

DUKE

SPECIAL ISS

MAGAZINE

THE **SECRETS** ISSUE

Outrageous ambition

Climate change. Energy. Medicine. At Duke, engineering students like Lauren Shum '17 tackle big challenges head on. Thanks to a planned gift supporting financial aid at the Pratt School of Engineering, we can recruit more students based on their ambition to change the world, rather than their ability to pay.

Made possible by you.



Grand Challenge Scholar and financial aid recipient Lauren Shum '17 wants to make solar energy economical. Together with fellow Duke Smart Home students, she designed and installed the solar charging station on a swinging bench by McClendon Bridge. This bright idea gives students a sustainable light and power source.

Read about alumnus Chun Lam's planned gift to benefit engineering students on page 76.

Whether you leave a legacy with a planned gift or make an immediate impact with an Annual Fund donation, every dollar makes a difference. Together, we are generating the means for the next generation of Duke students and faculty to advance ideas, make new connections, and move the world forward. giving.duke.edu/giftplanning | (919) 681-0464

Giving to
Duke
GIFT PLANNING

SPECIAL ISSUE

A collection of essays and images from Duke faculty, students, staff, and alumni

4

FROM THE EDITOR

Are your secrets safe with Duke? *By Robert J. Bliwise*

6

Secrets



CONTRIBUTORS:

ALUMNI: Siobhan Darrow '81; Bev Darwin '83, M.D. '86; Andy Frankenberger '95; Rob Goodman '05; Sue Gordon '80; Peter Hellman '64; Mark Mazzetti '96; Viola Minicozzi Dwyer M.B.A. '11; Johanna McCloy '86; Wyndee Parker '91; Michael Ruhlman '85; Lynn Saville '71; Jimmy Soni '07; Ursula Werner '85; Ryan White '04; Craig Whitlock '90

STUDENTS: Bill McCarthy, Patrick Thomas Morgan, Jake Parker, Nina Wilder

FACULTY: Dan Ariely Ph.D. '98; Jana Shaich Borg; James Boyle; Peter Feaver; Sarah E. Gaither; Alex Harris; Jennifer Jenkins A.M. '00, J.D. '97; Alex Roland Ph.D. '74; Margaret Sartor

STAFF: Jimmie Banks, Saskia Cornes, Christina Holder M.Div. '13, Jason Stein



COVER: In these days of cancer warnings and secondhand objectors, even James B. Duke might have to be a closet cigar smoker. *Photo by Chris Hildreth*

74

ForeverDuke

In Memoriam

www.**DUKEMAGAZINE**.duke.edu

DUKE MAGAZINE SPECIAL ISSUE 2017 | Vol. 103 | No. 3

EDITOR: Robert J. Bliwise A.M. '88 **MANAGING EDITOR:** Adrienne Johnson Martin **SENIOR WRITER:** Scott Huler **CLAY FELKER STAFF WRITER:** Lucas Hubbard '14 **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Michael Penn and Christina Holder M.Div. '13 **STAFF ASSISTANT:** Delecia Hatcher **PUBLISHER:** Sterly L. Wilder '83, associate vice president, Alumni Affairs **SPECIAL SECTIONS EDITOR:** Bridgette Lacy **ART DIRECTOR:** Lacey Chylack, phase5creative, inc. **PRINTER:** Progress Printing **OFFICERS, DUKE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:** Jack Boyd '85, president, Sterly L. Wilder '83, secretary-treasurer **DUKE MAGAZINE** Box 90572, Durham, N.C. 27708 **PHONE:** (919) 684-5114 **FAX:** (919) 681-1659 **E-MAIL:** dukemag@duke.edu **ADDRESS CHANGES:** Alumni Records, Box 90581, Durham, N.C. 27708 or bluedevil@duke.edu • © 2017 Duke University, Published five times a year by the Duke Alumni Association.





HIDE&SECRET

I SEE YOU: On this summer day, "The Big Easy," the Patrick Dougherty sculpture that sits on the south lawn of the Sarah P. Duke Gardens, provides an ideal place to get lost—and found.
Photo by Chris Hildreth

Are your secrets safe with Duke?

By Robert J. Bliwise

As we started our conversation in an off-campus Duke building that can fairly be described as nondescript (nondescript but with the indescribable advantage of a Whole Foods next door), Holly Benton was immediately taken by this issue's theme of secrets. The daily headlines are dominated, after all, by speculations and revelations rooted in secrets, by the contest—playing out in the political landscape—between embedding and uncovering secrets.

We were meeting just outside her office, in the building's conference room; on a huge whiteboard, somebody had sketched the university's organization chart. Benton had her own starting question, which was basically: "How did you find out about me?" It's not that there's anything secret about her role as the chief privacy-compliance officer in the Office of Audit, Risk, and Compliance. Still, in the vast Duke universe, her area might not seem to be an attention-grabber. Which is ironic, given the amount of personal data scooped up by Duke. That and the growing awareness around how much information we share, and how many avenues there are for that information to be compromised.

Duke and other universities have been grappling for some time with issues around privacy, particularly issues connected with the rather inelegant acronyms of HIPAA and FERPA—the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act, geared to protecting individual medical information, and the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act, which governs the release of student education records. (Benton noted that Europeans have a codified right to privacy; that's not the case in the U.S.) And Duke's technology offices offer privacy-driven guidance and services that point to their ever-growing tech prowess—vulnerability scanning, antivirus and malware protection, password management, data-loss protection, and much more.

But a centralized role like Benton's is relatively new in higher education. Two years ago, when she joined Duke, the privacy-officer role was exclusively HIPAA-focused. Today the role is more comprehensive.

Benton's own trajectory says a lot about her approach to safeguarding individual secrets. She has a law-school and legal-practice background; had the field then existed, she would have concentrated in privacy law. Before that, she was in graduate school intending to earn (though not completing) a Ph.D. in women's studies. Her focus was on how peo-

ple use their bodies as texts—that is, how they choose to present themselves to the world, perhaps through body piercings, and in turn how they're perceived by the world.

Now, of course, people present themselves to the world in ways that they may or may not choose, in ways they may or may not think deeply about, and with potentially profound consequences. Consider a different university's decision to revoke the admission offers of students who, via their Facebook chat group, had posted offensive remarks. That episode illustrates, Benton said, that we have to perceive of ourselves as being, in essence, divided: a physical self and an information self. We've long been accustomed to tending to our physical selves. Now we're learning to be mindful of our information selves—a painful lesson for those rejected students.

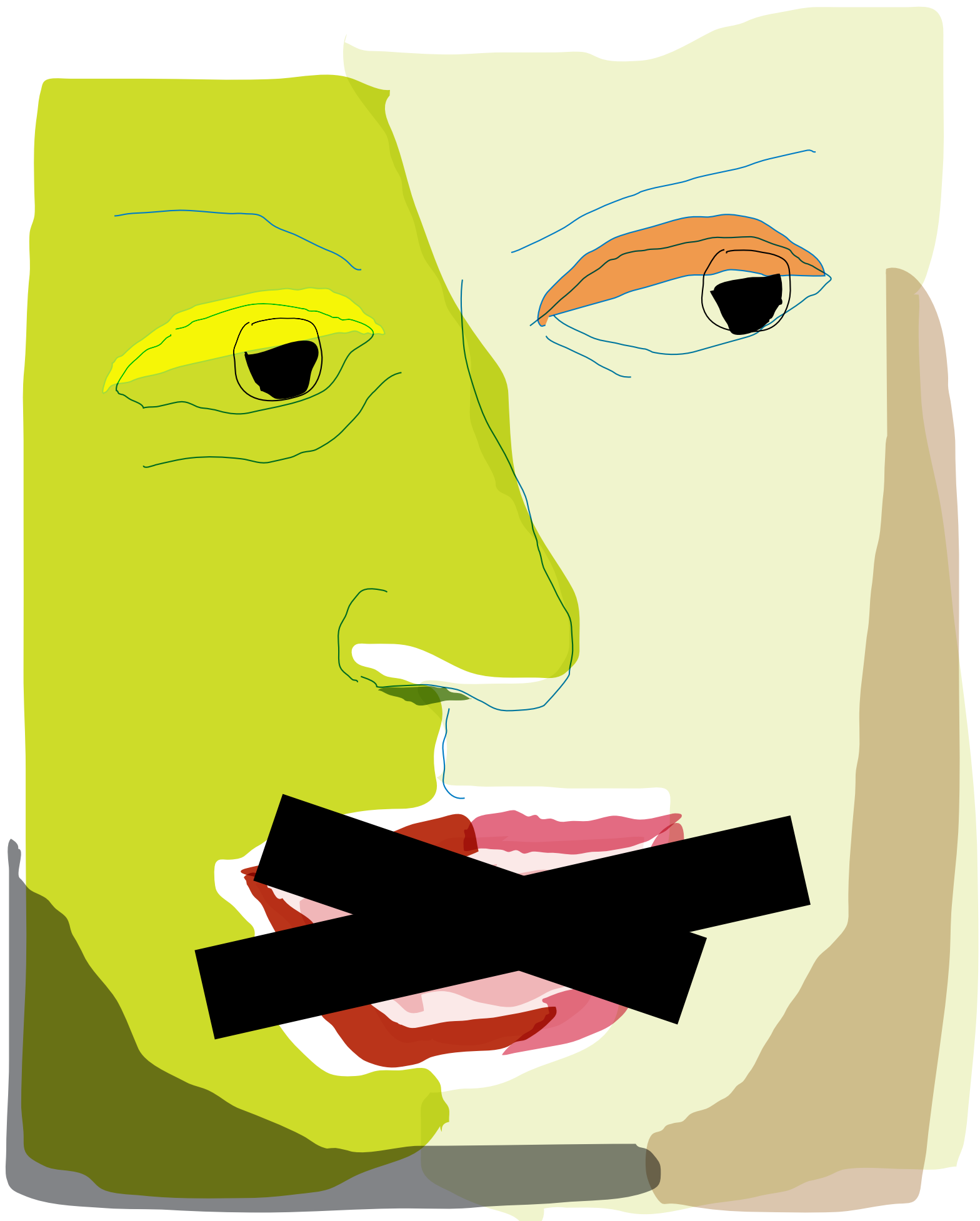
But mindfulness is a process; it's not automatic. Valuing our secrets doesn't necessarily translate into guarding our secrets. As Benton put it, "Privacy doesn't matter until it matters," and not just in the fraught realm of college admissions. She serves up an example of how we regularly make choices to "commodify our own privacy": ordering a burrito on your phone, downloading an app, clicking on a statement that you agree to specified terms and conditions—and so "there goes every aspect of your personal data, but you may do that in a heartbeat, because you're hungry."

A complex place like Duke, she told me, increasingly thinks of the reams of personal information as assets—almost like monetized assets requiring careful stewardship. That means it's important to include privacy protection in any data-gathering effort involving, say, alumni, just as it's a basic step to securely lock files with the identities of clinical-trial subjects.

In a larger sense, it means asking the "what" and "why" questions around the institution: What personal information do we have, and why do we have it? "Remember when college ID cards included Social Security numbers? Well, today we might have a need for Social Security numbers so that, for example, we're not confusing the records for students with the same name. We don't necessarily need the entire number. Let's just keep—and so have responsibility for—protecting what we need to have."

Universities are traditional stewards of knowledge. They're also stewards of an enormous amount of personal information—student, faculty and staff, alumni, patient, research-subject information. In our effortlessly connected world, we can only hope they remain zealously committed to that task of stewardship. ■





Why we tell | By Dan Ariely

One of the interesting things about secrets is that we share them, expecting the people we share them with to not share them further—and then those people do share them further.

So the first question we need to ask is, Why do people share secrets? If they're things we don't want people to know, why do we share them? We don't share all secrets, but what sharing secrets represents is a tradeoff: a tradeoff between social acceptance and the desire to keep our less-than-holy behavior private.

When we behave badly, we feel negatively about it. We are embarrassed, we feel bad, we feel shame, we feel guilty. So we don't want anyone to know what we've done, but at the same time, at some level, we want to be forgiven. We want to be told that this is actually okay, that it's not too bad, that other people behave this way as well. And we can't get this social recognition that this behavior is actually okay, that it's not that bad, if we don't share it with anybody.

Often people think we share to unload a burden. But the reality is that we share secrets because we want to be told that we're actually okay, that this behavior that we're embarrassed about or think badly about is actually not that bad.

So secrets are things that we're embarrassed about, which causes us not to want to share them with other people, but they also make us feel bad, which makes us want to share them with people—as long as those

people will then tell us that our behavior was actually okay. The tradeoff comes when we trade secrecy for the hope of reassurance. That's the first seeming mystery of secrets: why we share them to start with.

The second question is, Those other people we tell the secrets to, why do they betray our confidence and share them further? They actually do that to advance their status in a social hierarchy.

Imagine that we have three people: person A, person B, and person C.

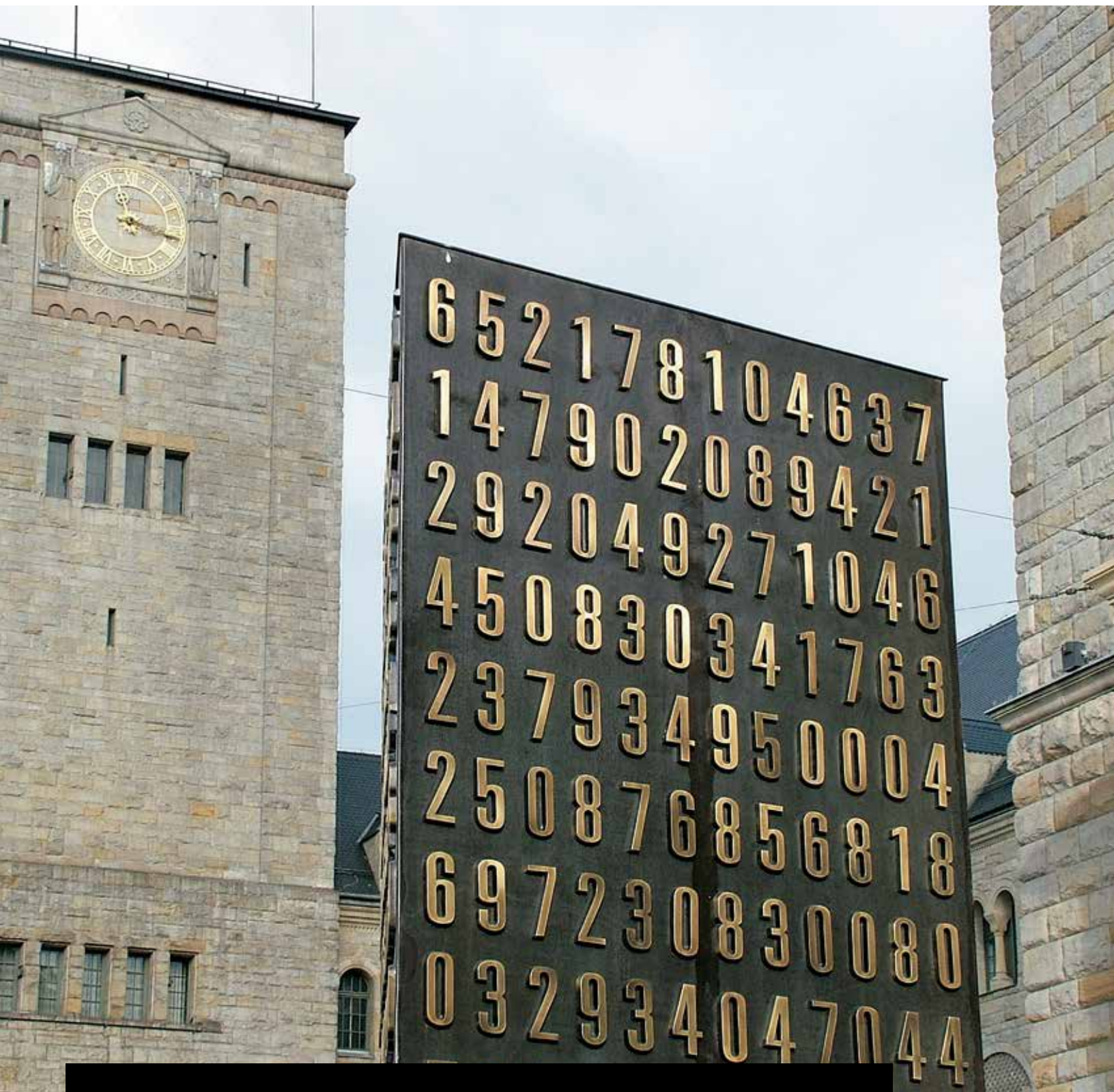
Person A tells a secret to person B, asking them to keep it a secret. Then person B tells it to person C. In that act of violating the promise—saying, “Hey, I have a secret that person A told me, and I promised him not to tell, but I’m telling you”—in that action of revealing a secret, person B is actually saying something to person C. “I know something about person A,” he is saying. “But you, person C, are more important to me than person A, so I’m willing to violate their trust in order for you to get that piece of information.”

We tell secrets for two reasons. First, we tell our personal secrets because we crave reassurance, and in the pursuit of reassurance we share shameful secrets and trust our friends. But second, in the pursuit of improved standing in the social hierarchy, the recipients of our secrets sometimes, maybe too often, betray us.

So the two mysteries of secrets—why we tell them from the beginning, and why the people with whom we share them share them, then share them further on—I hope are slightly more clear.

And now let me tell you a secret. You know what? Maybe not. ■

Ariely Ph.D. '98 is the James B. Duke professor of psychology and behavioral economics, and the founder of the Center for Advanced Hindsight at Duke.



PROGRESS: Center, Poznań monument to Polish cryptologists whose breaking of Germany's Enigma machine ciphers, beginning in 1932, altered the course of World War II

By Ziko, via Wikimedia Commons

Code-making and code-breaking

By Rob Goodman and Jimmy Soni

The hacking of the 2016 American election. The WannaCry ransomware attack on Britain's National Health Service. The penetration of 500 million Yahoo accounts. The story of modern secrets is, in part, the story of the technology that protects them (or fails to). It's the story of encryption, computer science, and cryptology, of the ever-increasing complexity of algorithms designed to shield information from prying eyes—and, seemingly inevitably, of their failure.

These technologies can seem unique to our time and place, modern threats created by modern tech. But they have decades-old origins. And, ironically enough, it was the quest to control the flow of wartime information in the twentieth century that gave rise to the enormous expansion of access to information represented by the modern Internet—and, in turn, to the secrecy-compromising developments that have recently dominated the headlines.

It was during World War II that many of the world's leading minds in mathematics and early computing put their work to the side and signed up to help make and break codes. Wartime presented them with an urgent set of challenges: how to send secure messages across vast oceans, how to decode complex enemy correspondence, and how to do all of that as quickly as possible and with lives in the balance.

One tragic story illustrates the gravity of the work. On the morning of December 7, 1941, George Marshall, the Army's chief of staff, had an important message for his Pacific Command: Japan had determined that it could no longer mediate its differences with the United States through politics. War was likely. But how best to transmit this information? Marshall could have used the trans-Pacific telephone—but this was an insecure system. So he used the slower, but more secure, commercial radio telegraph. The message arrived just *after* the attack on Pearl Harbor was over. The near destruction of the Pacific Fleet was, among much else, a wake-up call to America's code writers.

Cryptology was a software *and* hardware problem. The "software" was language—how to deliver a message so that the recipient, and no one else, could make sense of it? In one famous example of "software," American leaders recruited Navajo Indians to transmit coded messages because their native tongue was complex enough—and unfamiliar enough—to evade detection by the Axis powers. The hardware was some of the most advanced computing of its day—huge, room-sized machines that took ordinary messages and transfigured them into undecipherable sequences of numbers, symbols, spaces, and letters.

Why should this history of top-secret-keeping matter to us today? For one thing, it helps us recognize that our modern struggle of information security has some important historical antecedents. In appreciating that history, we can also come to better understand the early pioneers who did this work and saved lives in the process, names like Alan Turing and Claude Shannon.



MATH MEN: American cryptographers Claude Shannon, left, and Alan Turing

Their stories provide powerful examples of academic mathematicians diving into practical, hard-headed work—work that inspired important contributions to technology and computer engineering. At the same time as they were drafted into cryptography on either side of the Atlantic, Alan Turing and Claude Shannon were writing long theoretical papers about communication, the foundations

of thinking machines, and much else. Turing's work on breaking Germany's Enigma code helped lay the foundations of modern computing. Shannon, for his part, confessed that he didn't particularly enjoy cryptography—but he did it, and conceded that it led to a great "flow of ideas back and forth," between his wartime work and his seminal paper on information theory, which became the intellectual architecture behind the Internet.

The safeguarding of secrets, in other words, wasn't only a vital wartime imperative. In the process of thinking deeply about secrecy, Turing, Shannon, and other early computer scientists inaugurated the Information Age. Thanks to their work, the Internet offers us nearly the sum of human knowledge at the click of a mouse—as well as a not-entirely-secure home for our own secrets. Their legacies remind us that the race between code-making and code-breaking is never done—and that the pursuit of secrecy has long been one of the most powerful drivers of technological progress. ■

Goodman '05 and Soni '07 are the co-authors of two books: Rome's Last Citizen and A Mind at Play: How Claude Shannon Invented the Information Age, published by Simon & Schuster in July.



