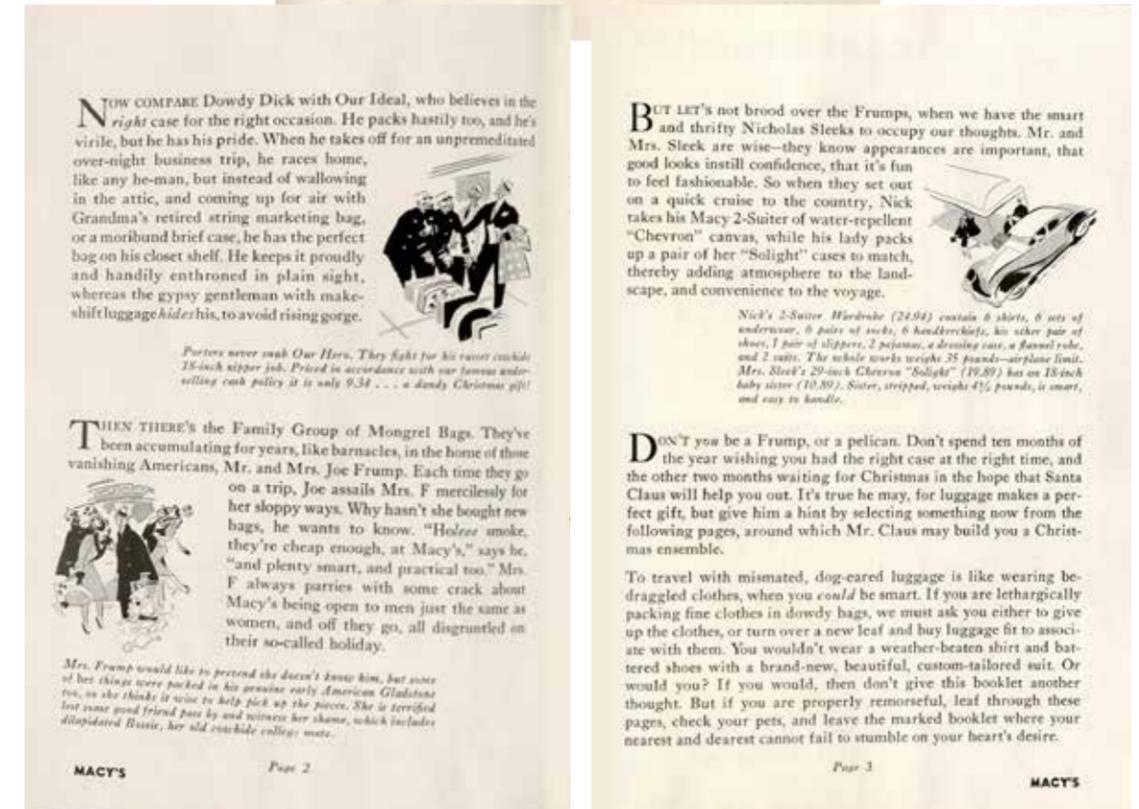
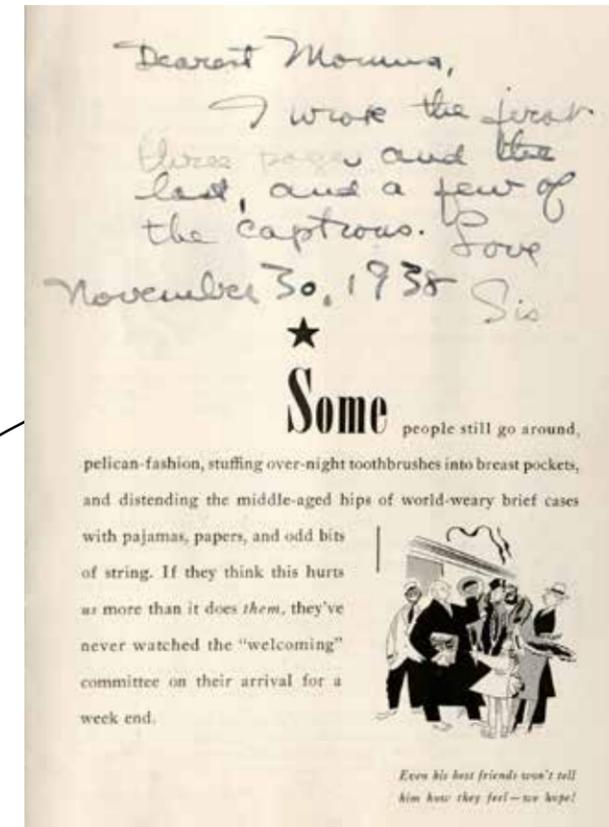
And, in fact, the elements of light verse remain a go-to style today. Just a few years ago the famous skin-care company Oxy made a splash with its ad campaign “from zitty to pretty.”

When it’s good, Fishback’s poetry highlights new perspectives on old questions, like whether ad copy can ever be elevated to art. Consider, for instance, the poem “The Fashion Copywriter Turns Nature Lover”:

Gunmetal swallows
Flying here and there
Honey-beige trees
And sunglow air,
Bronze-nude grass
And silversheen rain—
Beckon me down
A fragrant grege lane.

Where the title is the setup, the poem provides the punchline, making the brunt of the joke the copywriting lexophile. Determined to prove the artfulness of her craft, the copywriter employs the most poetic-sounding diction. But the effort to sound poetic is decidedly not the path to poetry. Instead, poetry is a matter of seeing the world simply—using the old terms to new ends, rather than accumulating a horde of disposable adjectives. It’s hard to beat the vernacular eloquence of a phrase like “got milk?”

Through her poems, Fishback is telling us something fundamental about advertising: It most resembles art or poetry when it relinquishes the desire to seem poetic and merely expresses a creative idea in simple, common terms. The well-crafted advertisement participates in the general spirit of poetic longing, as it strives to revive our rapport with the world at hand. ■



ART AND COMMERCE: This pamphlet Fishback penned for Macy’s features a handwritten note to a family member, showing off her recent work.

It was the stigma of being considered a “blue-jeaned slobbermouth” that drove Marlon Brando to bellow himself hoarse in an Omaha cornfield. Woodshedding for the role of Mark Antony in Joseph Mankiewicz’s film of Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*, Brando was urged by his mother to do classical (read: respectable) work. He joined a largely British cast—including veterans John Gielgud and James Mason—with enough Shakespeare experience to have Brando shaking in his boots.

His was the plight of the American actor with impostor syndrome: Ill-prepared by an education that stresses the sciences, sports, and quantifiable skills, coupled with the hazing inherent in junior-high-school round-robin readings of *Romeo & Juliet*, American actors find themselves howling in a proverbial cornfield when confronted with blank verse.

They’ve been prepared to bare their most raw emotions, gnash their teeth, and curse madly, but the depth of verbal soul-power required to “speak Shakespeare” is often underdeveloped. (The exceptions are those kids who grow up freestyling and reciting intellectual strains of hip-hop, an art rarely taught in schools, but one that prepares actors at an early age to deliver the speech.) American actors and audiences, then, often approach the most-performed plays in the world as if they’re written in Esperanto.

And yet...those poised British actors struggle with the street-fight style that American actors learn playing Sam Shepard, Lynn Nottage, and Arthur Miller and watching *Orange Is the New Black*, *Breaking Bad*, and *Girls*. We bring an emotional muscle to the words at which those pretty talkers marvel.

Acting Shakespeare’s plays requires a sense of poetic weight to tickle the frontal cortex and a brawn to work the gut. It should look easy and hit hard. The Brits are masters of keeping the ball in the air on

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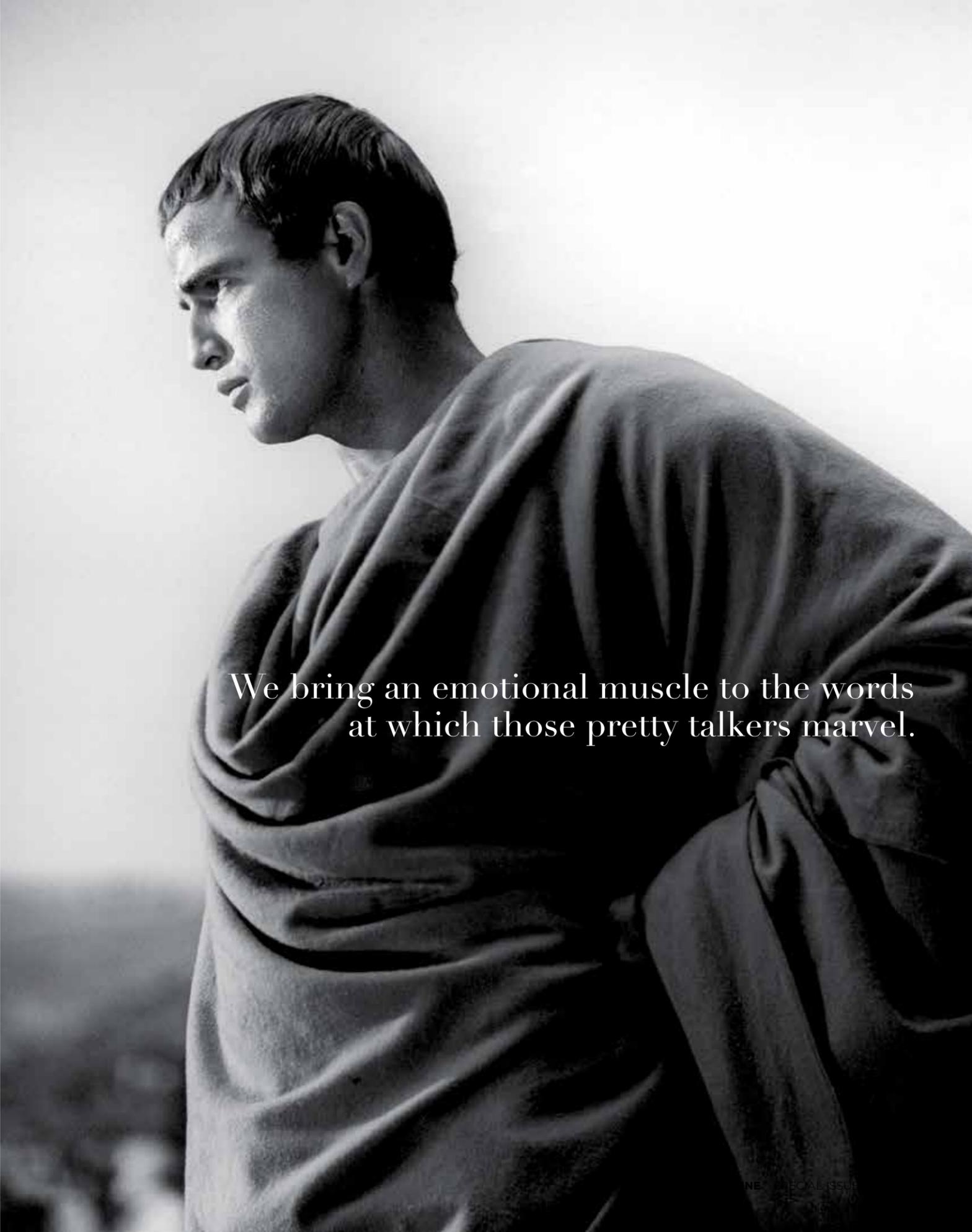
feverish rising inflections, whereas here we ground every sentence with a turgid “dying fall.” I spend a lot of time reminding my students at Duke that the argument hasn’t ended just because the line has. Keep setting up the shot, I tell them, and only take it when you’re sure you’ll kill with it. Once freed from their linguistic shackles, American students can use their natural swagger and optimism to full effect.

Yet American actors (spoken-word artists excepted) still fear unfettered language that sounds like what it represents. We’re taught to administer direct statements of fact rather than debate a point with ourselves. The twin pillars of Shakespeare’s language are that each word contains an aural hieroglyphic of what it stands for as well as its own antithesis. “To be or not to be” is not just a question. It’s an accidental, college-aged detective’s tactic to shake a murderous suspect off his trail. You can’t just belt it out like a Broadway song and expect the audience to feel the waves of meaning nested within it.

As for Brando in *Julius Caesar*: He’s the best thing in it.

Mason and Gielgud are transmitting from a mannered stage somewhere in the West End, while Brando is like a dockworker between two gangsters in a black sedan. He brings the raw psychology of twentieth-century acting to the politic Antony while holding his own with the text.

Ironically, he asked Gielgud to record his part for him and learned the inflection and cadence through imitating the more seasoned actor. His method would be frowned upon by purists, but a genius like Brando never held much regard for acting rules. Instead, he overcame a Nebraskan education during which more time was spent milking cows than reciting Shakespeare. And so he united rhetorical eloquence with homegrown gumption. ■



We bring an emotional muscle to the words
at which those pretty talkers marvel.

When I was four years old, I watched *That's Entertainment!*, the time-capsule compilation film documenting the golden age of MGM musicals. I was entranced. My delight was so profound, in fact, that my mom noted the reaction in my baby book, alongside more typical milestones like my height and first words.

To me, the movie was pure magic. I felt an immediate connection to what I saw onscreen, despite the fact that most of it had been filmed forty years before I was born. As I grew up into an obsessed teenager, I watched everything I could from this bygone era, from classic musicals like *Singin' in the Rain* to film noir, Esther Williams' swimming extravaganzas, Westerns, melodramas, and screwball comedies. I've derived countless hours of enjoyment from these films and made it my personal mission to spread the wonder.

I love the way classic movies look: the smoky glow of black-and-white stock, 1940s Technicolor saturated in pink, chartreuse, and foggy blue, the 1950s musicals buffed to a vibrant, high shine. And I adore the way they sound: the lush scores and big voices with just a hint of metallic microphone, the unfamiliar slang—*Dames! Swell! On the level!*—and of course the distinctive mid-Atlantic dialect with its soft vowels, sharp Ts, and nonexistent Rs.

But it's the dialogue—the whip-smart, zippy conversations, the comebacks that crackle—that brings me back again and again. Characters in old films talk *all the time*, stuffing scenes with clever, beautifully constructed repartee. Romantic leads fall in love through conversation, and if characters begin by insulting each other in glorious ways, you can be certain they'll be embracing when "The End" appears. When the fast-talking dame—think Rosalind Russell in *His Girl Friday* (1940)—engages in a battle of words with

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her male co-star, she usually comes out victorious. In these films, conversation is a level playing field. And since the Production Code forbade swearing—the famous "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn" line in *Gone With the Wind* (1939) was barely approved—old movies use more creative ways to express strong emotion.

The Code, as well as stricter social conventions, meant that characters couldn't say *exactly* what they meant. They had to hint, suggest, and use hilarious euphemisms, which gives the dialogue an intriguing wryness, subtlety, and complexity. (Think Jane Austen vs. texting.) The language is both the charm and the challenge of these films, but it's not particularly timeless. When I try to interest friends in movies like *Bringing Up Baby* (1938), they're often more baffled than amused. The language flies by too quickly and too strangely. Take, for example, when Katharine Hepburn's character gets a letter from her brother claiming that her new pet leopard "likes dogs." She says, offhandedly and with breathless speed, "I don't know if Mark means that he eats dogs or is fond of them. Mark is so vague at times!" It's just one of a dozen such jokes in the short scene, so Hepburn, with her airy, mannered accent, doesn't hit it hard. I'm no longer surprised when I'm the only one laughing.

