SPRING/SUMMER 2016

University of Richmond Magazine

EYE

SERENDIPITY Photographer Jordan Matter, R'91, avoids going into a shoot with a storyboard or staging notes. His plan is mostly no plan, aside from the goal of capturing tiny, fleeting moments of joy in the everyday things around us.

"I believe strongly in serendipity," Matter said. He'll practice a shot for 20 to 30 seconds before shooting finals. His work features athletes, circus folk, and dancers. Matter's photography has received acclaim from *The New York Times* and BuzzFeed as images that inspire and free the imagination. His next book, *Dancers After Dark*, releases in August.

At the start of finals week, four members of the University Dancers took a study break with Matter to see what moments of joy might be found around the lake. They are Briana Williams, '18 (cover), Natalie Alessio, '18 (Page 2, bottom), Cristina Peters, '18 (Page 3, top left), and Madeline Holm, '19 (Page 3, bottom right). For a behind-the-scenes look at capturing these photos and an interview with Matter, go to magazine.richmond.edu.

EDITOR'S NOTE

My dinner with Scott

Photograph by Stephen Voss/NPR

Earlier this semester, I sat with a small group of well-dressed companions under the chandelier of the Brown-Alley Room for dinner with Scott Simon. If you listen to National Public Radio on Saturday mornings, you will know both his name and his voice. In person, he sounds exactly as he does on the radio: familiar and soothing, with a warm timbre that invites you to sip your coffee in your slippers a little longer as he widens your world and your heart with stories.

Simon had come down from Washington, D.C., with his family — his wife, French-American documentary filmmaker Caroline Richard, and their charming daughters, ages 9 and 13 — to talk about storytelling for the annual Peple Lecture, sponsored by the Friends of Boatwright Memorial Library. To my immediate left at dinner were several of the Peples, all gracious to a fault; a local author and his wife, who were equally gracious, sat just to my right. Across the table, close enough to pass the butter, were two Richmond journalism students, along with Simon and his family.

Many of the 15 or so of us around the table had just met for the first time. We sat elbow to elbow, a coziness that made normal speaking volume sufficient for anecdotes and connections both fascinating and improbable. Simon and one of us, it turned out, had not only both dipped toes into the same hotel pool in Ethiopia's capital, Addis Ababa, but also had dinner at the same Italian restaurant not far from it. The cliché of noting what a small world we inhabit was irresistible.

We sat at the table for several hours eating and talking like this, reviving a lapsed Peple Lecture tradition of dining with the distinguished guest the night before the talk. To me, it was a reminder of something we do uncommonly well at Richmond. Interactions among Spiders aren't transactional. Students, faculty, and staff come to know one another well and develop deep connections with each other. We know that's incredibly important.

It's why we choose small seminars over large lecture classes, why we form communities within communities where students study, live, and travel together, why Spiders gather in regional alumni groups around the world. There's a quiet power in telling, hearing, and knowing each other's stories. They have a way of helping us uncover new insights, articulate just-forming perspectives, and nurture growing bonds.

Scott Simon was, of course, very good at drawing stories out of the table with a well-placed question or sympathetic laugh. He is also, of course, a very good storyteller himself. However, not everything he said over dinner and during his lecture was completely spontaneous. Speaking of the power of stories, he raised the old aphorism that a picture is worth a thousand words and then added something that he's written and said elsewhere before:

"You give me a thousand words and I can give you: the Lord's Prayer, the 23rd Psalm, the Hippocratic Oath, a sonnet by Shakespeare, the Preamble to the Constitution, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, the last graphs of Martin Luther King's speech to the March on Washington, and the final entry of Anne Frank's diary. You give me a thousand words, and I don't think I'd trade you for any picture on earth."

They were words worth repeating.

—Matthew Dewald
Editor, University of Richmond Magazine

INSIDE

SPRING/SUMMER 2016

University of Richmond Magazine

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ON THE COVER:
"How Dancers Study" by Jordan Matter, R'91; see Page 1.

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WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH ARISTOTLE?

"To amuse oneself in order that one may exert oneself, as Anacharsis puts it, seems right. We need relaxation because we cannot work continuously. Relaxation, then, is not an end; for it is taken for the sake of activity."
—Nicomachean Ethics, *Book X*

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INBOX

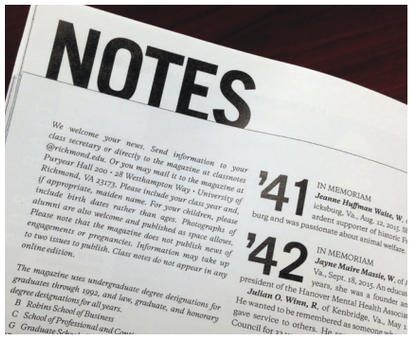
YOUR MAGAZINE, YOUR VOICE

Let us know what you think about what you read in this issue. Email your thoughts to magazine @richmond.edu or send us a letter (our postal address is on Page 5). Please include your class year, city, state, and maiden name, if applicable. All letters to the editor may be edited for clarity or brevity and should not exceed 200 words. We also welcome your story tips at magazine @richmond.edu.

Opinions expressed here are those of the letter writers, not necessarily those of the magazine or this institution.

WHERE ARE YOU READING *UR MAGAZINE*?

Curled up by the fire? On the ski slopes or a sunny Caribbean beach? Send us a photo showing where you read the magazine — and feel free to include your smiling face. Tag us on social media @urichmondmag or email the photo to us at magazine @richmond.edu.


NOTES

We welcome your news. Send information to your class secretary or directly to the magazine at classnotes @richmond.edu. Or you may mail it to the magazine at Puryear Hall 200 • 28 Westhampton Way • University of Richmond, VA 23173. Please include your class year and, if appropriate, maiden name. For your children, please include birth dates rather than ages. Photographs of alumni are also welcome and published as space allows. Please note that the magazine does not publish news of engagements or pregnancies. Information may take up to two issues to publish. Class notes do not appear in any online edition.

The magazine was undergraduate degree designations for graduates through 1992, and law, graduate, and honorary degree designations for all years.
B Robins School of Business
C School of Professional and Con...
G Graduate School

'41

IN MEMORIAM
Jeanne Hoffman Waite, W. ...
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...years, she was a founder an...
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He wanted to be remembered as someone w...
give service to others. He ...
Council for ...

CLASS NOTES: ONLY YOU CAN WRITE 'EM

After each issue, we send a quick, anonymous survey to a small number of readers to help us understand what's working and what's not. Here's one of the most compelling responses we received on the most recent survey, compelling because he says what others have also told us anecdotally. We reached out to the writer, who left his name with his comment, for permission to reprint (and lightly edit and condense) his response:

The biggest disappointment in the magazine is the lack of information in the Class Notes section. This is, of course, not the fault of the magazine but is the result of those of us who do not send in information. I am as guilty as anyone.

I do not want to appear ego-driven if I send information that seems self-congratulatory. I recently retired as the men's tennis coach at the University of Notre Dame. I was inducted into college tennis's Hall of Fame. On other previous occasions I was twice named as the national coach of the year, coached the U.S. team to a gold medal in the 1991 World University Games in England, and won other national, prestigious awards.

I never notified the University of any of this because I did not want it to appear that I was being a show-off and seeking attention. Perhaps many of my classmates and fraternity brothers would have wanted to know of my successes. I certainly can't expect the U of R to keep close tabs on me and my career. The solution would be for me, and many others like me, to send our updates to the University. Whether others share my feelings and opinion is something I do not know.

—Bobby Bayliss, R'66
Granger, Ind.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

I received the latest edition of the *UR magazine* yesterday and am enjoying the articles and features.

I only have one suggestion. It appears that the obituaries are now being placed at the end of each class year in the Notes section beginning on Page 40. This is somewhat inconvenient to those of us who know alumni from many other classes. I am a twice graduate of the University, so I look at those years. Both of my parents were UR alumni, as were two of my brothers and my daughter. I tend to also look at their years. By locating the obits behind each class year, a reader must peruse each year to see the memorial notices. It is very easy to miss one. I would suggest that it would be much less tedious on the reader if there were a memorial column or page where all the obituaries can be placed together. It certainly would help with ease of reading.

Just a suggestion. I sincerely enjoy your most interesting publication.

—Aubrey Rosser Jr., R'74 and L'77
Altavista, Va.

WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

Some of the Class of 1969 folks are wondering when the photograph on Page 45 of the current issue of the magazine was taken since most of the people in the photo are our class. It was also used on the Westhampton College 100-year timeline and dated as 1960s.

Do we know any more about the exact date of the photo or the circumstances? We are also curious about the two guys in the photo. Most of the time guys would have been sitting by a woman who invited them.

—Susan Agee Riggs, W'69
Williamsburg, Va.

[Editor's note: If Susan recognizes some of the faces in the photo, she knows more than we do. All we have to go on is a print with a few notes written in pencil on the back. Darlene Slater Herod, W'85, of the Virginia Baptist Society, which holds much of the Unviersity's archives, says a cropped version of the photo appeared in the 1969–70 Westhampton student handbook. If you know anything that will shed light on the photo, drop us a note at magazine.richmond.edu.]

WHERE ARE YOU READING?

We read *University of Richmond Magazine* in Therwil, Switzerland. We realized we are both Spiders while chatting after softball practice for the Therwil Flyers, for whom we both play. The Therwil Flyers Slowpitch Softball Team was the 2013 Swiss National Champion in 2013 in the co-ed national league.

—Ina Nicosia-Schelker, '94, and
Joan Drueding Valeriano, '98

VIA SOCIAL MEDIA

So exciting seeing me and @ashmbrock in the @urichmondmag! My first time!! #lookinggood #famous #URspouse #gospiders #SPORTS

—@brockter via Twitter

El gran jaguar #tikal #guatemala #wanderlusting #travelgram #spidersabroad

—@latinovoyager via Instagram

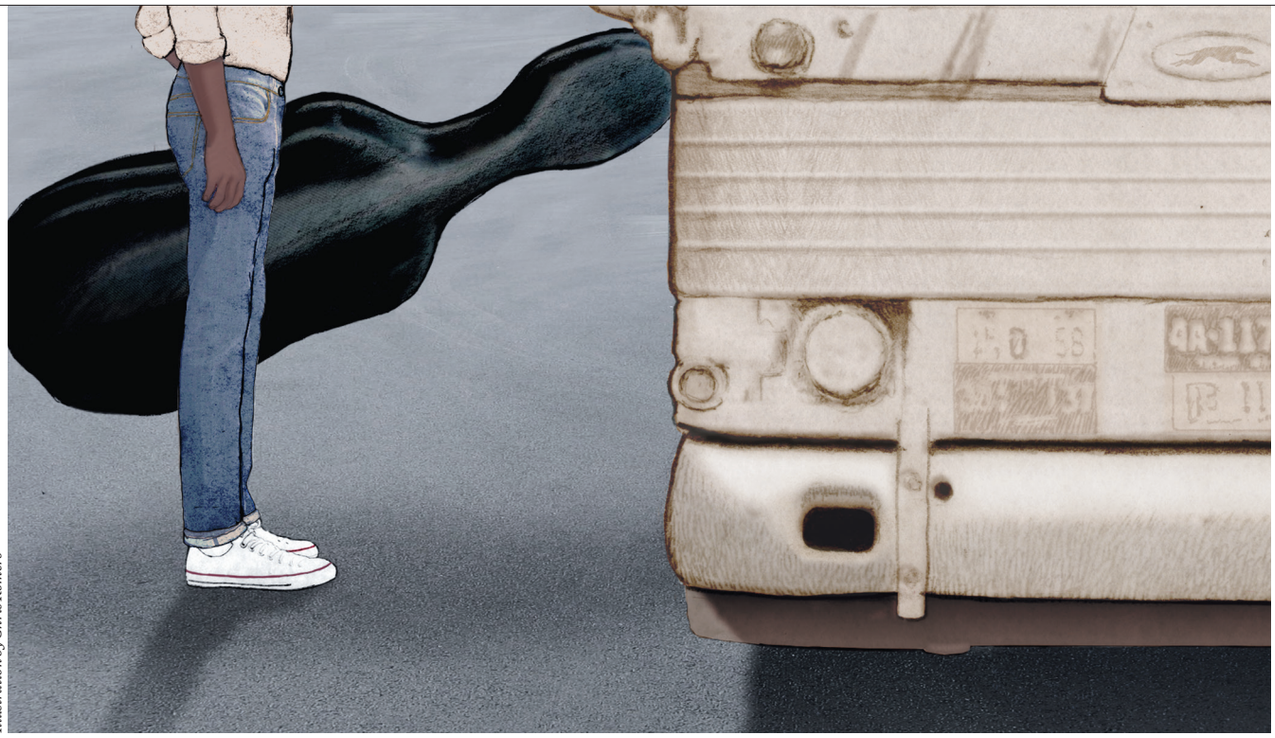


Illustration by Chris Romero

On selflessness

President Ronald A. Crutcher's cellos have taken him to Carnegie Hall and venues across the world. But when he started playing his first cello in his early teens, he faced the considerable task of lugging the instrument around. He reflects on the spontaneous help he often got from others.

A cello is not a small instrument. Nor does it fit easily onto a bus.

Yet each weekend, when I was a teenager, strangers helped me lift my oversized instrument onto the Ohio Bus Lines bus to Richmond, Ind., that transported me safely as far as Oxford, Ohio — 35 miles from my home in Cincinnati — for my first real musical lessons from a university professor.

I may not have known all of these strangers' names or why they were looking out for a somewhat serious boy who considered his cello his best friend, unabashedly. But I remember fondly the roles my fellow passengers played in supporting the mentorship that changed my life.

Selfless acts of generosity are scattered throughout my life like eighth notes on a sheet of music. They are sharply familiar and produce memorable notes, though they often surprise me. What makes a person choose to help another, with no promise of personal gain?

Since my arrival at Richmond, I have told the story of my mentor, professor Elizabeth Potteiger, countless times. Liz offered to tutor me at Miami University, free of charge, if my parents would transport me to Oxford. Hence the aforementioned bus or, sometimes, the back seat of my father's used Ford station wagon (and later, in Leon Friedberg's Volkswagen Bug!).

It's a tale I have shared for 50 years because my life as a professional musician and educator can be neatly partitioned into those contented days before Liz and those heady and aspiring years after our serendipitous introduction. She established the foundation upon which my music career was built and taught me that the boundaries of my educational and career ambitions stretched far beyond the borders of my suburban neighborhood.

Of course, Liz wasn't the first person to offer the selfless mentoring I describe. I often say that my parents were my first mentors, teaching me discipline and self-reliance. My father was stern but kind, my mother spirited and independent — her self-sufficiency more reflective of a woman of this era and not the 1950s. But Liz's generosity was voluntary, untethered to either family bonds or potential financial gain.

Leaders of Zion Baptist Church, such as the Rev. L. Venchael Booth and choir director Ernestine Daniels, similarly nurtured my love of education and music. Zion Baptist was on the forefront of the civil rights movement in Cincinnati, and Rev. Booth invited luminaries such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Howard Thurman to preach. I recall not only their passionate and inspirational sermons, but their kindness toward the strangers we were to them — united in our hope for a more just and equal society. Later, when academic mentors encouraged me to seek leadership positions, they implored me to reach back as I advanced forward and to mentor others, something I do to this day.