WALDEN COVE, CONCORD, MASS.

Walden Pond in Kunshan

By Patrick Thomas Morgan

Whenever I tell people that I traveled to Duke Kunshan University to teach a course about Henry David Thoreau and China, I often receive a bemused look and a response that goes something like this: “Thoreau seems so quintessentially *American*. How could you possibly relate him to China, let alone energize twenty-first-century Chinese students to study him?”

Although Thoreau never physically traveled beyond North America, he often sauntered intellectually across the Celestial Empire. He admired, for instance, the practicality of Confucian philosophy. In an 1856 letter, he writes how Confucius “is full of wisdom applied to human relations,—to the private life,—the family,—government, etc.” This admiration was so strong that Thoreau helped introduce Chinese thought to America, selecting passages from Chinese literature for the “Ethnical Scriptures” section of *The Dial*, the major magazine of American Transcendentalism.

Indeed, some scholars even argue that Chinese thought provided Thoreau justification for his two-year experiment living along the shores of Walden Pond. In one of his translations, Thoreau recounts how a Confucian disciple named Tian answers the question: What would you do if you became famous? Tian says that he would travel to the river Y, bathe in its waters, breathe the fresh air of the woods, and return home. Thoreau ends this story by inserting himself into the narrative: “For the most part I too am of the opinion of Tian.” The beginning of *Walden* frames Thoreau’s life using a similar trajectory: He lived in the woods near a body of water before returning as “a sojourner in civilized life again.”

Walden intricately resonates with Chinese history. The year 1949 marks both the Chinese Revolution and a literary milestone: the publication in Shanghai of the first Chinese translation of *Walden*. Thoreau’s words seemed familiar to my students, often leading them to compare him to Chinese poets both ancient and modern. This resonance led the writer Lin Yutang to argue in 1937: “Thoreau is the most Chinese of all American authors in his entire view of life, and being a Chinese, I feel much akin to him in spirit.”

The country’s discovery of Thoreau coincides nicely with the rise of lyrical prose (*sanwen*), a genre that gives voice to personal experience and emotional inflection. Although lyrical prose had been around for centuries in China, it only became the preeminent genre

with the help of the 1917 Vernacular Writing Movement. Imagine growing up in China during the first half of the twentieth century and realizing that this *laowai*—this foreigner—from another continent and a previous century, is no foreigner at all, but decidedly familiar, resonating with the voices of your country’s great writers.

In class, whenever we came across a Confucian quotation in *Walden*, students would excitedly provide the original Chinese words before sharing their own English translations, pointing out, in the process, any faults in Thoreau’s rendering. They often didn’t agree with Thoreau’s version, which makes sense because Thoreau was translating from a French text, meaning his own English translations were two steps removed from the original Chinese. During these translation moments, my students learned what it means to have a voice in the classroom. They often told me that, thus far, their Chinese education had taught them only to be silent in the classroom. It felt as if Thoreau was enkindling in them a new sense of agency and freedom of thought, sharing his keen sense of critique, while radically changing their academic mode of being.

The most compelling way to connect my students with *Walden* was to bring them to Walden Pond. The summer before I left for China, I traveled to Concord, Massachusetts, making a daily trek to the shores of Walden Pond, taking a series of videos replicating the objects and movements-through-space Thoreau describes in his book. I created a digital field-trip course website in which the text of *Walden* is provided with hyperlinks to videos illustrating the areas, objects, and phenomena Thoreau references.

Nothing enlivens students’ sense of the living author more than transporting them—even digitally—to the place where Henry David Thoreau was fully alive. By the end of the course, students had created their own videos called Walden Pond in Kunshan, using passages from Thoreau’s book to describe the Chinese landscape, and leaving us—as a learning community—with the opposite question to the one I so often get from others: How could you possibly *not* relate Thoreau to China? Such a connection between Thoreau and China began in the nineteenth century, with Thoreau helping to introduce Chinese thought to

America; by 1949, Chinese readers were experiencing Thoreau’s *Walden* in its entirety; and now, in the twenty-first-century classroom at Duke Kunshan University, students are revising Thoreau’s words to express their own relation to the land and their country. ■

Morgan specializes in nineteenth-century American literature as an English Ph.D. candidate at Duke. He’s also the editorial assistant for the journal American Literature and taught a course earlier this summer, “The Great American Short Story.”



It's all a bluff | By Andy Frankenger

Two players remained at the 2012 World Series of Poker \$10,000 Pot Limit Hold'em Championship: Phil Ivey, widely regarded as the best poker player in the world, and me, an equity derivatives trading veteran who only recently had become a professional poker player. At stake: a first-place payout of \$446,000 and a World Series of Poker gold bracelet, representing the most prestigious title in the poker world. I was playing for my second bracelet, while Ivey was playing for his ninth, the second most of any poker player in history.

I had just made a semi-bluff into a huge pot, putting Ivey in a difficult decision that would likely determine the tournament winner. He sat twelve feet away, his eyes laser focused on mine. If I showed weakness in any way—an exaggerated swallow, an unnatural blinking pattern, an accelerated pulse in my carotid artery—he'd see right through me.

But I'm not swallowing, my pulse is normal, and when I blink, I blink with purpose and confidence. Ivey is known for his intimidating stare, so I avoid eye contact and focus my stare at the cards in front of me. Can he see right through me—does he know that all I have is King-high? Or is he afraid of the confidence in *my* eyes and believes I have KJ (King/Jack) for the best possible hand—the Broadway straight?

The two most common questions people ask me as a professional poker player are 1) do I count cards? and 2) do I wear sunglasses? The answer to the first question, as any poker player understands, is no—card counting is a blackjack strategy and doesn't really apply to poker. Poker is the ultimate intellectual game, and the type of analytical thinking I do at the poker table is very similar to the type of thinking I did as an equity derivatives trader for fourteen years. Bluffing, posturing, reading your opponents—these all play a part in the game, but at its core, poker requires you to calmly and methodically make timely, calculated decisions in the face of uncertainty and risk. Which brings me to the second question about sunglasses. Yes, I wear them on occasion, but not for the reasons you might think. I don't wear them because I'm trying to hide the strength of my hand or because I'm trying to be tricky. I'll reveal something poker players might not even admit to themselves:

Frankenger '95 is a two-time World Series of Poker Champion, a former World Poker Tour Player of the Year, and a former equity derivatives trader. Follow him on Twitter @AMFrankenger.

Sunglasses are, on the margin, a sign of weakness, not strength.

When I'm playing my best and feeling confident, I want my opponents to see that confidence in my eyes. Confidence is scary at the poker table, and players tend to avoid confrontations with confident, competent players. But what do I do if I'm playing against the best poker player in the world and I'm not feeling particularly confident? This is where sunglasses can help. Early on at the Final table with Ivey, I tried to suppress my jitters by wearing the most opaque sunglasses I could find. The reality that I couldn't see as well with them on was a small price to pay for the benefit of hiding my fear. Once I put on those glasses, I took solace in knowing my opponents couldn't see my eyes, and I could fake my confidence until I found it. One by one, players were eliminated until, at last, I found myself in a poker player's dream scenario, heads up against Phil Ivey, playing for a championship bracelet.

The stadium filled as a record crowd gathered to watch Ivey play for bracelet number nine. Despite the stakes, I felt like I was playing with nothing to lose; there was no shame, after all, in losing to the best poker player in the world, and I was already guaranteed to receive more than \$275,000 for second place. My fear turned to confidence and excitement as I embraced the role of underdog and removed my sunglasses for the heads up battle.

Back to the pivotal hand. Ivey's terrifying stare lasts several minutes. He eventually calls my semi-bluff on the turn. When the final card flips and my King-high does not improve, I fear for the worst. I check and Ivey goes back into his stare. I look straight ahead with as much confidence as I can muster, knowing that if he places even a small bet I will likely have to fold. But Ivey eventually checks back and mucks in disgust when he sees I was bluffing with the best hand!

After this hand (where Ivey must have missed a big draw), I was able to hold on for a victory that no one, not even I, would have predicted. While I wouldn't say the sunglasses were the reason I won, they certainly proved a useful tool (as did their absence during this crucial hand).

Next time you see a poker player at the table wearing sunglasses, don't be intimidated by that stoic facade. See the sunglasses for what they are—a sign of fear. And please don't mention that I told you so. ■

Ivey's terrifying stare lasts several minutes.

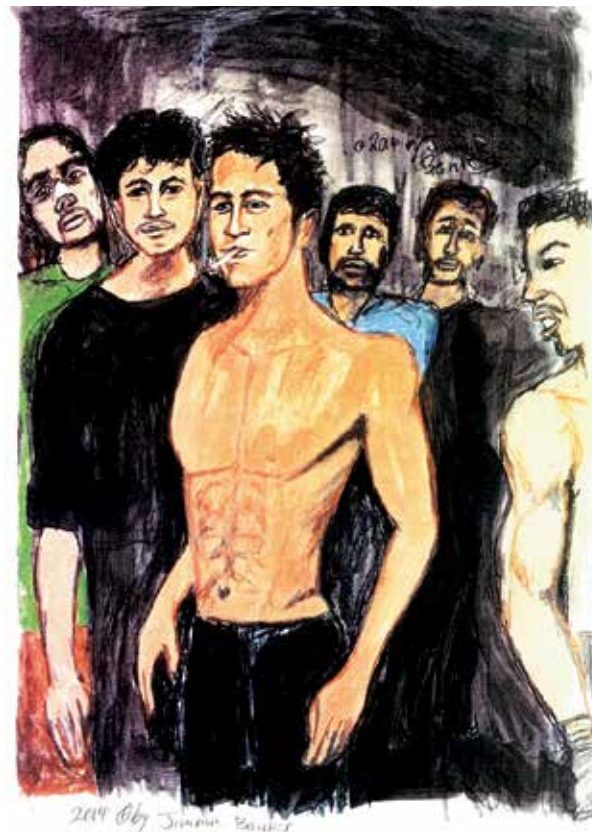
I was playing with nothing to lose; there was no shame, after all, in losing to the best poker

player in the world, and I was already guaranteed to receive more than \$275,000 for second place. My fear turned to confidence and excitement as I embraced the role of underdog and removed my sunglasses for the heads up battle.

as did their absence during this crucial hand).

Next time you see a poker player at the table wearing sunglasses, don't be intimidated by that stoic facade. See the sunglasses for what they are—a sign of fear. And please don't mention that I told you so. ■

HIDDEN PLEASURE: Banks' portraits include, clockwise from top left, former Duke president Richard H. Brodhead and his wife, Cindy; and scenes from the films *Black Belt Jones*, *Fight Club*, and *Sparkle*.

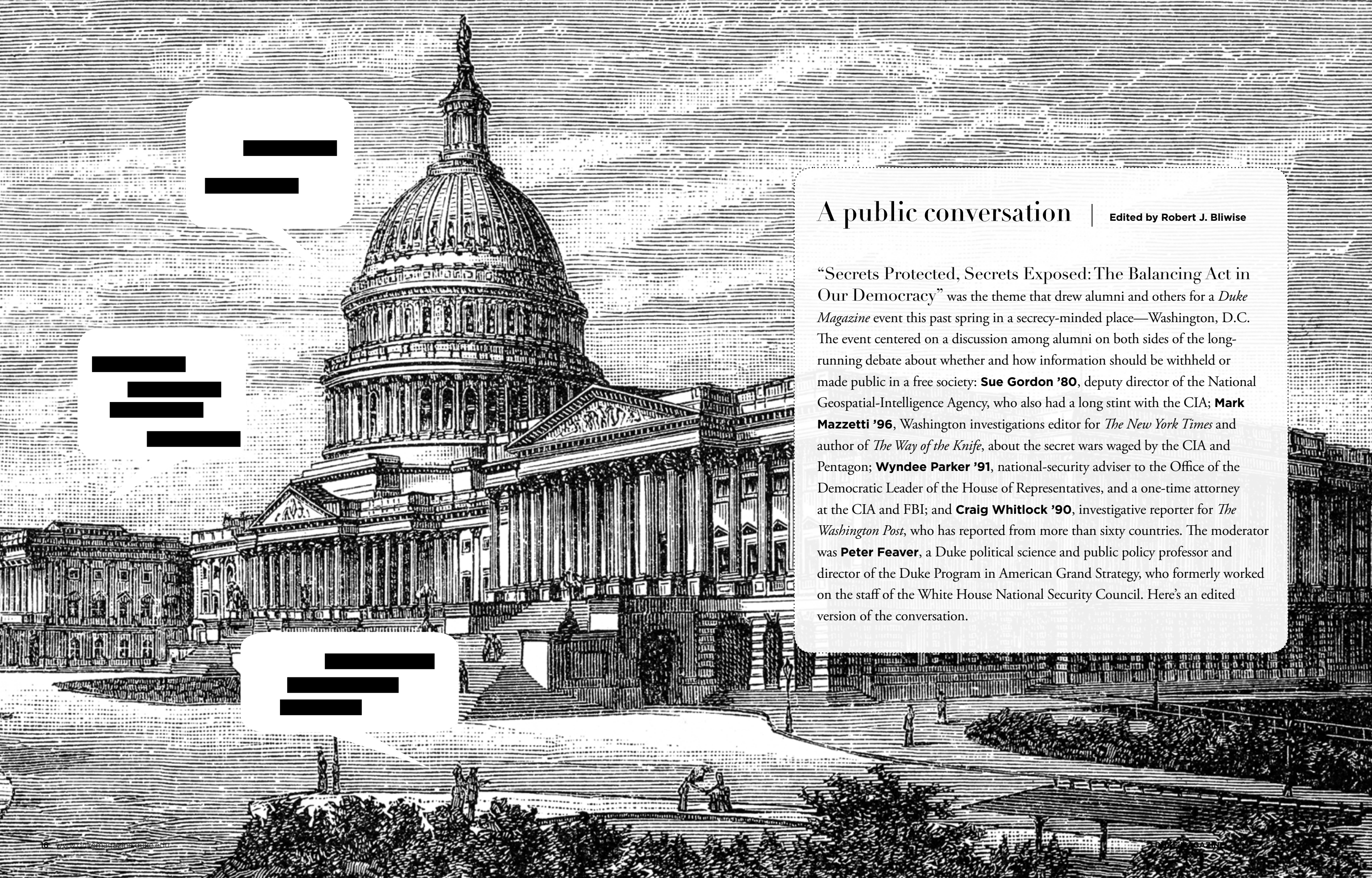


The drawing calls

Jimmie Banks' first job as an electrician at Duke involved changing lightbulbs in the chapel—lowering the chandeliers weekly to replace any that had burned out. It came naturally, since he had spent a few years before that working for a Raleigh company that changed factory light bulbs. He'd been a cook, too, and he'd wired up mobile homes and laid down underground wires and fiber-optic cables. But when he sits in the Bryan Center taking a break and seemingly every third person stops by to chat, nobody's talking about light bulbs or cable or items on his work list. What they like to talk to Banks about is his first and forever love: his art. ■

“Can’t wait to get to break.
Get a little breather.
Get a little rest.
And draw a little picture.”

Jimmie
Electrical



A public conversation

Edited by Robert J. Bliwise

“Secrets Protected, Secrets Exposed: The Balancing Act in Our Democracy” was the theme that drew alumni and others for a *Duke Magazine* event this past spring in a secrecy-minded place—Washington, D.C. The event centered on a discussion among alumni on both sides of the long-running debate about whether and how information should be withheld or made public in a free society: **Sue Gordon ’80**, deputy director of the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency, who also had a long stint with the CIA; **Mark Mazzetti ’96**, Washington investigations editor for *The New York Times* and author of *The Way of the Knife*, about the secret wars waged by the CIA and Pentagon; **Wyndee Parker ’91**, national-security adviser to the Office of the Democratic Leader of the House of Representatives, and a one-time attorney at the CIA and FBI; and **Craig Whitlock ’90**, investigative reporter for *The Washington Post*, who has reported from more than sixty countries. The moderator was **Peter Feaver**, a Duke political science and public policy professor and director of the Duke Program in American Grand Strategy, who formerly worked on the staff of the White House National Security Council. Here’s an edited version of the conversation.

FEAVER: *What is it about this issue that you wish members of the government understood and acknowledged?*

WHITLOCK: One thing is the degree to which journalists—at least those with reputable news organizations—work extremely hard to get our facts straight when it comes to very sensitive stories. We go to extraordinary lengths, before we publish, to seek verification or comment from people in official channels and to put information in the right context, to understand it, to review it, to make sure our understanding of it is correct. And to give the government a chance, if necessary, to make an argument that it should be withheld from public view.

MAZZETTI: I would argue that secret things, classified things, are more central to how the United States conducts itself in the world than it ever has been. I would date that to September 11, 2001.

“Just say he’s somewhere in Southwest Asia.”

FEAVER: *Let me ask the inverse question to our colleagues from the intelligence community.*

GORDON: What is not understood is that intelligence is about advantage. Do you know a little bit more, a little sooner, so that your decision-making is a little bit better? The decision to classify something is not capricious. It isn’t about protecting anyone from embarrassment.

PARKER: When classified information related to sources and methods is disclosed, it can put lives at risk. It can put intelligence-collection platforms at risk, as well. And we have intelligence agreements with other nations. They often demand that we keep information they share with us secret; we do the same thing. So disclosure would harm our relations with a foreign government.

FEAVER: *Let me ask the journalists: What are the criteria by which you say, “The government is right about this.” And what’s the oversight mechanism if you make the judgment to publish incorrectly?*

MAZZETTI: There are different arguments that the government might make for withholding a story or details from a

story, and they’re taken with different levels of seriousness. Maybe the request is, “Don’t publish this story, because lives will be lost, and this specifically is how.” But often, the argument is, “Don’t publish the story because it will be really embarrassing for this country or another country that helps us out on various things.” I’ll bring up the example of the WikiLeaks trove of information, particularly the diplomatic cables. So some ambassador had these thoughts about some country’s leader, and the argument was made that revealing that could complicate our diplomacy. That’s something we listen to. But diplomatic embarrassment or diplomatic complications are below the threshold when it comes to deciding not to publish. At the same time, there were things in those cables that we found ourselves redacting—the names of informants who had come into our embassies.

WHITLOCK: I used to cover the Pentagon. Once I was traveling with Leon Panetta, who was the defense secretary, and as we were flying into Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates, a couple of his staff members came back to the press section of the plane. They said, “Tomorrow we’re going to visit this military base, but you can’t say where it is.” The base was Al Dhafra Air Base, and there’s a big U.S. military presence there. Our reaction was, “The secretary of defense is going there, and we can’t say where in the world he is.” The official line was, “Just say he’s somewhere in Southwest Asia.” The Emiratis didn’t like people knowing we have this giant base there, even though that had been reported on previously. In the end we had to cool our heels in the Emirates Palace Hotel, while Panetta’s remarks to the troops didn’t get any news coverage. We all understand the need to have discussions over very sensitive things. But a lot of the time it doesn’t rise to that level.

FEAVER: *But who holds you guys accountable?*

WHITLOCK: When Mark or I write a story, our name is at the top. And it goes around the world to millions of readers. We’re accountable for it. If I get one comma wrong in that story, I hear about it. We hear about it from readers; we hear about it from the government.

FEAVER: *Is there something to the claim that the government routinely over-classifies information and thus keeps it out of the public eye?*

GORDON: For one thing, there’s more intelligence and more people doing the work of intelligence, and so there’s

more classification. But I want to return to the issue of holding reporters accountable. The one thing I object to is this notion that you’re the adjudicator of what’s important. Do you think that it’s really just a set of discrete events with no larger context? So much intelligence is rooted in relationships, and it’s not just a single event but also a relationship that can be compromised.

FEAVER: *How would you describe the evolution of this issue of secrecy with the past few administrations?*

WHITLOCK: One measurable difference in the Obama administration versus the Bush administration is that the Justice Department under Obama was very aggressive in investigating unauthorized disclosures of information. The Justice Department’s prosecution of government officials talking to reporters escalated quite a bit.

MAZZETTI: With Trump, you see a shift in the language, which is chilling. But as we’ve also seen, they’re having some difficulty keeping secrets.

FEAVER: *Did Obama’s prosecution effort dry up sources? Did it make the job harder?*

WHITLOCK: The electronic trail has become a lot easier to surveil. When I was covering the Pentagon, if I did a story that somebody didn’t like, and they wanted to find out, “Well, who is Whitlock talking to?” it’s very easy to check anything with a .mil e-mail address to see if there is any interaction with my *Washington Post* e-mail address. So on sensitive stories, you have to go outside the official channels. We’re back to knocking on people’s doors. This isn’t necessarily to ask about classified information; it’s just to communicate around basic questions.

GORDON: One of the things we never talk about is what has happened in terms of what the intelligence agencies are doing in terms of transparency. While the secret piece is scintillating, what I see over that time is the amount of government information that is being made available openly—for example, specific measurements around exploration of the Arctic.

PARKER: It gave people inside the intelligence community a lot of heartburn when President Obama decided that he would release all this information related to intelligence interrogations and detentions. And the Obama administration also decided to publicly explain the drone program, including the rationale and the legal justification under international law. It provided a basis for discussion that

members of Congress didn’t necessarily have before. And so I think it was a positive step.

WHITLOCK: Sometimes the pushback is that we’re worried about the cost to our intelligence gathering. But is the overriding purpose to ensure that our intelligence-gathering capabilities are paramount? Is it that the American people should know what their government is up to?