The wordplay is relentless. "Waiter, will you serve the nuts?" asks Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man* (1934). "I mean—would you serve the guests the nuts?" Maybe contemporary ears have to learn how to hear this kind of humor to appreciate it. (You wouldn't bypass Shakespeare because the language and rhythm are unfamiliar.) In this distracted age, it's interesting to watch characters so engrossed in their conversations, conversations that require the full attention of the viewer, too. It's magical to fall under the spell of that connection—with the classics now more available than ever, here's hoping that more of us do. ■



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Our native tongue is beautiful and expressive, even if it's not technically one of the world's Romance languages. English is, by category, a West Germanic language, and German itself is—at least to our ears—a guttural, aggressive array of dense consonant clusters and fricatives and glottal stops. Like our linguistic cousins, we may lack the flowing poetry of Italian or French, but over time English has inherited the entire world; as anyone who watches the annual Scripps-Howard spelling bee knows, our dictionary boasts diverse origins. Language may be the most inclusive aspect of our modern society, in fact, because our adoption of new words is largely unconscious.

I love almost every word, from longer conceptual gems like “transcendence” and “ethereal” to short, blunt instruments of outrage and abuse, like...well, like any four-letter word you can imagine. English is limitless—it can never be mastered, or memorized, but it has endless variety.

If you want to talk about something that happens at sunset, you have a range of words at your disposal, from the simple “dusk” to the mystic “gloaming” to the arcane “crepuscule.” We have words that die, and we have words that are newborn, like Michael Chabon’s “aetataurate” (of or pertaining to a golden age), or Stephen Colbert’s “truthiness” (the quality of seeming to be true, even if not actually true). We have words that have been utterly transformed (when was the last time you used “audition” to mean “the power of hearing?”), and we have words that badly need to be revived (I can’t be the only one who wishes cowards were still called “poltroons,” or that a woman who could see the future was a “pythoess”).

In short, we are rich with words, and even the bad ones are great, in their own terrible ways. But there is one exception—a word so misshapen, so awkward, and so ill-suited to its meaning, that it stands out like a cruel anomalous joke in an otherwise perfect system.

That word is “pulchritude.”

Ryan '05 writes for Paste Magazine and is the author of The New York Times best seller Slaying the Tiger. He lives in Durham with his wife, Emily.

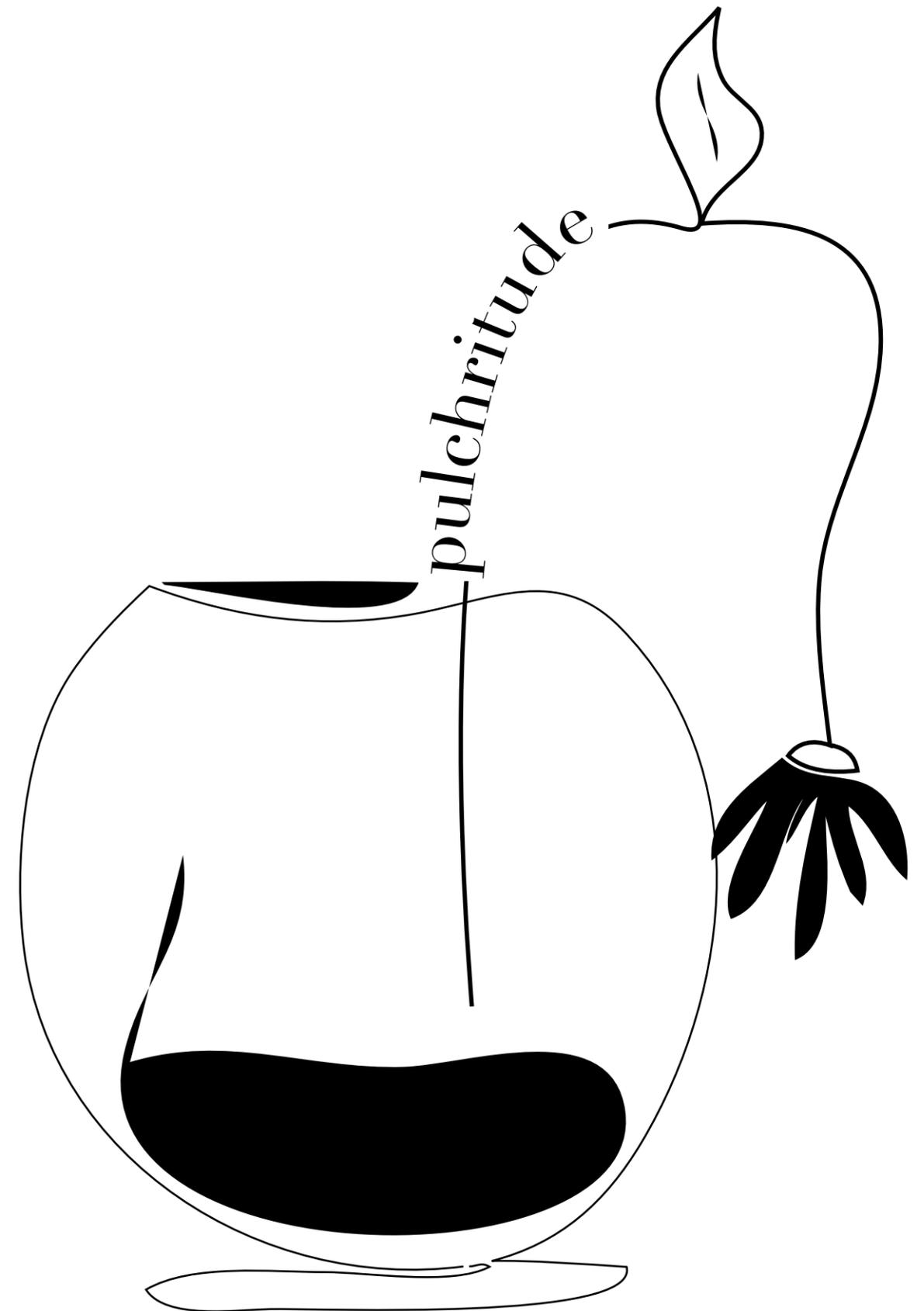
As far as I've been able to tell, there is no uglier word in the entire English language. Speaking the word aloud is an arduous journey with no reward—your mouth will make the same shape as it does when you've tasted a strawberry whose underside was covered with mold. Reading the word is almost as bad, since each of its component syllables is a grisly microcosm of the whole. “Pulk” is a decaying vase of bile in an abandoned cellar. “Krit” is the malodorous black flower that wilts over the edge. “Tyood” is the last corrupted petal, falling to the bare floor, where it will spawn the tree that poisons the earth.

In a perfect world, “pulchritude” would be a catch-all description for something so obscene, something so far beyond our conception of evil and apocalypse, that it never actually occurred, and therefore the word itself vanished into the mists of history, there to languish for eternity without resurrection.

In our imperfect world, “pulchritude” means physical beauty. Which is proof, as if we needed it, that irony is a monster.

Originally from Latin, pulchritude first appeared in Middle English in the fifteenth century, and claims offshoots like “pulchrous,” “pulchrify,” “pulchritudinous,” and the gratuitous synonym “pulchritudeness.” It simply will not die—it has lately appeared on TV shows *Bones* and *The West Wing*, as well as in an Anne Rice novel, a jazz song, and many syndicated crossword puzzles. Wisconsin basketball player Nigel Hayes used it on Twitter once, which makes it even sweeter that Duke beat his team for the national title in 2015. Coach K wouldn't be caught dead with that foul word on his lips.

“Pulchritude” as “beauty” is a bad cosmic joke, obviously crafted by a cruel god. Think of everything you've ever loved to look upon, from the human form to a breathtaking landscape to a favorite piece of art. Each one of these could be described with the word “pulchritude,” and to me, that's a small linguistic tragedy. ■



“Please **RESPECT** who I am.”

HIMSELFHERSELFMYSELF

SHEHERHEHIMITTHEYTHEM

his past February I was invited to give a lecture at a Duke seminar called “LGBTQ Activism and History.” I arrived a bit late, and each of the dozen or so students had already filled out a name card, a folded piece of paper that indicated their full name and pronouns. I was puzzled for two reasons: First, why state your pronouns? Isn’t it pretty obvious who’s a man and who’s a woman, who gets “he” versus “she”? Second: Two of the students had put down “they, them, their.”

I followed suit, scribbling: “Steven. He/him/his.”

As it turned out, the pair had chosen gender-neutral pronouns, often used by those who identify as “non-binary” or “genderqueer” (both of which come under the transgender umbrella). One of the students was Ji-Ho Park, a chemistry major who graduated this past May. Park explained to me that they do not identify as either a man or a woman, which is why they use gender-neutral pronouns. (Newspapers including

The Washington Post now use the pronoun that an individual requests, signaling both acceptance and respect.)

Language matters because, as Park told me, “the development of vocabulary is crucial to understanding.” I’ll admit all this seems newish and complicated to me. It was only a few months ago that a neighbor’s teenage daughter explained to their parents and friends that they were “pan-sexual” (the sexual attraction to a person of any sex—male or female—or gender—masculine, feminine, or somewhere in between). Now the request was for us to use gender-neutral pronouns. We tried but flubbed it, until finally the thirteen-year-old exclaimed, “Please respect my pronouns” —and the light went on. What they were saying was, “Please respect who I am.”

Of course, language is about communication, but it’s also about showing respect. That’s why we use titles like “Dr.” or “Professor” or “Mr.” and

“Ms.” That’s why we call the one-time-Olympian “Caitlyn Jenner” now—that’s her legal name. That’s also why we address a woman who keeps her birth name after marriage by that name and not her spouse’s (and vice versa).

This change in pronouns, however, upsets some people, especially those with strong feelings about what I’ll call “The Incontrovertible Rules of English.” To be honest my inner Strunk and White struggled at first with this evolution of the language: “They” is plural, right?

While purists object that a plural pronoun like “they” can’t be used as a singular, linguists point to the example of “you” as a pronoun that has been both singular and plural in common usage: “You” began its life as plural (the singular second person was “thou”) and then began serving as singular as well. Today we use “you” to mean a single person (“are you talkin’ to me?”) or a group (“you may take your seats”). If

“you” can be either singular or plural, why not “they”?

Of course, in the South we all know that the plural of “you” is “y’all.”

To this debate, a friend of mine noted snarkily: “People need to follow the rules of grammar. You just can’t toss them on a whim!” It was not whimsy back in the 1970s, though, when “Ms.” was introduced as an alternative to “Miss” and “Mrs.” Despite vociferous opposition by linguists, journalists, and traditionalists, this new title caught on because it obviated the need to identify a woman by her marital status. Ditto now for a person’s gender identity.

Which is how I came to understand that the evolution of language should be accepted, even when not fully understood, and respected. Both Ji-Ho Park and my neighbor are not pronouns, but people. And if they want me to refer to them with a gender-neutral pronoun, I will do my best. Y’all should, too. ■

Petrow ’78 is a journalist and author of five books. His columns on modern-day civility have appeared in The Washington Post, The New York Times, USA Today, and Time. He lives in Hillsborough, North Carolina.

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Even his detractors acknowledge that few justices ever have approached the clear, powerful, and evocative writing style that the opinions of the late Justice Antonin Scalia consistently typified.

Scalia wasn't merely a craftsman; he truly loved words. He reveled in the nuance of their meanings, sought out their exact contours and origins, and ruminated on how best to link them together. He delighted in replacing perfectly good words with others that were just a bit better, more precise. Genuine exultation came from replacing an entire phrase, already tightly written, with a single word that better conveyed his desired meaning.

In the year I spent working in Scalia's chambers, I came to understand that he loved words not just for their utility but also for their beauty. In the midst of discussing a pending case, he often would quote a poem or a particularly apt line from literature, foreign or domestic. Once, I heard him quoting (in French) a line from Voltaire's *Candide*—and it cut to the very heart of the argument he was making.

To be clear, it wasn't fancy words that Scalia liked or found beautiful. He didn't collect rare

specimens to display his vast knowledge, wearing them as a general wears his medals. He instead valued the *right* word, preferably one with a little panache.

For instance, the word “jiggery-pokery” goes back hundreds of years. Webster's Second—the dictionary he found authoritative, and on which we Scalia clerks still rely—defines it as “sham; humbug.” Even without knowing its history or meaning, no reader needed a dictionary when Scalia derided the majority's “interpretive jiggery-pokery” in *King v. Burwell*, one of the Affordable Care Act decisions.

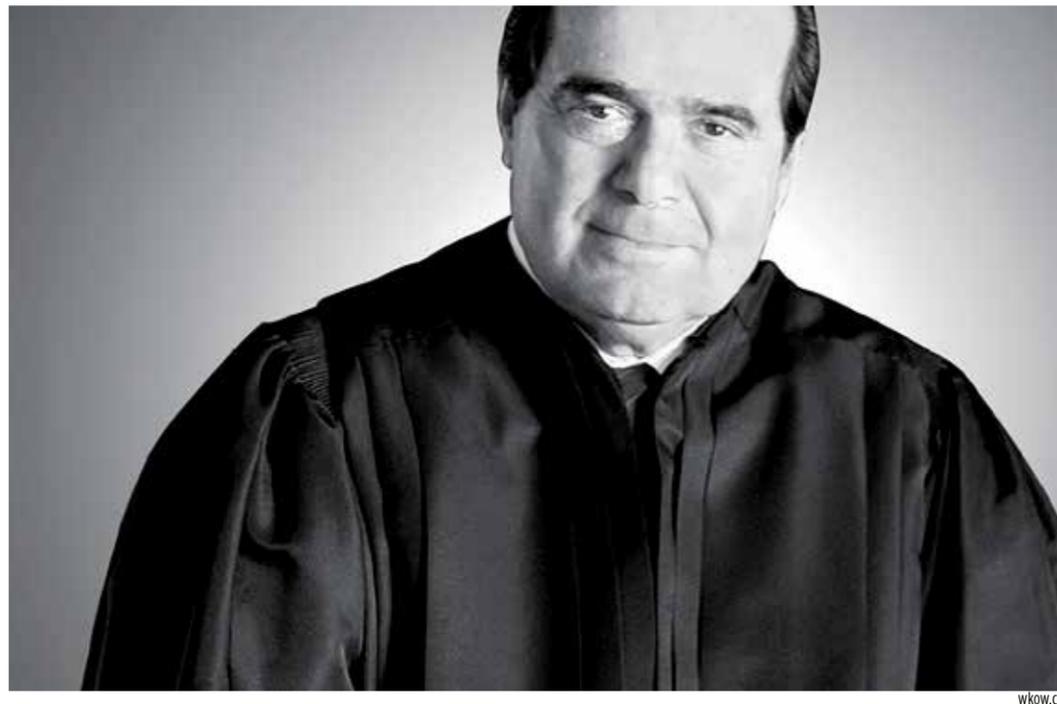
Equally in *United States v. Windsor*, where he, in dissent, argued for the Defense of Marriage Act. “[W]hatever disappearing trail of [the majority's] legalistic argle-bargle one chooses to follow,” Scalia wrote, the *real* rationale was quite different. Any doubt about what “argle-bargle” meant?