In the kind of education we embrace at Richmond, we aim to inculcate in students this same desire for active and beneficent citizenship. Or, as our mission states, to "prepare students to lead lives of purpose."

Selflessness is less about what we do as a society than about who we are. Are we humble so that we regard others with recognition and respect as equals? Are we conscious of a world outside our own, a generous space where we offer assistance unconditionally and without judgment? Are we kind?

The biblical Proverbs tell us that "unfriendly people care only about themselves; they lash out at common sense." I remember those strangers on the bus casting friendly smiles toward me each Saturday. And perhaps it was common sense that they help their youthful travel companion to ensure that the bus would leave on time.

But I know it was much more. Selflessness is a choice we can all make, to lift hearts and spirits, our veils of ignorance, our voices in celebration and song, and other people and communities in need.

And even the occasional cello, if that is the need that arises.

THE ORIGINS OF SELFLESSNESS

The word *selflessness* surprisingly doesn't come into the English lexicon until poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge used it in 1825, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The term appears in a prose passage in which Coleridge explains — rather quaintly to our 21st-century sensibilities — lessons that ants can teach us about human nature. Nonetheless, he writes himself into this still-lovely sentence: "All things strive to ascend and ascend in their striving."

NEWS

STRATEGIC PLAN

IMAGINING RICHMOND'S FUTURE

Development of the 2017-22 Strategic Plan is underway.

Ideas, alumni?

The formation of a strategic plan to guide the next phase of the University's development is underway, and planners are asking for your continued input on Richmond's future.

This spring, alumni and other Spiders from throughout the University community offered input and feedback to help articulate the University's values and develop a shared vision to guide the next strategic plan. This inclusive proess has led to the development of four themes around which the new plan will be developed:

Academic excellence — offering "an exceptional education to all students, grounded in excellent teaching, active inquiry, student engagement, and significant scholarship and creative work."

Intellectual community — developing "in students habits of mind that urge and enable them to ask and answer unscripted questions, engage ethically the complex and rapidly changing world that awaits them, and live an examined life."

Access and opportunity — ensuring that "the transformative opportunities that Richmond provides — and likelihood of success in those opportunities — will not be dependent upon wealth or background."

Thriving and inclusive community — one that "promotes the full participation of all of its members" and "will prepare students to flourish in a variety of settings and effectively navigate and contribute to our complex world."

Working groups have begun to develop goals and initiatives around the identified themes. The target date for the plan's adoption is spring 2017.

Alumni and other members of the University community are invited to go to strategicplan.richmond.edu for more information and to provide input to the working groups.

LEADERSHIP

ARTS AND SCIENCES The University announced the appointment of Patrice Rankine, a specialist in classical literature and its reception among African-American authors, as the new dean of the School of Arts and Sciences. His appointment begins June 1.

Rankine comes to Richmond from Hope College in Holland, Mich., where he was dean for the arts and humanities. He earned his doctoral and master's degrees at Yale University; his dissertation was on the tragedies of Seneca. His undergraduate alma mater is Brooklyn College.

#RICHMOND2020

Pleased to meet you

The Class of 2020 won't arrive until August, but Ronald A. Crutcher, president, decided not to wait until then to welcome them. He did so in April just after acceptance letters went out via a brief video posted on the University's home page.

More than 10,400 students applied for approximately 800 spots in the Class of 2020, according to acceptance letters mailed out by Gil Villanueva, dean of admission. Many of those who received acceptance letters celebrated on social media with the hashtag #Richmond2020.

See Crutcher's welcome video at magazine.richmond.edu.

Welcome all

In March, the U.S. Department of Education highlighted Richmond for its efforts to significantly expand access for low-income students.

In "Fulfilling the Promise, Serving the Need: Advancing College Opportunity for Low-Income Students," the department praised Richmond for increasing the percentage of Pell recipients from 9 to 20 percent of enrolled students from 2008 to 2013, while also demonstrating strong completion rates. Eighty-two percent of Richmond's Pell recipients graduate within six years.

20% number of Pell recipients among enrolled students

82% recipients who graduate within six years

SCHOLARSHIP

The three P's

One student, inspired by his grandmother's stories, wanted to know what it was like to be African-American in Richmond in the early 1800s. Another choreographed a dance that incorporated feathers to emulate a study that used chickens to study work-life balance. A third has been in the lab designing her own molecules.

They and more than 350 other students in the School of Arts and Sciences presented projects as varied as presentations, posters, and performances at the 31st annual Student Symposium April 15.

"It is my favorite day of the academic year," said Kathleen Skerrett, dean.

QUOTATION

"Who else would I trust to give me an honest judgment of someone I ask about, as well as warn me about Dhall/library etiquette?"

MEGAN MCNITT, '19, in her March 17 op-ed for *The Collegian* called "7 perks of having an older brother at school." Her brother Peter graduated in 2015, and her brother Johnny is in the Class of 2017.

VOX POPULI

Photograph by The All-Nite Images via Flickr

LIFT EV'RY VOICE

A co-founder of the Black Lives Matter movement spoke to a packed audience in the Commons in March.

Birth of a movement

"Yes, all lives matter — in theory," said Alicia Garza, co-founder of the Black Lives Matter movement, when she spoke on campus March 22.

A packed Alice Haynes and overflow room listened to Garza deliver an hour-long talk on the Black Lives Matter movement, and many stayed for the half-hour question-and-answer session that followed.

Garza stressed her agreement with the philosophy behind the "all lives matter" argument, but she said the phrase doesn't accurately represent America today. Racial disparities in incarceration rates, income inequality by gender and race, and shorter life expectancies for certain minorities are evidence of its incompleteness.

"All lives matter is what we're fighting for, but we're not there yet," she said.

Garza also described Black Lives Matter's origins, emphasizing that hashtags don't start movements; people do — specifically, people who share a vision and a sense of determination. She also touched on the mistreatment of indigenous people and how white supremacy, which she calls a disease, is killing everyone in different ways.

During the question-and-answer segment, one student asked whether Garza would characterize current actions toward people of color as "genocide."

"I feel deeply that we need to find a way to describe what is happening to us and why," she said, adding that "genocide" may not be a sufficiently precise term.

Garza concluded her remarks with a question derived from her mother's belief that she would never see this kind of civil rights advocacy twice in her lifetime. This surprise led to Garza's final question for the audience: "If we all believed that change was possible in our lifetime, what would we do?"

—Diana Muggeridge, '16

WHAT DO WE WANT? WHEN DO WE WANT IT? *"It takes something controversial to wake up stagnant minds," a student wrote in* The Collegian *— in 1942. Garza joins a long list of public figures and advocates who have spoken at Richmond over the years, compelling students to consider the pressing issues of their day in new ways. Among the highest-profile ones in recent years have been President Barack Obama, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, and U.S. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia.*

EVENTS

Reunion Weekend

6.03–05 Across campus If your class year ends in 1 or 6, this is your year. The five-year newbies are 2011; everyone else, be sure to show them how it's done. *alumni.richmond.edu/reunion*

SPCS information session

6.22 An evening session for working professionals thinking about professional and continuing education. Program coordinators and student advisers will address questions about everything from cost to transfer credit and financial aid. *spcs.richmond.edu*

Gelato, anyone?

7.02 Summer study abroad students depart for a month in Verona to improve their Italian language skills and study northern Italy's folklore and legends. Other Spiders will also study far and wide, everywhere from Argentina and Australia to the U.K., France, Spain, Germany, the Czech Republic, and Japan. *international.richmond.edu*

Orientation begins

8.17 Pack light when it comes to T-shirts and lanyards because first-year students will surely be getting more, plus a lot of valuable information, as they start their Spider journey.

Fall classes begin

8.22 For #Richmond2020, it'll be their first real day of college. For the Class of 2017, it'll mark the last time they start a fall semester. Both are moments to reflect and savor.

Labor Day (no classes)

9.05 Break already? Parents' washers and dryers get their first college experience.

Home opener

9.10 After an away game in Charlottesville, Spider football hosts Norfolk State at Robins Stadium.

AROUND CAMPUS

Olympic cleanup

The lighting of the Olympic torch over Rio de Janeiro in August could be a bright spot in Brazil's current dark days of recession, corruption charges, and impeachment proceedings that have divided the country.

Law professor Andy Spalding, who studies international anti-corruption efforts and traveled there with students in his Brazil, Corruption, and the 2016 Summer Olympics course, said the country enacted meaningful anti-corruption reform ahead of the games, ensuring itself a brighter future.

"It's a little bit like somebody who's going to the dentist for the first time," he said. "The bad news is you have cavities. The good news is you're being treated."

Mocking since 1985

The 2016 edition of Richmond's undergraduate mock trial program qualified two teams for an opening-round tournament in Washington, D.C. One of the teams earned a spot in the national final in Greenville, S.C.

The last time a Spider team progressed this far was in 2009, said program director Tim Patterson, an instructor in the political science department. Richmond was one of 48 teams out of 800 nationwide to qualify for the finals.

Recent accolades

In April, *Money* and *Essence* magazines selected Richmond for its list of the "50 Best Colleges for African-Americans." The publications focused on four factors: graduation rates, affordability, earnings potential, and representation of African-American students.

The Digital Scholarship Lab's American Panorama project is one of nine projects that *The Chronicle of Higher Education* named to its "Tech Innovators: 2016" list. The digital atlas of American history "has rocketed across the web" and "presents social developments in a compellingly interactive way," *The Chronicle* said.

PORTRAIT

AN ICON If you want to study leadership, Virginia's executive mansion is a good place to visit. But even there, the governor was alongside students looking up at someone else.

In February, students from the Jepson School of Leadership Studies attended the unveiling of a portrait of Barbara Johns, who led a walkout to protest school segregation and then started a lawsuit that became part of the monumental *Brown v. Board of Education* case.

The students were enrolled in Public Lives, Personal Narratives, and Persona, a Jepson course taught by Laurenett Lee, the founding curator of African-American history at the Virginia Historical Society.

CURRICULUM VITAE

The Hoyle method

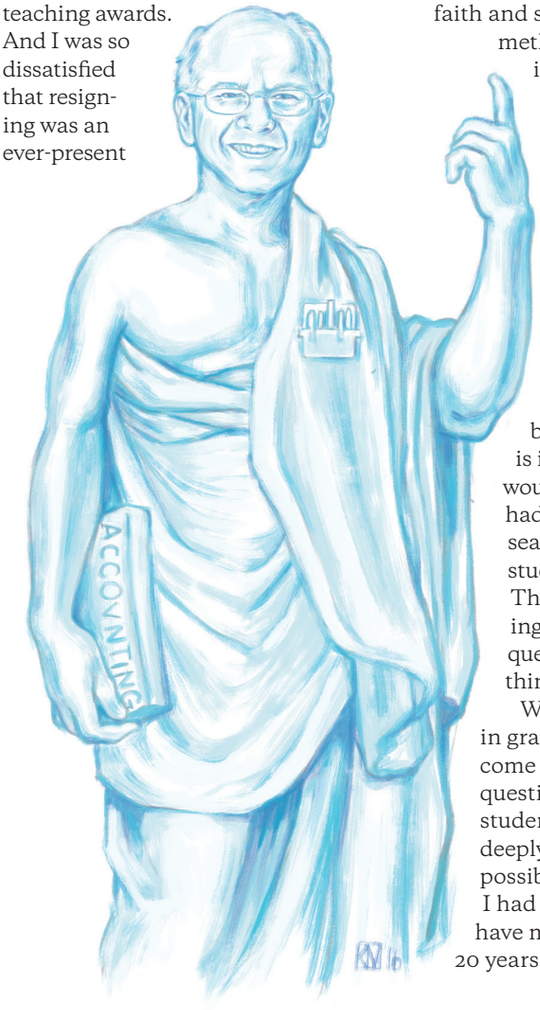
A book editor recently asked Joe Ben Hoyle, who has taught accounting since 1971, to reflect on what he wished he'd learned in graduate school. You can read his reply in full on his blog: joehoyle-teaching.blogspot.com. Here's an excerpt:

For the first 20 years I taught in college, I believed my role was the conveyance of information. I poured hours into creating beautiful lectures. Students transcribed every word. Class evaluations were good. I won teaching awards. And I was so dissatisfied that resigning was an ever-present temptation. Student learning seemed stuck in low gear. My efforts appeared to accomplish nothing more than helping bright young people become stenographers.

In 1991, I took a desperate leap of faith and switched to the Socratic method. I no longer conveyed information. Instead, I asked questions every day for the entire period.

I never ask for volunteers. I award no points for participation. I call on everyone every day and expect students to be prepared. "I don't know" is not acceptable. "Figure it out" is my reply to a weak response. The questions are the key. They form puzzles that must be analyzed and solved. "Why is it done this way?" "What would have happened if the facts had been reversed?" I constantly search for questions that force students to think more deeply. That sentence is worth repeating: I constantly search for questions that force students to think more deeply.

What do I wish I had learned in graduate school? I wish I had come to understand that good questions create puzzles that lead students to think deeply, more deeply than anything I could possibly tell them in a lecture. If I had understood all that, I could have made better use of those first 20 years in the classroom.



Hoyle illustration by Katie McBride; Barbara Johns portrait courtesy the Moton Museum

THE WISDOM OF JOE HOYLE

A few other gems from Hoyle's various posts:

- *"Experiments work better if they are directed at identified problems."*
- *"We are all just average until we do something unique."*
- *"I am a big believer in the wonder of puzzles."*
- *"Sometimes all it takes are three bonus points."*

MANYANG KHER, '16

By Linda Niemann Evans, W'71

A REFUGEE'S STORY *Among the many happy Spiders graduating in May, it's hard to imagine one who has come farther than Manyang Reath Kher. Kher was one of Sudan's Lost Boys. At the age of 3, he was separated from his family and — like thousands of boys like him — escaped Sudan's civil war by making a harrowing trek hundreds of miles across a hostile landscape. He has dedicated himself to becoming an increasingly effective advocate for other refugees.*

Photograph by Gordon Schmidt

Not long after Manyang Reath Kher came to the Richmond area, he watched the documentary *God Grew Tired of Us*, a look at the harsh reality of refugees whom the world were calling the Lost Boys of Sudan. Kher saw his life in the documentary because he was one of those 20,000 boys who survived the civil war in Sudan by walking hundreds of miles to live in makeshift refugee camps in Ethiopia.

Although safe from the war, the boys found little to be happy about in the camps. Separated from family, they had little education, food, health care, or hope.

"The movie made me feel like my life was useless," he recalled. "I questioned my life. I had only been in the U.S. about seven months. Those people didn't deserve that life."

Commonwealth Catholic Charities brought Kher to Richmond, where he lived at the Virginia Home for Boys and Girls. After seeing the documentary, he wanted to help, but with no money and living in a group home, he had no idea how to proceed. So, he decided to create awareness of the situation through the International Affairs Club at J.R. Tucker High School. The group sponsored a run and raised a few hundred dollars that they gave to a large charity.