FEAVER: *Does the public have a right to know who’s leaking to The New York Times and The Washington Post?*

WHITLOCK: The public has a right to know insofar as both the *Post* and the *Times* can try to describe the motivation of somebody when they’re speaking anonymously. At the same time, we feel very strongly about protecting sources, because we want to keep channels of information open so that we can report the news. And there’s reason to be worried about retaliation.

FEAVER: *The other space in which secrets exist is in Apple, Google, Facebook, et cetera, that know an extraordinary amount about us. So do you think the public is wrongly worried about government secrets and governments spying on them, when they should be worried about corporations spying on them?*

PARKER: Recently in Congress, there was a measure to rescind privacy protections that the FCC has promulgated related to Internet service providers. That effort to rescind privacy protection caused some real concerns, because it’s through those avenues that we communicate our most sensitive information.

MAZZETTI: Some of this does break down generationally. Younger people generally have an expectation that their information is everywhere.

GORDON: In a way, mistrust of the government is who we are; we’re a revolutionary people—that’s how we started. But the government doesn’t hold most of the data. Increasingly the private sector is going to, and statutes and policies are too slow to govern what they can do with that. What happens when all your genomic information can be known?

WHITLOCK: In the long term, that freaks me out. At least with the government, there are checks and balances. With global corporations, good luck applying those checks and balances. ■

The marvel among us

By Michael Ruhlman

The nefarious ways of the modern-day supermarket apparently are widely known. The journalist Jack Hitt, writing in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* in 1996, detailed numerous tricks grocers use to make us buy food we don't want or need, such as playing slow tempo music and using "cunning" product placement on shelves.

Marion Nestle, a professor of nutrition and food studies at New York University, writing in her book *What to Eat*, notes the "breathtaking amounts of research" that seems to have gone into designing supermarkets. "There are precise reasons why milk is at the back of the store and the center aisles are so long. You are forced to go past thousands of other products on your way to get what you need."

Plug "supermarket design research" into your Internet search field and you will see a *National Geographic* blog titled "Surviving the Sneaky Psychology of Supermarkets," and two from *Business Insider*, "15 Ways Supermarkets Trick You Into Spending More Money" and "A Few More Ways Supermarkets Mess With Your Minds."

"Grocery shopping, start to finish," writes Rebecca Rupp on the *National Geographic* site, "is a cunningly orchestrated process. Every feature of the store—from floor plan and shelf layout to lighting, music, and ladies in aprons offering free sausages on sticks—is designed to lure us in, keep us there, and seduce us into spending money."

They put produce up front because fruits and vegetables, Rupp writes, "makes us feel upbeat and happy," and the vegetables are misted to make them look deceptively dewy and fresh-picked, when, in fact, the water simply speeds rot.

I found these items while researching my latest book, *Grocery: The Buying and Selling of Food in America*, for which I spent a year at small Midwestern supermarket chain (twenty-three stores, \$600 million in sales is considered small) called Heinen's, owned and run by two brothers of that name, grandkids of the founder.

Two things struck me as odd during my reporting. First, none of these journalists, not even the writer for the *Times*, seemed to have asked a grocer for a response or given them a chance to deny the claims or justify their sneaky ways. And two, after more than

You know they put the milk in the back on purpose.

a year hanging around grocers, spending hours in their stores (I even bagged groceries), traveling the country with them, I saw no grocers rubbing their hands with malevolent glee at new ways to trick the customer or mess with their minds.

One grocer even got preemptively mad at me, before I'd even opened my mouth.

"You know what really bugs me?" asked Mark Skogen, head of Festival Foods in Wisconsin, as we toured a group of stores in New Jersey.

"What's that?" I said.

"That silly knock that a grocery store gets over the years. Some knucklehead journalist comes in and says, 'This is how you need to be careful in a grocery store. You know they put the milk in the back on purpose. You've got to go all the way back to get this popular item.' Who says milk is the most purchased?"

"There's no science or trickeration," he said, "other than just a nice easy flow through the store. Our stores are just logical." He concluded: "You want to know why dairy is in back? Because that's the most efficient place to put these huge refrigerated cases."

Jeff Heinen addressed every one of

the ways people commonly assume they are tricking you (misting vegetables keeps them from drying out from all the refrigerated air blowing over them; the managers pick whatever music the employees want; they don't charge slotting fees for prominent placement of goods; they don't rely on scientific studies in stocking shelves; and so on). "The fact is that the customer's drive for ever-lower prices means the retailer does not even have time to overthink all these issues," Heinen told me. "Heinen's carries 40,000 items, and we barely have time to tie our shoes, let alone try to psychologically outsmart our customers."

The real secret of the modern-day supermarket is what a remarkable creation it is. A retail store filled, as never before in its history, with an astonishing array of delicious, nutritious, inexpensive food. Yes, it's filled with crap food that will make you sick over time, if you choose to eat such food. Supermarkets are a marvel, an unprecedented achievement, an astonishing food surplus, all the world's food bounty under one roof, 38,000 of them spread across this country and, for most of us, just a short drive away.

And we scarcely give them a thought, except to ask how is it they're trying to trick us. ■

Ruhlman '85 has written more than twenty books, mostly on topics related to food and cooking, and contributed to publications like The New York Times, The Washington Post, and The Los Angeles Times.



Before/After | By Johanna McCloy

Tokyo, Japan | August 1980

I'm sitting in my bedroom staring at the wall. I feel like I'm in one of those fun houses in an amusement park, where everything seemingly familiar has become strange and unpredictable. Angles and perspectives have shifted. And it's sinking in slowly that this is not a temporary situation. I've entered into a new paradigm, and I can't go back.

We were eating dinner at Peacock restaurant earlier tonight when Daddy announced that he had something really important to tell me, and that I couldn't tell ANYBODY. He's never looked so intense. His tone scared me. When we got home, he went upstairs and said he'd call for me. I sat in the silent living room. After a minute, I picked up the phone. "It's Johanna," I whispered to a friend. "My dad's acting really strange. He's scaring me. He told me that—"

"GET OFF THE PHONE!" Daddy screamed from the top of the stairs. "NOW!"

"Gotta go," I rattled, and hung up, my body shaking.

"Don't call ANYBODY!"

"Okay! OKAY!" I shouted back, crying now.

I sat in the dark, aware that my life was about to change.

"Okay, come up."

I entered their bedroom and he was sitting on the bed, wearing his Japanese robe, holding a cocktail, lighting a cigarette. I sat at the end of the bed.

"What do I do for a living?" he started.

"You're a businessman," I answered.

"Yes. I am. But I have another job. I work undercover for the CIA."

What? My eyes bugged out of my head. "You're a SPY?!" He nodded, trying to hold back a smile. "OHMYGOD. You're like James Bond?" I shot up with excitement. "You mean you wear black and sneak into other people's houses?"

He laughed out loud. "Hardly," he said.

He said he thought I was mature enough to be told now, even though I am just fifteen. He said John and Kristin were told when they were sixteen. Then, he told me about his work and his other existence. He even elaborated on some family memories, filling in blanks I never knew existed. We talked for a couple of hours.

It felt like Daddy had just told me I was adopted.

"What should I say when people ask me what you do?" I asked.

"Be yourself and say what you always have. You won't be lying. It's still true. I *am* a businessman. I have two jobs." I nodded, uncertain. "Don't worry," he said, hugging me. "Everything will be the same."

Nojiri, Japan | November 1980

"So, Johanna, what does your father do again?"

My heart skips a beat as I reply with my mundane answer: "He's a businessman."

I'm sitting at the dinner table in a small mountain cabin, hours from Tokyo, spending Thanksgiving weekend with the missionary family of one of my best friends.

"What exactly does he do here in Japan?"

His eyes are fixed on me. He seems to be confirming a rumor I hadn't believed. He is against American spies in this country. He wants them out.

"He's a buyer," I say, as I accept the passing plate of green beans. (Answer like you always have, I hear Daddy saying. Be the person you were before August, I tell myself.)

I pass the plate along to my friend, who knows nothing. I accept the next plate, grateful for this distraction.

"Hmmm, so he has to live in Japan for his job?" His gaze remains fixed. He is perfectly still amid the plate maneuvering. I nod my head and try to keep my expression innocent. He lingers for a few more seconds. Then, he turns to take a plate.

The once-warm cabin has become cold, and I can't eat. I want to go home. I feel like a hostage. I count the hours to tell Daddy.

I've acted in school plays, but this may be the acting job of my lifetime.

Everything is *not* the same.

McCloy '86 is a freelance writer/editor, SAG-AFTRA actor, and director of Veggie Happy. She recently edited her mother's memoir, Six Car Lengths Behind an Elephant: Undercover & Overwhelmed as a CIA Wife and Mother.



Getty Images

Unspoiled territory | By Nina Wilder

No,” rattled Darth Vader, the word squeezed between two sharp exhales of breath. “I am your father.” The line signaled the climax that *The Empire Strikes Back* had been building to, perhaps the most shocking twist of the original Star Wars trilogy—that Luke Skywalker was, in fact, the son of the Sith Lord he intended to defeat.

I was thirteen, a latecomer to the beloved sci-fi series, and it was my first time watching the film. As one of my first forays into critically acclaimed cinema, I had high hopes for the experience I thought *The Empire Strikes Back* would give me. But when Darth Vader said those revealing words, my jaw didn’t go slack, I emitted no gasps, and my heart barely skipped a beat. It was more of an *aha* moment than anything else. The plot twist that shocked moviegoers in 1980 had little effect on me, primarily because of the ubiquity of pop-culture references and the growing prevalence of “spoiler culture.”

Years later, as I consider my reaction to that moment in *The Empire Strikes Back*—and “spoiler culture” at large—through a more mature lens, I am somewhat conflicted. It’s a divisive topic, causing rifts across timelines and comment threads. It seems nearly impossible to avoid spoilers and plot twists in the technological era, unless I can muster the strength to avoid reading my Twitter timeline and preferred arts publications whenever a much-anticipated film is released.

That, however, raises a question: Do spoilers inherently devalue a film? Lately, I’ve become less sure. The word itself—*spoiler*—indicates something rotten, ruined, or tainted; it implies that a film is unenjoyable because a facet of its plot is known to the viewer. The dilemma consequently is

predicated on the idea that plot and storylines are the central driving forces behind movies, and that films don’t exist with greater detail and context.

I remember watching *American Beauty* for the first time. It begins with what is essentially a spoiler—the protagonist, a man named Lester Burnham, announces in the opening voiceover, “In less than a year I will be dead.” But the main character’s aforementioned death isn’t the most significant part of the film; it’s his journey to that point that matters, the beautiful visuals and asides that occur along the way. Excellent storytelling is not accomplished purely through climaxes or twists, and the brilliance of cinema occurs in its emotional provocation, its incisive direction and editing and scoring. If knowing the ending of a movie sours the entire movie-watching experience, it probably wasn’t that impressive a film in the first place.

Still, mainstream filmmaking has conditioned me to value narrative above all else, fostering the anti-spoiler madness that has turned social-media timelines into war zones. It’s why as a film critic I’ve become hyper-aware of the plot details that I disclose within a review, limiting my talking points so that I can appeal to the broadest audience possible. The spoiler-avoidance tactics are understandable—a plot point or twist that genuinely blindsides you is delightful, a feeling that can truly only be experienced once. But perhaps the full-blown hysteria is unwarranted. While keeping storylines secret is ideal, it wasn’t the end of the world that I knew Darth Vader was Luke Skywalker’s father before I actually watched *The Empire Strikes Back*. I still found the film incredibly enjoyable. If anything, it proved that films are gratifying regardless of any plot-related knowledge I might possess beforehand. So I think I’ll return to Twitter un-

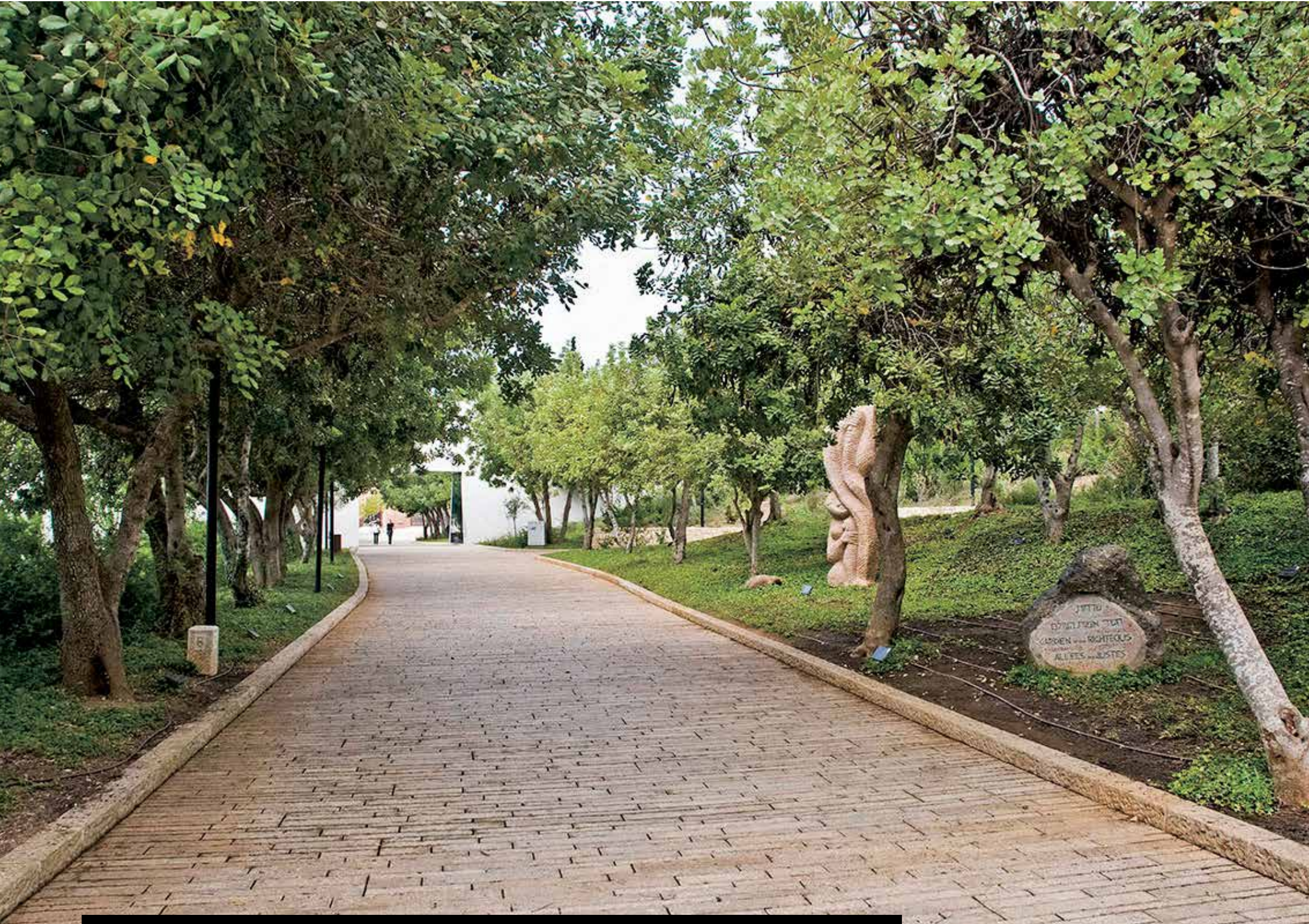
afraid of any spoilers I may meet. They might be inconsequential after all. ■

Wilder is a rising sophomore and the current managing editor for the Recession section of The Chronicle.

“I am your [REDACTED]”



Getty Images



IN REMEMBRANCE: A path along a Jerusalem hillside leads to Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust memorial.

A dangerous game | By Peter Hellman

Early in my days as a freelance journalist, I was on the lookout for a book subject themed to some sort of big human drama. I found that theme one morning on a path along a rosemary-scented Jerusalem hillside—the site of Israel's Holocaust memorial, Yad Vashem. The path was flanked by orderly rows of carob trees, their branches hung with long brown pods, the very kind, probably, that had sustained John the Baptist in the wilderness. At the gnarly base of each tree was a small plaque inscribed with the name of Christians who had rescued Jews from their hunters in Nazi-occupied Europe. After careful vetting, nominees whose motive was found to be pure were given the formal title of Righteous Among the Nations. Here would be my subject, I thought: Each of those trees represented a life-or-death human drama waiting to be told.

Seven years passed before a publisher signed up that book. Researching in half a dozen European countries, I met aging rescuers who once risked their lives to spoil the deadly hunt. I also met the rescued and sometimes their children, on whom the shadow of what once befell their parents could be disturbingly strong. Circumstances and personalities of the heroes varied widely. But there was one constant in all their rescue efforts: The hiding places they provided to the hunted had to be kept secret, come what may. If the secret was revealed, whether on purpose or by accident, the game was up. Next stop: Auschwitz.

In Ghent, Belgium's second-largest city, I met a Polish-born couple, Abram and Tanya Lipski. Under German occupation in autumn 1942, they were just trying to stay alive and protect their three-year-old son, Raphael. As the Gestapo took away other Jewish families, the Lipskis made the decision to go into hiding. But who would take them in? The couple had



many non-Jewish friends, but all backed away from providing more than short-term shelter.

Then Tanya had an idea: Might the family of their cleaning lady, Hermine Van Assche, be willing to shelter the couple until the Germans were gone? Before dawn one October morning, Abram bicycled to the poor neighborhood where Van Assche and her husband shared a small house with his sister and her husband, Pieter Henry, who was the decision-maker. Pieter did not hesitate. “It will be an honor to have you with us for as long as you need,” he said.

That night, upon Pieter’s insistence, the fugitive couple slept in the master bedroom. In the morning, Abram set about to create a long-term hiding place in the unused attic. He blacked out two large windows and set up a bell system that could be rung by the families below: One bell meant come downstairs for a meal. Two bells meant come down, but only if you feel like it. Three bells meant danger.

The Lipskis were now hidden. But what about Raffi, as everyone called this strikingly beautiful child with a head full of blond curls? Friends were temporarily car-

GOOD PEOPLE: In 1973, Yad Vashem recognized Ceril Van Asshe and Hermine Van de Zande-Stubbe (formerly Hermine Van Asshe), and Pieter Henry and Zulma Henry-Van Assche as Righteous Among the Nations.

ing for him. But joining his parents in the attic would be foolhardy. A three-year-old could not be expected to keep silent if three bells rung. What to do with a rambunctious little boy? Once again, Tanya proposed an unlikely potential rescuer: a single woman named Henriette Chaumat, mistress of a local doctor. Severe in manner, resolutely unmarried, she seemed to have no maternal instincts. Yet she unhesitatingly agreed to take charge of Raffi.

Madame Chaumat trained her charge to self-identify by a new name: Nicholas Loubet. The boy resisted at first, but “Tati” (as he had to call her), kept drilling it in to him: “Nick, Nick, Nick....”

Finally, the boy answered to his new name. Madame Chaumat was confident that he had forgotten his original identity. Then one December night, she heard the boy talking in bed to his teddy bear: “I’m going to tell you a secret just for us, Teddy. Everybody thinks my name

is Nicholas Loubet. Well, it’s not. My name is the same as my Papa’s. But if anyone finds out, we will both be punished. And do you know how? Like *this*!” Peeking in, Madame Chaumat watched a light spanking being administered to Teddy. And the boy said, “Remember, Teddy, you are the only one who knows the secret and you must never, never, tell anyone else.”

The boy spent the winter always cooped up in the apartment, lest he be recognized on the street. Spring came, and they moved to Astene, a village on the outskirts of Ghent. There, the boy could at last play in a park. By unlucky chance, two sisters from the old neighborhood, walking in the park, recognized the boy. “Raffi,” they called out, “what are you doing here?”

“You are mistaken,” Madame Chaumat told the women. “This boy is Nicholas Loubet.”

“No, this is Raffi Lipski from Ghent, son of the engineer. Who would not know him?”

Madame Chaumat hustled the boy away, wondering if the women would inform the Gestapo of the child they knew to be Jewish. They could be rewarded for doing that.

Madame Chaumat and the child returned at once from Astene to her apartment in Ghent. That night, the Lipskis, carrying fake identity cards, slipped in. The boy was presumably asleep. But as the adults pondered how to handle this new threat, he suddenly appeared, carrying Teddy. It had been almost a year since the couple had seen their son.

“Bonjour, Monsieur Theophile and Madame Elza,” he said. Those were the names of the couple that Tati had told him they were returning to Ghent to meet.

“Come here, Nick,” said Tati.

“Remember, Teddy, you are the only one who knows the secret and you must never, never, tell anyone else.”

“Give your hand to Madame Elza.” The boy extended his hand.

“Now tell me the truth, Nick. Do you think Madame Elza looks like your mother?”

“She is not so beautiful as my mother.”

“What about Monsieur Theophile?”

“My father, he was much more handsome than Monsieur Theophile. And much bigger!”

“Can you tell them what happened to your parents?”

“My mommy and daddy are dead. They were killed in the war. Now they are buried in the ground. But their souls have gone to heaven.”

The Lipskis sat as if frozen. Madame Chaumat, satisfied with how well she had trained her charge, sent him back to bed. It was decided that

the two women could be trusted not to inform on Raffi. In the morning, Madame Chaumat took him back to Astene.