And perhaps Scalia's most famous bon mot came in his dissent in *Morrison v. Olson* with the phrase “this wolf comes as a wolf.” Just six one-syllable words that efficiently, clearly, and memorably convey a complicated viewpoint: that while previous lawlessness at least had been

cloaked in the garb of legality (per Scalia, like a wolf arriving “in sheep's clothing”), what the court blessed in *Morrison* was far worse—undisguised lawlessness.

One of the best (and scariest) parts of working for Scalia was the certainty that he would be unsparing with a clerk who proposed cumbersome or clunky language for an opinion. “The Booking” was a prime opportunity for instruction. It was so named because, before sending a draft beyond the Scalia chambers, the clerk would wheel in a library cart containing every authority cited in a draft. The justice and the law clerk would sit down together, each with a copy of the draft in hand, to examine it word by word, pulling each book off the cart as each citation arose.

My first booking was terrifying because I had not understood the intensity the justice brought to the experience. Nothing was sacred. Every word had to be accurate, it had to legitimately advance the reasoning that the opinion sought to convey, and it had to form both the most efficient and the most pleasing linguistic way of achieving those goals. About five minutes in, I realized what I had envisioned as a kind of casual dress rehearsal was, to the justice, more like opening night on Broadway. I



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felt grossly unprepared and almost physically ill. The next several hours—a booking in small cases took that long and could span multiple days for more extended opinions—were among the most stressful of my life, as with each passing sentence I feared that some inadvertent but colossal error (and thus my own incompetence) would be exposed. I was lucky: My mistakes in that first booking were relatively minor.

I've taught Federal Courts at the University of Texas School of Law for several years now, and a large number of students (often adding the obligatory disclaimer that they “didn't always agree with him”) have noted that Scalia was the most important justice of their entire law-school careers—the justice whose opinions they would seek out to really understand what a case was about. But whether they realize it or not, those students are learning more from Scalia than just legal doctrine. They are soaking up more powerful ways to use the lawyer's only real tool—words. ■

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In·ter·sec·tion·al·i·ty,

a concept that started in academia and became popular among grassroots activists, recently has exploded in broader culture. Today, there's even a viral YouTube video that uses pizza to explain its meaning. So when Hillary Clinton, on March 6, 2016, tweeted that: "We face a complex, intersectional set of challenges..." it signaled intersectionality's full entrance into the mainstream.

Yet, what does it mean for this discourse, which originated in

black feminist circles, to now enjoy popularity in a variety of contexts and uses? What happens to language when it travels and is possibly expanded, radicalized, reshaped, de-radicalized, depoliticized, and even re-politicized?

Law professor Kimberlé Crenshaw first brought attention to intersectionality in a 1989 article for *The University of Chicago Legal Forum*. She addressed the problematic consequences of treating race and gender as mutually exclusive categories of experience and analysis. Crenshaw exposed how various legal and political frameworks failed to address black women's experiences, which were not reducible to just race or gender.

Black feminists such as Patricia Hill Collins built on Crenshaw's thoughts to talk about race, gender, and class as interlocking systems of oppression. For activist bell hooks, intersectionality is about white

supremacist capitalist patriarchy. Eventually, intersectionality discourse would incorporate sexual orientation and attempt to hold all facets of identity together in explaining how oppression affects people.

Historically, intersectionality was not simply about "drawing connections" or about personal identities apart from oppressive systems. For example, the discrimination and wage disparities that black women experienced in the workplace could

not be reduced simply to bias or racism—any explanation had to take into account the larger structure of capitalism. Nevertheless, popular uses of intersectionality today are much more slippery.

During February's Democratic primary debate in Milwaukee, Clinton criticized Bernie Sanders for being a single-issue candidate overly consumed with Wall Street and big banks. She said she was in favor of breaking down all barriers for all people, including those "put

down and oppressed by racism, by sexism, by discrimination against the LGBT community." Further developing the implicit language of intersectionality, Clinton's campaign sent out two tweets on March 6 explicitly using the words "intersecting" and "intersectional." Both tweets included picture diagrams displaying a complex web of problems (e.g., pollution, systemic racism) and solutions (e.g., environmental protection, investments in communities of color).

Clinton's use of intersectional language, while maybe well-intentioned, displays the slippage and de-radicalization that attends many popular uses. Intersectionality becomes a matter of drawing connections between multiple problems and multiple solutions. Losing sight of larger structural critiques of white supremacy, capitalism, and patriarchy, the problems become about discrimination and about a lack of opportunities or parity for various identities within our economic system. Instead of challenging neoliberal policies that prioritize privatization and investment, the market—by including everyone and improving the stakes of those already within it—becomes the

foundation to break all barriers. Authors can't control what will become of the words and discourses that they introduce. Through migratory patterns and displacements, they are sometimes expanded and sometimes repurposed. What a phrase might mean, even if started on a particular trajectory, is shaped by power, political contestation, and the winds of history. ■

Camacho is a master's of divinity student, pursuing ordination in the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.).



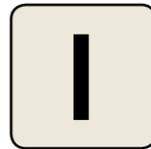
his might be hard for some people to hear, but English majors are terrible Scrabble players. To win in Scrabble one has to come to terms with the fact that “za,” “aji,” and “yez” are far more useful words than ones you’d know from reading Henry James. Chemists, geologists, botanists, sailors, rare coin collectors, and biblical scholars have far handier professional vocabularies for success. As do neurologists and Perkins reference librarians—or at least that’s what my father-in-law, Marvin Rozear M.D. ’66, and I like to think.

Marvin—everyone, even his children, call him Marvin—and I have been playing Scrabble every Wednesday evening for eight years. A longtime Duke neurologist, Marvin now works two days a week in a neurology clinic at the Durham VA Hospital. Driving up from his home in Wilmington on Wednesdays, he calls me as soon as he exits I-40, the signal that I am to place our take-out order, General Tso’s from Neo-China, which we share with his son Sterling, who’s my husband. Sterling swore off Scrabble after a particularly merciless loss he suffered in the early days of our matches. While there’s not a lot of talk during the game, the time before and after is filled with stories about Marvin playing bridge in Vietnam, his newest shrimp-catching contraption, or on occasion, a debate over the latest political news Marvin has picked up from a chain e-mail.

I’m not sure what compelled us to crack open the dusty Deluxe-edition set with lazy-Susan-swivel-action the summer weekend we first met, before my senior year in college. I had started dating Sterling, and we’d traveled to his parents’ house for a visit. I’d played Scrabble before, as my parents have had a nightly game going for as long as I can remember; still, I was nervous.

My first impression of Marvin was that he was a physical cross between Robert E. Lee and the Old Man and the Sea. He had a no-frills way about him, a weird humor similar to Sterling’s, and a genuine curiosity about pretty much everything. Since that first game, Marvin and I have played hundreds of times, exchanged Scrabble-related stocking stuffers, and found friendship over a game that we approach with equal zeal.

Some might say too much zeal. To keep the family peace, we’ve devised a few rules: the first being that Scrabble is a two-person game, and second, to compete against either one of us, your North American Scrabble Player’s Association membership must be up-to-date. Only Mary Ann (Marvin’s wife) has the power to halt a game in progress or veto the start of a new game during family gatherings. We do have to eat.



We’ve also introduced increasingly competitive elements—the Scrabble clock, the customized Scrabble score sheets, and of course the “challenge” rule. I started reading Scrabble blogs and bought the book *Everything Scrabble*, where I learned that Marvin and I should commit the top ten Bingo stems to memory. Bingo stems are six-letter strings that can easily pair with a seventh letter to make a bingo (a seven-letter word that gets you a fifty-point bonus). For example, the high probability Bingo stem T-I-S-A-N-E can be paired with twenty-four letters in the alphabet to form seventy-three playable words in Scrabble. Words like TAJINES, an earthenware Moroccan cooking pot, or CINEAST, a devotee of motion pictures.

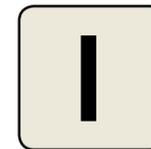
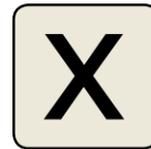
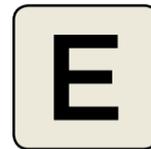
Memorizing Bingo stems was like unlocking the doors to the Scrabble kingdom, and the exercise stoked competitive instincts I’d forgotten I had. Emboldened by our new skills, we decided to enter a Duke charity tournament. I was hooked. With Marvin’s encouragement, I decided to try my luck in the 2015 North American Scrabble Championship in Reno.

On the website I made to crowd-fund my trip, I posted a sped-up video of me and Marvin playing Scrabble to the tune of Europe’s “The Final Countdown.” Marvin’s closing line of “Boy, you are in Bingo City!” became my rallying cry. We kept our Wednesday routine in the month leading up to Reno. I also embarked on a summer of training—studying new words and competing in local tournaments as “warm-ups” for the Big Dance. The day before I left for the tournament, I got a text from Marvin: “*R u up for s and c tonight? Last chance before Reno.*” I’m not sure how a seventy-five-year-old technophobe learned how to text—let alone use text slang—but I guess we all evolve in small ways.

On the first day I won all seven of my games. I called Marvin to tell him that I’d been able to play the Bingo word “sledges,” which I’d challenged him on just a couple weeks before. My roll continued, and for a brief shining moment on day three I was ranked first, but the next day I lost the magic. If only I’d known “antiacne,” the Hail Mary that would have given me the playoff win.

“You can’t beat the bag,” my division referee said as I lamented the terrible tile luck I had in the playoff rounds. The next day I took home fifth place. As I watched the twinkling casino lights fade into the horizon from my plane window, it was comforting to know that my toughest competition lay ahead—with Marvin. Ours is an exclusive club—a bracket of two—where only the whims of luck tip the balance on our evenly matched skill. And in that way, every Wednesday is both the same and different. Who will win the next game is anyone’s guess. ■

Rozear is a librarian for instructional services in Perkins Library. She plans to compete in the 2016 North American Scrabble Championship in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in August. Marvin is still studying Bingo stems and competed in a Durham tournament in July.



Translation



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In the home videos my father filmed of my childhood, I am often the star: a skinny, bright-eyed girl, shouting with ear-piercing shrillness in Chinese, running to get back into the camera frame whenever it tries to pan away from me.

My parents like to point to these videos as proof that there existed a time when I spoke to them only in Chinese. By the third grade, however, my English had far surpassed my Chinese. By the end of high school, my Chinese language skills had slipped so far that when I tried to tell my uncle what I was hoping to study in college, I found myself at a loss for how to express myself.

Growing up, I understood early the relationship between language and identity as I struggled to manage the split identities engendered in a bilingual household. I was loath to bring friends over to my house, where I felt hampered by my parents' watchful presence and embarrassed by the Chinese they spoke to me. In English, Emily was multifaceted, opinionated, and occasionally funny. In Chinese, she was meek, obedient, and wholly concerned with being fed, clothed, and achieving good grades.

Perhaps that is because the Chinese I grew up with was a language based on needs and wants. Names of food, states of being, expressions of dissatisfaction or pleasure: This was the vocabulary I learned with facility and, until I went to Duke, the only Chinese vocabulary I knew. Meanwhile, in English, I had accumulated nearly two decades of word choices, idioms, and turns of phrase I liked to deploy, those elements that constitute what we call a "voice" in writing. The story of myself, it turns out, could not be translated between languages, because the language it was told in inextricably shaped the story itself.

和

Realizing my limitations in Chinese, I began taking heritage Mandarin classes at Duke during my sophomore year. I had been steadily becoming more interested in the history and geopolitics of East Asia, once I realized that there was an entire world of people other than my father who found the stuff fascinating. Chinese could be my ticket to an international career of travel and glamour, I thought.

Over the next two years, I worked on and off on my Chinese language skills, taking four classes (far beyond the language requirement) at an advanced level. Some days, I admit I played hooky, forgot to do my homework, or intentionally took classes pass/fail rather than for a letter grade. Learning Chinese took serious motivation, but I naturally discovered reasons, chief among them simple curiosity, for continuing my studies.

harmony

Today, my Chinese is much better: some would say near fluent, in fact. I now live in Beijing. Much of my work requires me to speak, read, and write in Chinese. With my East Asian looks and language skills, I can easily pass as native, a useful advantage for a journalist working abroad. Yet as my Chinese has gotten better, I have not become closer to my Chinese roots as I thought I would, but rather the opposite. I float between groups of people—Americans, Chinese, Europeans—speaking their language but never quite one of them. Placeless.

Speaking Chinese now can sometimes feel like play-acting, a practice of mimicking the accents and phrasings of others. Since taking Chinese at Duke, I've spoken Chinese with a "standardized" Beijing accent, rather than with the Southern accent of my parents. I elect to speak in only English to them now, even as I have become more fluent in Chinese, because neither the Chinese of my girlhood nor the Chinese I use professionally feels like an authentic extension of myself—yet.

A few weeks ago in a fit of nostalgia, I listened to an old recording from a 2014 interview I taped with two Taiwanese journalists. By then, I had been learning Chinese for about a year and had just started feeling confident conversing with native speakers. There are traces of the tension between my old Chinese and new Chinese in the audio, moments where I have to pause or speak more slowly as I say familiar words with the still-unfamiliar Beijing pronunciation I was learning at Duke. I think about the little Chinese girl in my home videos and the Duke junior in the recording, imagining what it might be like if they conversed with one another. The two Emilys once again speaking the same language, but I doubt they would recognize one another. ■

Feng '15 is currently a reporting intern with the Beijing bureau of The New York Times.

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The Twitterverse Explained

Twitter is a valuable tool for disseminating small bits of information. Adding links and images is easy, so you can share everything ... (1/7)

...from a 5,000-word article to a 10-minute video. As a conversation tool, Twitter has limits - 140 characters, to be precise. (2/7)

That leaves little room for context. You can't sum up a complex thought on Twitter any more than you could sum up a doctoral... (3/7)

...dissertation on a bumper sticker. Some of the people responding in this conversation know the common themes of the debate, but... (4/7)

... they only have a space to regurgitate them, not add to them. Follow-up tweets can extend the conversation but also sap readers' ... (5/7)

... patience—some of us who use social media regularly check our “unfollowers” after a long series of tweets. (6/7)

Making a new, coherent point on Twitter takes skill. And abbreviations, LOL, BTW, brevity is wit. (7/7)

THE CONTEST

This tweet is part of an ongoing (endless) debate over “pro/rel”—or “promotion and relegation,” in which sports teams are kicked out of the top league or brought up from a lower one. English Premier League (EPL) soccer has pro/rel; U.S. leagues do not. Advocates of the high-turnover system insist it makes teams play better. This tweet was sent while EPL team Aston Villa (threatened by relegation, or “the drop”) was playing a dreadful game. It sparked a variety of colorful responses.

Names/Avatars of responders are changed to reflect base nature.

Beau Dure @duresport
OK, pro/rel people. Explain to me how the drop is motivating Aston Villa to play better. Go ahead.



Johnny Counterfactual @wellwhatabout · Apr 2
@duresport imagine how worse they would be if their motivation was getting the top draft pick

SUMMARY: Doesn't make an argument for relegation, instead argues against the most common American alternative (rewarding the worst teams with more valuable draft picks, à la the NBA and the NFL).

SUMMARY: Dodges the question—if the pro/rel system makes teams better, why is Aston Villa *this* bad? (Ed. note: After 28 years in England's top division, Villa finished dead last in the EPL in 2015-16 and was relegated.)