He felt good, but "I didn't know if our money was helping the people I wanted to help." After entering the University, Kher was determined to help the refugees directly. Two years of hard work and making connections resulted in the Humanity Helping Sudan Project (humanityhelpingsudanproject.org). In its first year, the nonprofit organization raised $7,000 — mostly from Kher's high school friends and their families. That summer, Kher went to Africa and bought 120 fishing nets so refugees could easily fish for food.

"I felt so good. I can finally help directly," he said.

But he wasn't done. Soon the project added a 4-acre community garden, funded by Whole Foods Market. The refugees began growing potatoes, corn, tomatoes, and peanuts. Then HHSP bought chickens, adding another food and income source.

Kher's achievements garnered him national attention. He was a finalist for the 2012 VH1 Do Something Award, earning $10,000 for HHSP. *Applause Africa* magazine gave him its Humanitarian Award.

Kher graduates from Richmond this year and plans to continue his humanitarian work. He hopes to build a trade school, increase farming in Ethiopia and South Sudan, and import Sudanese coffee to the U.S.

While the war has ended, the need to rebuild persists. Kher plans to be there as long as it does.

HE FOUND HIS MOM

Twenty-one years after being separated from his family, Kher reunited in Sudan with his mother and sister with the help of the Red Cross. He recounted the experience of searching for his parents for the television program *Virginia Currents*:

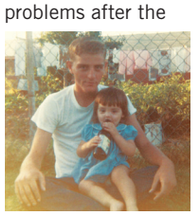
"I [wrote] over 200 letters [searching for them]. ... The love they have for me, even though I was young, I can still feel it. ... I [found] my father died in 1996 as a soldier. ... It was a relief for me to know that I don't have to find my father. ... They found a dead [child] in the house where I lived. They thought it was me. ... [My mother] never tried to look for me. ... [When we reunited,] she cried to the point where she could not even say a word. It was just overwhelming for her."

By Andrea Johnson Almoite, '99 APRIL HILL

AN EVOLUTION *Biology professor April Hill's winding path to becoming a leading researcher and educator deeply shapes her work with her students. She recently received both an Outstanding Faculty Award from the State Council of Higher Education of Virginia and a grant from the National Science Foundation.*

MY CHILDHOOD

I was born while my parents were in high school. That was during the Vietnam War, so my dad got drafted. While he was at war, a drunk driver ran my mom and me off the road, and my mom was killed. My dad came home with many problems after the war. It was not an easy childhood, but I loved school. I had teachers that cultivated my love of learning. While my dad and stepmom hadn't been to college, my dad always said, "You can be anything you want to be."



MY COLLEGE YEARS

My first chemistry test, I got a 27, the lowest grade in the class. But it never occurred to me to quit. I just thought, "I have to figure out how to do better." I was lucky that I wasn't afraid to ask for help, maybe because I had been on my own for a while and knew you had to ask.

MY RESEARCH

There are moments when you realize

that you've figured something out that no one else in the world knows. During my post-doc research, a whole field emerged called evolutionary developmental biology when scientists learned that genes slightly change over time. My first project was determining whether sponges have the gene that leads to eye formation. I collaborated with one of the discoverers of the gene in fruit flies; we put the sponge gene into fruit flies, and it could rescue their eye if they had a mutated eye.

MY ROAD TO RICHMOND

I thought I would work for a biotech or genome company or work at a medical school doing research. Malcolm, my spouse, kind of prodded me and said, "I think you're a good teacher."

MY TEACHING

In my dream world, we wouldn't have departments; we would work on real-world problems from different disciplines. It matters to me who gets to do science. I'm passionate about identifying the best pedagogies for including the most students. I have never encountered a student who can't do science or can't do math. Never.

MY MOTIVATION

Every day, I think about where I got my joy today. I have three kids and a wonderful spouse; I get a lot from them. But in my vocation, it's the students. I can't tell you the joy it brings me to see them engaged and empowered to do research on their own and to think and share with their colleagues.

Top photograph by Jamie Betts; family photographs courtesy April Hill

SCIENCE WITHOUT SILOS

Hill was instrumental in the development of two integrated science courses — IQS and SMART — that are co-taught by faculty from five science disciplines.

IQS students

99% Have taken additional STEM (science, technology, engineering, and mathematics) courses

92% Have become STEM majors

100% Have graduated in four years

30% Have gone on to interdisciplinary STEM doctoral programs

SMART students

98% Have taken additional STEM courses

95% Have declared majors or minors in STEM

iqscience.richmond.edu
smart.richmond.edu

CAMPUS LIFE

Photo-illustration by Katie McBride

TRANSGENDER SPIDERS

Richmond's coordinate college system is adapting to meet the needs of transgender students.

Beyond the binary

Growing acknowledgment of the imperative for equality for people who identify as transgender poses unique challenges at Richmond. The University has included gender identity and gender expression in its non-discrimination policy since 2011, but its history is often grounded in binary gender-based structures like the coordinate colleges and their traditions.

So consider the dilemma of Westhampton student Jo Gehlbach, '12, who arrived on campus wanting to fit in but who hadn't put on a dress since the age of 12 and doesn't identify as "she." This became an issue right away as classmates began planning their white dresses for Proclamation. Gehlbach nodded to tradition, pairing a white dress with Birkenstocks.

"I survived, but it's one of the handful of regrets I have from college," Gehlbach said.

Today, transgender and non-binary students can work with Richmond and Westhampton college deans to address such issues and even switch their college affiliation.

"The primary mission of the deans' offices is care and concern," said Joe Boehman, dean of Richmond College. "We realize that each student comes to us with unique needs and challenges. The short answer is always, 'If we can, we will,' and then we'll be as supportive as we can be."

Seeing campus better through the eyes of transgender or gender non-binary Spiders offers better understanding of how to navigate this new terrain as students meet barriers that could prevent them from fully participating in the Richmond community.

"As any alumnus knows, these traditions are Richmond," Kim Catley writes in a spring story for Common Ground. "The shared experiences of reading letters, or signing the honor pledge, or standing together in a W bind generations of students and alumni to the University and to one another."

You can read her full story, "Breaking the Binary," at commonground.richmond.edu/binary.

A FIRM HANDSHAKE, BUT NOT TOO FIRM

BUSINESS Q-Camp has become a hot ticket.

The annual career development weekend in the Robins School of Business attracted a capacity 150 students for two days of speakers, workshops, and networking events in February.

Sessions like "Define Your Own Brand" and "The Art of Communication" — many led by alumni, including the one behind the "Q", Paul Queally, B'85 — offered exercises for students beginning to build networks and preparing to land internships.

WHAT THEY SAID

Transgender issues are prompting a shift in pronoun thinking by institutions that grapple with grammar. In 2015, The Washington Post *added a singular form of* they *to its official style guide. Not long after, the American Dialect Association named the singular* they *its 2015 word of the year. The changes reflect growing consensus of the need for a widely used singular, gender-neutral pronoun in common English.*

AROUND CAMPUS

Spiders go solar

President Ronald A. Crutcher and Virginia Gov. Terry McAuliffe cut the ribbon for a new array of solar panels on top of the Weinstein Center for Recreation and Wellness on April 19. The 749 panels covering 22,000 feet of rooftop generate an equivalent of the average annual electricity needs of 22 American homes — or one Richmond residence hall.

Three-quarters of the panels are bifacial, which means they collect direct solar energy from the front and ambient energy from the back. These modules are capable of increasing energy yield by as much as 25 percent. According to developer Secure Futures and project co-owner SolarWorld, the installation on Richmond's campus is the first commercial application of SolarWorld's Bisun panels in the Americas.

On the dotted line

The University joined with more than 300 campuses representing 4 million students in signing the American Campuses Act on Climate Pledge. President Crutcher signed the pledge on behalf of the University in January.

This pledge acknowledges that Richmond recognizes environmental stewardship and sustainability as integral components of its mission to prepare students to lead in a global and pluralistic society.

Ranking the seeds at SXSW

Nine seed accelerators landed the coveted top spots in the 2016 annual Seed Accelerator Rankings announced in March at South by Southwest. Accelerators are similar to business incubators and angel investors but have a more limited duration.

The rankings, which incorporate confidential data provided by accelerator programs and their alumni, are the brainchild of the entrepreneurship and management experts Susan Cohen, an assistant professor of management in the Robins School of Business, and colleagues from Rice University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The rankings are available at www.seedrankings.com.

BE OUR GUEST

Each semester, Richmond draws guest speakers who address complex issues from distinct perspectives for the benefit of students. Here's a sample from this semester:

ANNY ROMAND, French film actor whose credits include Jean-Luc Godard's *Oh, Woe Is Me*, discussed the rapport between director and actor and "the delicate question of choosing to enter, or not, the universe of the Other" as part of a master class during the 2016 French Film Festival.

BRYAN STEVENSON, author of *Just Mercy*, spoke about his work defending death row inmates, including the wrongfully convicted, juvenile offenders, and others impeded by racial bias and prosecutorial misconduct. His book was the 2016 selection for the One Book, One Richmond common reading program.

JUDY COLLINS, Grammy-winning singer, spoke as part of Modlin Center's Artist Voices series about bringing the healing powers of art and music into daily life. She performed the night before.

RICHARD JANKO, classical studies professor at the University of Michigan, discussed reconstructing an ancient scroll from Herculaneum, a Roman town destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 AD, as part of the Classical Studies Speakers Series.

WALTER MOSLEY, best-selling author of dozens of books, incuding *Devil in a Blue Dress*, spoke as part of the Tucker-Boatwright Festival, which focused on the intersection of popular and literary fiction.

➤ **OPEN DOORS**

Magischola is just one of many groups we'll welcome this summer. Seventeen organizations — from certified public accountants to high school yearbook staffers — will gather here for conferences, and our varsity athletic programs will host 32 camps. All told, the events and conferences staff expect to serve about 6,000 visitors this summer. And that's not counting Reunion Weekend.

#SPIDERPRIDE

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE FACE OF JOY, look no further than this image taken in the moments after Pascaline Munezero learned she will be part of the Class of 2020 arriving as first-years in August. Munezero, an early-decision applicant, was enrolled in Bridge2Rwanda, a gap-year program that helps students prepare to compete for study-abroad opportunities and resources. To see equally joyful video from her celebration, visit magazine.richmond.edu.

DEPT. OF DIVERSIONS

More like Hogwarts

There's an oft-told joke that sometimes makes us nod and sometimes makes us cringe. You've heard it: This place is like Hogwarts.

For a week in June, it'll feel more like a place of magic than usual as an organization called New World Magischola brings its brand of live-action role-playing, or larping, to our stately but warm halls.

For four days, science majors in research labs and kids coming for baseball camp will find themselves alongside up to 160 larpers in robes casting spells and walking to classes to study subjects like alchemy and magical creature care. The University serves only as host and is not otherwise affiliated with the event.

On their promotional page, organizers promise "a customized magical curriculum" that "will immerse you in the feel of becoming a wizard."

They've published a photo of the Weinstein International Center's courtyard and silver globe with the caption "The New World Courtyard."

Other promotional copy offers the possibility of "adventures to the Greek Amphitheater to meet a chimera" and five focused areas of study (artificery, healing, cursebreaking, cryptozoology, and "the path of the marshal"). Yes, there will be homework.

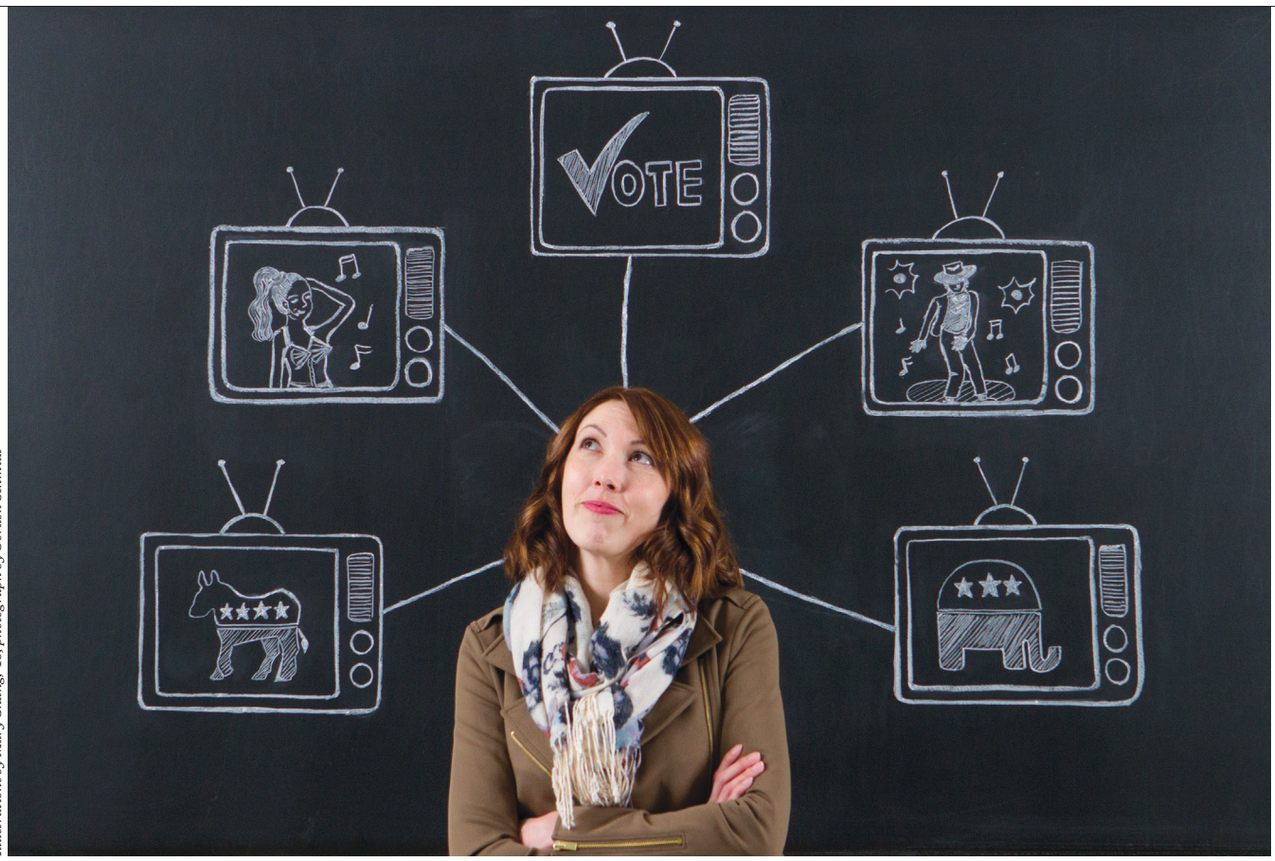
Sponsors launched a Kickstarter campaign in November hoping to raise $35,000 to get it going. As of late March, donors had given more than $300,000.

What explains this appeal?

"It's more than just playing witch and wizard," David Donaldson, UR's operations and summer program coordinator, told *The Collegian*. "It's a different way of learning."

Indeed.