Ghent was liberated in September 1944. The parents raced off on a tandem bike to the village. They found the boy amidst a gaggle of other children playing on a British tank. Now five, he had been away from his parents for more than a third of his life. Yet, as he ran toward them, he shouted, “Papa. Maman.” And he hugged and kissed them as before.

Thirty-two years later, I asked Abram whether, when their son claimed not to know his parents that night in Ghent, he knew the truth or not. “We didn’t know the answer then, and we don’t know now,” Abram said. “I can only say that *il a joué le jeu*. He played the game.”

By then, Raffi, a married father of three sons, no longer remembered what transpired in his head in those years with “Tati.” All that mattered was that a secret—perhaps even one secret locked in another—saved his life. ■

Hellman '64 is an author and freelance writer in New York. His writing career began when, as a junior, he won the Anne Flexner Memorial Award for creative writing. His latest book is

In Vino Duplicitas: The Rise and Fall of a Wine Forger Extraordinaire.

The ways of plants and soil | By Saskia Cornes

I study farming and gardening manuals from Renaissance England. These books provide an unusual perspective on the ways that men—often working men—and sometimes women perceived the non-human world. Their understanding of the boundaries between self and environment tended to be much more porous than ours: Plants and people existed along a readily discernible continuum. The phase of the moon, for example, might affect a farmer's mood but also the mood and behavior of livestock, as well as the growth of crops.

For many in the Renaissance, all the known universe was contained in the Bible; the world was a “Book of Nature,” a secret text to be read to reveal God's word. Imagine then, the shock of discovering a secret within a secret, a set of worlds within the world you knew: worlds of the Americas, with people and animals and plants undescribed by any saint or sinner.

England's first colonists landed in North Carolina during the Renaissance, and plant prospectors and botanists were not far behind. The John Tradescants, a father and son who gardened their way from obscurity into a royal household, gained celebrity in the seventeenth century by bringing back plants from North Carolina's coastal plains. Theirs and other Renaissance gardens and gardening treatises trace early attempts at unraveling the wonders of far-flung new crops—the mysterious habits of the potato; the perfumed allure of tobacco; the doubtful accounts of the goose tree, which grew geese, or the vegetable lamb, a plant that grew a single sheep, attached to the plant by an umbilical cord of sorts. When the lamb had nibbled all the vegetation within reach of its vegetal leash, it and the plant it came from both died.

While these conceptions of the world now seem outlandish, in many respects the ways of plants are today just as mysterious. Left to our own devices, many of us couldn't tell broccoli from a goose tree. A mentor once told me that we know more about the surface of the moon than we do about common garden soil. Dirt—soil reduced to an inert substrate by our collective industrial imagination—is a myth just as potent and as untrue as any vegetable lamb. With our own similarly limited vision, we create what we see: agricultural

systems that plunder the soil's resources even as they deny its vitality, its communities, and the irreplaceable role healthy soil plays in our survival.

Soil remains, even to twenty-first-century science, a vital and beautiful mystery. An incredibly rich ecology in its own right, a teaspoon full of healthy farm soil is estimated to contain more than a billion organisms—bacteria, fungi, protozoa, nematodes, and others yet to be discovered. All of their interactions, the specialized niches each must fill, the millennia upon millennia that they've had to evolve these complex systems—it's almost unfathomable. No wonder we know more about the moon!

An inch of healthy topsoil takes roughly five hundred years to form.

EARTHY: Right, Saskia Cornes hauls some okra.

our species as a geological force. Part of this is understanding that there is no longer an “outside” or an “away,” a place on the planet where we can escape our own influence on the planet's systems. My work gives me a means to practice living with this inextricability, to see the possibilities it opens up for empathy, restoration, and repair, and to reconsider, in a new era of environmental upheaval, the porousness between self and world. Some secrets are better, more delicious, in the sharing. ■

Cornes is farm and program manager at Duke Campus Farm and assistant professor of the practice at the Franklin Humanities Institute.



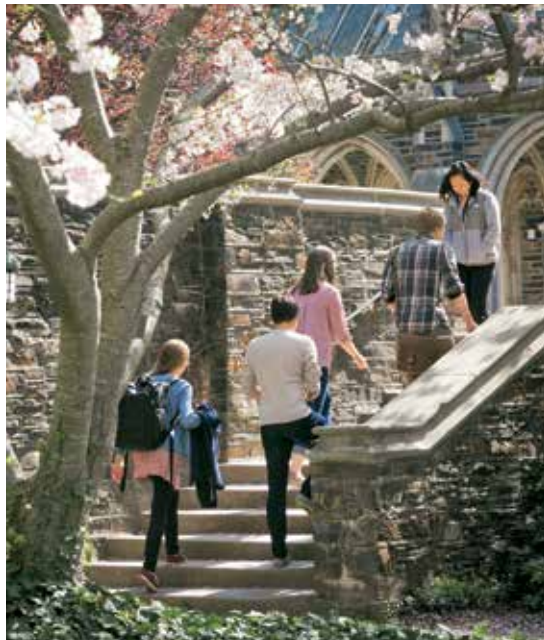
Tour of Secrets

By Scott Huler

Some secrets are things you don't see. At the door of McClendon Tower on Keohane Quad briefly hung **two gargoyles**—stone caricatures of alumni and donors Aubrey '81 and Katie '80 McClendon. With big heads and tiny bodies, the stone caricatures looked a bit like bobbleheads and did not have the desired effect, and at the McClendons' request they came down. Where they are now is anybody's guess.

Also, just so you know, to be a gargoyle you technically have to function as the end of a gutter, so the carvings you see on West Campus are actually called **grotesques**.

Duke has no shortage of entertaining gargoyles, but one set offers students the simplest advice: **See no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil**. In a foyer at House X on Craven Quad sit three gargoyles: One covers its eyes, one its ears, and one its mouth. In another set, one shows a snake and another an apple, and the final gargoyle points to his mind. What's he trying not to think? It's a secret.



Chapel Stairs A charming bit of Duke apocrypha accuses the builders in 1924 of using a special, quick-eroding stone so the stairways on campus would quickly achieve that centuries-of-shuffling-feet, weathered Canterbury Cathedral look. Nope. That would take too long: Builders actually used grinding equipment to scoop out a pattern of “wear” in the limestone stairs, as though patient Duke students have been climbing them since 1472. Look for the scoops on the stairs southwest of the chapel. They even follow a natural progression, from one rail to another. Elsewhere on campus the “worn” spots have been replaced with granite, possibly because of safety concerns.



Somewhere in the chapel choir, an alumnus from the 1930s who sang there asserted, a **cleverly carved church mouse** peers out at its opulent surroundings. Well, maybe. If it's there it has kept its defenses up, because nobody can find it these days. In fact, in response to the inability to find that mouse, a second story has emerged—that someone, to fulfill the first story, has carved and hidden a wooden mouse somewhere in the choir. So either the choir is infested with possibly apocryphal, carved wooden mice or there's nothing to see here at all.



In the stained glass throughout the building you'll find plenty of devils (it's the Bible!), most of them green. But in the choir, on the panel describing the story of Joshua, you'll find an actual **blue devil**.

Inside the chapel are plenty of carved visitors—lots of people with middle names like “the” (sample last names: Great, Baptist, Less) and “of” (Assisi, Hippo). On the outside, why, yes, that IS **Robert E. Lee** at the right of the main portal. And yes, that belt buckle does look odd: The sculptor had to scratch out a mistake. The initials “U.S.” were unlikely to have been worn by a Confederate general.



Duke University Archives

Also in the chapel, in an unused room originally designed to be a museum of Duke memorabilia, are the **original cornerstones** of buildings from Trinity College in its Randolph County and Durham iterations. The museum never caught on, but the cornerstones remain.

Cornerstones. Plural—as in, two of them. Because the cornerstone cut for the 1928 ceremony at West Union (now the Brodhead Center) turned out to be too big for its space. Workers cut a new cornerstone for that spot and later placed the original cornerstone, containing commemorative artifacts and documents, in the tower for the library building.



In the Kilgo Tower hangs an extra bell not connected to the famous chapel carillon: the Friars' Bell, also called the **Charley Bell**. Belonging to the Red Friars, Duke's onetime secret society, it was purchased by Furman McLarty '27, Red Friar and then-Duke professor of philosophy, while he was on a Rhodes Scholarship. It took up residence in Kilgo in 1950 and used to be rung when new members were “tapped.” It's sometimes called the Charley Bell because some believe it might have come from Cherley Myncherrey, the Benedictine Priory of Littlemore in Oxfordshire, England, that dates from the twelfth century. It thus may be one of the oldest bells in the New World. (A 2009 renovation cast doubt on that origin story; it's definitely English and old, but as an untuned bell it definitely wasn't part of a priory carillon.) Now it's mostly silent, though it can be rung (by remote control, and even who holds the remotes is shrouded in secrecy).



The Red Friars, by the way, told their last secret in 1971; the White Duchy, the distaff secret society, politely withdrew three years before that. Current secret societies might or might not include the Trident Society and the Old Trinity Club, which seems to involve parades in sunglasses and robes. Making fun of secret clubs is old news, though: The Order of the Chair used to initiate its members on a toilet in front of the chapel and undertake absolutely no other activities.



Chimneys. Fake. Totally fake. Every single one. All those lovely concrete or brick chimneys that balance the rooftop compositions of West Campus? They exist solely for looks. If that surprises you, try to remember those halcyon moments, warming yourself before the cheery fires in the buildings of...oh, wait. You see? They succeeded, though—Aldous Huxley called West Campus “the most successful essay in neo-Gothic that I know.”

At the Duke Reclamation pond, **reused wood** from trees cut down to make way for the pond have found new work as part of the decking and pavilion on the pond's pier.



Yes, the **Bryan Center** is supposed to look like that. And no, it wasn't built to withstand potential student rioting—that's a persistent rumor that bloomed on campuses all over the country to explain why similarly designed brutalist buildings look like that. Architects, and their clients, apparently, just liked the look.



East of Wallace Wade Stadium sits a little piece of private property surrounded by a low wall: the **Rigsbee graveyard**. The Rigsbees owned the land that the stadium sits on until they sold it to Duke in 1925. They still own that little quarter of an acre.



Extra space above **Card Gym** used to house not only visiting players from nonrevenue sports teams but also beloved trainer Max Crowder, who lived there for years.



At the brand new Wellness Center, wood for paneling used throughout the building's three-story atrium came directly from **trees felled from Anderson Woods** to make way for the building. Three benches inside are fashioned from, and still look like, tree trunks.



Also outside Wallace Wade grow **rose bushes**, remaining from Duke's hosting of the Rose Bowl on Jan. 1, 1942, when after the bombing of Pearl Harbor the West Coast was deemed too dangerous. The Blue Devils lost to Oregon State, but hey, we've still got the flowers.



The **Roney Fountain** with its recognizable crane squirting water, now stands at almost the direct center of the Sarah P. Duke Gardens. Installed in 1897, it used to stand on East Campus in front of the Washington Duke building. The building was destroyed by fire in 1911, and though the fountain survived, over the years it moldered and in 2011, it was re-created at its new home. What you didn't know is that the crane now points directly at its old East Campus home. Mind you, that's directly: Workers installing it used GPS to point it.



The Gardens turn out to lie directly on the **36th parallel**. You can find a circular stone disk marking the spot—in, naturally, the Blomquist Garden of Native Plants.



The **"Mill Village"** of Central Campus—a convenience store, a restaurant, and other services—has its origin in a grouping of buildings at exactly that spot in the actual mill village that once stood there. Homes that once housed workers for Erwin Cotton Mills came down to make way for the Central Campus apartments. Larger buildings, one of which was a general store, were used for storage until a 2010 project that put the new buildings in the same spot—with much the same purpose.



Next to the Arts Annex, looking like a nest of hungry baby birds, is a flock of enormous **satellite dishes**. Once the core of Duke's satellite communications, the dishes have been replaced but are too expensive and bothersome to take down. A similar dish sits atop the Duke Carpentry Shop, even after renovation; taking it down was too costly.



In the kitchen of Giles residence hall on East Campus is a handmade **wooden table** and two long benches. All are made from the wood of a century-old oak that once stood in front of the Allen Building on West Campus.



The Sower statue on East Campus has had various legends associated with it—if you left coins in his hands, you could get a good grade on a test or a kiss from your sweetheart. No comment, though now it also sometimes finds itself wearing a hat or a tie. Job interview? The nearby statue of Washington Duke also supposedly stood up when passed by a woman of virtue. Also no comment.



In Bell Tower residence hall hangs the "original" **Trinity bell**—though actually it's the third original bell. The first, cast in 1879, couldn't find a home when the college moved to Durham in 1891. It hung around in storage until Duke sent it back to the Randolph County community where Trinity College was founded (it's in a gazebo there now). The second bell, made for the original Trinity main building in Durham, was destroyed when that building burned in 1911. The third "original" Trinity College bell hung on a wooden frame until 1933, when it received a new steel tower. It moved to Bell Tower and gave the dorm its name in 2006. ■

Gardens Central East



Who do you think you see? | By Sarah E. Gaither

This is the question that has often been asked about me at different parties and social functions across my entire life: “Guess what race she is? I bet you will never guess!” As if my “secret racial identity” is some sort of fun party game.

It’s not that I am racially ambiguous in appearance (although in Spain people thought I was Spanish, and in Southern California people assumed I was Jewish, Persian, or part Mexican; elsewhere I’ve been asked whether I’m Italian—none of which is my actual background). This constant guessing game to which I am subjected arises because my appearance does not meet the average person’s expectations for what a biracial or half-black person should look like.

I do not hide this identity, at least not intentionally. However, I physically appear white despite the fact that I am a fourth-generation descendent of a slave. I have a black father and a white mother but my skin tone, hair style and texture, and features seem to mask my black identity, creating an unintentional secret of sorts. I am wearing one perceived identity the world sees, but internally I am living a different one. It is this identity conflict—and coexistence—that has pushed me to be more accepting of others.

Often, when I find myself in a new social environment, I have to choose when (or whether) to disclose my true racial identity. We all hold identities that are not immediately obvious to the world. When is it worth it to disclose one’s secret identity? When do you decide to simply ignore that identity? And how does that identity denial in those instances affect your sense of self and affect that secret? Is something you know to be true and something you have

Gaither is an assistant professor in the department of psychology and neuroscience and the principal investigator of the Duke Identity and Diversity Lab.

told people over and over again still even considered a secret anyway?

These questions—and this constant act of choosing whether to expose my racial identity—have pushed me to study biracial identity, identity flexibility, racial categorizations, and what social expectations we bring to the table every time we meet someone new. We have these default perceptions of categorizing people in either/or fashions. But what about people who have multiple identities that coexist in the same social sphere, such as someone who is biracial, bicultural, or bisexual?

And what about people who look like one identity but actually have another identity inside that wants to be present and visible to the world? My experience is clearly not unique, since there are many like me who have an identity inside that is yearning to come out. But the constant proof I have to carry (literally; I keep a family photo in my wallet) about my identity I have learned to use now as fuel for my research and for the students I mentor. I know now my “secret identity” can break down stereotypes and change those expectations of what it means to be biracial and what biracial can look like. We should not think as fixedly as we do about social categories, since we all belong to multiple identities and groups.

I feel that if I do not reveal my true racial identity, I would be doing a disservice to others like me who may not feel as confident in revealing that secret self. My identity is not in fact a secret. I am now a professor studying this identity for a living. I am biracial and black and white, and this is my known secret. ■

In Reynolds' house

By Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor

We got to know Reynolds Price around the time he published *Kate Vaiden*, his award-winning novel told from the point of view of a fifty-seven-year-old woman as she recuperates from cancer surgery and seeks to make peace with the secrets and imperatives of her life. That was in 1986, not long after Reynolds suffered his own bout with cancer and, because of the necessary treatments, became paralyzed. Though his collecting began much earlier, it was after Reynolds was confined to a wheelchair that his home gradually filled wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling with art and objects, books, and photographs that he loved. Over the next twenty-five years, as we became closer to Reynolds and visited him often at his home, we marveled at his exuberant spirit and stunning literary output. We also watched him create a salon-like refuge in which every wall, bookshelf, and piece of furniture conveyed his passions and preoccupations, paid homage to his influences, and illuminated his interior life.

Though Reynolds had millions of readers around the world, only those who visited him at his Durham home knew about the distinctive visual world he created there. Fewer still knew how his collections influenced his writing. Reynolds said that, for him, writing began with a visual experience. Each short story, novel, play, or poem started with a single scene—a brief, imagined film clip unspooling through

INSPIRATION: Classical busts, religious symbols, pop-culture icons, chubby cherubs, and ethnic crafts all had a place in Reynolds Price's home.





projector light and developing into a story on the screen of his brain. That unfolding scene often began years before he started to write, with an object or image Reynolds was drawn to and had collected and carefully placed in his home.

Figuratively speaking, entering his house was a lot like opening one of his books, dense with characters, history, and meaning. The house, with his eclectic and expansive collection, was the private story behind the stories.

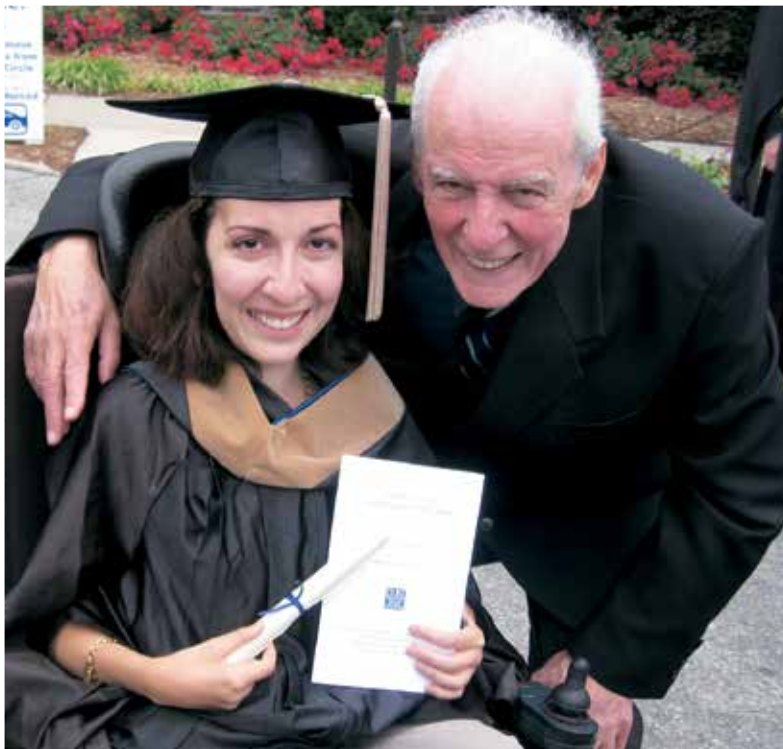
Shortly after Reynolds died in 2011, Alex was asked by the Price family and the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book & Manuscript Library at Duke to document Reynolds' home and the artwork there as a living collection before it was disassembled. Those photographs are now housed in the Archive of Documentary Arts at the Rubenstein Library. A selection of the photographs of Reynolds Price's home is published here for the first time. ■

Reynolds Price '55 (1933–2011) was a novelist and memoirist, short-story and songwriter, poet, dramatist, essayist, translator, and James B. Duke Professor of English at Duke from 1958 to 2010. Alex Harris and Margaret Sartor teach at the Center for Documentary Studies. Their book, Dream of a House: The Passions and Preoccupations of Reynolds Price, will be published this fall by George F. Thompson Publishing and the Center for Documentary Studies.



Prisoner of silence

By Viola Minicozzi Dwyer



I kept the secret of my father's criminal conviction, and later incarceration, for the falsification of patient records and the distribution of controlled substances for five years. I never intended to keep this information from people; I didn't say anything because I always held hope that my family's situation would improve. Instead it got worse.

It all began when I received a call one September night at the start of my second year at Fuqua. My sister told me that my parents' home and my father's medical office had been raided by the FBI. Following that news, days, weeks, and months passed in a dreamlike sequence. I experienced dramatic emotional swings. One moment I was crying on the phone with family, while the next I was forcing a smile for acquaintances, mustering my best acting skills to pretend all was well in my life.

When classmates asked me how I was or shared their anxiety over job searches, I held my tongue and thought in growing resentment, *You think this is a problem? Try finding an effective lawyer and the money to pay him so your seventy-six-year-old father doesn't end up in jail.*

It was all so foreign to me and my family. None of us had experienced navigating the criminal-justice system. The harshness of the accusations, the threat of an indictment despite our certainty that my father was innocent, and the looming possibility of a trial were horrifying and shame-inducing. And the rate by which the complexity of the situation grew was dizzying.