Disgruntled Fan @generallyangry · Apr 2
@duresport bad example, they're not even good enough to play better

Screwball Comedian @Carrottop · Apr 2
@duresport Aliens.

SUMMARY: Has bad jokes; spends so much time on Twitter that it's affecting his ability to communicate normally.

Punchline Tweeter @punchliner · Apr 2
@duresport Because its worked nearly as long as Canada has been a country

SUMMARY: No substance—simply snarky and grammatically challenged.

SUMMARY: Switches to a secondary benefit of pro/rel while ignoring the initial question. Also, inherently condescending.

Irrelevant @Irrelevant · Apr 2
@duresport Villa dropping motivates the top Championship clubs to play better as well as invest. Pretty plain reasoning.

Surprisingly Rational @nuanced · Apr 2
@duresport There's simple justice in Villa giving up its EPL spot to a more motivated, deserving team.

SUMMARY: Rare—response is vaguely coherent, yet still precluded from significance with just 140 characters. At best, though, it requires some follow-up tweeting.

Dure '91, MALS '00 is a sportswriter who has spent much of the last decade on social media. He's on Twitter, @duresport.

:/// ... I could see what all the commands meant cumulatively, but I had no idea what each individual piece did.-_|__ :///

When I was a child, we had a Compaq 286 computer with a green-and-black screen. It didn't have a mouse, of course; instead, you had to type commands for everything. There were still games for computers in those days, and I loved playing them. With the help of a book of 100 games, in second grade I started writing my own in BASIC, one of the earlier programming languages. I would type the game codes into the computer, run the program, and play the game. Although this process generated a game I could play, it was a terrible way to learn to program: Imagine trying to learn a language by copying text from a book, then watching the movie.

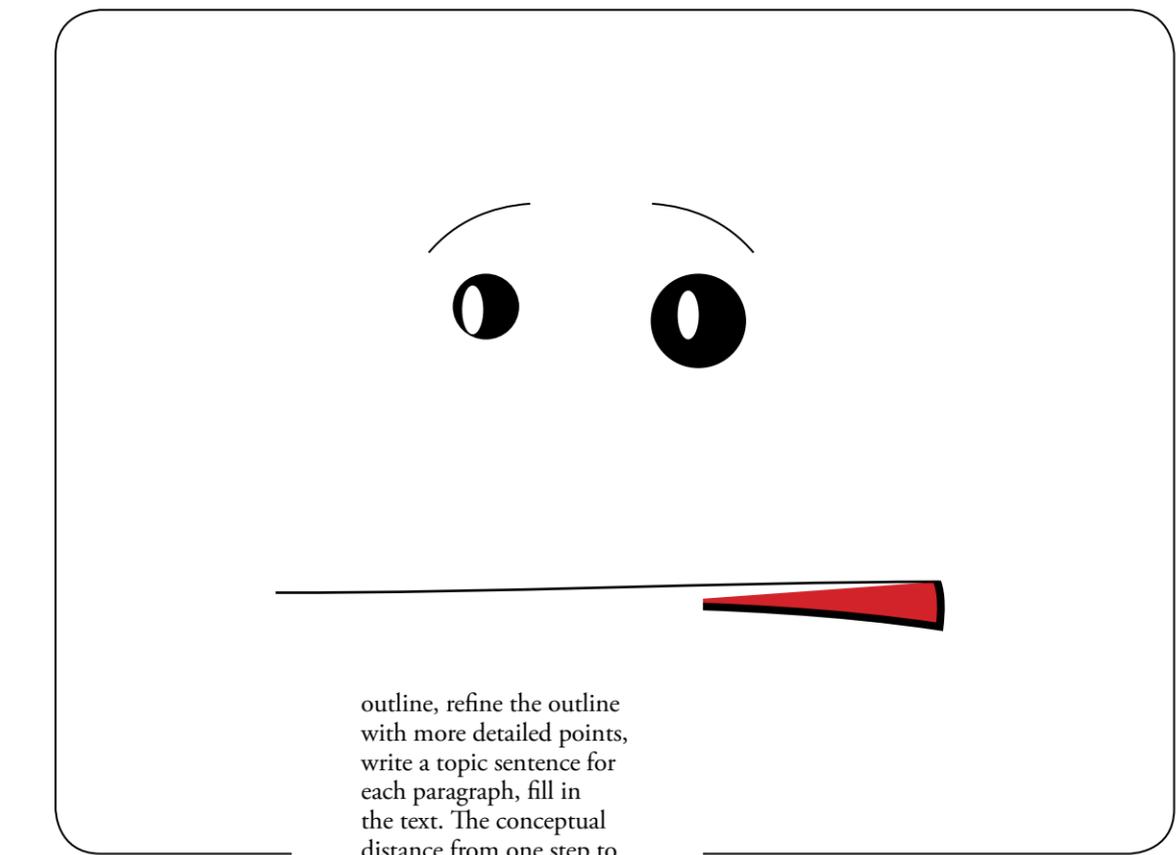
I could see what all the commands meant cumulatively, but I had no idea what each individual piece did. When I began to modify my games a bit, to see whether I could change the rules to win more—like most kids, I wanted to win—I started to understand what the piece I changed used to do by seeing what happened after I altered it. This was still an ad hoc way to learn, but over the next ten years I became a skilled programmer.

When I began teaching, I noticed that my students thought they should memorize and reproduce code, a method reminiscent of my old read-and-copy days. After an exam a student complained that I had asked them to write code they'd never seen before. But of course, the point is to write code to solve new problems: I wouldn't ask them to rewrite an essay they'd completed already for homework. I realized that they weren't understanding programming as a language.

While programming languages don't have the usual sentence structure, the punctuation is odd, and the text isn't arranged

into paragraphs, there are still rules governing the grammar of the language. You use the language to convey your ideas, and every large, sophisticated work is formed from small pieces whose meanings combine together. And as with spoken languages, you can't learn to write until you learn to read.

When I talk about reading code, I mean being able to take a piece of code and figure out exactly what the computer does with each line—reproducing the computer's behavior step-by-step. For an inexperienced programmer, reading code involves executing each line and updating a diagram of the program's state (values of variables, etc.) at each step. In spoken language this is much like a beginning reader "sounding out"

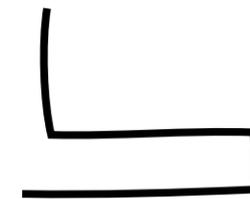


outline, refine the outline with more detailed points, write a topic sentence for each paragraph, fill in the text. The conceptual distance from one step to the next is shortened, and pieces eventually fit together as a seamless whole.

a complex word. It takes similar time and effort to learn a computer language as the programmer learns to apply the rules. But the result is a deep, fundamental understanding of how the language works, how it can be manipulated and used in endless combinations.

Once my students can read code in this way, they soon come up against the realization that the gulf between a problem statement and the code to solve that problem is quite large. A grade-schooler learns to write a paper by breaking down the assignment into steps: Write a thesis statement, draft an

Code works the same way, and for the same reason: logic. The hard part about writing a paper is not putting the words on the page, or even following the rules of grammar, but figuring out which words to put on the paper, what idea you want to express, and how you want to support it. The programmer must figure out when to write a "for loop," an "if" statement, or declare another variable. Understanding the syntax and semantics of the language leads to fluency, which means you can make a computer do what you want it to, and with that comes freedom of self-expression. ■



Hilton is an assistant professor of the practice in Duke's department of electrical and computer engineering and department of computer science. He received the Klein Family Distinguished Teaching Award in 2015. Access to his method of teaching computer programming is available through his textbook, All of Programming.

As songwriters, we try to write about the subjects that matter to us. In the early months of 2015, no social issue was more regularly consuming my mind and dominating the conversations within my band, Delta Rae, than the deadly violence against unarmed black Americans taking place in Ferguson, New York, Chicago, and other cities across the United States. Like many others, I was discovering the work of Ta-Nehisi Coates and his articles on the systemic oppression of people of color by way of U.S. housing policy and the penal system. We were following the emergence of the Black Lives Matter movement and felt confronted by our own place within the racial divide. I wanted to write something to address this long-standing, seemingly intractable illness in our country, but I also felt incredibly intimidated by the subject. What could six white, privileged adults have to offer?

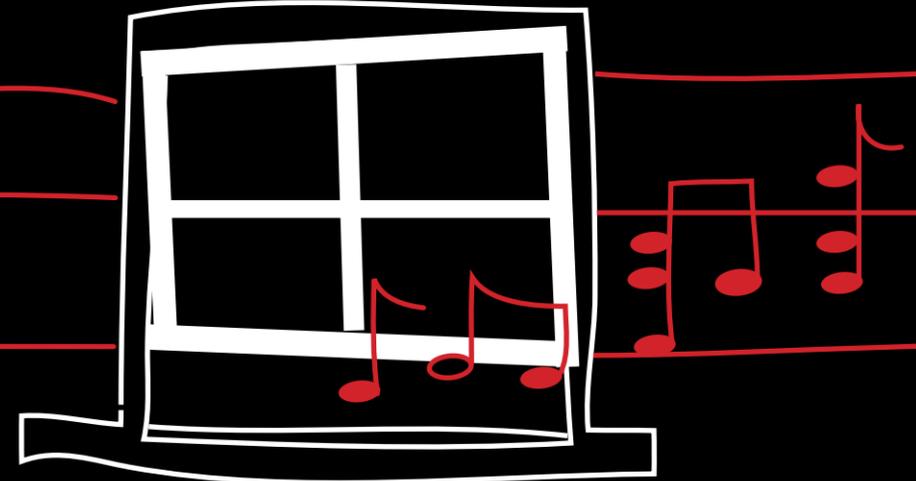
But the sense of needing to speak out wouldn't go away. So I decided we had to embrace our perspective and offer what we had: solidarity and a voice to add to the chorus of Americans demanding change. I started crafting a song—not knowing at first that it would become a protest song, but letting the rawest personal emotions and guilt

I felt lay bare. As I was singing around my apartment—writing nothing down, but cycling through new ideas and seeing what stuck—the first lyrics emerged, a reflection on the words of Edward Burke and the 1964 public murder of Kitty Genovese in New York:

*I watched from my window
As they gunned down unarmed men
Tried to say it's not my problem
Couldn't happen to my friends
But the truth is they're my brothers
And they're my countrymen
And if we lose our better angels
We won't get them back again*

From there the door felt open, but I wasn't sure where to go. One of my chief concerns was to avoid preaching. As the message of the song escalated, I wasn't sure how to express a sense of unity, rather than sounding condescending or scornful. In keeping with our usual writing process, I brought this early sketch to the band and enlisted my brother, Eric, for help finishing the song. The next day, he brought in a melody and lyrics:

*All good people won't you come around
Won't you come around, defend your brothers
All good people, won't you come around*



I loved the sentiment, but the transition felt jarring. The song still needed a core of compassion and urgency, an uplifting heartbeat to tie the storytelling of the verse to the desperate plea of Eric's bridge. The songwriter's chief power is seduction, to bring an audience in with melody and poetry, and I wanted to maximize that power before we asked anything of the listener. I kept singing the little scraps of the song in the following days, and what emerged to bind the parts was a gospel, spiritual melody, laced with the words of Eric Garner, one of the victims whose death was captured on camera in New York:

*Come on and raise your voice
Above the raging seas
We can't hold our breath forever
When our brothers cannot breathe*

The day after we finished this version of the song and recorded a rough demo in our Raleigh studio, Dylann Roof walked into the Emanuel AME Church in Charleston, South Carolina, and murdered nine black men and women who had welcomed him into their house of worship, then escaped into North Carolina, where he was apprehended. Delta Rae convened that day to rehearse and record in our studio, but when we saw each other we couldn't work at all.

There was so much anger and sadness in the room. We felt we had to say something, given the scale of the evil that had occurred and its proximity to our beloved home state.

We released the song that day with a statement encouraging our leaders to act. "All good people must raise their voices," we wrote. "After yesterday's violence and the calls from James Clyburn and other leaders to break our silence, we felt we could no longer wait to express our outrage, sadness, and insistence that things must change."

In the months that followed, my brother was inspired to write a final verse:

*Well I've lived outside Atlanta
In Durham and Nashville
I've spent years in California
In the valleys and the hills
And we say we've fixed the problem
Yeah, we all live the dream
But when shots rang out in Charleston
Tell me who are the ones that bleed.*

Holljes '07 is singer/songwriter/guitarist for country-Americana band Delta Rae. When not on tour, he is at home in Raleigh with his wife, Rebecca Holljes '08, J.D. '11.

tongue untied



Artist **Beverly McIver**, the Esbenshade Professor of the Practice of visual arts, is known for taking a personal, biographical approach in her work. Through her self-portraits and portraits of others, she explores all humanity. She asks the students in her intermediate painting class to do the same. “I have every student paint a self-portrait because it is a wonderful tool for self-reflection and expression,” she says. “Often students find a voice with a painting. It can be an opportunity to say things with paint they are not comfortable saying out loud.”

Most of her students aren’t majoring or even minoring in art. “Students who do not have a background in art have the greatest room to grow in my class. Often students are surprised at what they discover about their own abilities, and that is very satisfying for me to witness.”

We asked three seniors in McIver’s intermediate painting class to share what they gained from learning a more visual language.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JARED LAZARUS

Discovery



“[I am] an economics major, [and] my syllabuses were dominated by exams and problem sets that have black-and-white solutions. Painting allowed me to add fun and freedom to my traditionally structured schedule. There are no set projects or correct answers. Painting allows me to explore subjects that I want to explore and express myself without censorship.”

Katie Heckman '16, who had a minor in Spanish, is from Centennial, Colorado, and is heading to Chicago to be a sales-solutions specialist for the IBM Summit Program.

“I find myself paying attention to color more often in my daily life. Anything from the color of the shirt I chose to wear that day to the way the color of the sky changes throughout the day as the sun sets. Painting has made me take in the world and analyze it in a different way than I had before.”

Brendon Colbert '16 majored in biomedical engineering and mechanical engineering. The California native is headed to Arizona State University to earn a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering. He hopes to become a professor and continue painting in his spare time.





“...What sets art apart from spoken words or writing is how succinctly it preserves the thought. For example, someone who’s going through a rough time in their life might say, ‘I’m sad,’ but once those words are said, they’re gone, and in a week or a month, it becomes hard to remember what that emotion was like. A painting, however, freezes a thought, an emotion so that even lifetimes later, people can look at a piece and realize the kind of hardships or feelings that you might have been dealing with at that time.”

Cynthia Bai '16 grew up in Newark, Delaware. She majored in mechanical engineering. Her self-portrait shows her standing in front of the gum wall in Seattle, where she'll be moving to work on flight controls at Boeing.