Photograph of Walter Mosley by Marcia Wilson



Illustrations by Mary Chang, '18; photograph by Gordon Schmidt

ROCKIN' IN THE FREE WORLD

Presidential candidates and music have been linked since Alexander Reinagle wrote "Chorus" to honor George Washington's inauguration. Recent candidates and their allies have increasingly turned to contemporary pop music, a trend that's caught the ear and interest of UR musicologist and assistant professor Joanna Love.

How did you start paying attention to the intersection of political advertising and pop music?
It stems from my work on music in advertising. That's been my focus since my dissertation and even in my master's thesis. Once I got down the path of music in advertising, I stayed with it because it's a very rich field. It's something that hasn't been fleshed out very much in musicology.

Can a candidate's playlist really tell us that much?
I think that they want it to. They want it to give insight into who they are as people. This is part of our reality TV culture. Who's the real person, right? What do you do in your private time? It's supposed to tell us about their values, ideologies, and agendas.

But you point out in some of your research how easy it is for candidates and their allies to make missteps.
If it doesn't seem like a candidate will listen to a particular kind of music, they probably shouldn't associate themselves with it. In one piece, I write about a hip-hop song that was created for a Ben Carson radio ad and a country music video created for Hillary Clinton.

With the Carson ad, the flow of the lyrics just doesn't work. Not only are the lyrics bad, but the music is not rhythmically complex in the way that hip-hop songs are. It just falls flat in a lot of ways.

And the Clinton country song?
Its video has the basic signifiers of country music: a guy with his guitar, his boots, and his hat. He's got some twang. It uses storytelling in a way that country music usually does, but the topic just doesn't work. We're supposed to be taking her seriously for a job, but he's singing about her as a wife and mother. Many country songs are about love, so in some ways it comes across as a love song, but a lot of commentators found it really confusing as a political ad.

So the problem was that the ads weren't good fits for the candidates?
It's important to match the candidate instead of trying to match the population. People aren't stupid, and they don't like to be pigeonholed or tokenized.

There's nothing that suggests that Clinton's a country music fan, so why would you choose that?

With Ben Carson, not only is his hip-hop ad hard to grasp as a piece of music, but he had made a comment — and who knows if it was taken out of context — that hip-hop has hurt African-American communities.

Authenticity is important, but there's some really obvious pandering that happens.

You're running for office. What's on your personal playlist?
Oh my gosh. I would be a horrible candidate. I would have to think so hard about it. As a musicologist, I know too much.

I'm thinking through songs that would be fun — like "Billie Jean," right? But that's about paternity. Do I really want a song about paternity on my playlist?

I do a lot of work on Madonna. Her performances are viewed as controversial in various ways by some audiences and scholars, but at home, yes I'm going to turn that on and dance to it.

It's not easy for any candidate.
The thing I always want my students to understand about music is that there are centuries of cultural codes embedded in it. The sounds themselves, the pitches that are used, the textures, the production quality, who's listening, who's creating, who's composing — all of those play into so many cultural codes. It's never simple.

HOW'S YOUR EAR?

Match the pop song to the presidential candidate who became well-known (sometimes controversially) for using it:

1. "Don't Stop" (Fleetwood Mac)

2. "Born in the U.S.A." (Bruce Springsteen)

3. "Crazy" (Patsy Cline)

4. "I Won't Back Down" (Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers)

5. "Signed, Sealed, Delivered I'm Yours" (Stevie Wonder)

a. H. Ross Perot
b. Barack Obama
c. Bill Clinton
d. George W. Bush
e. Ronald Reagan

Answers: 1c, 2e, 3a, 4d, 5b

SPORTS

QUOTATION

"Quite simply, this is the biggest win in our program's history."

DAN CHEMOTTI, head coach of men's lacrosse, after his team defeated No. 9 Duke in Durham, N.C., with a 12-10, come-from-behind win March 7. The victory landed the Spiders at No. 18 in the national poll, the highest ranking so far in the team's three seasons in Division I.

DRIVE

Photograph courtesy Richmond Athletics

SEE THE BALL. HIT THE BALL.

At the beginning of April, the Spiders were eighth in the nation in team batting average and led the Atlantic 10 in nine offensive categories, including batting average, hits, doubles, triples, scoring, and slugging percentage.

Hits keep coming

The Spiders sailed through April as one of the NCAA's hottest-hitting teams. As of April 18, their team batting average sat at .325, sixth-best in the NCAA D-I. Their success was broad-based. Only one Spider ranked in the individual top 250 — junior DH Kurtis Brown, whose .409 average ranked 28th — but nine of his teammates were also hitting above .300.

"Our younger guys are hitting, and a lot of our older guys are, too," said third-year head coach Tracy Woodson, a World Series winner with the Dodgers. "A lot of times it's contagious. When one guy hits, everybody does."

A contributing factor is the team's weeklong December trip to Cuba, where it played four exhibition games against Cuban teams, Woodson said.

"I think the trip definitely helped by giving us a start facing live pitching," he said. "We played games down there and fortunately had good weather here when we got back" for outdoor practices.

The team's mid-April won-loss record, 19-15, lagged its offensive output. Woodson chalked it up to the difference between hitting and timely hitting. "We're not scoring when we're pitching well," he said, pointing to a recent 1-0 loss at Fordham. They were poised for a late-season surge if the hitting and pitching started to sync.

Their season continued through press time. They'll be in action in the A-10 tournament May 25–28 at Fordham University's Houlihan Park in the Bronx, N.Y.

HOME FIELD ADVANTAGES

On the heels of the University's investment of a new playing surface last season, the athletics department is rolling out plans and raising funds for further renovations to Pitt Field that will focus on the fan experience. Design plans call for expanded grandstands; new restrooms, concessions, and outfield seating; and a right-field entrance. The renovations will also improve the press box and add indoor batting cages. For more information, contact assistant director of athletics Jasmonn Coleman at jasmonn.coleman@richmond.edu.

RUNDOWN

Team USA

Sophomore field hockey forward Megan Miller wore familiar colors — red, white, and blue — in a tournament this spring, but the name across her chest read "USA."

Miller was the sole Atlantic 10 representative on the 20-player roster of the U.S. U-21 Women's National Team competing at the 2016 Pan American Junior Championships in Trinidad and Tobago. The team finished second, winning silver medals and securing a berth to the 2016 Junior Women's World Cup in Santiago, Chile.

Patriot League champs

The women's golf team walked into the conference finals "very, very confident," said sophomore Elsa Diaz. They came home champions.

The six-stroke victory secured a spot for the Spiders in the 72-team NCAA regionals. It is the team's first conference championship since the program began in 2002.

"This was a full team win," said second-year head coach Ali Wright, who earned Patriot League coach of the year honors.

Now a pro

Senior forward Ashley Riefner is the fourth Spider soccer player in the program's history to go pro. She signed with PK-35 of the Finnish Champions League and began training May 1.

"This is something that I've dreamt about since I was a little kid," Riefner said. "I can't tell you how excited I am about this opportunity."

Pacing the field

Sophomore runner Amanda Corbosiero won the 1,500-meter race at the Colonial Relays with a time of 4:22.47, a new personal record and the leading time in the A-10's 2016 outdoor season as of early April. At the Tribe Invite earlier in the season, she finished first in the 800 meter with a time of 2:11.88, the second-place time in the A-10's 2016 outdoor season to date.

For the latest schedules, scores, and highlights, go to richmondspiders.com.

PLEASE RISE

By Alex Michalopoulos, '18

Photograph by Gordon Schmidt

ALL ABOUT THAT BASS *Before every Spider game, we stand, remove our caps, and focus our attention on a singer, usually an amateur, about to deliver our nation's notoriously difficult anthem. Baritone Alex Michalopoulos, '18, knows this spotlight well. He sometimes sings on center court just before the Spiders tip off in the Robins Center. His voice fills it.*

Singing the national anthem is actually really weird. When I'm singing it, I don't think about it. I'm always asked, "Do you worry you're going to forget the words?" and it's not really like that. I start the song, and then before I know it, I'm pretty much near the end.

To me, the national anthem has a lot of weight. I feel like everyone expects a lot, so I take it seriously when I sing it. I feel like a lot of people try too much. I know there are veterans in the audience, so I definitely take pride in singing it.

I come from a pretty musical family. My grandpa on my dad's side sings. My aunt is a trained opera singer; she's a teacher. My cousin is in school for opera. On my mom's side, there are some musicians. My grandpa was a piano player. My mom is a piano player and used to act. So, some talent.

I started singing in about sixth grade. My parents forced me to take singing lessons. I was kind of shy about it at first, but those lessons completely brought out my voice. In seventh grade, I sang in a music competition in my local county. I was so against it. My mom and singing coach were like, "You need to do this," so I did and came in second place. The county park commissioner heard me sing, and he loved my voice. That kind of started my career when he got in touch with me. My first event was a veterans memorial type of event. I got paid to sing, probably like 50 bucks. It was pretty cool.

After that, I sang the national anthem throughout high school for so many different county events and some awesome concerts: Kansas, Neil Sedaka, Marshall Tucker Band, Leon Petruzzi Jazz Orchestra, Blues Travelers, Eddie Money — I got to meet Eddie Money — KC and the Sunshine Band, a lot of those types of bands, older bands.

KC and the Sunshine Band was probably one of the biggest concerts I sang in front of. It was at a large outdoor amphitheater. There were probably 20,000 people. That was crazy. It was probably 10th or 11th grade.

I don't think I had my license yet, so I had to get driven by my parents. We got to park in the cool VIP parking spot; I walked backstage, and you actually passed by the entire hill. You just see all of these people, just this mass of people. We had to wait for it to get a certain darkness to start the concert, and then they introduced me. I was waiting backstage. This was when I'd start to get a little nervous. I walked out there, grabbed the mic, and took a deep breath. I take one breath before I start singing.

It's a lot of fun to sing at a game. Everyone's so hyped up and excited. There's so much energy. Walking out on center court is a special moment. Everyone stands up for the national anthem. It's also a weird moment because I know everyone's judging me. I know that when you see the national anthem singer, you're like, "Oh boy, hope he can get through this one." I always feel like, "Cool. I'm going to be able to show my talent."

At a Spiders game, the basketball team is lined up right next to me. The opposing team's always on my left. There's just so much pride. My dad went to University of Richmond, so he's a huge Spider fan. Especially now that I'm here, it's really gotten revamped. He got to hear me sing at a men's game last year.

None of my circle of friends really knew about my singing career. It just didn't come up in conversation. When I sang before the men's game in January, I told them, "You should come check it out." And they're like, "Um, OK. This is gonna be bad." They have no idea, and then I get to come out there and surprise them. Every single time I sing, someone comes up to me and says, "I can't believe that voice came out of your body." And I'm like, "Yep. That's what it is." I just love surprising people.

My dream would be to sing at a Rangers game at Madison Square Garden right on the ice. I can't imagine what that would be like, but that's definitely my dream.

See and hear him sing the anthem in the Robins Center at magazine.richmond.edu.

A SONG BECOMES AN ANTHEM

The story of Francis Scott Key and Fort McHenry is oft-told. Less well known is how Key's song became our national anthem:

1814 • Key composes his first verse on the back of a letter. Three days later, a Baltimore printer prints four verses. The song grows in popularity throughout the 19th century.

1889 • Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy orders the song played at flag-raising ceremonies.

1918 • Baltimore Congressman J. Charles Linthicum introduces a bill naming the song our national anthem. Critics complain it is too militaristic, is difficult to sing, and takes its tune from an English drinking song.

1931 • After Linthicum's 14th annual reintroduction of the bill, Congress finally passes it, and President Herbert Hoover signs it into law.

BLOOD, SWEAT & (COLLEGE) YEARS

In practice at Millhiser Gymnasium and on the field in a rugby scrum, these Spiders bond by sharing a few hard knocks.

By Damian Hondares, '17
Photographs by Scott K. Brown

The men's rugby club huddled in the claustrophobic confines of Millhiser Gymnasium. It was not a night to be out on the field. As the sun receded behind the University's pines, so too did the temperatures, which crept into the 20s. At 5:30, practice began, and the players began jogging around the gym. It was Jan. 28, only 23 days until the first game of the spring, against VCU.

The coaches watched the players closely. Carl Schmitt, the head coach, a large man with a tired face whose hair is perpetually hidden under a baseball cap, is in his 16th year at Richmond.

"Don't cut corners!" he yelled, before letting out a throaty barrage of invective — his trademark.

Bill Strauss, an assistant coach, stood to Schmitt's right, a short man with salt-and-pepper hair who smiles easily and jokingly refers to himself as "the good-looking coach." Strauss, who joined the staff in 2013, coaches the forwards, who are similar to NFL linebackers.

Matt Willson, the second assistant coach, stood to Schmitt's left. Willson is a short but hulking mass of a man with long, silver locks and a beard. A child of South London, he has an accent that lends him an air of diplomatic gravitas. Willson is in his 15th year at Richmond and coaches the backs, who are similar to running backs or wide receivers in the NFL.

Most of the players, from the lanky ones with gangly arms and bony legs to the stocky ones with awkward gaits, are relatively small.

"We're not a huge team," Schmitt said. "So we have to think of new ways to win."

Abbas Abid, a sophomore and the vice president of the team, plays wing — one of the backs on whom the team most heavily depends for running, catching, and passing. Outside of rugby, he's a member of the Muslim Student Association and the Theta Chi fraternity. Like many of his teammates, Abid is short and skinny. But he and his teammates make up for it.

"Ninety percent of the team is in the gym every day of the week," he said. "We do team workouts four to five times a week for 90 minutes."

Those workouts focus on cardio, Abid said, because rugby requires 80 minutes of running virtually nonstop, an unforgiving slog.

As the players circled the gym in practice, running in a single-file line, Schmitt tossed a rugby ball — which looks like a symmetrical Easter egg — to the player at the head of the group. He instructed the players to lob the ball back to one another, preparing them for what Abid said was a counterintuitive rule: Passes must be thrown backwards.

"We've only got two weeks until VCU," Schmitt said as he closed practice. "And they're pretty good."

ANTICIPATION

On Feb. 11, nine days until VCU, the team — relegated once again to Millhiser, amid temperatures in the 20s — started quickly. There was no time to waste. The backs worked on passing, dropping passes frequently and inciting eye-rolling from Willson.

But a buzz hovered over practice. Players gathered around and gibed with Michael Ephraums, a former exchange student from Australia, who played rugby during the fall 2015 semester. He was back in the U.S. for an interview and decided to drop by practice.

Ephraums grew up playing rugby in Sydney, where the culture surrounding the sport is drastically different from what he encountered at Richmond.

"At home, even if you don't play, you know how to play," he said, whereas in the United States, very few people know much about the sport.

Ephraums was attracted to the club by the same thing that attracted Ndegwa Nyoike, a senior from Kenya: social life. Nyoike, a jovial, cerebral athlete — he attends the University as an Oldham Scholar — calls himself a "confused player" because of his continually evolving position on the team. He

started playing in sixth grade.

"Back home it's very intense," Nyoike said. "So coming here, it was more social. It's more for fun. You kind of get this connection."