By the time I graduated from Fuqua, before I started work with a bank in my native Philadelphia, my father was waiting for a trial date. By early 2012, he had lost his case; unable to prove a conspiracy between the office manager and a former patient, he was found guilty of all charges. At the age of seventy-nine, ill with prostate cancer, congestive heart failure, and a rare blood disorder, my father was sentenced to seven years in prison. At his age

WITH DAD:
Viola Minicozzi
Dwyer on
graduation day

I cared less and less about my appearance. Project deadlines, employee issues, and other conventional matters of everyday office life seemed inconsequential—because they were. My father, the man who had shown and given me so much love in my lifetime,

and in his condition, it was a death sentence, but the judge referred to it as a “significant break.” I immediately thought, *Today I've seen evil in its ignorance and cruelty firsthand.*

The news of my father's fate threw me into a deep depression. Only my closest friends knew of the situation, and I became more isolated at work. As his prison start date loomed,

Dwyer M.B.A. '11 is a human-resources professional and a budding writer. She explores everything from career development to life after death on her website, www.violaminicozzi.com.

was facing a life and death situation, and no one seemed to care because I had told so few. I had created my own prison of silence to protect myself and give in to the shame I felt. But faced with one of my greatest fears—losing my dad—I felt compelled to act.

I wrote letters to every U.S. senator. I contacted specialists, activists, and more criminal attorneys than I could count. When these efforts began taking up more and more of my time, I resigned from my job and told my closest colleagues the reason I was leaving. When I started an online petition on Change.org asking President Obama and former pardon attorney Deborah

Leff to free my father, I finally made the leap through the bars of the prison I created. Once my secret was revealed online, I knew there was no turning back. The fear of exposure and judgment was replaced with a surge of hope as the signatures of support grew exponentially.

I wish I could write that my efforts paid off and that my family and I were able to prove my father's innocence. And most of all, I wish I could write that my father came back to us and died surrounded by his family.

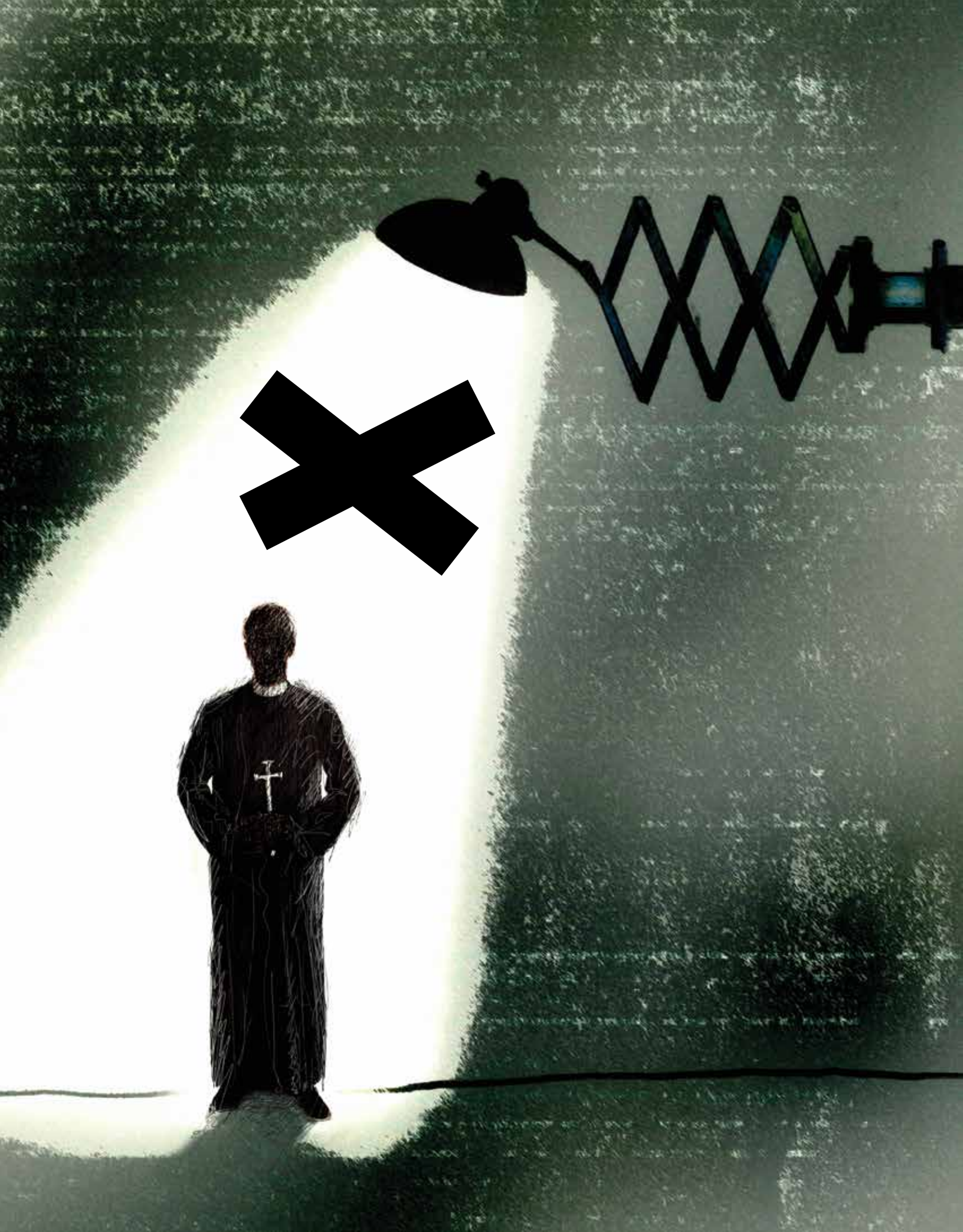
But he didn't. On the night of June 28, 2015, and at the height of the Change.org petition, he died in prison 300 miles away.

Before this experience I was distrustful of others and felt my tendency to withhold information was justified. I was quick to judge others—and harshly. I believed capital punishment was sometimes warranted; now I don't. I see the sanctity of all human life that I didn't see before. I have more compassion and a greater capacity for understanding other perspectives. I gained this gift because when I witnessed the judge and the prosecuting attorney effectively sentencing my dad to life in prison, I knew, as painful as it is to admit, that they were simply doing their jobs.

There are still days when I find it challenging to move forward because the sadness I feel for my father holds me back. But I know what he would say: “Life doesn't always go down, down, down. It has to go back up! No use in crying.”

What my father endured doesn't define him. He was a great man. He cared deeply about the well-being of his patients, devoted his career as a physician to helping an underserved neighborhood in South Philadelphia, and loved his family profoundly.

And that's something I will never keep secret. ■



Unburying the truth | By Ryan White

My First Communion took place in the fall of 1989. We were lined up double-file (boy-girl) outside of All Saints Catholic Church in Dunwoody, Georgia. It was hot and humid in my navy suit and tie, and my heart was racing. I was a shy, obedient eight-year-old, and I remember being nervous about going into the confessional with a priest to confess my sins for the first time.

Once it was my turn and I entered the four walls of that confessional, it must have been a relatively unremarkable moment. I can't tell you the priest's name, and I can't tell you any of the sins that I confessed. I can't tell you whether I sat or stood or knelt or whether my voice trembled. I know I came out of the confessional and said the assigned prayerful penance and, as I understood it, was therefore forgiven by God. Soon thereafter, I was taking communion for the first time: the body and blood of Christ. My family was so proud of me. I was proud, too.

Almost thirty years later, I suddenly find myself on the other side of the Catholic Church. A documentary series I directed, *The Keepers*, investigates the sexual abuse at an all-girls Catholic high school in Baltimore and the unsolved murder of a young nun there. The story begins in a confessional: A girl is confessing about her previous sexual abuse to a priest, and he turns that against her and creates a high-school experience full of horrors and trauma. The series is a convoluted web of secrets, lies, and cover-ups perpetrated by adults against children. The victims, now older adults, continue to struggle with the abuse from their childhoods. They've been forced to

"keep" the pain and secrets inside of themselves because the world doesn't want to hear it.

The Catholic boy in me was hopeful the church would respond to the documentary with compassion and transparency. Instead, what we've seen is stonewalling and aggression. The Archdiocese of Baltimore repeatedly has called into question the integrity of the documentary, going so far as to call it "fiction." The leaders select which of their internal files they'll use in a bid to question survivors' integrity, and yet they refuse to open the records to the public and show what they knew and when. It has been devastating to witness how their comments re-damage the souls they already damaged so long ago.

"You will no longer silence us."

My experience growing up in the Catholic Church was a positive one. Some of my lifelong friends were made through involvement in youth group, Eucharistic ministry, and mission trips. But the experience of making *The Keepers* has ripped the blinders off for me. The Catholic Church is a frighteningly powerful institution. And when its leaders have abused that power through child abuse and cover-ups, they've been successful in harnessing that power to evade accountability from the government. Justice rarely is served. The victim suffers in silence. The Church keeps its power.

My faith has been shattered, but the greatest gift of making *The Keepers* has been witnessing a grass-roots community in Baltimore that grew out of nothing to become a formidable movement. It's a story of people (mostly women, it should be noted) speaking truth to power and saying, "You will no longer silence us." This community continues to grow and grow every day, and you can feel the profound impact of unburying the truth. ■

White '04 also directed *Pelada, The Case Against 8, and Good Ol' Freda*.

Making the invisible visible

By Bill McCarthy

There were eleven students in Mr. Drummond's high-school English class. From my seat at the corner table, I furnished a weak smile. Nobody knew how close my tears were.

My insides were being twisted, torn, and set ablaze. The cramping made me sweat, and my head ached in a rhythm. I had experienced belly pain before, but never with such ferocity. Several days later, I would learn that I had ulcerative colitis, an inflammatory bowel disease that arises when the immune system mistakes the digestive system as an invader and attacks it. But I did not know it then, and neither did those around me.

It was 2012 when I clenched my way through that first string of cramps. I did not look sick, so nobody suspected that something was amiss. That is the difficulty with a disease like mine: It hides.

Some disabilities—such as those requiring wheelchairs or similar accessories—are more evident than others. But for university students desperate to maintain good health, the latter category can prove especially frustrating. Patients battling illnesses like colitis—invisible disabilities, as they are known—are often met with doubt.

Doubt was not new for me in 2012, though. Before colitis, doctors diagnosed me with a hearing loss after testing revealed that my right ear only captures sound above 60 decibels. I was four then, but I remember the skepticism. Elementary-school classmates used to scream in my ear and consider any flinch a sign that I was joking. Some even questioned me outright.

Fortunately, hearing loss was easy to explain. I started introducing myself with a disclaimer, and I learned to

simulate my experience by putting headphones in friends' ears and adjusting the volume. To an extent, my hearing disability became a source of pride—a core facet of my identity. Colitis, by contrast, caused a more distinct misery.

Colitis devastates the colon in a way that can make life lonely, confusing, and embarrassing. It operates in a pattern of flares and remissions, and doctors do not know what triggers the onset of symptoms, though most agree that both genetics and environmental stressors play a role. Patients may experience pain, ulceration, bleeding, nausea, diarrhea, fatigue, dehydration, eye inflammation, anemia, and arthritis. Most eat a limited diet bolstered by prescription drugs or antibiotics, and some remove their colons entirely.

Symptoms, then, can be monitored and controlled. More difficult to manage are the social implications. Colitis can feel particularly isolating—and is often considered taboo—because most of its symptoms take place in the bathroom. After all, toilets and tummy troubles make for awkward conversation. It is hard to admit that a meal might cause an accident. It is humiliating to explain that your bowels are broken.

In this way, invisible disabilities like colitis can carry a dual stigma: There is the stigma related to the disability, and then there is the stigma associated with drawing added attention to it. The latter is often cause for difficult decisions. When my hallmates organize trips to McDonald's, for example, I cannot participate. I have to recommend an alternative, decline the invitation, or watch as they eat foods I gave up long ago. Usually, I stay quiet. I do not like to advertise my condition.

This worry—this fear of being labeled an inconvenience—made my first semester at Duke exhausting. For weeks, I avoided campus parties, afraid that an accidental beverage might completely arrest my digestive system. Friends begged me to join, and each time I scrambled for

SEEN: Bill McCarthy in Ireland, this summer



excuses. I did not want to subject others to a sob story, so the truth became a last resort. On days when my symptoms hit hardest—when the cramps made me curl up on my girlfriend's floor—I kept to myself.

It took finding the right campus community to settle those fears. Those who would go on to become my best friends were among the first to ask about my condition—to wonder what my life was like and trust that what I said was real. There was the EMT whose medical aspirations made him curious, the premed with a hearing loss of her own, the student-mentor who checked in on me at parties. It was not an island of misfit toys that I had found; it was just a living group. But in that group I finally felt at home. I had

discovered a collection of individuals who welcomed me and enjoyed me and dared me to share.

Soon, I got used to sharing, and I grew comfortable vocalizing my needs. But the path toward that luxury was bumpy. I had to learn to self-advocate. I had to remember that I am not a burden. Invisible disabilities can be tough to fathom, especially when those battling them may look healthy. But they are battled best when they are battled in honest company. A few good friends can make all the difference.

The next time my symptoms flare, I could very well be in a lecture with hundreds of Duke students. But I will not be alone with my secret. Next time, I will be strong enough to let somebody else know. ■

McCarthy is a rising junior majoring in public policy with a certificate in policy journalism and media studies. The president of his selective living group, a reporter for The Chronicle, and a tutor to local refugee youth, he is working this summer for a multicultural newspaper as a member of the Dublin-based DukeEngage program.



The high signs | Interview by Lucas Hubbard

Interview has been edited and condensed for clarity.

Baseball coaches communicate with players by using complex series of gestures, touching shoulders, hats, belts, elbows, noses, ears, to signal intention without alerting the opposing team. Duke volunteer assistant coach Jason Stein serves as the team's hitting coach and during games calls signals as the third-base coach. Here, he explains how his job works.

How many signs do you have to keep track of when you're coaching third base?

We have ten to fifteen different signs, just from an offensive standpoint. Some of the signs are hot signs, where all you have to do is touch something, and some of the signs are just a one- or two-word verbal signal. And then, some of the signs require multiple touches.

How does a hot sign work?

You see one thing, and it's on. So in our system, with a hot signal, there's no need for an indicator or anything to close with. It's almost like a verbal, but you're doing it by hand sign or body language.

Body language? Like your stance?

I've done that before where if my feet are this way, it's on. If my feet are that way, it's not on.

With a verbal signal, is that something as simple as a particular phrase, or saying it in a particular manner?

It's a particular phrase that is baseball-related but one that I never, ever use. It's something that an opposing dugout would say, "Oh, that's a baseball phrase. That sounds like a baseball phrase." But I never say it. My players know it. So then when I say it, they know, boom, that's a hot sign.

How about defensive signals?

On the defensive side, we use a number system to call in a pitch to our catcher, then the catcher gives it to the pitcher. So our pitches come out of the dugout—Coach Maki [the pitching coach] relays those signs to our catcher, and it's a number system. There's no way you can pick these signs, because we're using a three-digit number. So let's say you want to throw a curveball. It might be four-three-one. So he holds up his fingers, four, three, one. That signifies a curveball for that day, or for that inning. And these numbers constantly switch, and we have every pitch on this number system.

In situations where, say, there's a runner on second base, do you talk to the catcher about switching up the signs?

Really, runners on any base. We have a "multiple" system from the catcher to the pitcher. He's giving multiple signs to where it's nearly impossible to pick those signs if you're a runner on second base. The pitcher knows what sign it is, and there might be five or six prompts from the catcher that move pretty quickly, and it's nearly impossible to pick.

But some teams don't use an intricate system, and you can pick it, if you're at second base long enough. You can easily pick it.

How would a baserunner know how to "pick" these signs?

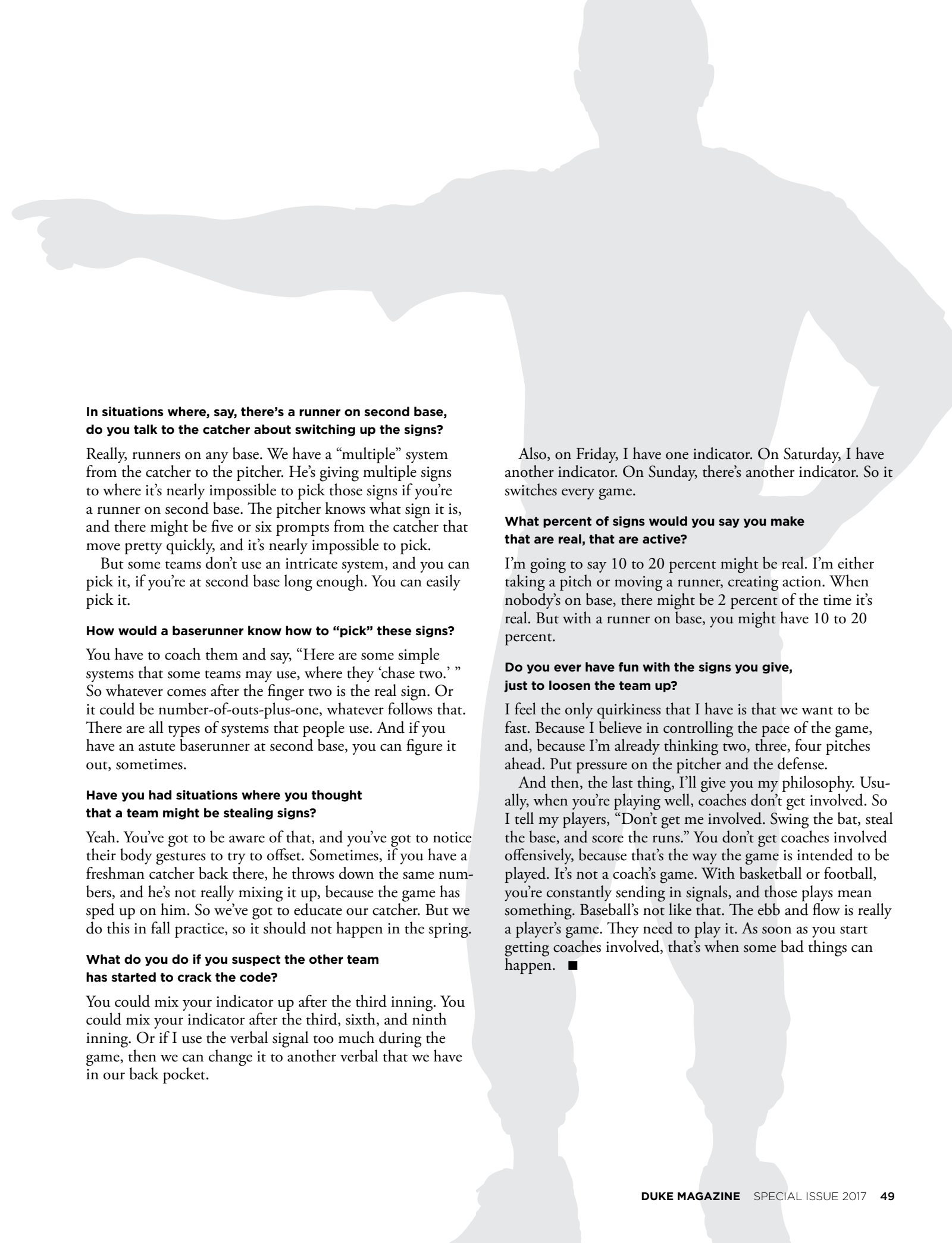
You have to coach them and say, "Here are some simple systems that some teams may use, where they 'chase two.' " So whatever comes after the finger two is the real sign. Or it could be number-of-outs-plus-one, whatever follows that. There are all types of systems that people use. And if you have an astute baserunner at second base, you can figure it out, sometimes.

Have you had situations where you thought that a team might be stealing signs?

Yeah. You've got to be aware of that, and you've got to notice their body gestures to try to offset. Sometimes, if you have a freshman catcher back there, he throws down the same numbers, and he's not really mixing it up, because the game has sped up on him. So we've got to educate our catcher. But we do this in fall practice, so it should not happen in the spring.

What do you do if you suspect the other team has started to crack the code?

You could mix your indicator up after the third inning. You could mix your indicator after the third, sixth, and ninth inning. Or if I use the verbal signal too much during the game, then we can change it to another verbal that we have in our back pocket.



Also, on Friday, I have one indicator. On Saturday, I have another indicator. On Sunday, there's another indicator. So it switches every game.