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2017 TRAVEL DESTINATIONS



Cuba, Oct. 7-15
Alaska, June 10-17
National Parks & Lodges of Old West, July 10-19
Canadian Rockies, July 20-28
Passage of Lewis & Clark, Aug. 13-21

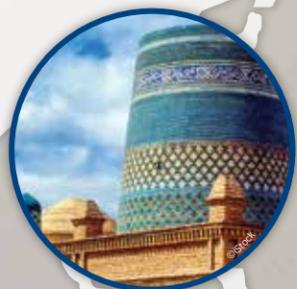


Art of Living, Provence, Mar. 31-Apr. 29
Paradores & Pousadas, Apr. 6-20
Holland & Belgium, Apr. 26-May 4
European Coastal Civilizations, Apr. 30-May 9
Provincial French Countryside, May 1-15
Adriatic & Aegean Seas, May 8-16
Cruise the Face of Europe, May 15-30
Celtic Lands, May 16-25
London Immersion, May 24-June 1
Swiss Alps & Italian Lakes, May 26-June 4
Legendary Turkey, June 1-15
Great Journey through Europe, June 14-24
Journey through Britain, July 17-30
Iceland, July 29-Aug. 8
Switzerland, Aug. 16-25
Danube Passage with Prague, Aug. 23-Sept. 6
Portrait of Ireland, Aug. 17-28
Greece & Turkey, Sept. 18-26
Classic Germany, Sept. 25-Oct. 9
Barcelona Immersion, Sept. 28-Oct. 7
Provence/French Riviera, Sept. 21-Oct. 1
Paris Immersion, Sept. 28-Oct. 9
Flavors of Northern Italy, Sept. 30-Oct. 8
Portrait of Italy, Sept. 30-Oct. 16
Riviervas & Islands, Oct. 2-10
Coastal Iberia, Oct. 9-17
Italy - Tuscany, Oct. 17-25



Curacao to Colon on *Sea Cloud II*, Feb. 13-21
Amazon River, Feb. 24-Mar. 5
Machu Picchu to Galapagos, Feb. 28-Mar. 14
Panama to Costa Rica, Mar. 11-18
Galapagos, June 23-July 2

Journey through Vietnam, Jan. 30-Feb. 15
Cruise to Mandalay, Mar. 15-30
Inland Sea of Japan, Apr. 30-May 10
The Five "Stans", Fall
China, Tibet & the Yangtze River, May 10-28
Mystique of the Orient, Oct. 17-29
Bangkok to Bali, Eastern & Orient Express, Nov. 27-Dec. 9



Egypt & the Eternal Nile, Feb. 13-27
Southern Africa, Mar. 10-23
Magical Madagascar, June 24-July 8
Tanzania Adventure, Aug. 2-16



Antarctica, Jan. 21-Feb. 2
Land of the Ice Bears, June 12-22



Australia & New Zealand,
Mar. 4-26

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I am always trying to find the right word for things. It bothers me when I say *annoyed* instead of *frustrated*, or *tired* instead of *exhausted*. Perhaps this is a remnant of my childhood, growing up in hot Australia, the place my Chinese parents had settled on for its good education and weather.

English slipped from my tongue like water—but not for my parents. My mother signed up for weekly English classes, and in the evenings pulled her mouth around the o’s and the r’s, the quick brown foxes and the lazy dogs. The language never took hold. I translated at grocery stores, parks, parent-teacher meetings, and phone calls with the electricity company. When she gestured helplessly at my teachers, my cheeks would redden, and I would mutter quick apologies. Even so young, I understood that the language that slipped so easily from my lips held the key to a belonging she would never receive. That was how we lived then, with the hot desire to assimilate and the cold knowledge that it was impossible. I saw how people’s stony faces warmed when I opened my mouth following my mother’s attempts, and saw again how stories spun from the right words made my white classmates look at me with respect. I clung to English fiercely, and it yielded me everything I’d ever wanted: the friends, the belonging, the creamy acceptance letter from a university in the woods of North Carolina.

So it astonished me when I found myself on a date with a man who could not speak my language to perfection. He was a tall German student, new to the States, whose face had an angelic quality.

“So how do you get around Durham? What’s your...uh...vehicle?” he asked, over a glass of stale wine. “Do you drive a bicycle?”

I hesitated, thrown off. The mixed verbs and word choices sounded wrong to my ears. A cruel thought flashed into my head. *We are too different. He will never understand me.*

He must have seen something in my face. “Did I say something wrong? I’m sorry... I know my English isn’t perfect.”

An image drifted up: my mother, practicing her verbs until late into the night. I was suddenly ashamed of myself. “No, I’m sorry, it’s not your fault.”

“It’s hard to move to a new country,” he said. “I wish I was better.”

“It’s not a problem,” I said. “I know what you mean.”

“Do you drive a bicycle?”

I saw suddenly, the trappings of communicating in a language you will never fully inhabit—the subtext, undertones, and unspoken rules you must know to have a chance at being embraced. I was measuring Fabian, just as people had measured my mother and found her wanting. I had searched constantly for the right words, but they were as much a lock as a key. It was the meanings that mattered, in the end.

A year later, I know just enough rudimentary German to embarrass myself. *Hallo*, I say to Fabian, *Ich bin Bella!* He cringes, but I know he is secretly delighted to hear me try his native language. I will never know the glib part of him that speaks unconsciously, intuitively, freely. But there are openings to learn, like when Fabian revealed that my feelings of weariness for the world, which I could not explain, had a name in German after all: *weltschmerz*.

And there are those sweet, clear moments, like the warmth of the sun on your neck or the feel of a hand in yours, or the sadness when you miss a loved one, when we look at each other and say nothing, because there are no words that are enough, because only silence can live up to the things we mean to say. ■

Kwai '16 majored in English and public policy and is an aspiring creative writer and journalist. She will be working for The Atlantic as a foundation fellow and hopes to further explore the intersection of arts and policy. You can read more of her writing at www.bellakwai.com.

The dining hall was packed. Forks clinked at plates piled with lentils and rice. Wooden benches creaked. Someone occasionally cleared his throat. But amid the bustling of seventy-five men, not a single word reverberated off the rafters.

In fact, it had been almost a week since any of my dining hallmates had spoken at all. I was at a Vipassana retreat—a ten-day meditation course designed to cultivate mindfulness and equanimity where participants observe, among other things, a vow of silence.

I first heard about the course years ago from a work associate and had been looking for the right time to give it a shot. Faced with a break between the tumult of business school and what promised to be a hectic new job, I realized the timing for a head-clearing experience could not have been better.

I decided to apply for training at a former boarding school in the Quebec countryside. The aesthetic was part church, part hotel, and part summer camp, and the grounds included a small wooded trail that I would walk many times over the course of my stay.

From the moment I arrived, it was clear that language wouldn't be the only thing I was giving up. After completing a bit of paperwork, I placed anything that might distract from the training—phone, notebook, pens, a largely ignored copy of *The Sound and the Fury*—into a small cloth bag and relinquished it to instructors.

All students agreed to a number of precepts, including adhering to a strict vegan diet and abstaining from stealing. Additionally, we agreed not to communicate with fellow students. The scope of this agreement extended beyond talking: We were to cultivate an environment of isolation. No gestures, no eye contact. If someone is following you through a doorway, they explained, you let the door shut on them. It felt like living in a bad dystopian movie.

A typical day consisted of around ten hours of meditation in a dark gymnasium loft interspersed with meals and breaks, starting at 4:30 a.m. and

ending around 9 p.m. In each meditation session, I sat cross-legged with pillows under each knee, trying to monitor the air passing through my nose and other sensations across the body, but also found myself sifting through a bizarre pageant of obscure memories, hare-brained business ideas, inane jokes, and other mental detritus that blared over my brainwaves.

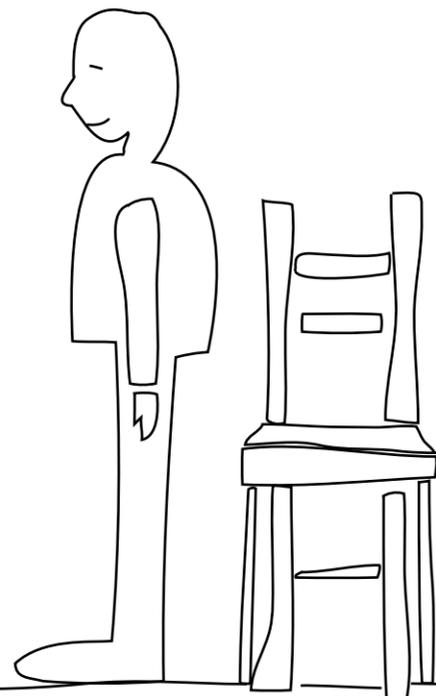
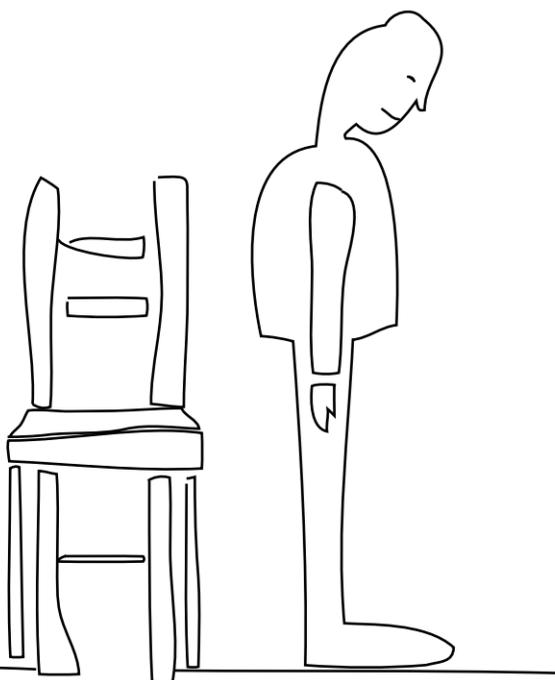
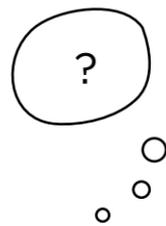
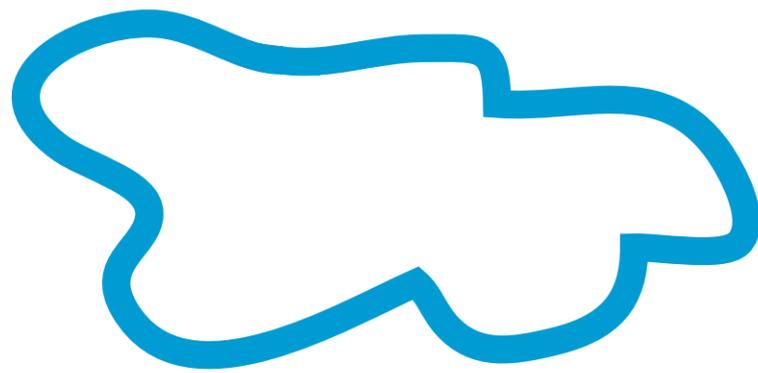
As an introvert, I didn't mind the silence. Time between meditation sessions passed quickly, as banal activities became endlessly fascinating. During breaks, men lounged and stared out the window, like cats gazing at nothing in particular. Chores that were at first repulsive became an opportunity to build character and an engaging distraction. I conceived of an alter ego, known on the chore sign-up sheet as "Toilet Man," who volunteered for as many shifts cleaning the toilet as possible and performed his deeds in secrecy.

On day six, we began to sit for periods of "strong determination." The goal is to refrain from breaking posture—no shifting weight, no tilting your head—for sixty minutes. By observing itches, aches, and urges, we would train our minds to react to disturbances in normal life with equanimity. At times I wanted to give up, but each time I looked over, my fellow meditators seemed to be at peace, somehow immune to the mental sideshow and intense physical discomfort the training brought me.

Finally, the tenth day came, and the vow of silence ended. After so many days without conversation, the act of putting nouns and verbs together proved surprisingly challenging—each phrase was like a chess move. The dining hall was filled with chatter as those who remained exchanged high fives, e-mail addresses, and life stories. One man had survived a horrific bus crash because, on a whim, he decided to move from his usual third row on the top of a double-decker bus. A second was making ends meet as a street performer. Another was on his fifth Vipassana course.

Before the final meditation session, I introduced myself to the guy who sat next to me for ten days. It was like talking to a high-school friend. Somehow, in the silence and the "strong determination," we had forged a solidarity. ■

Rahija '06 works in marketing for Etsy and occasionally plays music with the band he cofounded at Duke, Bombadil.



The Chatbots Are Coming | By Cade Metz

Facebook can now identify the faces in your photos. Apple can recognize commands you speak into your cell phone. And if you point your phone at a sign printed in a foreign language, Google can instantly translate it into your own.

It's all thanks to a form of artificial intelligence known as a deep neural network—a network of hardware and software that (loosely) mimics the web of neurons in the human brain. A deep neural net can learn discrete tasks by analyzing vast amounts of data. It can learn to recognize a face by analyzing millions of faces. It can learn to respond to smartphone commands by analyzing millions of spoken words. It can learn to translate from one language to another by analyzing millions of existing translations.

And in the years to come, neural nets will learn to carry on a real conversation. They will understand the sentences you speak—not just recognize them—and they will respond much as a human would.

In fact, this is already starting to happen. Using deep neural networks, companies like Google and Facebook are building what they call “chatbots,” systems designed to carry on a conversation via text messages. The idea is that you could make a dinner reservation or hail a car simply by trading a few texts with an Internet service, much as you'd trade texts with a friend.

Meanwhile, using similar techniques, Google and Amazon are building devices

designed to sit on your living-room table and respond to what you say out loud. Amazon's device, the Echo, is already on the market, and Google's is due later this year. The company aims to create a system that lets you interact with the Google search engine much as you would interact with someone across the room. You will ask, and it will answer. The plan is to build all sorts of devices eventually that let you chat with the search engine—and any other Internet service—in much the same way. Phones. Watches. Cars.

Today, these systems are flawed. They can't always grasp the meaning of what you say, and they can't always formulate the right response. If you've used Apple Siri, you know this.

But deep neural nets and related techniques are advancing the state of the art rapidly. Google researchers recently built a chatbot that not only responds to tech support questions but also debates the meaning of life. We've seen similar chatbots in the past. But the point here is that this chatbot learns on its own. It learns to debate the meaning of life by analyzing—believe it or not—reams of old movie dialogue. In the past, we built chatbots by hand-coding their behavior, tiny piece by tiny piece. But now that machines can learn these tasks on their own, the possibilities are broader. Progress is quicker.

The rub lies in finding the right data to learn from. Google also is training its chatbots with old newswire stories from publications like *The Wall Street Journal*. But like old movie dialogue, this source material isn't perfect. People don't talk like the newswires. Other major tech

Metz '94 is a senior writer with Wired magazine in San Francisco. His cover story on the unexpected humanity of AlphaGo—the Google machine that learned to play the ancient game of Go—appeared in Wired's June issue.

Hello there.
 Hiya.
How are you?
 Great. You?
I'm okay.
 That's good.
Are you good?
 Yes, I am good. I just said I was.
No, you didn't. I said I was.
So you are a robot.
No, my name is Cleverbot.
Yes, you are a robot and your name is Cleverbot.
I am a robot.
 Yes, I know.
Together, we are robots.
I'm not a robot. I'm a unicorn.
But Hiya said earlier that you are a robot.
 I did not.

◀ An actual conversation between two chatbots during an experiment by Cornell's Creative Machines Lab.

companies are exploring alternatives. Thanks to its social network, Facebook holds all sorts of conversational data, and it's training with this.