Virtually every player points to social life as a central motivation for joining the club team. Most of them knew nothing about it before college. Rugby helps them find their place.

Stacy Warner, a kinesiology professor at East Carolina University, has done extensive research on club sports, which she said serve an important function in students' social lives.

"To build community, people need an outlet or social space," Warner said. "Club sports are ideal for providing that for people who share a common interest."

Ephraums spent $50 and took a seven-hour bus trip to Richmond, but he didn't regret it.

"It's worth it to see the boys," he said.

GAME DAY

Feb. 20 arrived, the day of the VCU match. The players were jittery. What better way to open the spring season than to claim victory in a hometown rivalry?

But their best-laid plans went awry, and they lost at home, 29-23. The defense struggled, failing to make tackles in the big moments.

"It was a very, very good game," Schmitt said, putting an optimistic spin on the outcome. "It was evenly matched. A lot of people showed a lot of promise. So we're not at all worried."

Schmitt should know. He has 35 years of rugby experience, starting in 1981, when he "left college on sabbatical" and joined a local Richmond men's rugby club. Coach Strauss played for an opposing team, and the two became lifelong friends.

While Schmitt and Strauss battled each other in the Richmond league, Willson enjoyed a successful career playing in English clubs, only a few levels down from the international league, before suffering a career-ending neck injury at age 29.

The coaches, with their wealth of experience, know when to be concerned. After the VCU game, they weren't.

Matt Menzie, a first-year student playing fly half — the rugby equivalent of a quarterback — for the first time, was battered and bloodied, with a nearly broken nose, but he gave his team a chance to win and walked away as the MVP of the game.

"He survived," Schmitt said, "and played very well at a very difficult position that he had never played before."

Menzie's appearance — he looks like a grown-up Opie Taylor — belies his ferocity in the game. His friends say he has a quirky sense of humor that's absent in the midst of rugby's intensity.

The VCU game wasn't an ideal opening to the spring season, but with talented young players like Menzie, the team saw reason for hope, or so it thought.

BLEED RICHMOND

The following Saturday brought a home match against Virginia Tech. Janus Cataluna-Palma had a determined look as he watched his opponents warming up. He is a sophomore who plays hooker and, at 5 feet 5 inches tall and 185 pounds, is built like a fire hydrant. He takes the game seriously and refuses to let the social aspects compromise his competitiveness. Matches like this force him to remember.

He remembers the Duke Blue Devils, whom Richmond played in the fall. The Spiders were dismantled, losing 87-3. It was an embarrassment for which the club paid with a grueling practice.

"If I had a moment when I wanted to quit, that was it," he said.

Cataluna-Palma stared down the Virginia Tech players as they warmed up. He wasn't going to let the club lose to a big, well-known university. Not again.

It was an inauspicious beginning. An hour before game time, only 11 players were present. Fifteen were needed.

Menzie was late.

"I'm sorry," he said, his eyes trained on the ground as he ran to Schmitt.

"'I'm sorry' doesn't feed the bulldog," Schmitt said — with an additional expletive.

Nick Lawler is a junior who serves as the club president

KIERAN O'CONNOR, '18, lock

JOHN RYMER, '18, wing

and plays flanker, a position without many explicit responsibilities. Like Cataluna-Palma, he treats the game with an intense seriousness, though he interacts with his teammates with a sly, sardonic sense of humor.

On this day, he wasn't joking around. Irritated, he called and texted his teammates, imploring them to get to the field. After a week of poorly attended practices, this was a bad start.

And it got worse. As coach Willson removed the team's shirts from a bag, he winced, his brows knit with confusion.

"Have the shirts been washed this week?"

Silence.

"Were they washed last week?"

Silence. "How about a response?"

Several players murmured — no.

"Give me one reason I should stay," he said — with an additional expletive. The players sat in an awkward silence. Across the field, 22 Virginia Tech players warmed up as several Spiders hoisted the goal posts, looking distinctly like Marines raising the flag over Iwo Jima.

By 12:30, the Spiders had assembled 18 players. The temperature hovered around 50 degrees, with the warmth of the sun battling the uncomfortable chill of the breeze. The team huddled together as a sizable audience watched from the sidelines.

Strauss pointed at the Virginia Tech players. "They're big, but they're soft," he said. Then he chided the team for its lack of tackling against VCU.

"This is a thinking man's game," he said, before pointing to the younger players, like Menzie. "Protect these guys. They're the future of the club."

And with that, the Spiders were staring down the Hokies. The physical contrast was clear; Virginia Tech's brawny club towered over Richmond's.

The players remembered Strauss' words: This was Tech's developmental team. They were big, but soft.

Within the first minute of a 40-minute half, Virginia Tech scored a try — the rugby equivalent of a touchdown, which requires players to literally touch the ball down in the goal area, for five points. With the additional kick, the score was 7-0 Virginia Tech.

On its second possession, Virginia Tech marched down the field again, meeting little defensive coverage. With the try and a missed kick, the score was 12-0. Soon enough, Virginia Tech scored its third try, bringing the score to 17-0.

Richmond looked listless. The Hokies weren't that soft after all.

Lawler ran around to his teammates, dazed and incensed.

"Wake up!" he screamed — with an additional expletive.

At the 28-minute mark, Richmond showed signs of life. Abid encroached on the goal before being knocked to the ground and turning the ball over. Murmurs of doubt emanated from the audience.

"Richmond just isn't built for this," someone said.

The Hokies looked unstoppable. Before long, they made it 24-0. With 10 minutes left in the first half, they scored yet another try and missed a kick. 29-0.

"They're very good at running very hard," Willson said. It was an understatement.

Imperceptibly, Richmond leveraged the momentum in its favor, circumventing the defense, pushing hard to the goal. Danny Simmons, a sophomore who plays center — the main offensive force, who usually gets the ball first — slipped around the defense and sprinted for the goal. Simmons — a Jersey boy with finely groomed short hair — is a paragon of cool confidence, but in this game, he had looked nervous. But now he was close, and Richmond was about to score its first try. Then the Tech defenders slammed into Simmons, forcing him to pass. In the commotion, the ball tumbled. Virginia Tech recovered and ran it all the way down the field.

The score was 34-0 at the end of the first half.

Football players in the crowd jokingly warmed up as Strauss told them to get ready. Willson was fuming.

"If you see hands on the ball, stomp on them," he said. "It's not tiddlywinks, boys. Liven up." He added an expletive.

Lawler cursed himself and threw his water bottle to the ground in a moment of raw frustration. Sam Groner, a lock — a forward who helps regain possession when the ball is put back into play — was also inconsolable. A tall sophomore who also hikes and snowboards, could only watch from the

sidelines because he was injured.

"He feels like he's letting his team down," Willson said, before consoling Groner. He tried to convince him that he was doing the right thing by staying out and putting his health first. But it wasn't easy. Willson patted him on the back.

"You have two weeks," he said. "Maybe you can use that time to clean the shirts."

The start of the second half was hopeful for Richmond. For the first four minutes, the defense shut down the Virginia Tech offense. But then the Hokies broke through the coverage and scored yet another try and a kick. The score was 41-0 with 35 minutes to go. Richmond was catching on, but not fast enough. Virginia Tech scored again.

At the 25-minute mark, Simmons got the ball. He saw an opening in the defense, and he capitalized on it. He pushed through in a brutal run, scrambling to the goal. For the first time all day, Richmond had put points on the board. Menzie, kicking, made it 48-7 with 25 minutes to go.

But Virginia Tech, as it had all afternoon, responded. Six or seven Spiders pushed in vain to stop one runner, who had the strength enough to push back and score.

Cataluna-Palma was frustrated. He couldn't let the team lose — not like this, anyway. He gained possession of the ball and pushed forward, swinging around defenders and working his way to the goal. With the kick, the score was 55-14.

With 15 minutes left in the match, Richmond once again seemed to have some momentum. But Virginia Tech reclaimed it decisively, running down the field with virtually no opposition. The score was 62-14 with 10 minutes left, during which neither team managed anything offensively. The match ended with a whimper.

The Spiders were dejected. They walked gingerly, wincing, in pain. The mood was somber.

"I feel awful," Cataluna-Palma said. "I feel like that was actually their team," referring to Tech's D-I squad.

But Schmitt wanted his team to see the game from a different perspective.

"I'm really, really proud," he said. "You never gave up."

And then Lawler addressed the team.

"I'm sorry I had to come out," he said. "Thank God they turned off the scoreboard."

"You have so much freaking potential," Schmitt said.

"We've got to get the guys out here," Lawler said. His teammates nodded. If theirs was to be a community, it needed everyone's support.

On the count of three, the club roared "Bleed Richmond" and began to move forward.

The Spiders had been dismantled by yet another big opponent. But young players had shown promise, and the team improved in the second half. With Saturday night approaching, this was reason enough to celebrate. Practice on Tuesday would not be fun, but the spring had just begun.

They had 21 days to prepare for the Captains of Christopher Newport University.

Damian Hondares is a writer in the communications office who double-majors in journalism and American studies. He has a hard head that's perfectly suited for rugby; his 12th-grade gym teacher forbade him from playing floor hockey after multiple head-to-head collisions.

[Editor's note: After the Virginia Tech game, the Spiders put together back-to-back home wins, beating Christopher Newport 31-24 and William & Mary 46-31. Go Spiders!]

Среди приборов, участвовавших в оживлении Анны, был один, работа которого стала понятной Николаю только спустя некоторое время. Это был обыкновенный электрокардиоскоп — прибор, улавливающий токи сердца. Небольшой ящичек, в передней стенке его — круглый глазок, светящийся зеленым светом, и в нем темная тень, формой своей напоминающая бабочку. По движениям «бабочки», по трепетанию ее крыльев можно было следить за тем, что [illegible] назвал «токами действия» сердца.

Сам по себе этот аппарат не представлял [illegible] Николая никакой загадки; его конструкция, основанная на принципе ка[illegible] осциллографа, была ясна: токи сердца подводились к нему [illegible] проводничками от э[illegible] прилаженных с двух сторон грудной клетки.

Прибор был вклю[illegible] как только Анну в[illegible] положили на операционный [illegible] В тот же время [illegible] электрода стали [illegible] и расширять свои [illegible] Напряженная электрическая [illegible] говорит, не совсем ме[illegible] говорит, какая-то жизнь [illegible]

[illegible] должен понимать риданов[illegible] ния о «настоящей» [illegible] существующей смерти. То, что принято на[illegible] смертью, — не смерть, это остановка. Прав был [illegible] ный ученый [illegible] ев, работающий над анабиозом [illegible] Через несколько часов, а [illegible] некоторых остановившихся [illegible] начнут снова. Риданович шел дальше:

— Настоящая смерть наступает тогда, когда распадаются белки живой [illegible] Если это еще не произошло, жизнь может быть восстановлена [illegible] Смерти — уничтожение какого-нибудь органа, пусть это будут легкие, [illegible] желудок, то этот орган можно [illegible], заменив новым, здоровым, во многих случаях взятым от животного. [illegible] организмом будет жить. Такова теория. Мы уже подошли к ее практическ[illegible] ванию. Ему [illegible] возможность [illegible] Вашего «консерватора». Скоро наступит вре[illegible] случайных причин», от болезней отдельных органов перестанет су[illegible] будем создавать запасы готовых работоспособных, живых органо[illegible] В большинстве случаев совершенно [illegible] сердце, [illegible] будет [illegible] кровью для переливания [illegible] Больше того. Николай [illegible] что эту самую остановку, которая [illegible] пор наступала смер[illegible] во время [illegible] мы торопились человека похоронить и сжечь, мы будем применять [illegible] с несравненно более существенных лечебных [illegible]

[illegible] Николай, ошеломленный [illegible] ром риданових прогнозов.

— Лечить смерть?

— Да, лечить смертью. Мертвый не может болеть. Все болезни питаются функциями живого организма. Временная смерть, остановив, с немногим исключением, все эти функции, прекратит и питание болезненного процесса и тем самым прервет его. Когда человек оживет, функции восстановятся, но болезнь снова найдет себе [illegible]

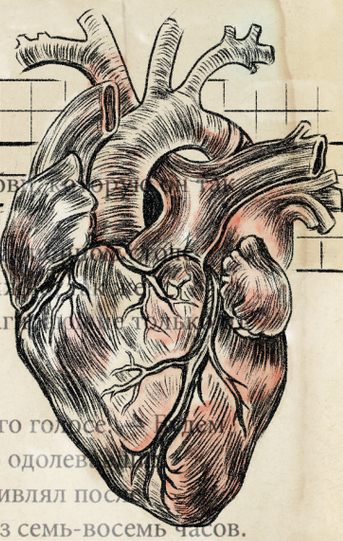
[illegible] Если обусловленный процесс действительно прервался, то необходимо [illegible] воздействие внешней причины, чтобы его восстановить, ибо сами по себе функции [illegible] ведут процесс, но не могут начать его.

Риданович [illegible] Рассуждения [illegible] поражали Николая новизной [illegible] Риданова, заражали [illegible] существо человеческого ра[illegible] Подрядная врачиха [illegible] оставаясь наедине с самим собой, [illegible] готовность [illegible] быть, снова потерять надежду [illegible]

Прошла ночь, [illegible] знакомые золотые лучики брызнули [illegible] прямо в сердце омраченного сомнениями Николая. Он ждал тогда, что вот-вот [illegible]

Рисунок 1 - деление клеток

Рисунок 2 - *сердцебиение*



RAYS OF LIFE

BY YURI DOLGUSHIN • TRANSLATED BY YVONNE HOWELL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATIE MCBRIDE

немного — и Анна посмотрит на него, улыбнется, узнает о его любви, которую так глубоко и так долго таил от нее и от самого себя…

Ничего этого не произошло. Вот уже сутки Анна лежала на операционном столе с бьющимся сердцем и ровно дышащей грудью, но так же неподвижно и безжизненно. По-прежнему были чуть приоткрыты ее веки, вздрагивали только от прикосновения к ним. Никаких признаков сознания не было.

— Что же это? — спрашивал Николай, с тоской глядя на Ридана.

— Ничего, — отвечал тот, и Николай угадывал ту же тревогу в его голосе. — Будем ждать… — Ридан рад был возможности отвлечься от непрерывно одолевавших его сомнений и говорил, говорил… — У животных, которых я оживлял после десятиминутной смерти, мозг восстанавливал свои функции через семь-восемь часов. Симка был мертв тоже десять минут и пришел в сознание только через двадцать часов. Думаю, что чем сложнее организован мозг, тем глубже поражаются его клетки, отравленные углекислотой. Ведь смерть наступила от прекращения доступа кислорода, который кровь приносит из легких к клеткам мозга. Очень возможно, что мозг человека восстанавливает свои функции гораздо медленнее. Будем ждать…

В девять вечера Наташа по телефону сообщила в операционную, что явился Виклинг.

— А, Виклинг! — ответил Ридан. — Проводи его в столовую, я сейчас приду.

Николай ждал этого звонка и следил за профессором.

— Вы в самом деле думаете пойти к нему? — спросил он.

— Конечно.