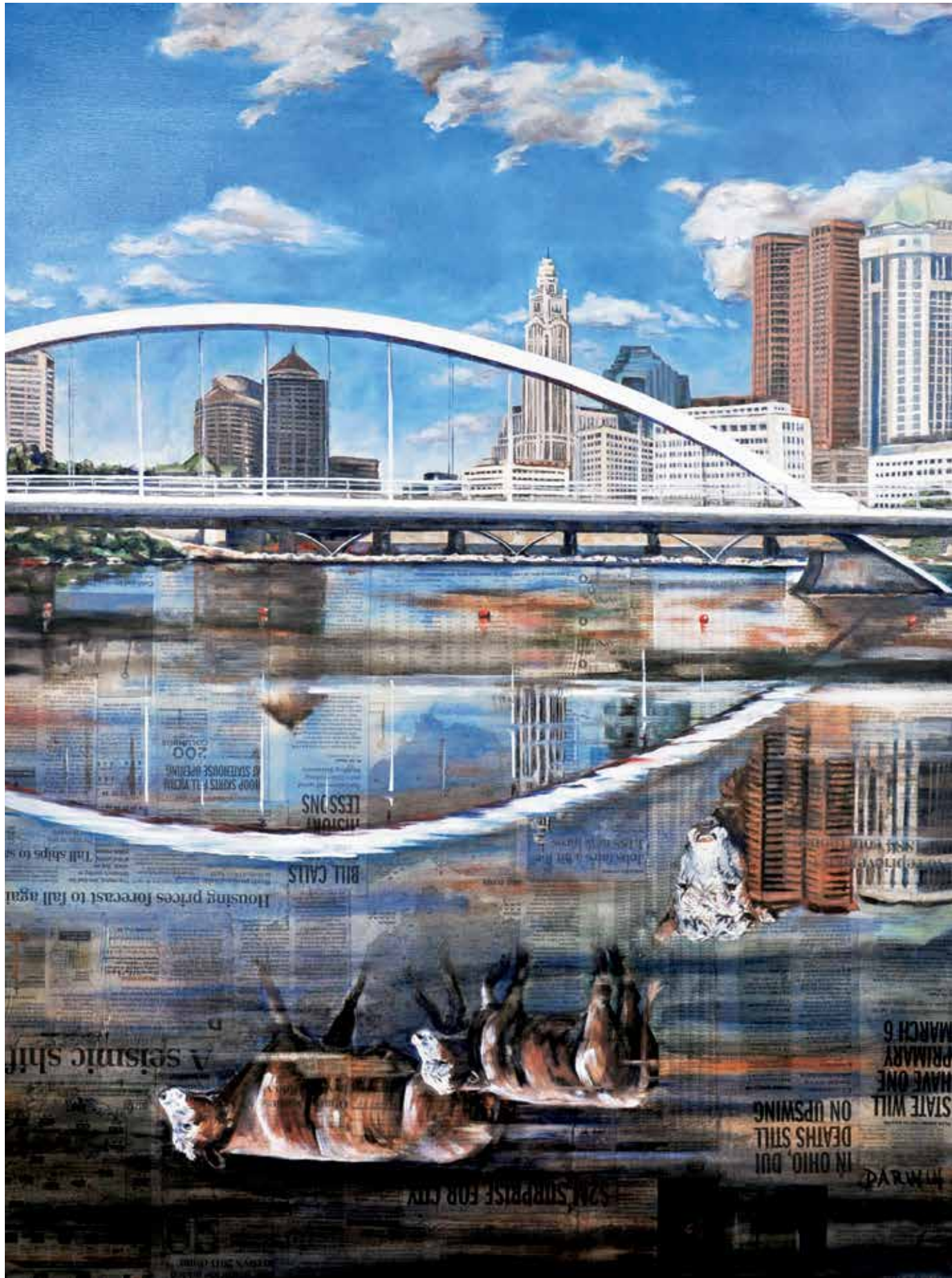
What percent of signs would you say you make that are real, that are active?

I'm going to say 10 to 20 percent might be real. I'm either taking a pitch or moving a runner, creating action. When nobody's on base, there might be 2 percent of the time it's real. But with a runner on base, you might have 10 to 20 percent.

Do you ever have fun with the signs you give, just to loosen the team up?

I feel the only quirkiness that I have is that we want to be fast. Because I believe in controlling the pace of the game, and, because I'm already thinking two, three, four pitches ahead. Put pressure on the pitcher and the defense.

And then, the last thing, I'll give you my philosophy. Usually, when you're playing well, coaches don't get involved. So I tell my players, "Don't get me involved. Swing the bat, steal the base, and score the runs." You don't get coaches involved offensively, because that's the way the game is intended to be played. It's not a coach's game. With basketball or football, you're constantly sending in signals, and those plays mean something. Baseball's not like that. The ebb and flow is really a player's game. They need to play it. As soon as you start getting coaches involved, that's when some bad things can happen. ■



Hidden talent

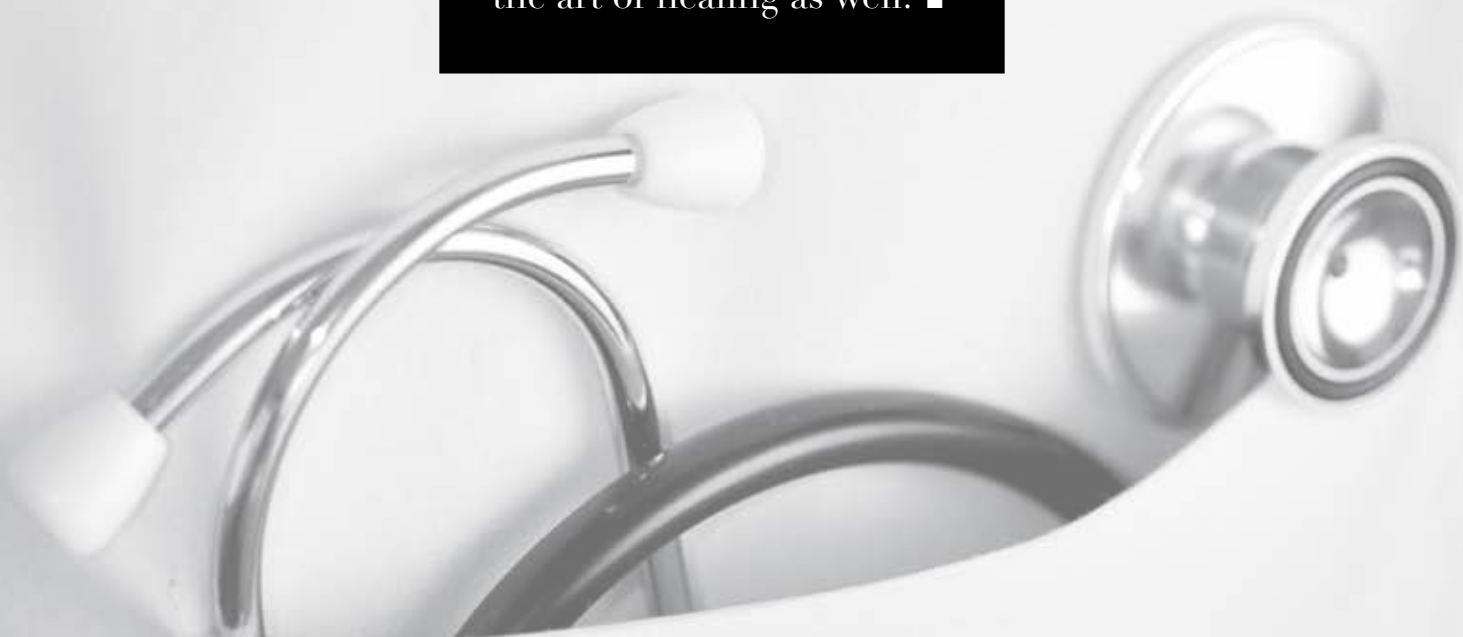
It takes a leap of faith to put aside a lifetime of reason and science and jump into the arts. Particularly when so much time, energy, and study have gone into the rigorous training necessary to become a doctor. But several years ago, that's what I did. I finally revealed a hidden part of my personal picture. In medicine, as a doctor, I sought to unlock the secrets of the body; in art, I am unlocking the secrets of my soul. ■

Darwin '83, M.D. '86 is a former dermatologist who lives and creates in Columbus, Ohio.



Bev Darwin

When I create art, I have a sense of well-being that lets me know I was right to bring my secret side to light. And if my art evokes a sense of contemplation or peace in others, then I know I am still practicing the art of healing as well. ■



The plan

By Christina Holder

My grandfather cracks open his bedroom door and pushes his face carefully into the thin crease between the door and the frame. My mother is in the hallway.

"Hi, Dad," she says to his eye, backlit against a slice of bedroom light. "Come on out, Dad. It's okay."

The crease collapses as my grandfather shuts the door. Then, it slowly opens again, just enough to see his eye peering into the crease. His eye hits my mother's once again, a dart to a bullseye.

"Come out, Dad. It's okay."

The door shuts.

My mother walks into the living room of her childhood home and sits in my grandfather's armchair—the one identical to my grandmother's just a few feet away, the one he used to jump up from to greet her when she walked through the door for a visit. She waits for my grandfather to come out of his bedroom.

What my mother feels at this moment, she says, is despair. She knows he can no longer stay there. For more than six years he has been living with Alzheimer's, and with each passing year the strings of his memory become more delicate.

A few years ago, she found him on the neighbor's stoop, knocking on the door. During a nephew's birthday party in the backyard of my sister's home, in the throes of games and cake and passing the baby around like a breadbasket,

my grandfather wandered into the front yard and couldn't find his way back.

Last year, when his youngest brother, Bobby, died, my grandfather sat a few rows back from the casket. I sat behind him, so I could hear when he asked my grandmother whether that was his brother. And I could see the side of his face, contorting in fits and spurts of confusion and then awareness and then confusion again, the phases moving like the tide across his forehead and through his eyes and to the corners of his mouth before receding to do it all over again. Eventually, my grandfather hung his head and cried.

The curious attack of Alzheimer's on the brain leaves memory in various stages of disarray—a messiness that is different for each of its victims. Sometimes there is a fragment of a memory that elicits fear, sadness, anger. It floats like a buoy on the pool of the mind.

My mother thinks this is what is happening to my grandfather in this moment of barricading himself in the bedroom. At some point, there was talk among family

of a nursing home. Since then, he's become suspicious—disappearing during visits, hiding out behind doors, surveilling through cracks as my mother and grandmother talk.

This time, my mother is certain my grandfather won't come out of the bedroom because he is afraid she's going to take him away.



LASTING LOVE: Right, daughter Donnie Holder with her father, Harold Little, in 1976, before getting married. Above, Melba and Harold Little, circa 1990, always enjoyed a night of dinner and dancing with friends.



“Come out, Dad. It’s okay.”

The truth that haunts my mother is that she *is* going to take him away. She has a plan she’s been hiding from him. And telling him that he has to leave his home is perhaps the most difficult thing she’s ever done.

My parents are unable to care for my grandparents. On top of my grandfather’s Alzheimer’s, my grandmother has congestive heart failure, chronic lung disease, and dementia. What they share is a fear of leaving the life they have built amid the walls of the home they have lived in for more than sixty years. In an effort to help them, my mother hired a home-health aid, a nursing student who made pancakes for breakfast and drove my grandparents around town, but my grandmother let her go. Fiercely independent even as her body fails her, my grandmother told the aid they would be okay.

Every time my mother visits, it becomes obvious they aren’t. They have difficulty getting dressed. He forgets to eat. She doesn’t take her medicines. Some days are more dire than others. Every now and then, my grandfather mistakenly turns off the twenty-four-hour oxygen tank my grandmother uses to breathe because it’s making noise.

Just out of the hospital a few weeks ago, my grand-

mother struck a deal with my mother: She would go to a nursing home if my grandparents could stay together.

But the reality is, my grandparents can’t afford to stay together—and my parents can’t afford their request, either.

Estimates from nursing homes are up to \$12,000 a month for their collective care. My grandparents, who owned a gas station and worked in a sock mill, saved pennies for the first and only home they owned but not for a life event like this. Selling their home would barely pay half of their nursing home costs for a year.

The one flicker of hope has come through a Department of Veterans Affairs benefit afforded my grandfather because he was a medic during the Korean War. His pension would cover some of the costs of his care at a respectable state veteran’s home. My grandmother would have to go to a home somewhere else, however, because civilian spouses typically aren’t admitted.

My mother has come to accept that finding my grandparents separate nursing homes is the best way she can care for them.

She wrestled with the decision for many months, knowing their closeness. They share the same birthday, five



SUNDAY DRIVE: Ready for church, the author’s mother and grandfather beside his 1960s Ford Fairlane.

years apart. They have been married for sixty-four years. Since my grandfather’s return from his deployment to South Korea in 1951, they’ve spent few days separated. At restaurants, she orders for him because she knows what he likes. It is a sweet and sour reminder of both the tenderness that comes from six decades together and the pending difficulty of uncoiling their lives. Complicated by Alzheimer’s brutal and deep swipe of my grandfather’s memory each day, the separation from my grandmother may break his heart over and over again.

This thought is agonizing for my mother. She can’t imagine causing her parents pain, much less having that pain repeated as my grandfather’s memory continually resets. She wants to please the gentle man with smiley eyes she calls Dad, the man who used his savings to send her

to business college, who always made sure she had a car to drive. The man who doesn’t hold a grudge, talks to animals as if they were his children, comes to a conversation looking for a laugh. She is his only daughter. She doesn’t want to make him leave his home.

That she is about to break his heart breaks hers, too. As my mother sits in my grandfather’s armchair listening for signs that he has followed her into the living room, this thought rotates in her mind. She waits. After about an hour, the bedroom door cracks open wide and my grandfather comes out—slipping into the living room like nothing is wrong.

“Hi, Dad, are you doing okay?” my mother asks. “Why don’t we go outside and sit on the swing. It’s such a pretty day.” ■

Holder M.Div. ’13 is the DAA’s assistant director of communications.

The city we don't see | By Lynn Saville

As a photographer, I'm a roamer of urban landscapes at twilight, that mysterious interval between day and night when a city seems to harbor secret narratives. Its human inhabitants may be absent, but their presence is hinted at by lone streetlamps in parks, a lighted window, or a swirl of headlights seen from high above. The human figure is transformed in a statue that rises over the skyline like a goddess and in a mannequin that resembles an extraterrestrial. Piles of dirt in a construction site behind an iconic advertisement summon up the city's rural past, even as its present glows in the distant skyline. ■

Saville '71 is the author of three monographs: Acquainted With the Night, Night/Shift, and Dark City: Urban America at Night. Her work has been widely exhibited in the U.S. and abroad, including a retrospective at the Pratt Institute, a solo show at the Baudoin Lebon Gallery in Paris, and a current show—sponsored by New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority—in Grand Central Terminal. Her archive is housed in Duke's David M. Rubenstein Rare Book & Manuscript Library. View her portfolio at lynnsaville.com.

IN THE DARK:
Below, Rue de Jarente, Paris, France; right, clockwise from top, Warehouse, Newburgh, New York; Columbus Circle, New York City; Palazzo Rio Canonica, Venice, Italy





NIGHT SIDE: Opposite, top, Roof Garden Metropolitan Museum of Art (sculpture by Gaston Lachaise), New York City; Riverside Park Fog, New York City; above, Pepsi-Cola Sign, Long Island City, New York; New Tribal Techno, New York City



Found letters

By Ursula Werner

I never knew my Uropa (“great-grandpa”), but he has haunted me all my life. My mother tells me I inherited his hands, large and long-fingered. Growing up, I sometimes looked at my hands and thought of him signing orders, as he must have done, for the Third Reich in World War II, for Adolf Hitler. Because Hans Ernst Posse, my great-grandfather, was a member of Hitler’s cabinet.

Officially, Hans Posse was the state secretary of the economics ministry from 1928 to 1945. The way my mother’s family tells the story, he was performing his duties ably as state secretary during the Weimar Republic, and when Hitler assumed power in 1933, he asked my great-grandfather to stay on in that role. The only other story the family tells is that my great-grandfather supposedly shed tears when he had to take the Nazi oath of allegiance. Other than that, they say nothing. When I was old enough to ask questions about Hans Posse, I met a wall of silence as impenetrable—and just as fraught with danger—as the thick concrete wall that arose in 1961 to imprison the population of East Berlin.

Reticence and secrecy, I have since learned, are the legacy of many Germans who endured World War II. Generations of Germans—not just my own family—refuse to talk about that time and their experiences, because they either cannot or will not remember. It is as if those memories have been carefully locked away in a mental Pandora’s box and will unleash unknown horrors if revisited. I wondered how much of my family’s silence about the war years stemmed from shame—the same sense of cultural guilt and remorse that I suspected all Germans experienced to one degree or another after the horrors of Auschwitz and Buchenwald were revealed to the world.

But repression does not vanquish guilt. In the case of my family, their self-imposed ignorance about the truth of Hans Posse’s activities led me to suspect the worst. I spent decades believing that there was a kernel of darkness within me, fueled in no small

part by the presumption that I carried the same genetic material as someone who participated in history’s greatest nightmare.

Then in 2012, I stumbled upon a sheaf of old letters in my aunt’s basement in Hamburg, Germany. The letters were dated 1947 and were addressed to the “Tribunal for De-Nazification.” From my own searches of the public records available from the Nuremberg trials, I knew that my great-grandfather had not been indicted with other high-ranking Nazi officials at Nuremberg. But I did not know, until I perused these papers, that he had been detained in late 1946 and sent to a prison in Hamburg, pursuant to an Allied de-Nazification program. These were the letters submitted by friends and colleagues eager to exonerate him.

Flipping through these letters, page by page, bit by bit, I learned about Hans Posse. He was, I read, a true Prussian, a dedicated, hard-working, law-abiding citizen. He refused to attend Nazi functions, and one correspondent said he shirked so many party duties that the SS kept a file on him thicker than a phone book. I learned that he aided families whose breadwinners were imprisoned, and he occasionally even intervened with Hermann Goering to try to reclaim people sent to Auschwitz. I read that Hans Posse was generous with his time and counsel to those who sought his ear, especially colleagues who asked him whether

they should leave the country. One of those men, Leopold Trier, wrote that my great-grandfather urged him to leave Germany, that he apologized to Trier for having to face him as a Nazi, but that he had made the choice to remain in his post so he could help as many people as possible.

What still amazes me about these letters is that my family didn’t know they existed. They were buried in a pile of my great-grandmother’s papers, amidst old newspaper articles, grocery lists, and utility bills. My family’s fear of the reality about Hans Posse kept us in decades of darkness. In the end, the inquiries they so steadfastly suppressed finally revealed a truth that could make them proud. ■



SECRECY: Hans Ernst Posse

Werner ’85 is an author and attorney who lives in Washington, D.C., with her family. Her novel The Good at Heart was published in February 2017.

Something borrowed

By James Boyle and Jennifer Jenkins

As founder and director, respectively, of the Center for the Study of the Public Domain at Duke, Boyle, William Neal Reynolds Professor of law, and Jenkins A.M. '00, J.D. '97, clinical professor of law, examine issues of intellectual property. In *Theft! A History of Music*, their graphic book

coauthored with Keith Aoki and excerpted here, they examine music's evolution, unearthing hidden truths in the story of rock 'n' roll. You can read and download the entire book at <https://law.duke.edu/sites/default/files/centers/cspd/musiccomic/Theft.pdf>. ■



BECAUSE OF YOU,

we are giving students and faculty endless opportunities to change the world.

Because of you, Duke is competitive among the world's premier universities.

And because of you, we raised more than \$3.25 billion during the Duke Forward campaign to support the people, programs, and places that are moving Duke and the world forward.

***THANK YOU
FOR FUELING OUR
METEORIC RISE.***



A footnote to my name | By Jake Parker

Whenever my elementary school class ran laps for PE, to not finish last felt like a victory in itself. Our gym teacher would yell out across the track, urging me to pick up the pace or admonishing me if my run turned to a walk. When my friends finished their laps, they'd stand on the sideline. Some would shout encouragements while others would loudly rib me for my apparent lack of fitness.

I hated the days we ran, not just for the verbal onslaughts, but also because running for an extended time makes my chest feel like it's about to burst and my lungs feel as if they're being held in a chokehold by a miniature wrestler. And yet, I never went to my PE teacher to express my concerns; nor did I ask my friends to lay off. I did none of those things because my diagnosis was not yet well-understood and because to admit I was different, and in need of special accommodations, seemed an unthinkable act.

I had already had a pacemaker and been taking beta blockers twice a day for a few years, but everyone—even my doctors, to an extent—seemed to think I should be a normally functioning young person. And they had every reason to. I spent my recesses playing soccer or foursquare with joy and vigor. The occasional pauses I had to take so I could catch my breath and slow my heart rate would fade into the chaos of a congested playground and go unnoticed by those around me. I preferred it that way.

When I was consumed by intense bouts of tachycardia—my heart beating so fast I expected it to take flight from my chest—I would be walked, or carried, to the school nurse, who would tell me I was having an anxiety attack. She would say I could snap out of it if only I would take deep breaths and focus—if only I wanted it enough. Of course, that never worked. So, whenever it was a running day, I didn't protest; I was afraid of what I might say. Instead, I marched around the track, slower than the rest, wishing I could be like the kids who effortlessly passed me by.

During my freshman year of high school, I was given the terms to accurately describe my episodes. Anxiety attack was not one of them; tachycardia and Long QT syndrome were.

That year, while attending a school football game, I blacked out and was flown by a helicopter to Egleston hospital in Atlanta. I woke up a week later in the cardiac intensive-care unit. The pacemaker I had when I lost consciousness had been replaced with an Implanted Cardioverter Defibrillator (to shock my heart out of episodes), and I was left with a few more scars, courtesy of ECMO—shorthand for the treatment that kept my heart and lungs functioning when my body could no

longer sustain itself. The cardiology team I'd been with since I was five, the team that watched me grow up and helped me navigate being sick, had—in the end—saved my life.

Yet, after years of thinking that voicing concerns about my heart and the fear I felt because of it made me weak or, worst of all, different, I struggled to articulate what I was dealing with even when I wanted to. For a long time, I had been unable to square what was happening in my body with what people told me was happening. That conflict saddled me with a creeping sense of anxiety, and I carried it with me to Duke.

One day this past fall, I was walking with a political science professor from Abele Quad back to his office in Gross Hall.

When we reached the impossibly long steps leading up to the building, I quickly wrapped up the conversation and said goodbye. I knew my heart would need a break or two to get to his office without incident, but I felt doubtful of my ability to accurately describe my condition. Most of all, I was scared that I'd be misunderstood, and I worried that my heart condition would become the thing that defined me.