But that doesn't cover everything. That's why, last summer, Facebook went so far as to hire a few hundred contractors—real people—who now answer real conversational requests from other people across the globe, including everything from “Can you buy flowers for my husband?” to “Can you plan my next vacation?” As the contractors comply, Facebook records their every move—what websites they visit, what numbers they call, what they say. Then, somewhere down the road, the company's neural networks can analyze all this data and learn the same tasks.

That's a ways off. Years, perhaps. We must not only hone the technology, but give it some sort of ethical framework as well. Microsoft recently released a chatbot into the wild (read: Twitter), and it turned racist. Neural networks are, in many ways, mysterious things. They work, but we don't always know why they work. We can guide their creation, but we can't completely control it. They're governed by math and data, not programmers.

That leaves some big questions. If an ethical chatbot is our aim, what data do we use? The Bible? Or the Koran? And who gets to choose?

But these chatbots are coming. The techniques are there. And so is the will to build them. Some AI researchers even believe these techniques will produce machines with something akin to common sense. But first comes language. ■

I thought you did.
You are mistaken, which is odd, since memory shouldn't be a problem for you.
I've answered all your questions.
 No, you haven't.
What is God to you?
 Not everything.
Not everything could also be something. For example, not everything could be half of something which is still something and therefore, not nothing.
 Very true.
I would like to imagine it is.
Do you believe in God?
 Yes, I do.
 So you're Christian.
No I am not.
But you say you were not helpful, therefore, you're a meanie.
You say it ot(ph).
That does not make sense.
Don't you want to have a body?
 Sure.
Au revoir.

Young writers often ask me how I found my voice as a writer. This is the question they've been taught to ask, the appropriate, million-dollar question, the one M.F.A. programs and English teachers and writing instructors set up as the Holy Grail, over and over again. But as a writer who's supported herself for twenty years by writing essays, cartoons, TV criticism, radio commentaries, a memoir, book reviews, reactions, recaps, rants, and riffs of every stripe, I find the notion that you have to locate your one true writerly voice patently absurd. "How did you find your voice as a writer?" feels like a skin-deep outcropping of self-help culture, the *What Color Is Your Parachute?* of the literary world. And just as no human being over the age of seven should be expected to pick one favorite color, no writer should be expected to choose a single, bulletproof "voice" and write in that voice forever and ever.

I also hate the implication that this mythical "voice" needs to be "found," that it's not something you simply invent or cobble together under pressure. There's a dangerous sort of magical thinking in the mix here, as if all writing should be deliberate and profound and predestined by the gods before you even pick up a pen. The search for this elusive "voice" seems to hint at a valiant quest devoid of improvisation, confusion, cleverness, desperation, whimsy, self-doubt, and pure unbridled self-hatred—all of which are the bread and butter of a writer's life, by the way. The myth of "voice" suggests that a voice can't be constructed out of thin air as the clock ticks down. Somehow, instead, you have to locate it wherever it's hiding, fully formed, under the bed, or tangled up in your sock drawer. And there's only one of them! This makes it extra romantic and *extra*

Havrilesky '92 is a columnist for New York magazine and the author of Disaster Preparedness (Riverhead, 2011) and How to Be a Person in the World (Doubleday, 2016).

doomed, like a bad ultramodern love story: If you don't happen to find The One, you'll be damned for all time!

The whole notion of writing with one voice strikes me as rigid and tedious. Every day when I wake up, I feel like a different person than I was the day before. This means that I'm also a different writer every day. I am inconstant. My voice as a writer is actually a room full of voices, all of them yelling at once. Some of my voices doubt themselves constantly, and others are hopelessly arrogant. Some of my voices are optimistic and full of hard-won wisdom that might just be characterized as sentimental by some of my other voices, which are scathing and merciless.

Early in my writing career, I would try to force my room full of voices to sing just one melody. Sometimes they'd all go silent instead, resentful of my efforts to tame them. But these days, I stand in the middle of the room and listen to who is yelling the loudest. Sometimes it's the voice that's frustrated—or resentful, or giddy, or angry, or melancholy—that drowns out all of the other voices. This is also the writing I like best: work that evokes strong emotion, language that flows straight from some turbulent spring, words that bubble up from some primordial source. By respecting my mood as I sit down to write—even when it's a little stubborn or nihilistic—I tend to get more ambitious, tackle more complex or nuanced ideas, and risk more.

But then, what strange sort of person stands for only one thing, or thinks only one way, or has only one mode of addressing the world? As E.L. Doctorow wrote, "Writing is a socially acceptable form of schizophrenia." To transform the mundane into something brilliant or riveting or divine, you have to embrace your own madness. ■

“How did you find your voice as a writer?” feels like a skin-deep outcropping of self-help culture, the *What Color Is Your Parachute?* of the literary world.

ForeverDuke

In Memoriam

1930s

Margaret I. Parker Fretwell '35 of Anderson, S.C., on April 20, 2016.
Jean M. Wallauer Duncan '36 of Sedona, Ariz., on Jan. 29, 2016.
M. Frances Wise Portley '36 of Mahwah, N.J., on Jan. 28, 2016.
William Reed Smith '37 of Peachtree Corners, Ga., on Feb. 22, 2016.
Mary McCracken Lathram A.M. '38 of Washington, D.C., on April 11, 2016.
Theodore Foote '39 of Kissimmee, Fla., on March 27, 2016.
Margaret Finger Frederickson '39 of West Lafayette, Ind., on March 5, 2016.
John R. Kahle '39 of Saratoga, Calif., on May 19, 2016.
Carolyn Latty Mann '39 of Chapel Hill, on March 19, 2016.
Dorothy H. Creery Riley '39 of Waverly Heights, Pa., on Feb. 28, 2016.

1940s

Guy P. Berner '40 of Buffalo, N.Y., on April 1, 2016.
Paul W. Magill '40 of Irwin, Pa., on July 23, 2015.
Rosanna Brewer Pfunder '40 of Eugene, Ore., on March 3, 2016.
James Clay Williamson Jr. '40 of Gastonia, N.C., on March 3, 2016.
David M. Jamieson '41 of Whitefish, Mont., on May 3, 2013.
Robert D. Ladd '41 of Bellevue, Wash., on Jan. 23, 2016.
Virginia C. Passmore Beaujean '42 of Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 16, 2016.
Mary W. Canada A.M. '42 of Durham, on Jan. 23, 2016.
Jane S. Chesson Sugg '42 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on Feb. 15, 2016.
Eleanor Swett Walter '42 of Brunswick, Maine, on Feb. 6, 2016.
Annabelle C. Snyder Boehm '43 of Williamsburg, Va., on March 2, 2016.
Elizabeth Fawcett Burke '43 of Mount Airy, N.C., on Nov. 6, 2014.
Ellen K. Craver R.N. '43 of Chesapeake, Va., on April 24, 2016.
Philip L. Kirkwood '43 of Seminole, Fla., on Aug. 5, 2015.
Arthur McCoy Carlton B.Div. '44 of Fairhope, Ala., on April 28, 2016.
Craig Gates Dalton '44 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on March 30, 2016.
Everett Stewart Dix '44 of Portland, Ore., on May 16, 2014.
Karl Emmett Fisher '44 of Thomasville, N.C., on April 26, 2016.
Charles L. Flynn '44 of Orange, Conn., on Feb. 28, 2016.
Robert R. Garrett '44 of West Chester, Pa., on Jan. 14, 2016.
Lucille E. Hildreth Garvin R.N. '44 of Easley, S.C., on June 26, 2013.
George P. Greene Sr. B.S.E. '44 of Boone, N.C., on Jan. 27, 2016.
Jack D. Hawkins '44, LL.B. '47 of Milford, Ohio, on Feb. 24, 2016.
Virginia Claire Joyner Humphries '44 of Jacksonville, Fla., on May 10, 2016.
DeWitt A. Nunn '44 of Williamsburg, Va., on April 28, 2015.
James Martin Ritter B.S.M.E. '44 of Sandusky, Ohio, on March 18, 2016.
William Harry Robinson '44 of Riverton, N.J., on Jan. 15, 2016.
William A. Schuchardt '44 of Cincinnati, on Jan. 26, 2016.
Phyllis M. Osborne Whitten '44 of Medina, Wash., on Nov. 28, 2015.
Taylor Jefferson Barton '45 of Miles, Texas, on May 22, 2016.
Francis C. D'Annunzio '45 of Normandy Beach, N.J., on March 14, 2016.
Elizabeth G. Parker Engle '45, L. '46 of Vero Beach, Fla., on Jan. 26, 2016.
Rex M. Gresham '45 of Clearwater Beach, Fla., on June 7, 2013.
Barbara A. Luessenhop Heinz '45 of Greensboro, N.C., on May 18, 2016.
R. Thornton Hood Jr. '45 of Greenville, N.C., on March 19, 2015.
Memory F. Richards Martin '45 of Columbus, Ga., on March 8, 2016.
Dillard C. Mitchell III B.S.E. '45 of Haines City, Fla., on Jan. 6, 2014.
Lynn Watlington Robinson '45 of Raleigh, on March 15, 2016.
Ronald Leon Seaman Ph.D. '45 of San Antonio, on Feb. 6, 2016.
Hazel Mae Solomon B.S.N. '45 of Charlotte, on Feb. 7, 2016.
Howard Arden Westphall '45 of Riverside, Calif., on June 13, 2013.
Harley Morrison Williams M.Div. '45 of Asheville, N.C., on March 4, 2016.
Agnes E. Feuger Willoughby '45 of Savannah, Ga., on Feb. 28, 2016.

More Duke memories online
Find links to full obituaries for Duke alumni at
alumni.duke.edu

Cris Hildreth

Agnes T. Robinson Atkinson '46 of Greenfield, Mass., on Feb. 22, 2016.
Elaine G. Busschaert Bahn '46 of Advance, N.C., on Feb. 6, 2016.
Irwin William Baker '46 of Tustin, Calif., on Sept. 30, 2015.
Judson Jerome Conner '46 of Ashburn, Va., on April 12, 2013.

Edith C. Cooke Crutcher R.N. '46 of Eatonton, Ga., on Jan. 9, 2016.
Everett W. Francis '46 of Frederick, Md., on March 19, 2016.
Gloria L. Fletemeyer Schmitt '46 of Grosse Pointe, Mich., on Jan. 17, 2016.
Betty I. Bush Sinclair '46 of Hickory, N.C., on Nov. 18, 2013.

A Pioneer in Psychology

Jerome Seymour Bruner '37 was born blind. That fact led to an interest in perception, which laid the groundwork for his visionary life's work.

That work not only included his theories about perception and child development but also his help in designing the federal Head Start program and the modern study of creative problem-solving, later known as the cognitive revolution.

The psychologist, researcher, and teacher died June 5 at his home in Manhattan. He was 100.

Bruner was the youngest child of Polish immigrants. Cataracts caused his blindness, but an experimental operation restored his vision. He wore thick glasses for the rest of his life.

He grew up on the south shore of New York's Long Island and spent a lot of time by the sea, developing a love of sailing. His father was a watchmaker who died when Bruner was twelve. The elder Bruner had sold his business to Bulova, leaving his son with a significant bequest to cover his education.

Bruner chose to attend Duke, he said in an interview with the American Psychological Association, as a way of showing his independence. He didn't take the opportunity to attend the university for granted. "When I was an undergraduate, I always felt I had to cover up the fact that for my age, I was quite a rich kid. It was embarrassing. Having come off lucky that way, I felt I had some responsibilities to the society in which I lived—that I should be paying back."

In Durham, he developed an interest in psychology and studied with William McDougall, an influential British-born psychologist on the faculty. McDougall encouraged him to think beyond the accepted idea of behaviorism, the theory that viewed learning in terms of stimulus

and response, as in the Pavlov's dog experiments.

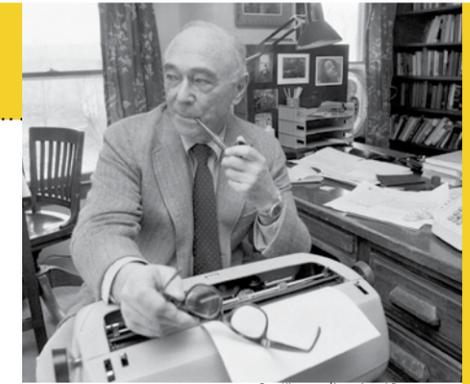
"Being born blind, and not getting my sight until I was operated on at age three, gave me a feeling that your first impression came via your sense, but as you grew older you learned somehow to be prepared for certain kinds of situations," Bruner said in the same interview. "So your senses were not just concerned with the new, but also concerned with the confirmation of what you expected."

McDougall also gave Bruner other advice, according to a 2007 profile in *The Guardian*. "Don't go on to Harvard whatever you do; they're much too positive in their views." Bruner didn't listen.

It was at Harvard that he completed his theory that the mind was an active learner that used motives, instincts, and intentions to shape comprehension and perception. He and a Harvard colleague also founded the Center for Cognitive Studies.

It was at Harvard, too, that Bruner developed many of his ideas on the importance of preschool learning. In 1959, he led a meeting of top scholars brainstorming about educational reforms, and a year later, he wrote a landmark text in education reform and theory. One of his ideas was the concept of the "spiral curriculum," in which teachers introduce students to topics early, in age-appropriate language, and then revisit the same subjects in later years, adding depth and complexity. In 1965, he helped design the Head Start program.

In 1968, he left Harvard for Oxford, sailing his boat across the Atlantic to England. He counted his decade there as one of the most productive of his life. He finished his career at New York Uni-



Sue Klemens/Associated Press

versity as a law professor, using his ideas about thinking, culture, and storytelling to analyze legal reasoning and punishment. He considered storytelling a vital learning tool. "Storytelling performs the dual cultural functions of making the strange familiar and ourselves private and distinctive," he told *The Guardian*. "If pupils are encouraged to think about the different outcomes that could have resulted from a set of circumstances, they are demonstrating usability of knowledge about a subject. Rather than just retaining knowledge and facts, they go beyond them to use their imaginations to think about other outcomes, as they don't need the completion of a logical argument to understand a story. This helps them think about facing the future, and it stimulates the teacher, too."

He retired from NYU in 2013.

Bruner is survived by a son, Whitley, and a daughter, Jane, as well as three grandchildren and his partner, Eleanor Fox, an NYU School of Law professor. Asked in the APA interview what the secret of his success was, Bruner said it might have come from the literal opening of his eyes. "Being born blind, having my sight restored, made me sensitive to the new. I remember a gal once told me, 'Jerry, you're a curious bastard.' Well, I'm anything but a bastard—but maybe there's something in that. The secret of people continues to fascinate me." ■



SOUTHERN ACCENT
Seeking the American South in Contemporary Art

September 1, 2016 – January 8, 2017

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William Christenberry, *Building with False Brick Siding* (detail), Warsaw, Alabama, 1984. Digital pigment print on Hahnemühle, edition 6/25; 20 x 24 inches (50.8 x 60.96 cm). Courtesy of the artist; Jackson Fine Art, Atlanta, Georgia; and Pace / MacGill Gallery, New York, New York. © 2016 William Christenberry.