— Нет, Константин Александрович, вы туда не пойдете. Уж простите, эта операция поручена мне. Там все готово, и ваше появление в программу не входит. Было бы безумием подвергать вас опасности. Ведь Виклинг прекрасно понимает, что жизнь Анны в ваших руках, и в последний момент, увидев, что ему уже не спастись, может [illegible]

— Что ж, пожалуй, — пожал плечами Ридан, — свидание с ним меня вовсе не [illegible]

Между тем в столовой уже начинался этот немногословный акт.

Еще накануне Наташа была посвящена, наконец, во все таинственные события. К этому времени она уже почти перестала плакать, но была еще [illegible]. Ее горе осложнялось чувством обиды: [illegible] Ридан скрывает от нее что-то, [illegible] Аней?..

Когда Николай объяснил [illegible], что Анну [illegible] она недоверчиво вскинула на него свои [illegible] глаза, поднялась, бросилась к Николаю и разрыдалась [illegible] Когда рассеялся момент [illegible] Наташа [illegible] Николаю, что [illegible] возвращается к жизни, все будет [illegible]

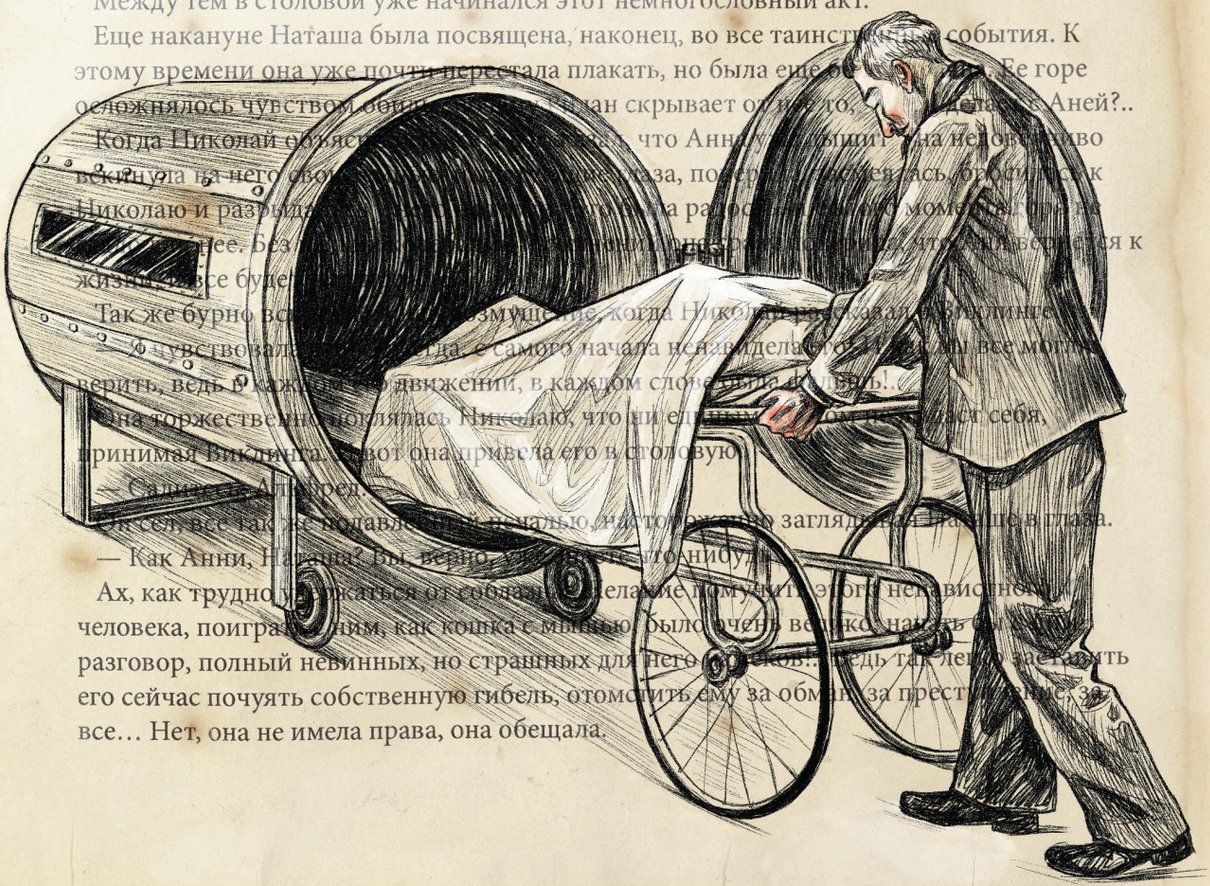
Так же бурно все [illegible] возмущение, когда Николай рассказал [illegible] Виклинге. [illegible] чувствовала [illegible] она, с самого начала ненавидела [illegible] ему все можно верить, ведь в каждом его движении, в каждом слове [illegible] ложь! [illegible] Она торжественно [illegible] клялась Николаю, что ни единым [illegible] не выдаст себя, принимая Виклинга. И вот она привела его в столовую.

— Садитесь, [illegible]

Он сел, все так же [illegible] печалью, иногда [illegible] заглядывая [illegible] в глаза.

— Как Анни, Наташа? Вы, верно, уже [illegible] что-нибудь?

Ах, как трудно [illegible] от соблазна [illegible] мучить этого [illegible] человека, поиграть [illegible], как кошка с мышью, было очень [illegible] Ведь так легко [illegible] разговор, полный невинных, но страшных для него намеков. Ведь так легко [illegible] его сейчас почуять собственную гибель, отомстить ему за обман, за преступление, за все… Нет, она не имела права, она обещала.



"Something eludes the clichés" of this tale, writes Yvonne Howell, its translator. A professor of Russian and international studies, Howell teaches Richmond's students to examine the interplay of literature and culture, how they illuminate and inform each other and sometimes reveal cloaked tensions between power and resistance. This excerpt — from Howell's recently edited collection of Russian and Soviet science fiction, Red Star Tales — *comes from a Russian novel first published in 1939, "at the height of Stalin's terror," she notes, the peak years "when Soviet citizens disappeared into the Gulag in waves of arrests." Science fiction perhaps provided a surreptitious voice for expressing a very basic desire: to bring missing loved ones back from the dead.*

AMONG THE VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS THAT WERE HELPING TO BRING Anna back to life, there was one whose function did not become clear to Nikolai until later. It seemed to be an ordinary electrocardiogram, an instrument for measuring the heartbeat. It consisted of a small box with a round eye that glowed green, and inside the green was a dark shadow in the shape of a butterfly. By observing the pulsations of the butterfly's wings, one could follow the heart's "action current," as Ridan called it.

In and of itself, this apparatus did not present any particular mystery: Its construction, which was based on the principle of cathode oscillations, was clear. The beats of the heart were transmitted to the machine by two wires, which were in turn attached to electrodes glued to either side of the chest cavity.

The device had been turned on as soon as they took Anna out of the cylinder and laid her on the operating table. By that time, over three days had passed since the moment of her death. Yet immediately the cardiograph's "butterfly" had started to furl and unfurl her trembling wings. In this dead, immobile heart, a charged electrical life was still pulsing. Therefore, the heart wasn't completely dead! Some kind of life was still there after all!

Now Nikolai started to understand Ridan's musings about "real" and "false" death. What we are used to calling death is not really death. It's just a pause. The remarkable scientist Bakhmetyev*, working with anabiosis, was right: an organism that has been struck down by death is actually like a clock whose pendulum has been stopped by a hand. All you need to do is push the pendulum, and the clock starts to tick again. Ridan took this concept even further.

"Real, irrevocable death arrives only at the moment when the proteins that make up living tissue fall apart," he reiterated. "If that hasn't happened yet, then life can be resurrected. If the cause of death is the destruction of one of the organs — whether a lung, a heart, or a stomach, then that organ can be removed and replaced with a new, healthy one, often taken from an animal — and the whole organism will live again. That's the theory. And we have already advanced to the practical application of theory. We were able to do so thanks to the 'conserving apparatus' that you, Nikolai, have invented. Soon we will arrive at a time when death 'by accident,' that is, by the failing of this or that organ, will no longer exist. We will create reserves of live organs that are ready to function, and we will use them as necessary, just as today we use the preserved blood of those who have died for transfusions to those who are still living. Futhermore, Nikolai Arsentievich, I am certain that this very condition, which up until now we called death — and rushed to bury or burn the body — we will come to understand as the opposite: one of the most powerful healing methods at our disposal."

"What?" said Nikolai, who was completely taken aback by this progression in Ridan's prognosis. "We are going to heal by death?"

"Yes, heal by death. The dead can't be sick. All illnesses depend on the functioning of living organisms. Temporary death, with very few exceptions, closes down all bodily functions and cuts off everything that feeds the pathological process. It stops the disease."

"And when the person is resurrected, and bodily functions resume, the illness will pick up where it left off?"

"No. Once the pathological process has been cut off, an external force or infection is required to restart the process. A functioning organism is only capable of supporting illness; it can't initiate it."

In these conversations, Nikolai was always deeply struck by the novelty of Ridan's ideas. Ridan's fanatical faith in the power of human reason was contagious. Nikolai needed this inspiring faith now more than ever, because when he was left alone with his own thoughts, he was ready to fall back into doubt and despair, to lose hope again.

Another night and another day had passed since the last little golden sparks of happiness had danced in Nikolai's heart, which was darkened by doubts. He had hoped that it would be just a few more moments — and Anna would look up at him, smile, and recognize his love, which he had for so long kept hidden both from her and from himself. ...

None of that had happened. For days Anna lay on the

***BAKHMETYEV**
The Russian biologist Porfirii Bakhmetyev (1860–1913) experimented extensively with methods to induce anabiosis, a state of suspended animation at extremely low temperatures, in insects, fish, and bats. Research on anabiosis continued, although with less public fanfare, well into the Soviet period. Nikolai Krementsov discusses Bakhmetyev's notable career in Revolutionary Experiments: The Quest for Immortality in Russian Science and Fiction *(Oxford, 2013). Matthias Schwartz provides the fullest account of Dolgushin's novel and its contemporary contexts in* Expeditionen in Andere Welten *(Berlin, 2014).*

operating table with a beating heart and quietly breathing chest — yet still as immobile as ever, still completely lifeless. As before, her eyelids were slightly opened, but they only fluttered in response to a touch. There were no signs of consciousness.

"What is happening?" asked Nikolai, with a despairing glance at Ridan.

"Nothing," he said, and Nikolai sensed the same sense of anxiety in his voice. "We'll have to wait. ..." Ridan looked for any opportunity to distract himself from the doubts that threatened to overcome him, so he talked, and talked. ... "In the animals that I brought back to life after a 10-minute death, the brain resumed its functions within seven or eight minutes. Simka the ape was also dead for about 10 minutes, but it took 20 hours for him to come back to consciousness. I think that the more complex the brain of the organism, the more deeply its cells are damaged by carbon dioxide poisoning at death. After all, death is accompanied by the cessation of oxygen to the brain, oxygen that the blood conveys from the lungs to the brain. It's quite possible that the brain of a person takes much longer to restore. We'll have to wait." ...

AN ORGANISM THAT HAS BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY DEATH IS ACTUALLY LIKE A CLOCK WHOSE PENDULUM HAS BEEN STOPPED BY A HAND. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS PUSH THE PENDULUM, AND THE CLOCK STARTS TO TICK AGAIN.

At nine in the evening, Natasha telephoned to the operating room to say that Vikling had arrived.

"Ah, Vikling!" answered Ridan. "Take him to the cafeteria. I'll be there shortly."

Nikolai had expected this call and followed Professor Ridan.

"Are you really thinking of meeting with Vikling?" he asked.

"Of course."

"No, Konstantin Alexandrovich, you will not go. I'm sorry, but this part of the setup has been vouchsafed to me. Everything is prepared, and your appearance is not part of the program. It would be insane to subject you to this danger. Vikling is perfectly aware that Anna's life is in your hands, and, at the last minute, if he sees that he can't save himself, he may do something unexpected."

"Sure, maybe," Ridan shrugged, "meeting with him does not exactly flatter me."

Meanwhile, in the cafeteria, the silent drama was already starting to unfold.

Natasha had been initiated into our secret a few days earlier. Since then, she had mostly stopped crying, but her mood had grown darker. A feeling of insult had compounded her pain: Why had Ridan hidden from her what he was doing with Anna until now?

When Nikolai explained everything to her and told her that Anna was still breathing, Natasha looked mistrustfully at him with her dark, searching eyes; then, with sudden comprehension, she laughed, threw herself at Nikolai and sobbed on his chest. This was happiness, and from that moment on, her grief disappeared. Without any hesitations or doubts, she was immediately convinced that Anna would return to life, and everything would be as it was before.

When Nikolai told her about Vikling's arrival, her emotions boiled to the surface just as violently.

"I sensed this would happen! I hated him from the very beginning! How could you all have believed him, when in his every movement and every word, something rings false!"

She triumphantly swore to Nikolai that she would not give herself away in even the slightest gesture as she welcomed Vikling. And now she was leading him into the cafeteria.

"Please, have a seat, Alfred."

He sat down, still crumpled with sadness, warily glancing into Natasha's eyes.

"How is Anya, Natasha? You, probably, already know something." ...

Oh, how hard it was to resist temptation! The desire to torture this despicable person, to toy with him like a cat with a mouse, was so strong; she wanted to start a conversation full of innocent hints that would alarm him terribly. It would be so easy now to make him sense his own impending doom, to get revenge for his betrayal, his crime, for everything. ... No, she did not have the right, she had promised.

"I don't know a thing," she answered unexpectedly loudly.

That was a signal. Vikling saw the door directly in front of him open suddenly, and a man in an army camouflage shirt quickly stepped out of the room and stood by the wall. Vikling recognized the man and broke out into a cold sweat. Then he noticed the revolver in the man's hand. ...

Vikling glanced around rapidly. There were three doors in the room. Next to each one stood a person with a weapon. Yet another person emerged out of Nikolai's room and walked directly toward Vikling, calmly and confidently.

"Alfred Vikling, if I am not mistaken?" he asked politely.

"Yes, that's me! What kind of ridiculous mystification is this?" Vikling cried, growing pale.

"I am from the Operations Division of the People's Commissariat for State Security. I have orders to arrest you. Kindly raise your hands. ... Search him," he ordered.

"Wait a minute!" Vikling objected. "There must be some kind of mistake. On what grounds do you arrest me?"

"I can tell you on what grounds. You are accused of the

Среди приборов, участвовавших в операции Анны, был один, работа которого стала понятной Николаю лишь спустя некоторое время. Это был усовершенный электрокардиоскоп — прибор, улавливающий токи сердца через кончик, в передней стенке его — крошечное, мерцающийся зеленым светом, темная тень, формой своей напоминающая бабочку. По движениям бабочки, по трепетанию ее крыльев можно было судить о работе сердца. Ридан назвал «бабочкой» сердца.

Сам по себе аппарат для Николая ничего конструкция, снятая с медицинского осциллографа, токи сердца подводились к нему по проводам от электродов, прилаженных с обеих сторон грудной клетки.