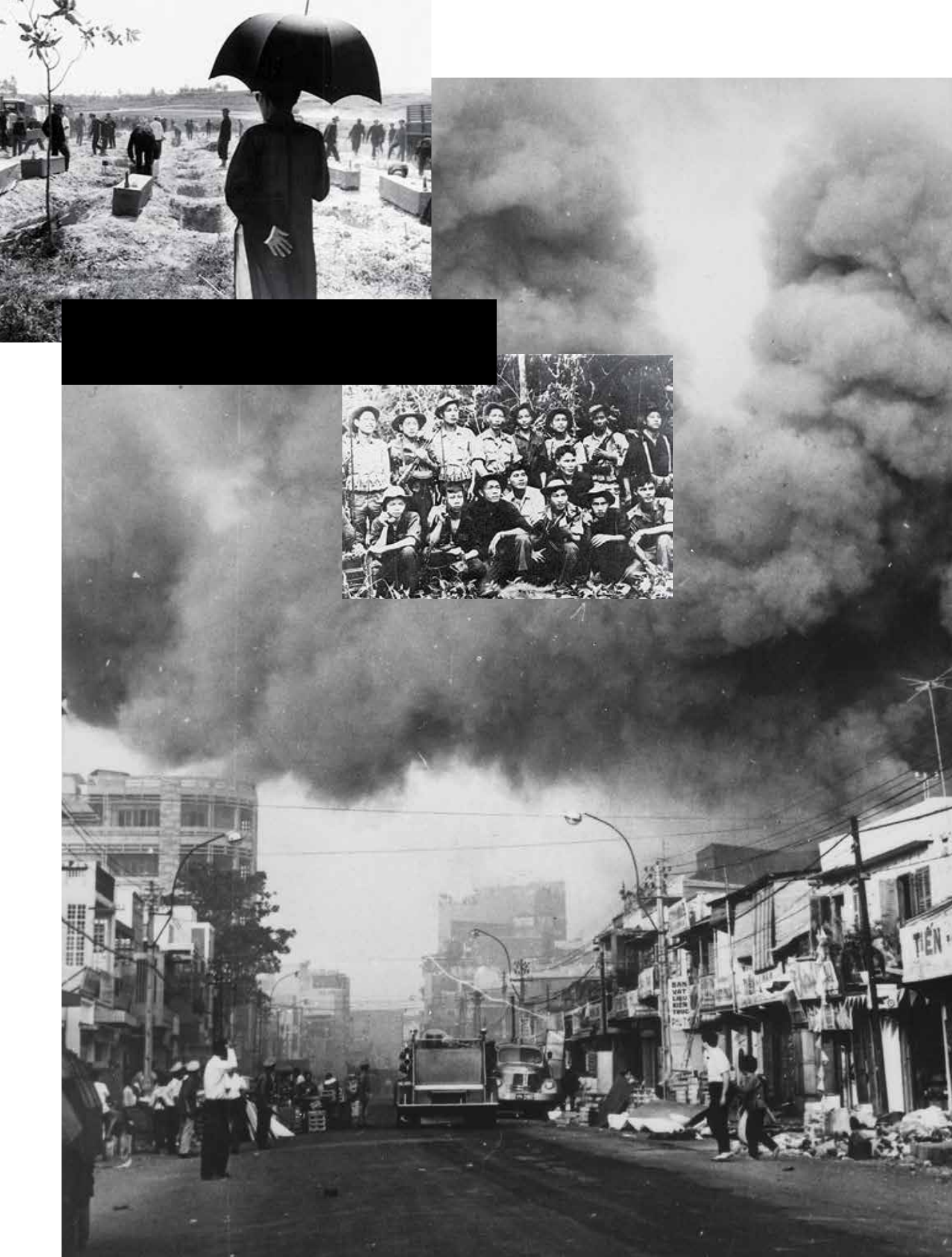
Perhaps that last part is the most critical. As I've become more comfortable telling others about my condition, as I've found that people are willing to take the time to understand given the opportunity, I also have to admit that I have mixed feelings about the fact that no matter what I do, the footnote on my name will be this: also has a heart condition.

As an elementary-school kid cooking up grand aspirations for his future, I never factored in my heart condition, and I don't want anyone else to. What I do want is to write like Emily Nussbaum-Meets-Lester Bangs, talk like an Aaron Sorkin character, and run like Rocky in a Philadelphia neighborhood. I want the possibilities to remain endless. On my worst days, it feels as though the fact of my faulty heart means they won't.

I forget that my illness isn't me and have to remind myself that my heart condition doesn't determine whom I love, what I dream of, or which ideas grab hold of me to incite change. I imagine it's something I'll have to remind myself of for the rest of my life. And all the while, I'll keep pursuing goals, figuring out who I want to be, and—little by little—find my way in matters of the heart. ■

A GOOD HEART: Left, Jake Parker in Atlanta, this summer

Parker is a rising junior majoring in political science; he wrote a column for The Chronicle last fall.



Encounter with a hero

By Alex Roland

Each of us on the “Staff Ride” to Vietnam had a job to do. We were studying the Vietnam War, especially the pivotal Tet Offensive (1968), from the perspective of historical actors—both American and Vietnamese. Each participant on the ride, organized by the Duke University Program in American Grand Strategy this past winter, studied a specific historical participant, educating each other about the perspectives of the individuals we portrayed.

My assignment was Marine Sergeant Alfredo “Freddy” Gonzales, whose heroism during the Tet Offensive won him the Congressional Medal of Honor—posthumously. As it happened, he and I both had been Marines serving in Vietnam at that same time and place. He was on his second tour, a twenty-one-year-old infantry platoon sergeant in the First Marine Division. I was a second lieutenant serving with the Third Medical Battalion at the same division headquarters.

When communist forces launched a surprise offensive during the Tet holiday, Sergeant Gonzales rode to nearby Hue with his platoon to aid his beleaguered comrades. He was wounded on the trip to Hue and again after arriving there, refusing medical evacuation both times. On the fourth day of fighting, he led his platoon into a building held by enemy forces who had barricaded themselves in the upper floors, throwing grenades down on the Marines attempting to dislodge them. Sergeant Gonzales mounted the stairs alone, firing antitank weapons. The enemy fired an antitank weapon in return, fatally wounding him.

As I read his story in preparation for explaining to my fellow staff riders what the war must have looked like to him, I found myself saddened that I previously had known nothing of him or his heroism. But suddenly, I realized

that in fact I had encountered Sergeant Gonzales once before. Reading the account of the corpsman who came to his aid and then sat praying with him as he bled out in the stairwell of a war-torn Catholic school 9,000 miles from his native Edinburg, Texas, I read a description of wounds I had seen once before.

The day he died, my Marines and I were moving casualties from the airstrip in front of the Third Medical Battalion hospital into the triage area, where the most seriously wounded would be selected for urgent care. When we had cleared one helicopter of the wounded, we were left to

remove the bodies of those who were dead on arrival. The last body was a Marine so horribly mutilated that we could not—for a long moment—decide how to pick up his remains. His trunk now ended around the middle of his pelvis in a grotesque tangle of blood, skin, organs, and bones. We stood paralyzed, embarrassed by our own sensibilities, humbled by the sacrifice of this nameless Marine, and seemingly powerless to handle his remains with the dignity he deserved. Finally, one of the Marines stepped forward and grasped the belt that was still clinging tenuously to his trunk and helped lift him onto a stretcher.

A year in the Third Medical Battalion left me with many gruesome, poignant memories. But none has haunted me so often and so powerfully as this one. Now I know this victim’s name, and I know that his sacrifice received the recognition it deserved. It makes the horror of that moment in the helicopter easier to recall. Still, composure escaped me when I tried to tell my fellow staff riders what the Vietnam War looked like to Marine Sergeant Alfredo Gonzales. Then and now, it was his mutilation, even more than his death, that preyed upon me. I found some inexplicable comfort in learning he was a hero. ■



HONORED:
Alfredo
“Freddy”
Gonzales

Roland Ph.D. ’74 is a Duke professor emeritus of history.

A figure as colorful as
was bound
to be the object of rumo-
mour and speculation. It
was widely reported
could have
been possible only un-
der the auspices of the
Another rumor,
was
, gained strength
with documents that
surfaced in showed
that the surname of his
father (who was killed
the year
born) had originally been
that
had changed his
name at age
and that he had been a
member of a state-spon-
sored
late
however

The darkness and the light | By Siobhan Darrow

As a journalist, I saw secrets as gold, glittering with the allure of a good story. I was always on the lookout for other people's secrets, ready to ferret them out, wanting to shine a light on what was hidden. Working in Russia, I trafficked in secrets about atrocities committed during World War II and buried in a Polish forest, or Soviet secrets hidden in KGB archives and revealed only after the fall of communism.

One of the biggest political secrets I uncovered as a reporter in Moscow came when we learned that a fanatical ultra-nationalist and virulently anti-Semitic politician named Vladimir Zhirinovsky, who had been gaining wide notoriety in Moscow, had in fact been concealing his own Jewish roots. When we confronted him, he responded with anger and denial. I quickly saw that those he targeted with anti-Semitic vitriol would get little comfort from the revelation. The hatred he hurled their way was really more about his own insecurity and self-loathing than anything else.

After years of reporting, I noticed that what we hide and keep secret is usually that which we can't accept about ourselves. Many people find ways to lash out at external manifestations of those dark internal shadows. In most cases, what is hidden, whether in one's own psyche or in collective lies that are told about a crime, festers and germinates trouble until it is brought out in the open. Secrets can ruin

families and communities and poison relationships.

Yet when we hear about them, they tantalize us. They provide tempting fodder for stories and gossip.

After I left journalism and became a psychotherapist, I waded into people's individual secrets and found that the same principles applied. What is hidden and secret quietly erodes mental health and trust and connection. Only once secrets are acknowledged and brought into the open can healing begin.

In the new tweet-before-you-think world, where many people over-share details of their lives on social media, we have to ask ourselves: Are we going too far in the other direction? Must all our secrets be exposed?

When I studied the Russian language years ago at Duke, I learned there was no word for privacy. It is a concept we seem to be losing in American culture now, too. I have come to believe that there is an important difference between secrecy and privacy, though. Secrecy involves hiding; it hurts us. Privacy involves conscious shielding; it protects us.

As a journalist, I relished discovering secrets and delighted in exposing them. In pursuing the truth, and amplifying it as much as possible, I felt I was serving the greater good. In many cases, I was.

Now as a therapist, I see secrets in a different light. Exposing them is a path to healing, rather than just a path to an attention-getting story. My challenge now is distinguishing between the dark secrets that need to be brought into the open and those private matters that are best left unsaid. ■

*Darrow '81 is a former CNN correspondent and the author of *Flirting With Danger: Confessions of a Reluctant War Reporter*.*



The new secret-keepers

By Jana Shaich Borg

T

here are no secrets anymore!" I hear that sentiment often as a neuroscientist and data scientist. Entrepreneurs hungrily anticipate that brain-machine interfaces will read thoughts directly from your brain. Medical researchers wrestle with data that are increasingly difficult to scrub clean of information that can identify you. Citizens voluntarily give away information about themselves that previous generations fought to keep private, creating ethical tensions for innovative scientists who use social media for their research.

Conversations in all of these realms of my work usually lead at least one person to exclaim something about the death of secrets.

I understand why people suspect that secrets are extinct. It is true that with enough data, the right analytic strategy, and moderate Internet scraping skills, most aspects of ourselves can be unveiled in a data-driven society. However, I do not agree that technology has abolished secrets. To the contrary, technology has generated new kinds of secrets. The information these new secrets protect is what companies do with your data.

As a consumer, you often are not aware that your private information, including financial history and health records, is regularly sold or traded in a "de-identified form" (without names, Social Security numbers, or addresses) to data brokers. Data brokers get your data from entities you might expect, like search websites, but they also get data from entities we trust to protect our private data, like hospitals. Data brokers in the United States are not required to disclose where they received their data from or whom they sold it to. In other words, it is legal for data brokers to keep secret what has happened to your data.

What do data brokers do with your data? They integrate all the information they can assemble to create models of what kind of consumer you are. They then resell or trade their aggregated and analyzed data to other parties. Some of this data-trading may seem harmless, and even beneficial. In particular, one of the main reasons companies buy aggregated data is to target their advertising more precisely, which is a benefit for fans of personalized advertising.

Other applications, however, are more disconcerting. For example, companies combine data sets not only to recover your per-

sonal information, but also to infer aspects of your health and preferences that you never agreed to share, like your IQ, your sexual orientation, or even whether you have HIV. At present, American companies are allowed to use these predictions to set your insurance premiums, influence your chances of getting accepted to a college, or implement a growing collection of other purposes difficult to track and regulate.

Data brokers aren't the only ones who disguise what happens to your data. Many well-known companies do not impose the same privacy rules on apps that use their platform as they apply to themselves. As a result, when you take a Facebook poll, for example, you may unintentionally agree to share your otherwise private Facebook information—and sometimes the Facebook information of your friends—with the app owner. The app owner can then sell these data in various forms to third parties, including governments, even if Facebook itself says that it does not sell such information.

Until some recent investigative reporting, most voters had no idea that this data-transferring mechanism was at work during the U.S. presidential election to target voters using personality profiles gleaned from a Facebook app. A similar source of data is contributing to votes in

Britain. A Tinder app has been built to advocate for Labour Party votes by taking advantage of answers provided through personal message exchanges with bots posing as real Tinder matches.

Many people who use platforms like Facebook or Tinder do not understand the extent to which their social posts and dating preferences are being harvested, and often influenced, for the benefit of specific political campaigns. Nobody knows how many people would share their personality traits and social preferences voluntarily with political campaigns if they understood the consequences of choosing to do so.

Regulations around data-sharing are evolving constantly, but no matter what happens in the future, it is very likely that some of your data already have been used in a way that you did not knowingly approve of. Contrary to popular belief, there *are* secrets in today's data-driven world. It's just that the secret-keepers are no longer individual citizens. Today's secret-keepers are companies and governments. And they are keeping secrets *from you*. ■

Borg is assistant research professor in the Social Science Research Institute and affiliate faculty in the Center for Cognitive Neuroscience.

ForeverDuke

In Memoriam

1930s

Arthur Allen Maryott '37, Ph.D. '40 of Washington, on March 21, 2017.
Margaret Morton Drennen '38 of Shepherdstown, W.V., on April 7, 2017.
Ruth Schoenberger Breece '39, A.M. '44 of Trenton, N.J., on March 9, 2017.

1940s

Graham Conrad Miller '40 of Miami, on Feb. 26, 2017.
Samuel Spach Dalton '41 of Winston-Salem, on March 1, 2017.
Andrew L. Ducker Jr. '41 of Walnut Cove, N.C., on March 4, 2017.
Charles R. McAdams Jr. '42 of Charlotte, on March 23, 2017.
Duncan Waldo Holt Jr. '43, J.D. '49 of Dallas, on March 9, 2017.
Ernestine Johnson Parker '43 of Benson, N.C., on March 11, 2017.
Paul C. Sherertz B.S.E.E. '43 of San Diego, on Dec. 3, 2016.
Sidney W. Smith Jr. '43, J.D. '49 of Detroit, on March 7, 2017.
Bessie Alston Cox Burghardt '44 of Denver, on Feb. 25, 2017.
Dean S. McClelland B.S.M.E. '44 of Sharon, Pa., on May 3, 2017.
Antoinette Geraldine Trout Dixon '45 of Jacksonville, Fla., on Dec. 11, 2016.
Norman Hesson Garrett Jr. '45, M.D. '50, H '54 of Greensboro, N.C., on Feb. 18, 2017.
Mary Morgan Hamilton '45 of New York, on April 13, 2017.
Glenn James Haninger '45 of Columbus, Ohio, on Jan. 10, 2017.
Betty Howe Hunter '45 of Winston-Salem, on March 2, 2017.
Roger Orin Moen '45 of Wichita, Kan., on March 15, 2017.
Ralph Russell Schneider B.S.M.E. '45 of Roanoke, Va., on March 4, 2017.
Vernon Fountain Smith '45 of Raleigh, on May 1, 2017.
Robert Edward Classen '46 of Stuart, Fla., on April 13, 2017.
Ernest Wilson Glass M.Div. '46 of Columbus, N.C., on March 19, 2017.
Walter Kelly McPherson Jr. '46 of Naples, Fla., on March 27, 2017.
Alfred Barney Price '46 of New Columbia, Pa., on Feb. 28, 2017.
Jennie Sally Wade '46 of Mount Pleasant, S.C., on March 25, 2017.
Lois Irene Neifert Abromitis '47 of Newport, R.I., on May 5, 2017.
Margaret Anne Reap Brooks '47 of Albemarle, N.C., on April 30, 2017.
Charlotte Wagner Dietz '47 of Vero Beach, Fla., on March 25, 2017.
Betty Bayliss Kohler '47 of Richmond, Va., on Feb. 27, 2017.
Charles Alexander McKinley '47 of Siloam, Ga., on March 1, 2017.
Betty Burrow Osborne B.S.N. '47 of Durham, on April 3, 2017.
Alice Ford Pratt R.N. '47 of Kitty Hawk, N.C., on Feb. 24, 2017.
John Buckner Sharp Jr. M.F. '47 of Knoxville, Tenn., on March 5, 2017.
Ayles Berry Shehee Jr. B.S.E.E. '47 of Richmond, Va., on May 9, 2017.
Jean Sadler Surgi '47 of Rockville, Md., on April 16, 2017.
Irving Young H '47 of Philadelphia, on Oct. 3, 2016.
Ila Wertenberger Clark '48 of Tallahassee, Fla., on Feb. 24, 2017.
Josephine Huckabee Fish '48 of Rocky Mount, N.C., on April 6, 2017.
Mary Ann Duncan Groome '48 of Greenville, N.C., on March 23, 2017.
Julia Rainwater Logue B.S.N. '48, R.N. '48 of Greenville, S.C., on Feb. 17, 2017.
John W. Seabury B.S.M.E. '48 of Mount Dora, Fla., on April 25, 2017.
Gordon L. Smith Jr. B.S.C.E. '48 of Chattanooga, Tenn., on March 5, 2017.
Jack F. Anderson '49 of Wilkesboro, N.C., on Feb. 25, 2017.
Robert Franklin Clodfelter LL.B. '49 of Winston-Salem, on March 23, 2017.

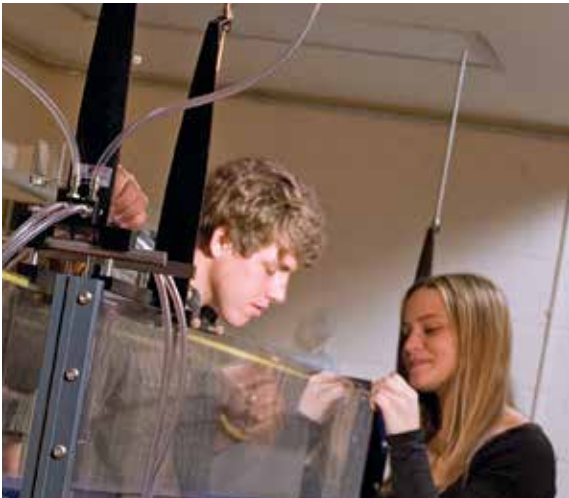
John Robert Gilbertson Sr. '49 of Lynnfield, Mass., on May 2, 2017.
Myra Virginia Bland House B.S.N. '49, R.N. '49 of Portsmouth, Va., on April 20, 2017.
Elizabeth Dennett Hudson '49 of Vero Beach, Fla., on April 4, 2017.
Boyd Hendren Metcalf '49, M.D. '53 of Phoenix, on April 9, 2017.
Stanley Stewart Saunders Jr. B.S.C.E. '49 of Atlanta, on March 8, 2017.
Joseph F. Wells III B.S.E.E. '49 of Anderson, Ind., on March 27, 2017.

1950s

William Randall Bean '50 of Brockton, Mass., on April 21, 2017.
Charles Staples Cooper '50 of Las Cruces, N.M., on Jan. 31, 2017.
Barbara Ann Maynard Friend '50 of Nashville, Tenn., on April 25, 2017.
John D. Keye Jr. M.D. '50 of Redding, Calif., on March 20, 2017.
Lucia Elodia Fisher Kuesel B.S.E. '50 of Darien, Conn., on March 28, 2017.
John Mitchell Lesesne M.D. '50 of Grosse Pointe, Mich., on March 10, 2017.
William A. Rigsbee '50 of Chapel Hill, on May 1, 2017.
George Trusk B.S.E.E. '50 of Mercer Island, Wash., on March 22, 2017.
Charles D. Young '50 of Charlotte, on April 29, 2017.
M. Louise Cason H '51 of Gainesville, Fla., on March 17, 2017.
John William Cox '51 of Sarasota, Fla., on May 14, 2017.