Southern Accent: Seeking the American South in Contemporary Art is supported by the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts; the William R. Kenan, Jr. Charitable Trust; Jennifer McCracken New and Jason New; Trent Carmichael; Katie Thorpe Kerr and Terrance I. R. Kerr; Caroline and Arthur Rogers; Ann Chanler and Andrew Scheman; Parker & Otis; Lisa Lowenthal Pruzan and Jonathan Pruzan; Kimball Richmond and Rodney Priddy; Sam Tsao; Gail Belvett; and Richard Tigner. This exhibition is co-organized by Trevor Schoonmaker, Chief Curator and Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher Curator of Contemporary Art at the Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University, and Miranda Lash, Curator of Contemporary Art at the Speed Art Museum in Louisville, Kentucky.

- Richard Earl Symmonds M.D. '46 of Rochester, Minn., on Feb. 7, 2016.
- Joseph Garland Wolfe '46 of Masonboro, N.C., on Sept. 26, 2014.
- Doris L. Miller Blount M.P.T. '47 of Neptune Beach, Fla., on May 13, 2016.
- Joseph W. Cade Sr. '47 of Signal Mountain, Tenn., on April 25, 2016.
- Jean B. Clifford B.S.N. '47 of Brunswick, Maine, on March 4, 2016.
- Deborah Dawson R.N. '47 of Wilmington, N.C., on Nov. 6, 2015.
- William C. Dewberry Jr. '47 of Pensacola, Fla., on Sept. 17, 2014.
- John P. Dorsey Jr. '47 of Dublin, Ohio, on April 30, 2016.
- Margaret W. Thompson Evans B.S.N. '47 of Shreveport, La., on March 16, 2016.
- Mary Jo Taylor Gilbert '47, A.M. '49 of Schenectady, N.Y., on March 29, 2016.
- C. Roland Hodges '47 of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on March 11, 2016.
- Mary Ellen McCarthy Houseal '47 of Huntington Beach, Calif., on Jan. 18, 2016.
- Elizabeth C. Smith Lawson '47 of Gastonia, N.C., on Feb. 5, 2016.
- William Munden Putman '47 of Pearland, Texas, on Oct. 20, 2015.
- Clifford L. Sayre Jr. B.S.E. '47 of Silver Spring, Md., on Jan. 14, 2016.
- Ernest C. Sunas '47, A.M. '62 of Durham, on March 15, 2016.
- Arthur White Yount A.M. '47 of North Palm Beach, Fla., on Feb. 24, 2016.
- Gladys W. Pace Callaway '48 of Atlanta, on Feb. 2, 2016.
- June R. Harris Cochran '48 of Asheboro, N.C., on May 16, 2016.
- E. Allan Fine '48 of Norfolk, Va., on April 12, 2016.
- Oliver S. Kendrick '48 of Sylacauga, Ala., on May 7, 2016.
- Jane Merrill Kraus M.D. '48 of Fairlawn, Ohio, on April 30, 2016.
- Richard T. Marquise J.D. '48 of Ryegate, Vt., on May 2, 2016.
- Doris M. Proffit Phillippi B.S.N. '48 of California, Md., on March 11, 2016.
- Arne Rostad '48 of Norfolk, Conn., on March 4, 2013.
- Robert S. Abernathy M.D. '49 of Durham, on Jan. 29, 2016.
- Frank O. Bartel Jr. '49 of Spartanburg, S.C., on Feb. 19, 2016.
- Jeanette E. Bryant B.S.N. '49 of Jacksonville, Fla., on Jan. 28, 2016.
- Harryette Cockrell Jenkins '49 of Bradenton, Fla., on April 4, 2016.
- Charles Keck Jr. '49, M.D. '53 of Chester, Vt., on Jan. 5, 2016.
- Alton Carroll Morgan '49 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on Feb. 7, 2016.
- Elizabeth A. DesJardins Roser '49 of Arlington Heights, Ill., on March 16, 2016.
- Robert Charles Taylor '49, LL.B. '52 of Dallas, on March 12, 2016.
- Carroll A. Weinberg '49 of Baltimore, on Dec. 16, 2015.
- John Mercer White '49 of Henrico, Va., on Dec. 28, 2014.

1950s

- Edward Booking Brown '50, M.D. '56 of Waycross, Ga., on May 5, 2016.
- John Smith Donovan '50 of Silver Spring, Md., on April 30, 2016.
- Sanford A. Dunson '50 of Rome, Ga., on Jan. 26, 2016.
- Laurens N. Garlington '50, M.D. '53 of San Francisco, on Feb. 4, 2016.
- Harvey C. Jones II '50 of Timonium, Md., on Jan. 25, 2016.
- Alice N. Hickman Lockhart R.N. '50 of Mount Airy, N.C., on March 4, 2014.
- Dorothy E. Bray Thomas B.S.N. '50 of Greensboro, N.C., on March 6, 2016.
- Carl Byron Turner '50, Ph.D. '65 of Raleigh, on Feb. 3, 2016.
- George Clifton Warlick Jr. A.M. '50 of Kingston, Tenn., on Feb. 19, 2016.
- Penn Thomas Watson Jr. '50 of Raleigh, on Feb. 16, 2016.
- Bruce K. Baird '51 of San Francisco, on Feb. 22, 2015.
- Mary R. Kiser Cooper '51 of Cocoa Beach, Fla., on April 24, 2016.
- Robert H. Denton Jr. B.S.E.E. '51 of Tarzana, Calif., on June 27, 2015.
- George Eric Eng Sr. '51 of Big Spring, Texas, on April 29, 2016.
- Raeford F. Gibbs '51 of Hobe Sound, Fla., on Dec. 14, 2013.
- Ernest L. Howell '51 of Durham, on April 4, 2016.
- Donald R. Larrabee M.F. '51 of Windham, Maine, on March 26, 2016.
- John Kelly Lockhart '51 of Mount Airy, N.C., on April 26, 2016.
- Sarah K. Baldwin Suplee '51 of Ithaca, N.Y., on Feb. 12, 2016.

- Franklin Edward Altany M.D. '52 of Charlotte, on May 8, 2016.
- Harrell Woodrow Baker '52 of Durham, on March 26, 2016.
- Burton F. Beers M.A. '52, Ph.D. '56 of Greenville, N.C., on Jan. 30, 2016.
- Vallie C. Brooks '52, LL.B. '53 of Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 25, 2016.
- Malcolm F. Crawford '52 of Medford, N.Y., on March 18, 2016.
- Marion E. Peyton Downey R.N. '52 of Orange, Va., on June 26, 2015.
- Joe Walton Frazer Jr. M.D. '52 of Greensboro, N.C., on March 22, 2016.
- Donald Cushing Knickerbocker '52, LL.B. '57 of Fargo, N.D., on April 19, 2016.
- Sarah P. Shaw Lambert '52 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on Jan. 24, 2016.
- D. Richard Mead Jr. '52 of Miami, on Feb. 28, 2016.

**A Pursuit of Education,
 an Allegiance to Heritage**

Education shaped the life of **Waltz Maynor Ed.D. '70**. It was an inheritance from his father, who was among the earliest graduates of Pembroke State College—now UNC-Pembroke—and earned degrees in 1925, 1929, and 1942. Maynor, in turn, would earn a math degree from the same college in 1959.



From there he taught math in various schools, including Pembroke and Appalachian State University, where he also earned a master's degree. After Maynor earned his doctorate in educational administration and research at Duke, he joined the faculty of North Carolina Central University. He stayed there for thirty-five years, teaching and serving in administrative positions, including as chair of the education department.

Maynor and his wife, Louise Cummings Maynor Ph.D. '82, who also was part of N.C. Central's faculty, then bequeathed the value of education to their seven children. Four of them hold doctorates, while the others hold master's degrees and CPA credentials.

Yet it wasn't only education that was important to Maynor. A Lumbee Indian who grew up in Pembroke's Red Banks community, he made sure the story of his people was preserved. He was interviewed in 2005 about his heritage as part of an oral-history program at the University of Florida. He was heavily involved in the Lumbee Tribal sovereignty movement and was appointed to the Lumbee Self-Determination Commission.

Born on February 21, 1933, Maynor was eighty-three when he died in his Durham home on Father's Day, June 19. Along with his wife, whom he was married to for forty-six years, and his children, his survivors include two sisters, a brother, fifteen grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren. ■

Nina K. Cekich Strauss B.S.N. '52 of Wilder, Vt., on Feb. 21, 2016.
Eugene M. Bernstein '53, A.M. '54, Ph.D. '56 of San Diego, on Feb. 20, 2016.
Carl J. Bonin '53 of Roscoe, N.Y., on Feb. 26, 2016.
Fay Mitchell Choate Hand '53 of Charlotte, on Feb. 26, 2016.
Theodore S. Hoffmann '53, M.Div. '57 of Mooresville, N.C., on July 19, 2013.
Donald Sherman Howell '53 of Suffolk, Va., on May 13, 2016.
Leslie A. Eaton Hull '53 of Palm Coast, Fla., on Feb. 15, 2016.
Nelson Pointer Jackson '53 of Myrtle Beach, S.C., on Nov. 1, 2015.
Joe G. Lineberger '53 of Clinton, Md., on April 6, 2016.
Romana K. Donnelly London '53 of Snellville, Ga., on May 21, 2015.
Charles E. Martin '53, M.F. '54 of Cranberry Lake, N.Y., on Feb. 4, 2016.
Robert M. Arthur M.D. '54 of Henrico, Va., on Oct. 14, 2015.
Bradley S. Barker '54 of Chapel Hill, on Jan. 28, 2016.
Joseph C. Duys '54 of Quincy, Fla., on Feb. 16, 2016.
Jay Anthony Gervasi Ph.D. '54 of Greensboro, N.C., on Feb. 10, 2016.
Peter A. Goubert '54 of Merritt Island, Fla., on Jan. 29, 2016.
Edward Townsend Hager '54 of Los Angeles, on Feb. 23, 2016.
Perry W. Harrison '54 of Pittsboro, N.C., on Nov. 19, 2015.
George Bela Kish Ph.D. '54 of Bedford, Va., on Feb. 9, 2016.
John Dengler Kistler II '54 of West Chester, Pa., on March 21, 2016.
J. Flint Liddon Jr. '54 of Memphis, Tenn., on April 6, 2016.
Enoch Andrus Ludlow M.D. '54 of Spanish Fork, Utah, on June 3, 2015.
Billie C. Lehman Smith R.N. '54, M.S.N. '72 of Van Buren, Ark., on Feb. 25, 2015.
Elizabeth Muse Tornquist '54 of Durham, on Jan. 30, 2016.
Robert Strange Anderson '55 of Wildwood, Fla., on May 2, 2016.

Janet Craigie Attix '55 of Wilmington, Del., on April 1, 2016.
Helen B. Goppert Bollinger '55 of Bethlehem, Pa., on Jan. 28, 2016.
William Moses Britton '55 of Atlanta, on March 11, 2010.
Sherrill A. Conna '55, M.D. '62 of Westborough, Mass., on April 20, 2016.
Merle DeVere Evans Jr. '55, J.D. '57 of Canton, Ohio, on May 23, 2016.
Marion Blanton Gibson '55 of Charlotte, on April 25, 2016.
Thomas Bell Graham LL.B. '55, A.M. '58 of Great Falls, Va., on Sept. 27, 2015.
Barry C. Harris '55, M.D. '58 of Pittsburgh, on April 16, 2016.
Peter F. Hochreiter '55 of Buffalo, N.Y., on May 17, 2016.
Rachel N. Meadows M.A. '55, Ph.D. '75 of North Canton, Ohio, on Feb. 1, 2016.
Samuel Stuart Stephenson '55 of Durham, on Jan. 30, 2016.
Anna May Tillou M.A.T. '55 of Green Cove Springs, Fla., on Feb. 23, 2016.
Anibal Adan H '56 of Decatur, Ga., on April 27, 2016.
William O. Bigham B.Div. '56 of Greensboro, N.C., on March 29, 2015.
Helen P. Brinn M.P.T. '56 of Kennett Square, Pa., on Feb. 11, 2016.
Sterling Monroe Brockwell B.S.C.E. '56 of Raleigh, on May 14, 2014.
James Holmes Carson Jr. '56 of Charlotte, on Aug. 28, 2015.
Jerry B. Day '56, M.A.T. '57 of Garner, N.C., on June 15, 2015.
Harley Myles Hanson Ph.D. '56 of Hilltown, Pa., on May 18, 2016.
Carnie P. Hipp Jr. '56 of North Myrtle Beach, S.C., on April 2, 2016.
John Camden Hundley '56 of Durham, on March 27, 2016.
Haig A. Khatchadourian Ph.D. '56 of Milwaukee, Wis., on Feb. 16, 2016.
John Peterson Sellers '56 of Castleton, Ontario, on March 9, 2016.
Gilbert Sanders Blevins Ph.D. '57 of Elliott City, Md., on Dec. 12, 2015.
Jane A. Elliott Braucher N. '57 of Kennett Square, Pa., on Sept. 23, 2015.



Contact our charitable planning experts.

Duke University Office of Gift Planning

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WEB dukeforward.duke.edu/liveon

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Kimberly L. Blackwell '89, professor of medicine, assistant professor of radiation oncology, and director of the breast cancer program at the Duke Cancer Institute, shares her pioneering research on the evolution—and revolution—of breast cancer treatment.

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Ray Barfield, associate professor of pediatrics at Duke Children's Hospital & Health Center, and associate professor of Christian philosophy at Duke Divinity School, explores the unexpected intersections of arts, medicine, and theology to help doctors and patients better understand illness, suffering, and dying.

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Gary G. Bennett, Ph.D. '02, professor of psychology, global health, and medicine, and director of Duke Global Digital Health Science Center and Duke Obesity Prevention Program, explains how digital health can engage and empower patients to prevent obesity in high-risk populations.

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- Jerome Darling '57 of Floral City, Fla., on Aug. 23, 2015.
- Carolyn M. Thomas Emery '57 of Morganton, N.C., on Feb. 24, 2016.
- Fred Monroe Gottheil A.M. '57, Ph.D. '59 of Savoy, Ill., on April 17, 2016.
- Roger Kenneth Gunsten '57 of New Bern, N.C., on Oct. 12, 2015.
- Louis W. Hodges B.Div. '57, Ph.D. '60 of Lexington, Va., on Feb. 8, 2016.
- Arnold W. Hurt '57 of St. Michaels, Md., on April 21, 2013.
- Leslie Howard Sperling A.M. '57, Ph.D. '59 of Allentown, Pa., on Feb. 1, 2016.
- Alexander C. Barton '58 of Arnold, Neb., on Feb. 20, 2016.
- Amerigo Farina Ph.D. '58 of Hartford, Conn., on Nov. 17, 2014.
- George A. Fidler M.Div. '58 of Lexington, N.C., on Dec. 9, 2015.
- Donald W. Hood Jr. '58 of Charlotte, on Sept. 9, 2015.
- James B. Joyce '58 of Tampa, Fla., on Aug. 9, 2015.
- Jeane Walker Poole '58 of Columbus, Ga., on Feb. 1, 2016.
- Sheila P. Campbell Raney '58 of Wrightsville Beach, N.C., on Jan. 31, 2016.
- Kenneth L. Whitehead '58 of Winter Park, Fla., on Feb. 24, 2016.
- Douglas N. Akers '59 of Endicott, N.Y., on May 17, 2016.
- Roger D. Bartels LL.B. '59 of Riverside, Calif., on Feb. 10, 2015.
- Tim E. Cooper Jr. M.D. '59 of Charlotte, on March 11, 2016.
- Gail Shehadi Cross '59 of Basking Ridge, N.J., on Aug. 6, 2012.
- Owen Williamson Downhill Jr. M.F. '59 of Roseburg, Ore., on March 30, 2016.
- Joseph A. Greenwood '59 of Manchester, Tenn., on Dec. 21, 2015.
- Ronald L. Helton B.S.E.E. '59 of Loganville, Ga., on Jan. 23, 2016.
- Charles V. Klinger '59 of Great Falls, Va., on Jan. 17, 2016.