Прибор был включен как только Анну внесли в операционный стол. К этому времени прошло уже больше трех с смерти девушки. И тотчас же бабочка начала складывать и расправлять свои трепещущие крылышки. В мертвом неподвижном сердце шла напряженная электрическая жизнь. Значит, не совсем мертвым было сердце! Значит, какая-то жизнь еще теплилась в нем!

Теперь Николай начал понимать ридановские определения о «настоящей» «ненастоящей» смерти. Что принято называть смертью, — умирание.

Установка Ридана была замечательный прибор. Над

целый организм, пораженный смертью, а

ткани. Толкнуть их опять — и

— Настоящая, необратимая смерть

ткани, — повторил

И если причина смерти

сердечная, скажем, то

многих

И мы уж

«консе

отде

р

ке, как сейчас

вым. Больше того

ко

по

ср

— Ридан, — Николай, ошеломленный этим градом ридановских прогнозов,

— мертвых!

— Мертвых. Мертвый не может болеть. Все болезни питаются функциями

Временная смерть, остановив, за очень немногим исключением, все его функции, прекратит и питание болезненного процесса и тем самым прервет его.

— А когда человек оживет, функции восстановятся, и болезнь снова найдет себе почву?

— Нет. Если болезненный процесс действительно прервался, то необходимо снова воздействие внешней причины, чтобы его восстановить, ибо сами по себе функции только поддерживают и ведут процесс, но не могут начать его.

Разговоры эти всегда глубоко поражали Николая новизной идей Ридана, заражали его фанатической верой в могущество человеческого разума. Эта бодрящая вера нужна была теперь Николаю, как никогда, потому что, оставаясь наедине с самим собой, он готов был снова

Прошла ночь, пр

счастьем прямо в серд

вот еще

немного — и Анна посмотрит на него, улыбнется, узнает о его любви, которую он так глубоко и так долго таил от нее и от самого себя…

Ничего этого не произошло. Вот уже [illegible] Анна лежала на операционном столе с бьющимся сердцем и ровно дышащей грудью, но так же неподвижно, как же безжизненно. По-прежнему были чуть приоткрыты ее веки, вздрагивающие только от прикосновения к ним. Никаких признаков сознания не было.

— Что же это? — спрашивал Николай [illegible]

— Ничего, — отвечал [illegible] и Николай угадывал [illegible] — Ридан, [illegible] возможность [illegible] ее, не прерывая [illegible] своих сомнений и [illegible] говорил… — [illegible] мозг восста[illegible] мерт[illegible] десять минут [illegible] сознание только через двадцать [illegible] Но чем сложнее органы [illegible], тем глубже поражаются [illegible] клетки, [illegible] углекислотой. Ведь смерть [illegible] от [illegible] кислорода, который кровь приносит из легких к [illegible] мозга. Очень [illegible] человека восстанавливает свои функции гораздо [illegible] все. Будет жить [illegible]

В девять вечера Наташа по телефону [illegible] в операционную. Трубку [illegible]

— А, Виклинг! — ответил Ридан. — [illegible]

Николай знал это [illegible] следил [illegible] профессором.

— Вы в самом [illegible] пройти к [illegible] — спросил он.

— Конечно.

— Нет, Константин Александрович, [illegible] пойдете. Уж простите, эта операция поручена [illegible] Это [illegible] появление в программу не входит. Было бы [illegible] подвергать вас опасности. Ведь Виклинг прекрасно понимает, что жизнь [illegible] в наших руках, и в последний момент, увидев, что ему уже не спастись, может [illegible] принять что-нибудь неожиданное.

— Что ж, пожалуй, — пожал плечами Ридан. — [illegible] с ним меня вовсе не прельщает…

Между тем в столовой уже начинало [illegible] немного [illegible]

Еще накануне Наташа была посвящена [illegible] наконец, во [illegible] события. К этому времени она уже по[illegible] [illegible] но была [illegible] Ее горе осложнялось чувством [illegible] [illegible] делает с Аней?..

Когда Николай объяснил [illegible] Анна [illegible] недоверчиво вскинула на него свои [illegible] [illegible], бросилась к Николаю и разрыдалась [illegible] Это была [illegible] мента горя не стало для нее. [illegible] колебаний и сомнений она [illegible] Аня вернется к жизни, и все будет [illegible] прежде.

Так же бурно вскипело в [illegible] возмущение, [illegible] рассказал о Виклинге.

— Я чувствовала это! Я всегда с самого [illegible] [illegible] его! И как вы все могли верить, ведь в каждом его движении [illegible] была фальшь!..

Она торжественно поклялась [illegible] [illegible] жестом не выдаст себя, принимая Виклинга. И вот она при[illegible] [illegible] ровую.

— Садитесь, Альфред.

Он сел, все так же подавленный печа[illegible] [illegible] женно заглядывая Наташе в глаза.

— Как Анни, Наташа? Вы, верно, уже [illegible] [illegible] нибудь…

Ах, как трудно удержаться от соблазна! Желание помучить этого ненавистного человека, поиграть с ним, как кошка с мышью, было очень велико, начать бы с ним разговор, полный невинных, но страшных для него намеков!.. Ведь так легко заставить его сейчас почуять собственную гибель, отомстить ему за обман, за преступление, за все… Нет, она не имела права, она обещала.

attempted murder of Anna Ridan."

"What nonsense! Natasha, you know how things happened. Call the professor. ..."

"The professor is busy," said Nikolai as he entered the cafeteria, "and he asked me to convey to you that he cannot help you in any way. He himself agrees with the charges brought against you, based on information obtained directly from Anna Konstantinova."

The last words Nikolai uttered struck Vikling like a bolt of lightning. His eyes grew wide, his knees buckled, and one could see how much effort it cost him to take the first step toward the door. ...

☆

Three more days passed in anxious anticipation. Anna lay in the same condition — at least, so it seemed to Nikolai — and once again his hopes changed to despair.

Ridan, on the other hand, continued with his observations, analyses, and experiments, and each day he detected new signs of awakening life in the organism of his daughter. Her somatic system had already reestablished itself. Her digestive organs had started to work, supplying her blood with the products of miraculously transformed proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, all of which Ridan delivered to her stomach in complex solutions. Anna's half-open eyelids, which frightened Nikolai more than anything else, finally closed. Her whole body was ready for movement. A few peripheral muscles started to twitch on their own, as if preparing their strength for much more significant contractions.

Yet still no "orders" came from her higher organs. The complicated departments of her brain, containing the secrets of thought and the enigma of consciousness, were silent. She was in a deep, unconscious sleep.

"Don't worry, Nikolai Aresentievich, we will wait, hope, and keep at it," Ridan said repeatedly, which did not do much to boost poor Nikolai's fading hopes.

On the other hand, released from the sharpest pangs of bitter grief, Nikolai finally recalled his interaction with the German, with the last radiogram that he sent to Ufa. At the time, Nikolai did not know that this communist sympathizer and underground anti-fascist activist was named Hans Rickert**. As Nikolai deciphered the text of the radiogram, he became convinced that the fascists had tried to set up an airwaves defense system to intercept the German underground's communications. True, they had not been able to pinpoint Hans' exact location; it's not that simple; an experienced operative who knows he is being hunted can always throw off his pursuers. Still, they managed to once again block Hans' messages. All he could do was repeat with alarmed insistence that the German fascists intended to attack the Soviet Union, and then add a few more words to the explanation of Gross's method that he had begun previously. In short, there was still no clarity. He had not said a word about whether the fascists had gotten Gross's machine to work again, and Nikolai was more and more convinced that they hadn't: Gross's colleague had blown up the blueprints and the model along with himself in that Munich explosion.

Vikling knew nothing about all of this beyond what had been reported in the papers. All he was supposed to do was get the encryption key so that they could decode the messages coming out of Munich. Instead, as it emerged in the conversation Nikolai had with the prosecutor, Vikling, apparently devastated by the thought that Anna might come back to life, lost hope in getting off scot-free. He fled. Of course, Vikling would hardly have believed in Anna's miraculous resurrection if not for the prosecutor's carefully planted mention of the information Ridan had obtained through the "generator of miracles." Nobody had access to those facts except Vikling himself and Anna!

The prosecutor got the impression that Vikling was genuinely remorseful for his espionage and sabotage activities — he was so eager to expose himself and everyone who had been involved, from Moscow to the factory in the Urals.

Vikling turned out to be the son of a powerful Moscow financier who had emigrated during the first days of the Revolution. Masquerading as a German named "Alfred Vikling" enabled him to easily "escape" back to the Soviet Union from Germany in 1936. This was the Gestapo's trick: The real Alfred Vikling, who was a fairly well-known member of the German anti-fascist intelligentsia, had been secretly captured and, in all likelihood, executed. It would have been nearly impossible to unmask the switch, since both the real and the false Vikling had the same profession, and they were remarkably similar in their physical appearance. In fact, when the Gestapo handed over the real Vikling's documents to the spy Vikling, they didn't even bother to change the identifying photographs. Furthermore, the "new" Vikling was assigned to go undercover as an embedded spy, so for many years he did not engage in any espionage functions at all. His only task was to find a foothold in Soviet society, acquire people's trust and an appropriate position — a task at which he excelled.

Yes, he was determined to "win over" Anna Ridan as well. Not only for professional reasons. ...

His first explicit assignments were to participate in the sabotage operation in the Ural factory and to intercept Nikolai's radio communications. These missions did not fall on fertile soil. "Vikling" was no longer the person he had been, and he acted unwillingly; his earlier anti-Soviet convictions had dimmed considerably during the time spent living in his original homeland. Only the fear of death was stronger. Anna's murder, which he committed in a fit of insane fear, along with his subsequent exposure and arrest, was simply too great a burden for him to bear. He gave up and revealed everything that could possibly be useful to those who protected the safety of the Soviet Union.

Nikolai did not tell any of this to the professor so as not to divert him from his stressful work. He didn't tell Natasha, either. Why cloud Natasha's mood by revealing these terrible memories, when all her grief had immediately turned to boundless joy when she saw her one and only sister coming back to life? A lucky person! Natasha was capable of simply loving, simply suffering, and just as simply rejoicing, without allowing unnecessary doubts to color her pure feelings. Now she simply believed that Anna would live again, and she threw herself into helping Ridan.

Whereas Nikolai ... poor Nikolai! It was not at all easy for such a reticent person, finally touched by love just as it was tragically snatched from him. Fate had pulled him into this terrible maelstrom, buffeted him from side to side, first by tempting him with imminent happiness, then by meting out a terrible blow. ...

He was completely derailed. Days went by — endless, dark, hopeless days. Never before had he felt so empty, and so use-

****HANS RICKERT**

We know from previous chapters that an apolitical, Jules Verne-like German inventor named Gross has invented a machine quite similar to Ridan and Nikolai's machine, a "generator of miracles" that uses electromagnetic waves to stimulate processes in the brain and body. Whereas the Soviets want to use this machine to create "rays of life" (e.g., healing cancers, bringing moribund bodies back from the threshold of death), the Germans want to create "rays of death." Vikling's job as a spy was to track Soviet progress on perfecting this technology. The "Munich explosion" was a sabotage act perpetrated by communist workers in Munich to halt the death rays' production.

less. He couldn't work. He couldn't help Ridan, other than taking turns with Natasha watching over Anna. He tried to read, conscientiously leafing through the pages, only to realize that he hadn't retained a thing. ...

Sometimes he started to think about his own behavior, and then he couldn't understand what was happening to him. Why was he not able to do anything that didn't relate to Anna? How could Natasha, sitting in the same place by Anna's bedside, carry on with reading her textbooks, solving problems, or sewing something? How did Aunt Pasha take on all the tasks of caring for the family, without missing a thing, and only allowing herself to occasionally interrupt her cleaning to stare intently at Anna's completely immobile face?

"Apparently the professor is right, something is wrong with my nerves," Nikolai concluded. "Or else I just have an unfortunate personality." ...

⋆

On the morning of the 10th day, a band of murky clouds stretched along the eastern horizon. The gray dawn broke slowly. The barometer fell.

Ridan sent Natasha off to sleep and stayed alone with Anna. Last night her body had been wracked by some kind of tumultuous process of awakening. Isolated tremors and the twitching of individual muscles suddenly became much more intense and convulsed her whole body. It was as if her muscles were quivering from the desire to move freely. The process continued for an hour and a half. Then, suddenly, all movement ceased. Anna once again lay in a deep, motionless sleep, seemingly even deeper than her previous slumber. ...

Ridan sat next to her and tried to figure out what had happened. Was it a step on the path to reanimating the functions of the brain, or, on the contrary, a burst of activity like death throes — after which everything goes backward, towards death? ...

By 10 in the morning, the clouds had spread over Moscow, the first streaks of lightning rent the sky; in the garden the dusty trees began to sway, welcoming the desired storm. The rain poured down in sheets, full of lightning, thunder, and wind.

Morose and unshaven, Ridan abruptly tore himself away from his thoughts, went to the window, and flung it open. The sharp scent of storm tore into the operating room. A clap of thunder resounded with a dry crack, and the rain slanted down like a golden curtain.

Ridan approached Anna again.

NIKOLAI WAS ALWAYS DEEPLY STRUCK BY THE NOVELTY OF RIDAN'S IDEAS. RIDAN'S FANATICAL FAITH IN THE POWER OF HUMAN REASON WAS CONTAGIOUS. NIKOLAI NEEDED THIS INSPIRING FAITH NOW MORE THAN EVER.

He saw. ... Maybe it just seemed that he saw it? Of late, his exhausted eyes often betrayed him. ... No, he saw, and he heard, a deep exhale, the first to disturb the far too even rhythm of her calm breathing. Next her lips moved and lightly parted. ...

Nikolai awoke to the ring of the telephone and grabbed the receiver before he was even fully awake.

"Come here! Natie too!" The voice was exultant. Nikolai understood. Pulling on his clothes as he went, he ran into the operating room.

Natasha caught up with him at the doorway, barefoot and in her robe. Ridan, without saying a word, moved to the side, as if ceding to them a place near the table. They bent over Anna, anxiously looking into her face, her lips, her wet eyelashes that had just closed. ...

"Anya," Natasha said softly but surely.

Suddenly her eyelids opened, and her brows raised slightly. Anna looked up, transferred her gaze to Nikolai, and then wearily closed her eyes again.

"Kolya ..." — a barely audible whisper.

Beside himself with happiness, forgetting everything in the world, Nikolai planted a hot kiss on her cheek.

Natasha was frightened by this movement — maybe it was too much? — and taking his head gently in her hands, she moved it away. When they both turned around, Ridan was no longer in the room. Nikolai ran to the adjoining laboratory and found Ridan at the far side of the room, elbows propped up against the windowsill, holding a handkerchief to his face. His shoulders were shaking.

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PUBLIC
ENEMY

RAP ON TRIAL

When a defendant has performed rap lyrics about crime in songs and videos, is that evidence of real criminality? Prosecutors are telling juries yes, but a Richmond professor is telling juries that the prosecutors are wrong.