Kathleen Mary Johnston Montgomery '51 of Moscow, Idaho, on Nov. 3, 2015.
Everette Lee Morgan Jr. '51 of Florence, S.C., on March 13, 2017.
Jeannine Newman '51 of Charlotte, on April 3, 2017.
Albert Benner Paul '51 of Atlanta, on Feb. 22, 2017.
Lloyd Hamilton Ramsey H '51 of Lexington, Ky., on Oct. 29, 2016.
George Leroy Shelley III '51 of Northfield, Vt., on April 11, 2017.
Ruth Winer Sterne A.M. '51 of Brookline, Mass., on March 14, 2017.
Augustine Smythe Weekley Jr. '51 of Tampa, Fla., on April 12, 2017.
William A. Brackney '52 of Winston-Salem, on July 16, 2016.
Henry L. Burks M.D. '52 of Chino, Calif., on Jan. 10, 2017.
Nancy Williams Callaway '52 of Cary, N.C., on Feb. 20, 2017.
Patricia Pepper Fuller '52 of Orange, Conn., on March 20, 2017.
William Edward Hankins Jr. B.S.C.E. '52 of Cronulla, Australia, on March 1, 2017.
J. Woodford Howard Jr. '52 of Baltimore, on May 19, 2017.
Rita McKerley Lang '52 of Mount Pleasant, S.C., on March 7, 2017.
Alice Jean Youmans Larkin '52 of Longwood, Fla., on March 2, 2017.
John J. Carey '53, Ph.D. '65 of Mebane, N.C., on March 2, 2017.
Ann Hooker Cherny R.N. '53 of Silver Spring, Md., on Nov. 24, 2016.
Janet Brunson Sublette R.N. '53 of Sumter, S.C., on May 7, 2017.

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



Contact our charitable
planning experts.
Duke University Office of Gift Planning
EMAIL giftplanning@duke.edu
WEB dukeforward.duke.edu/liveon
BLOG dukeforward.duke.edu/blueprints-blog
PHONE (919) 681-0464

You're smart.

SO GIVE SMART. A planned gift could allow you to make a bigger gift than you thought possible. Options include:
> Designating Duke as a beneficiary of a retirement plan
> Including Duke in your will
> Establishing a gift that pays you an income for life
> Giving appreciated assets like stock and real estate

"It is my greatest hope that my gift will continue to strengthen chemistry at Duke and foster meaningful relationships between students and faculty."

CAROL ENSINGER '82, Ph.D.'88
Bequest to endow a professorship in the chemistry department

Giving to
Duke
GIFT PLANNING



Continued from front inside cover.

Chun Lam '71, M.B.A.'74, Ph.D.'77, P'00 was the first in his family to graduate from college, thanks to a scholarship from Duke. In gratitude, Lam established two charitable gift annuities to provide future scholarships for students at the Pratt School of Engineering and The Fuqua School of Business.



"My hope is to give future Duke students in need of financial assistance the opportunity to learn, develop their passions, and to pursue their career aspirations," said Lam. "These scholarships will pave the way for future leaders, scholars, researchers, engineers, and scientists."

Giving to
Duke
GIFT PLANNING

giving.duke.edu/giftplanning | [#GivingtoDuke](https://twitter.com/GivingtoDuke)
(919) 681-0464 | giftplanning@duke.edu

Frank Boyce Boatwright Jr. '54 of Aiken, S.C., on May 5, 2017.
Suzanne Sharpe Brigham '54 of Gainesville, Fla., on April 4, 2017.
Jean Bradley Carson '54 of Vero Beach, Fla., on May 30, 2016.
Elizabeth Heath Danziger M.A.T. '54 of Chapel Hill, on April 11, 2017.
Archie Blair Fairley Jr. '54 of Asheboro, N.C., on Jan. 20, 2017.
Laura Willoughby Higgins '54 of Mount Sterling, Ky., on April 6, 2017.
Eugene Cooper Mullen '54 of Dayton, Ohio, on March 23, 2017.
Robert H. Rumpf M.F. '54 of Carlisle, Pa., on April 9, 2017.
Laura Morrison Trivette R.N. '54 of Statesville, N.C., on May 4, 2017.
Ralph L. Beckett B.S.E. '55 of Beckley, W.V., on April 6, 2017.
George Wesley Bengtson M.F. '55 of Auburn, Ala., on Feb. 19, 2017.
Jack Lee Corley B.S.C.E. '55 of Richmond, Va., on April 24, 2017.
Thomas Harold Crowder Jr. M.D. '55, H '57, H '60 of South Boston, Va., on March 27, 2017.
Henry D. Crowley '55 of Norridgewock, Maine, on March 21, 2017.
Betty Baker Green R.N. '55 of Clinton, S.C., on March 22, 2017.
Harald R. Hansen '55 of Atlanta, on March 16, 2017.
Oscar Taylor Hines Jr. B.S.E.E. '55 of Leesburg, Va., on April 21, 2017.
Betty Lou Hoffman '55 of Lancaster, Pa., on March 21, 2017.
Sarah Truitt Kirby '55 of Raleigh, on Jan. 2, 2017.
Daniel Lane Jr. '55 of Lake Junaluska, N.C., on May 6, 2017.
Barbara Gwynn Orloff P.T. Cert. '55 of Denton, Texas, on April 23, 2017.
George Roberts Allender '56 of Severna Park, Md., on Jan. 20, 2017.
Douglas Bryan Ballantyne B.S.M.E. '56 of Clermont, Fla., on Aug. 21, 2016.
Katherine James Estridge B.S.N. '56 of Candler, N.C., on March 3, 2017.
Judith Kasler Goffman '56 of Gainesville, Fla., on May 9, 2017.
Joseph Hammond Hardison Jr. M.D. '56 of Raleigh, on April 4, 2017.
Robert Johnson Ralls B.Div. '56 of Walnut Cove, N.C., on April 9, 2017.
Wayne P. Thomas '56 of Thomasville, N.C., on Oct. 23, 2016.
James Passmore Barrett M.F. '57, Ph.D. '62 of Durham, N.H., on March 27, 2017.
Venyamoula Panagis Bravos B.S.M.T. '57 of Dunedin, Fla., on Feb. 25, 2017.
Charles N. Darden P.T. Cert. '57 of Tryon, N.C., on May 10, 2017.
Robert R. Mueser B.S.C.E. '57 of Harrisburg, Pa., on March 30, 2017.
Reza Ordoubadian '57 of Murfreesboro, Tenn., on April 11, 2017.
Lawrence James Traber '57 of Palm Bay, Fla., on March 21, 2017.
Ann Mason Norton '58 of Matthews, N.C., on Feb. 24, 2017.
Judith Sherer Womack '58 of Charlotte, on April 10, 2017.
Edward P. Blazer '59 of Lancaster, Pa., on March 30, 2017.
Kenneth Leroy Cornwell B.S.M.E. '59 of Charlotte, on Feb. 4, 2017.
Irwin M. Freundlich M.D. '59 of Tucson, Ariz., on March 20, 2017.
Fredric R. Grae '59 of Staten Island, N.Y., on April 11, 2017.
Kenneth R. Keene B.S.C.E. '59 of Collinsville, Ill., on March 12, 2017.
Richard Austin King Ph.D. '59 of Chapel Hill, on March 3, 2017.
Julia Jones McMillin '59 of Pittsburgh, on March 10, 2017.

1960s

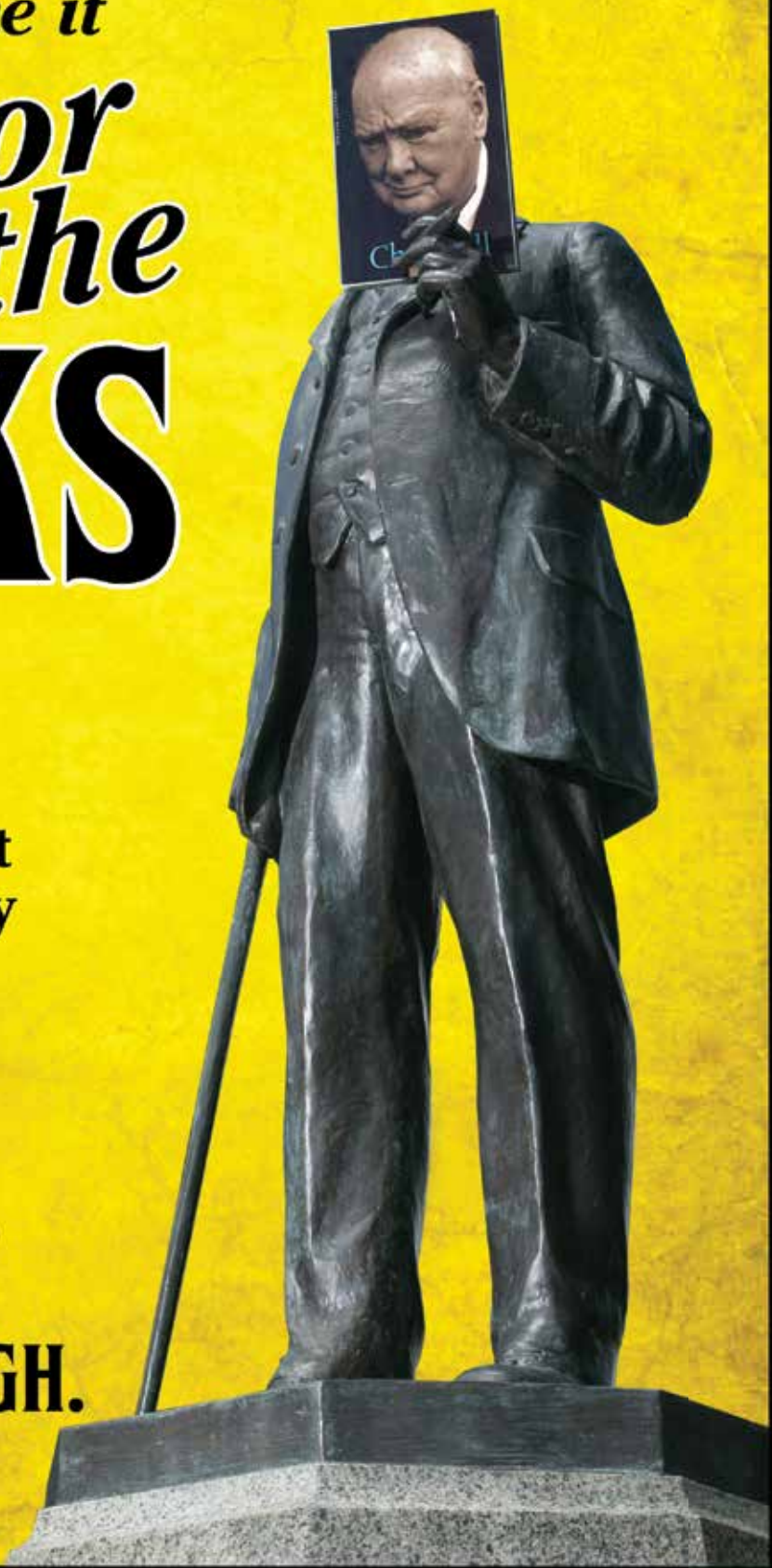
Barbara North Britt '60 of Hatteras, N.C., on Feb. 24, 2017.
Gordon Sinclair Crispin H.A. Cert. '60 of Okatie, S.C., on Dec. 14, 2014.
Marion Frank Erwin '60 of Hillsborough, N.C., on March 3, 2017.
Edward Graham Green '60 of Omaha, Neb., on March 26, 2017.

THIS YEAR, WHEN YOU *make your gift*
TO DUKE, *make it*

ONE *for the*
BOOKS

When you
designate part or
all of your annual
fund gift to support
the Duke University
Libraries, you join
the allied forces
against ignorance.

WE CAN NEVER,
NEVER, NEVER
THANK YOU ENOUGH.



Are you one for the books?

DUKE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

library.duke.edu/annualfund

Jean Peyton McDonald-Britt B.S.N. '60 of High Point, N.C., on Feb. 27, 2017.
Henry Gordon Williams A.M. '60, Ph.D. '71 of Lexington, Va., on March 30, 2017.
Sallie Webb Huss '61 of Greensboro, N.C., on March 27, 2017.
Virginia Thompson McEwan '61 of New Philadelphia, Ohio, on May 6, 2017.
John Alfred Morse '61 of Perrysburg, Ohio, on May 8, 2017.
Miriam Macdonald Reid M.A.T. '61 of Lancaster, Pa., on April 14, 2017.
Joel Loren Rosenberg H '61 of Livingston, N.J., in April 2016.
Donald Francis Xavier Schumacher '61 of West End, N.C., on March 24, 2017.
Carol Sue Dobson Strause '61 of Tucson, Ariz., on March 9, 2017.
Terrie Carol Jones Whittier '61 of Tallahassee, Fla., on April 24, 2017.
Margaret Weaver Boling B.S.N. '62 of Auburndale, Fla., on Dec. 3, 2014.
Donald L. Cohn B.S.E.E. '62 of Corona Del Mar, Calif., on April 26, 2014.
George H. Gadbois Jr. A.M. '62, Ph.D. '65 of Lexington, Ky., on Feb. 16, 2017.
Virginia Tullis Latham '62 of Harvard, Mass., on April 21, 2017.
James Richard Sawers Jr. '62, Ph.D. '66 of Charleston, S.C., on March 21, 2017.
Kathleen Patterson Teso '62 of Sarasota, Fla., on Feb. 28, 2017.
Jean Schade Boos '63, M.A.T. '64 of Atlanta, on April 14, 2017.
Leslie McNeill Dees '63 of Atlanta, on March 31, 2017.
A. Everett James Jr. M.D. '63 of Chapel Hill, on March 14, 2017.
Dennis George Osha '63 of Georgetown, Texas, on Oct. 28, 2014.
Gipsie Bush Ranney '63 of Nashville, Tenn., on March 7, 2017.
Ben H. Wilson III B.Div. '63 of Southern Pines, N.C., on May 10, 2017.

Karl Theodore Benson '64 of Shalimar, Fla., on April 9, 2017.
B. Frederick Buchan Jr. LL.B. '64 of Charlotte, on April 27, 2017.
Edwin A. Carlson Jr. '64 of San Antonio, on April 5, 2015.
John Buxton Gee Jr. B.S.C.E. '64 of Greensboro, N.C., on April 1, 2017.
William Midwood Curtis LL.B. '65 of Laguna Hills, Calif., on March 27, 2017.
George Horace Flowers III B.S.E.E. '65 of Richmond, Va., on March 24, 2017.
Richard H. King '65 of Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 22, 2017.
Marilyn Peak Dawson Webb '65 of Columbus, Ohio, on March 3, 2017.
Lucien Ruby B.S.C.E. '66 of San Francisco, on April 14, 2017.
Louis K. Sharpe IV '66 of Checotah, Okla., on Feb. 23, 2017.
Victor Hugo Germino Jr. A.H.C. '67 of Durham, on March 1, 2017.
John Frederick Hansen A.M. '67, Ph.D. '69 of Normal, Ill., on March 8, 2017.
Richard E. Toomey Ph.D. '67 of Indianapolis, on March 9, 2017.
Michael S. Insel '69 of Naples, Fla., on May 5, 2017.
Larry Bernard Newman M.D. '69 of Nashville, Tenn., on March 19, 2017.

1970s

George Wesley Barry Jr. B.S.E. '72 of Tupelo, Miss., on Jan. 11, 2017.
Pamela Aiken Farr '72 of Gainesville, Ga., on March 8, 2017.
Harriett Ellen Fox '72 of Dunwoody, Ga., on Jan. 23, 2017.
Joseph A. Franco III '72 of Gilbert, Ariz., on June 25, 2016.
Juliet Elizabeth Crennel Linder B.S.N. '72 of Minneapolis, on March 20, 2017.



Kip Frey
Professor of the Practice
of Law & Public Policy
Brian Hare
Associate Professor of
Evolutionary Anthropology

Cofounded Dognition, a company that uses science-based games to help dog owners form a deeper connection with their pets.



UNLEASHING CREATIVITY,
EMPOWERING SUCCESS

Through resources, support and guidance, the Duke Innovation and Entrepreneurship Initiative enables participants to focus on their passion, hone their talents and bring great ideas to life.

Learn how Duke I&E is encouraging innovation and inspiring entrepreneurship.

dognition.com
entrepreneurship.duke.edu

Travel *with* Duke

Your family. Your dream destinations.

Where do you want to go with your children
and grandchildren in 2018?



- TRIPS FOR FAMILIES
- Alaska
 - Galapagos
 - National Parks of the Southwest
 - Cruise the Rhine
 - Family Japan
 - Family Peru
 - Family Italy

Duke
ALUMNI

#DukelsEverywhere
www.dukealumnitravels.com

Family Italy, July 10-19



Family Peru, August 1-10



Family Japan,
June 30-July 8



Cruise the Rhine -
a multi-generational tour,
July 11-19

The Medici's Painter CARLO DOLCI

and 17th-Century Florence

August 24, 2017 – January 14, 2018



NASHER
MUSEUM OF ART AT DUKE UNIVERSITY nasher.duke.edu/dolci

Discounted tickets for Duke Alumni available at the door.

Carlo Dolci, *Vase of Tulips, Narcissi, Anemones and Buttercups with a Basin of Tulips* (detail), 1662. Oil on canvas, 27 3/4 x 21 3/4 inches (70 x 55 cm). Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence.

This exhibition is supported by the Mary Duke Biddle Foundation, Katie Thorpe Kerr and Terrance I. R. Kerr, Patricia Roderick Morton, Kelly Braddy Van Winkle and Lance Van Winkle, Lisa Lowenthal Pruzan and Jonathan Pruzan, and Caroline and Arthur Rogers.

ForeverDuke

Victoria Bowman Stone '72 of Oklahoma City, on April 2, 2017.
Robert McLelland H '73 of Raleigh, on March 3, 2017.
Richard Paul Rohrich J.D. '73 of Akron, Ohio, on March 26, 2017.
Robert Bowley Lucas B.S.E. '74 of Bahama, N.C., on Jan. 9, 2017.
Eric H. Conn Sr. M.D. '76, H '81 of Baltimore, on Feb. 4, 2017.
John Bernard Mullen H '76 of Dallas, on Nov. 14, 2014.
Edwin Douglas Stanfield M.Div. '77 of Piedmont, S.C., on Feb. 16, 2017.
Laurie Furst Miller B.S.E. '78 of Fort Collins, Colo., on Feb. 15, 2017.

1980s

Lynn Darcy George H '80 of Southern Pines, N.C., on Feb. 21, 2017.
Alan Richard Treiman M.D. '80 of Sarasota, Fla., on April 17, 2017.
David Shand Wilcox '80 of Lynnwood, Wash., on Dec. 9, 2016.
Jan Leslie Porter M.D. '81 of Spartanburg, S.C., on March 19, 2017.
James Kennon Sharpe M.B.A. '81 of Fort Myers, Fla., on Sept. 25, 2016.
Caroline Marie Klein '82 of Chapel Hill, on April 27, 2017.
John Roscoe Nickens III M.H.A. '85 of Houston, on May 11, 2017.
Elizabeth Sara Rogers A.M. '85, A.M. '86 of Lexington, Mass., on Feb. 17, 2017.
Katherine Pierzchala Tabatowski H '87 of Zanesville, Ohio, on April 16, 2017.
Michael Gauker Warning M.R.E. '87 of Kinston, N.C., on March 15, 2017.

Darryl Triandos Banks M.B.A. '88 of Edenton, N.C., on Dec. 24, 2016.
Leigh Ann Fanning Neely '89 of Castle Rock, Colo., on April 14, 2017.

1990s

Kevin Francis Bell '91 of New York, on March 1, 2017.
Vance Riley M.B.A. '93 of Albuquerque, N.M., on April 11, 2017.
Lottie B. Applewhite A.M. '97 of Chapel Hill, on May 15, 2017.

2000s

Armond Gluck Schwartz III '07 of Dallas, on March 25, 2017.

2010s

Orfeus Lance Shankle '12 of Charlotte, on March 23, 2017.
Nikolaos Aristotelis Valilis '12 of El Paso, Texas, on April 22, 2017.
Richard L. Lin J.D. '16 of Manalapan, N.J., on May 9, 2017.
Thomas Allen Beam M.Div. '19 of Louisburg, N.C., on Feb. 22, 2017.



Huddling up



DUKE 10-TENN. 2
Duke Stadium Oct. 14, 1932

Duke University Archives

With modern media invading every aspect of the game, the huddle may be the last truly secret space in football. Which means it's our job to invade that space! Did the man in the center just realize his jersey resembles a backyard fence? Is the suited fella on the left congratulating himself on that sweet fedora purchase? Are the guys on the right discussing postgame dinner plans? Is the whole team wondering why so many people are in the stands for a 10-2 game that was probably all but unwatchable?

YOU TELL US. Get inside these guys' heads, then share your caption with us at dukemag@duke.edu. The winner gets Duke swag (it's a secret!) and we'll share the best entries.

Duke
ALUMNI

REUNIONS

April 13-15, 2018



Celebrate. Reminisce. Reconnect.
*Come back to Duke Reunions and
remember what it means to be
Forever Duke.*

CELEBRATING THE CLASSES OF:

1958, 1963, 1968, 1973, 1978, 1983, 1988, 1993,
1998, 2003, 2008, 2013 and the Half Century Club

Learn more about the weekend and
book your hotel:

www.DukeReunions.com

Duke Alumni Association

Reunions Office • Box 90572 • Durham, NC 27708-0572





Whose home is this?

For the Duke graduate who lived here, it was a place where all that was collected served as inspiration and homage, and perhaps for visitors, as revelation. Learn the answer and see more, beginning on **page 38**.

Photos by Alex Harris