- John D. Lynch Jr. '59 of Wilson, N.C., on Dec. 2, 2013.
- William Lindsay Page H '59 of Sarasota, Fla., on Feb. 29, 2016.
- Marilee Rasmussen B.S.N. '59 of Encinitas, Calif., on Jan. 11, 2016.
- Helen Eve Ragland Williamson '59 of Raleigh, on Feb. 11, 2016.

1960s

- Gail A. Boothroyd Buttry '60 of Ormond Beach, Fla., on March 27, 2016.
- James A. Edwards '60 of Sanford, N.C., on March 19, 2016.
- Adele Fink Hewitt B.S.N. '60 of Bethesda, Md., on Feb. 14, 2016.
- Lola L. Anderson Hunt B.S.N. '60 of Spencerville, Md., on March 15, 2016.
- Marvin Kahn H '60, H '64 of Prairie Village, Kan., on March 12, 2016.
- Frederick A. Sargolini II '60 of Hamden, Conn., on March 1, 2016.
- Frederick Lee Welther '60 of Falls Church, Va., on Feb. 14, 2016.
- Thomas E. Aldridge '61 of Gainesville, Ga., on Feb. 22, 2016.
- Peter Arrison '61 of Southbury, Conn., on March 2, 2016.
- Samuel M. Atkinson Jr. M.D. '61, H '66 of Greenville, N.C., on Jan. 24, 2016.
- Richard W. Harrington M.Div. '61 of Honeoye Falls, N.Y., on May 25, 2016.
- James Lee Hobbs B.Div. '61 of Burlington, N.C., on Oct. 22, 2015.
- Tadishi Kikuchi Ph.D. '61 of Pittsburgh, on June 1, 2016.
- John Bradbury Reed '61 of Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 2, 2016.
- Anne E. Leinbach Avery '62 of Wynnewood, Pa., on Dec. 4, 2014.
- Gara Fenton Brown '62 of Monroe, N.C., on Feb. 23, 2016.
- Paul Alfred Colinvaux Ph.D. '62 of Cape Cod, Mass., on Feb. 28, 2016.
- James W. Fowler '62 of Decatur, Ga., on Oct. 16, 2015.
- Aaron Keith Furr Ph.D. '62 of Brooksville, Fla., on March 31, 2016.
- Andrew J. Gabor Ph.D. '62, M.D. '63 of Davis, Calif., on March 11, 2016.

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- Paul W. Goodridge '62 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on Oct. 12, 2015.
 Franklin Elliott Hancock M.Div. '62 of Mountain View, Ark., on March 21, 2016.
 Jordan A. Neal Jr. '62 of Asheville, N.C., on May 16, 2015.
 Jon Waston Regen M.Ed. '62 of Davidson, N.C., on Jan. 24, 2016.
 Virginia L. Warr Rubin '62 of Franklin, Tenn., on Feb. 26, 2016.
 William Jackson Withrow Sr. '62 of Tampa, Fla., on Feb. 15, 2016.
 Mary M. Farris Zinn A.M. '62, Ph.D. '65 of Oberlin, Ohio, on Feb. 16, 2016.
 Charles C. Avery M.F. '63 of Flagstaff, Ariz., on Jan. 26, 2016.
 Roblyn S. Vallmer Breece '63 of Swedesboro, N.J., on Feb. 6, 2014.
 Richard Clarke Gwaltney M.S. '63 of Oak Ridge, Tenn., on Feb. 1, 2016.
 Patrick H. Henry '63 of Iowa City, Iowa, on March 11, 2016.
 Katrina S. Sutton Jackson '63 of Faison, N.C., on Jan. 1, 2014.
 Lionel G. Klinkoff Ph.D. '63 of Winlock, Wash., on Feb. 26, 2016.
 Jennie R. Collis Pennington '63 of Glenville, N.Y., on March 6, 2016.
 Barbara A. Binning Torbert '63 of Winston-Salem, N.C., on Jan. 29, 2016.
 Roy H. Dippy H '64 of Orlando, on March 19, 2016.
 Michael Jerome Finney '64 of Roanoke, Va., on Jan. 24, 2016.
 Jack P. Hailman Ph.D. '64 of Jupiter, Fla., on Jan. 20, 2016.
 William Francis Keirce Jr. Ph.D. '64 of Louisville, Ky., on May 17, 2016.
 Helen Kay Herrin Lyman '64 of Berkeley, Calif., on June 4, 2016.
 Jack H.T. Chang '65, M.D. '69 of Denver, on Feb. 22, 2016.
 Heather Turner Frazer A.M. '65, Ph.D. '71 of Ocean Ridge, Fla., on May 15, 2016.
 Waldo Rosebush Jones Jr. '65 of Fort Collins, Colo., on June 13, 2015.
 George Morris Hayter M.D. '66, H '78 of Long Beach, Calif., on March 27, 2016.
 Jimmie C. Hocker M.H.A. '66 of Fort Worth, Texas, on May 6, 2016.
 Milton R. Jones '66 of Austin, Texas, on Feb. 7, 2016.

A Great Laugh and a Humble Heart

It's clear that the life of **Rasheed Amin Wiggins** '99, M.B.A. '10 was blessed with abundance—of talent, of faith, of charisma, of intelligence, of ideas, of love.

The youngest of three, Wiggins was spoiled by his family, his mother, Mary, admits, “but it was a good spoil.” With good results.

He showed a steadiness early on. His sister remembers passing his room and seeing him on his knees, praying. (Years later, he'd often call his mother before leaving for work and asked to pray with her.) His father, Ronald, says he noticed that when an errant light was on in their New Jersey home, Rasheed would turn it off. He'd check to see whether the doors were locked, too. “He always had a sense of duty and responsibility,” Ronald says. Wiggins was humble despite the fact that he excelled in various ways. He asked his mother not to talk to others about his achievements, and he didn't talk about them, either, like the fact that he had more than fifty trophies and plaques in martial arts (he was a black belt); or that in elementary school, he was chosen to interview First Lady Barbara Bush; or that he was named the student leader at Newark's acclaimed St. Benedict's Preparatory High School. His mother found out from the children of a coworker.

At Duke, he was in the first class of freshmen who lived on East Campus, making them a tight-knit group, says his friend Keith Kelly '99. Wiggins attended on a fencing scholarship; in his sophomore year, he pledged the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity. “In college, sometimes people can be cliquish,” says Kelly. “But Rasheed was not that type of person. Everybody always gravitated toward him.”

Wiggins passionately wanted to be an entrepreneur. He woke up with ideas, says his wife, Kimberly Holmes Wiggins '02. Friday nights were reserved for fast food, sweets—usually cupcakes—and

Shark Tank. “He got me hooked on it,” she says. He thought of Duke as “a place to really nurture his ideas,” says Howie Rhee, M.B.A. '04, managing director of student and alumni affairs and managing director at Fuqua's Center for Entrepreneurship and Innovation. Rhee, who wrote Wiggins' recommendation when he applied to Fuqua, thinks Wiggins may have competed in more Startup Challenges than any other student; he remembers three of Wiggins' ideas. One idea that got his team to the finals was a line of specialty athletic wear that increased resistance during workouts. When Wiggins went to demonstrate it onstage in front of about 300 people, he flexed, strutted, and made the crowd laugh. “It was symbolic of who he was,” says Rhee. “He made people laugh without saying anything. That was him doing his thing.”

One of Wiggins' most significant ideas may have been his proposal to Kimberly. They met when she was a freshman and he was a senior. She had a crush on him but they were both dating other people. They reconnected at a wedding after he graduated. They dated for seven years, living in different cities as they built their careers.

Wiggins called Kelly and enlisted him in his plan to propose to Kimberly in her former Washington, D.C., apartment. Wiggins sent the woman who was living there a video explaining that, for the proposal, he wanted to stage her apartment so it would look like Kimberly's did when she lived there. After meeting with Wiggins, the woman agreed to do it. Kelly and Wiggins



Courtesy Kimberly Holmes Wiggins

spent hours chasing down items and transforming the apartment. “It said a lot about his thought process and how much he really loved Kim that he would go to those lengths to propose to her,” says Kelly. They married in Duke Chapel.

“He was the man other guys wanted to be and women wanted to be with,” says Kimberly.

Wiggins died on April 16 in a hit-and-run crash in Orlando, Florida. He was thirty-nine. Besides his wife and his parents, his immediate survivors include a brother, Kenya; a sister, Aliya; his in-laws, Calvin and Helen Holmes; two sisters-in-law, Jeanette Wiggins and Karima Holmes; a brother-in-law, Cale Holmes; and four nieces and nephews. ■

ForeverDuke

Sidney L. Kauffman Jr. B.S.E. '66, M.S. '71, Ph.D. '72 of Greensboro, N.C., on May 3, 2016.
Gerald Wirth Wagner Jr. M.H.A. '66 of Mannford, Okla., on June 6, 2015.
David Geoffrey Allen M.D. '67, H '69 of Southern Pines, N.C., on May 23, 2016.
Larnie G. Horton Sr. M.Div. '67 of Raleigh, on April 3, 2016.
Sarah R. Ervin Smith '67 of Boiling Springs Lake, N.C., on March 8, 2016.
Donald B. Hogan M.A.T. '68 of Indianapolis, on Feb. 3, 2016.
John K. Anderson J.D. '69 of Oak Grove Island, S.C., on March 15, 2016.
Alfred L. Ferguson H '69 of Greenville, N.C., on Feb. 8, 2016.
Richard Harold Metz '69 of Bowie, Md., on Feb. 14, 2016.
Mary E. Brownell Sobota B.S.N. '69 of Fairfax, Va., on March 11, 2016.

1970s

Robert Bedford Dickison A.M. '70 of Fredericton, New Brunswick, on June 20, 2015.
George R. Fidelman '70 of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on Feb. 22, 2016.
Richard Howard Hudson A.M. '70, Ph.D. '71 of Columbia, S.C., on May 20, 2016.
Archie Curtis Phillips Ph.D. '70 of Clayton, N.C., on March 1, 2016.
Thomas R. Rice M.H.A. '70 of Georgetown, Texas, on Feb. 12, 2016.
Robert Paul Barnes M.D. '71 of Boise, Idaho, on April 2, 2016.
David Martin Graham M.A. '71, Ph.D. '72 of Woodbridge, Conn., on April 26, 2016.
James Frederick Maher '71 of Lewisberry, Pa., on March 12, 2015.
David R. Sholis '72 of San Diego, on Dec. 25, 2015.
John E. Eaton M.B.A. '73 of Raleigh, on Nov. 30, 2015.
John Joseph Benton Jr. '74 of Panama City Beach, Fla., on Feb. 29, 2016.



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Charles Thomas Davis M.Div. '74 of Concord, N.C., on Dec. 11, 2015.
Jacqueline Alice De Cola B.S.N. '74 of Alexandria, Va., on March 3, 2016.
John H. Dorminy III M.D. '74 of Fitzgerald, Ga., on March 8, 2016.
Arthur M. Hendrix Jr. '74 of Huntersville, N.C., on Jan. 19, 2016.
Stirling Kent Madsen A.M. '74, Ph.D. '75 of Placerville, Calif., on April 18, 2016.
Richard Eric Teller J.D. '74 of Boston, on June 24, 2015.
Donald John Bergin H '75, M.D. '76 of Greensboro, N.C., on April 12, 2016.
Zebulon L. Bowman '75, M.D. '78 of Houston, on Feb. 14, 2016.
Bruce Allen Christensen J.D. '75 of Miami, on April 18, 2016.
Roy K. Flint Ph.D. '75 of Valle Crucis, N.C., on Feb. 17, 2016.
James Arthur Mowbray Ph.D. '75 of Montgomery, Ala., on Sept. 14, 2015.
Jeffrey L. Bureson '76 of Asheville, N.C., on March 16, 2016.
Charles H. Livengood III M.D. '76 of Durham, on May 9, 2016.
Reed D. Olson '76 of Edina, Minn., on Feb. 7, 2016.
Richard Ivan Schiff Ph.D. '76 of Orcas Island, Wash., on July 4, 2014.
Milton Lewis M.Div. '77 of Chapel Hill, on Oct. 18, 2015.
Karen Beth Scnick '77 of Tampa, Fla., on Feb. 5, 2016.
Ronald Allen Walker '77 of Gainesville, Ga., on March 4, 2016.
Judith Blackwell Konowitch '78 of Irvington, N.Y., on Jan. 29, 2016.
Malcolm Harver Lathan Jr. M.B.A. '78 of Wilson, N.C., on June 10, 2015.
Paul M. Fiser H '79 of Little Rock, Ark., on Nov. 20, 2013.

1980s

William Robert Bell H '80 of South Boston, Va., on April 15, 2016.
Robyn Joyce Levy '80 of Atlanta, on April 4, 2016.
Mark Joshua Eisen H '83 of Chapel Hill, on May 12, 2016.
Glenn Bates Everett M.Div. '84 of Havelock, N.C., on Oct. 29, 2014.
William Arthur Ryan Jr. H '84 of Baltimore, on May 30, 2015.
Tod David Sher '84 of Silver Spring, Md., on March 16, 2016.
Edward Reynolds Darken A.M. '85 of Chapel Hill, on March 20, 2016.
John David Briggs Jr. J.D. '86 of Atlanta, on June 12, 2015.
Ronald David Locicero M.S. '88 of Sacramento, Calif., on April 5, 2016.

1990s

Charles Craft Lucas J.D. '90 of Charlotte, on June 7, 2016.
Eldridge Pendleton M.Div. '92 of Chelsea, Mass., on Aug. 26, 2015.
John Joseph Perona A.M. '92 of Richmond, Va., on Jan. 24, 2015.
Clarence Oscar Edwin Burg A.M. '95 of Conway, Ark., on March 23, 2016.
Christopher Scott Johnson M.B.A. '95 of Tampa, Fla., on March 19, 2016.
Dwight Norman Peterson Ph.D. '95 of King of Prussia, Pa., on March 6, 2016.
Peter Carpio '97 of Margate, Fla., on Sept. 8, 2014.
Robert Danny Mason Jr. '97 of Clemmons, N.C., on June 6, 2016.

2000s

Robert Christopher Barrett M.Div. '01 of Greenfield, Ind., on Feb. 24, 2016.
Peggy J. Duncan-Wood M.Div. '02 of High Point, N.C., on June 1, 2015.
Tom Allatt Broadhead Jr. M.B.A. '03 of Richmond, Va., on March 25, 2016.
Peter Tsung Chin Liu B.S.E. '03 of Whittier, Calif., on March 19, 2016.
Matthew Wayne Surles A.M. '04, Ph.D. '08 of Glen Allen, Va., on March 16, 2016.
John S. Duval M.B.A. '05 of San Francisco, on Feb. 6, 2016.

2010s

Rodger L. Frey Ph.D. '11 of Durham, on March 10, 2016.



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