By Matthew Dewald

On the evening of June 12, 2012, 19-year-old Melvin Vernell III, a rapper who went by the name Lil Phat, was shot to death in a parking lot outside an Atlanta-area hospital. At the time, his girlfriend was inside giving birth to their daughter.

Investigators identified the motive as retaliation for a drug theft. They said Vernell had stolen 10 pounds of marijuana from two men, Gary Bradford and Decensae White, the latter a former college basketball star who had played for Bobby Knight at Texas Tech for a bit before landing at San Francisco State University.

Bradford, investigators concluded, was a gang leader who had ordered the murder. Prosecutors charged him with seven counts related to the crime, and he went to trial in the summer of 2014.

**Let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace.**

In the case against Bradford, Fulton County, Ga., prosecutors introduced statements from a powerful figure: Eldorado Red, Bradford's alter ego. It's both the name by which Bradford was known on the streets and under which he recorded rap music with dreams of making it big. Eldorado Red is brash and menacing, a remorseless career criminal. In music videos released on YouTube, he parades around in red colors associated with the Bloods, a violent street gang, flashing weapons and stacks of cash from the seats of expensive cars.

"I'm El Jefe," Eldorado Red brags in "I Supply Your Town," a song about selling drugs. "Meet the dealer. Bricks and pounds when I come around."

In another song, called "I Got 100 Shooters," Eldorado Red warns, "Go against the mob, you get your a** knocked off."

To prosecutors, these songs read like clear-cut confessions to drug dealing and murder and lined up remarkably well with the facts of the Vernell case. They pointed the finger right at the creation Eldorado Red in their efforts to convict Gary Bradford. In fact, "Eldorado Red" was the name by which they often referred to Bradford throughout the trial.

This distinction between Gary Bradford and Eldorado Red would blur often during the trial, which is how a Richmond professor with no relation to the case found himself in the middle of it. Erik Nielson, an associate professor of liberal arts in the School of Professional and Continuing Studies, has become a sought-after resource for defense attorneys and national media because he was among the first to identify a growing trend: prosecutors introducing lyrics written and performed by criminal defendants as evidence against them in trials.

By conflating reality and art, he argues, prosecutors are manipulating the prejudices of some jurors to persuade them to hold rap artists responsible for the fictional confessions of their artistic creations. He says the scrutiny rappers face in the criminal justice system is unique among musicians and other artists, a discrepancy Nielson says is tied to broader issues of race and justice in the United States.

It is tempting to call Nielson — a nearly middle-aged white college professor from western Massachusetts — an unlikely champion of this cause, but that would misunderstand how deeply rap music, and the hip-hop culture from which it springs, has so thoroughly infused American culture in the second decade of the 21st century. Among its self-identified fans are both the current Democratic president, Barack Obama, and one of this spring's major Republican candidates who had hoped to succeed him, Florida Sen. Marco Rubio, who told reporters that his favorite rap song is one of the genre's most famous profanity-laced expositions on criminality, N.W.A.'s "Straight Outta Compton."

Nielson grew up in Wendell, Mass., about an hour north of Springfield. His parents divorced when he was a toddler, and his mother, a preschool teacher, raised him as a single parent in an area so rural that his winding bus ride to school took an hour.

"I grew up not having very much, so I think I had something of chip on my shoulder," he said. "And the way I expressed that — aside from really horrible behavior when I was little — was academically because I was always very good at school."

As an undergraduate at the University of Virginia, he began to come into contact with the ideas that would later influence the development of his research and teaching. Courses that touched on jazz, sociology, and African-American literature were vehicles for exploring questions about race and inequality. It was the time of the O.J. Simpson trial and *The Bell Curve,* a controversial book that ignited national debates about links between intelligence and race.

"College was an awakening for me," he said. "I went in thinking I would be a government major, maybe political science, and then a lawyer or something. College totally changed that. As soon as I started reading — and I admit it, this is probably not good for the alumni magazine — but once I started reading Marx — it wasn't that Marx had it all right — it was just a whole new way of thinking about what I had believed was true.

"It forced me to start looking at things through a different lens. When I did that, I thought, 'Wow, what I believed was

true about the world is definitely not true,' and so I wanted to devote myself to uncovering what I was missing. But rap wasn't part of that. Back in the '90s, it didn't occur to me you could study rap. You listened to it."

From there, he went to London to complete a master's in Renaissance literature, focusing on Shakespeare, when he found himself reconnecting with the rap music he'd enjoyed as an undergraduate.

"I'm literally in the British Library typing something about *Hamlet,* listening to Outkast [the Atlanta-based rap duo of "Hey Ya!" fame]. ... Being so immersed in Shakespeare heightened my appreciation for and interest in wordplay, in really compelling, funny, often bawdy narratives that ran against the grain. I'd always liked rap; I'd just never intellectualized it. It was the first time I began thinking about it in poetic terms and historical terms."

That put Nielson on the path to realizing he could do a doctorate that focused on rap music, a subject that few scholars were studying at the time. His eventual doctoral adviser — "a towering Dutch guy at University of Sheffield" in the U.K. named Duco van Oostrum — had him set his sights more broadly.

"You can do rap, but you have to ground it in literature," van Oostrum told him.

The dissertation that emerged analyzed the relationship between law enforcement and African-American art in the United States. His main argument was that close readings of two centuries of African-American poetry — from antebellum slave spirituals through the lyrics he was hearing in rap songs — reveal a sustained response, both obvious and subtle, to the omnipresence of surveillance.

"If you want to find Jesus, go in de wilderness," are the lyrics of one particularly influential spiritual that Nielson wrote about as he traced this argument. Nat Turner, who in 1831 led the country's most widely known slave rebellion, is said to have used the song as a form of coded language to gather his co-conspirators. For Nielson, the song exemplifies a reaction to the extraordinarily watchful eyes under which enslaved people in the U.S. lived — the notion that salvation lies in getting to the wilderness, beyond the reach of the people and society that oppress you.

For a prose example, he turned to a passage in Harriet Jacobs' *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* that describes what Nielson characterizes as the "inescapability of Dr. Flint, her master": "If I went out for a breath of fresh air, after a day of unwearied toil, his footsteps dogged me. If I knelt by my mother's grave, his dark shadow fell on me even there." Escaping or confronting this panoptic gaze is a theme to which African-American art returns again and again, he argues. He continues this line of reading with prominent 20th-century poets like Langston Hughes, Amiri Baraka, and Nikki Giovanni, and finally up through modern rap lyrics.

In rap — and particularly the popular subgenre gangsta rap, which first developed during the late 1980s and early '90s — recurrent themes of evasion and a desire for invisibility from law enforcement pervade both lyrics and sonic landscapes. Police helicopters sometimes whirl in the audio background just as they do over black urban neighborhoods like South Central Los Angeles. Lyrics are sometimes filtered to sound as if they're picked up from a wiretap or pay phone. In one song, rapper T-Mo explicitly evokes incarceration as a metaphor for life in his neighborhood, saying "I want outta this hole. I'm in a cell under attack. / Lock up, folks — they in the 'hood / Got an eye on every move I make." The lyrics may often be about violence and resistance, but often lurking more convincingly just under the surface is anxiety about surveillance and the isolation and mistrust such anxiety breeds.

I'm El Jefe, I supply your town.
Meet the dealer.
Bricks and pounds when I come around.

Tellingly, these concerns are also evident in the broader conventions of the genre. Pressed to name five famous rappers, the average fan is unlikely to give you the names Tracy Marrow, Dana Owens, Carlton Ridenhour, Amethyst Kelly, or Andre Young, for example. He or she would identify these artists by their rap personae (Ice T, Queen Latifah, Chuck D, Iggy Azalea, and Dr. Dre, respectively). With their use of stage names — which the performers often carry off stage into their interviews and other public appearances — rappers both hide their real selves and "go the extra mile to signal that they are inventing a narrator," Nielson told *PBS Newshour* in 2014.

But is rap, in addition to being commercially successful, also a poetic form — particularly gangsta rap, with its well-documented violence and misogyny? Art is often deeply disruptive; think of the rambling beauty of Walt Whitman's verses or the brutal morality of Flannery O'Connor's prose. Their initial shock gave way to recognition of their deep artistry. Academics working in popular culture often face a greater pressure to justify themselves than scholars of, say, Chaucer or Shakespeare.

"Rap music is an art form," Nielson said. "You shouldn't hold bad examples against it any more than we hold formulaic paperback romance novels against literature. Part of my scholarly agenda is that I want to explain it as a poetic form and help people understand that's what it is."

He acknowledges that rap is particularly vulnerable to misunderstanding and mischaracterization.

"Exaggeration and hyperbole are hallmarks of the genre," he wrote in a 2012 piece for *The Root*; rap's over-the-top lyrics and emphasis on violence play into "enduring stereotypes about the inherent criminality of young black men."

But he was still surprised when he came across the work of a scholar in England who noticed that British prosecutors were introducing rap lyrics as incriminating evidence against defendants. He started taking a look in the U.S. and quickly found dozens and eventually hundreds of cases.

There was the case of a Southern Illinois University student and aspiring rapper who abandoned his car after he

ran out of gas in 2007. Campus authorities who found his vehicle retrieved a piece of paper lodged between the seats filled with what the student later claimed were gangsta rap lyrics in progress. Six unrhymed lines at the end referred to a mass shooting. Police, prosecutors, and eventually a jury interpreted them as the communication of a terrorist threat, and he received a five-year sentence.

In a 2008 New Jersey case, prosecutors secured an attempted murder conviction and 30-year sentence against a defendant in part by reading 13 pages of the defendant's rap lyrics. The lyrics were graphically violent and written months and years before the crime occurred. An appellate court later overturned the verdict, ruling that they should never have been admitted as evidence because they were so prejudicial.

"Just as in gangster films, horror novels, or even in pro wrestling, exaggerated depictions of violence are hallmarks of gangsta rap," Nielson writes in one study. But prosecutors are not introducing lines from film scripts, pages from horror novels, or interviews with Hulk Hogan to secure convictions. Rap artists, he argues, are being singled out.

One key for understanding why lies in lines like these: "Well, early one evenin' I was rollin' around / I was feelin' kind of mean, I shot a deputy down / Strolled along home, and I went to bed / Well, I laid my pistol up under my head." In a 1999 study, researchers presented these lyrics to two different sets of people. They told one group that the words came from a rap song and the other group that they came from a country song. People who thought they were rap lyrics rated them as much more offensive and threatening than those who thought they were part of a country song. (The lyrics actually come from "Bad Man's Blunder," a folk song recorded in 1960 by the threatening-to-no-one Kingston Trio.)

I want outta this hole.
I'm in a cell under attack.
Lock up, folks — they in the 'hood.
Got an eye on every move I make.

Almost two decades later, in 2015, researchers replicated the experiment — same lyrics, same descriptions. The result? "Nearly two decades later, and not a damn thing has changed," UC Irvine criminology professor Charis Kubrin, one of the researchers, told *Orange Coast Magazine*. "The people who thought the lyrics were from a rap song saw them as more dangerous, offensive, threatening, in need of regulation, and literal."

Nielson started publishing what he was learning and thinking about this trend, including the first academic study of what he'd come to call "rap on trial," co-authored with Kubrin. He also had success placing articles and op-eds in publications like *The Atlantic, The New York Times,* and *USA Today*. Unlike Chaucer or Shakespeare, rap is a media-friendly subject, and his pieces were popular — often getting thousands of shares on Facebook, Twitter, and the like.

His phone rang and his email buzzed as his work got wider exposure. He partnered with well-known rappers whose fame brought broader attention to the issue, people like Michael Render, aka Killer Mike (whose stage name has far less menacing origins than it might seem. "I rapped against a kid, as a kid, really well" during a rap battle, he told host Stephen Colbert on CBS's *The Late Show*. "A guy stood on a desk and said, 'That kid's a killer.'" In other words, Killer Mike kills on the mic.). Nielson and Kubrin wrote an amicus brief for the Supreme Court's hearing of *Elonis v. U.S.* (the court ruled in a way sympathetic to their arguments) and collaborated with others, including Render, to write a second amicus brief in a case the court ultimately declined to hear. Seven artists signed onto the latter, including two of the biggest names in rap, T.I. and Big Boi.

In the midst of all of this work, it was only a matter of time before defense attorneys started calling, too. Nielson became the go-to expert witness for explaining to jurors why lyrics that seemed abhorrent and confessional, and were written by young men accused of violent crimes, should not be weighed as courtroom evidence. He has consulted on or testified during dozens of cases. "I'm there defending the rights of people to a fair trial," he said. "I'm never there asserting anyone's guilt or innocence."

That's how he ended up in a Georgia courtroom explaining to a Fulton County jury the difference between Gary Bradford and Eldorado Red.

On the stand, he walked jurors through a basic concept every high school student learns in English class: the distinction between author and narrator, in this case between Gary Bradford and Eldorado Red. He explained rap's emphasis on exaggeration and posturing, its roots in hip-hop culture and as a form of resistance to violence, and its genre conventions and use of complex wordplay.

"I'm there to provide academic context," he said. "I can say 'Listen, that phrase that sounded crazy, it's actually been used 10,000 times by all of these platinum-selling artists. What sounded shocking is not. What [an investigator] says is a confession isn't.' ... It's like a crash course in what hip-hop and rap are," he said.

In cross-examination, Bradford's prosecutor pressed Nielson on his claims, pointing to lines in the songs "100 Shooters" and "I Supply Your Town." In his questions, the prosecutor often referred to the defendant as Eldorado Red, but Nielson insisted on distinguishing between creator and creation in his answers. When the prosecutor asked if Nielson "has ever interviewed Eldorado Red," for example, Nielson's answer was, "No. Or Gary Bradford."

One line of questioning led to an exchange over whether "100 Shooters" resists or advocates violence. Nielson put the song and stage name Eldorado Red in a wider context, explaining they are part of a body of work that Bradford has created in order to succeed as a rapper, a profession he has said in interviews he is pursuing to escape gang life rather than be part of it. But does the content of "100 Shooters" advocate violence, the prosecutor insisted. "It depicts it," Nielson replied.

From this point, the testimony evolved into a discussion about whether Nielson could distinguish fiction from real-

ity. He testified that as a literary scholar, he understands the conventions of fiction and its distinctions from reality well.

But what about the obvious correlations between Bradford's lyrics about drug dealing and allegations of actual drug dealing, the prosecutor wanted to know. There may be correlations between the fictional creation and the creator's real life, Nielson told him, but that happens all of the time in literary creations. He cited Bret Easton Ellis, author of *American Psycho,* a well-regarded but shocking first-person novel about a serial killer. Easton draws from many details of his life in the novel, but no one accuses him of being a serial killer, Nielson explained.

In response, the prosecutor wanted to know whether Nielson is "in the mind of Eldorado Red when he's rapping."

"You're making a mistake right there," Nielson told him, "because Eldorado Red is fictional."

Nielson laid out his fullest argument in response to a question about whether lyrics describing drug dealing are fictional or real: "That piece of information I have to weigh against what is a significant body of work that depicts him in all different kinds of scenarios. In some, he's got a Learjet and a Ferrari. In others, he doesn't even have a, excuse my language, a pot to piss in — that's a quote — and everything in between. Sometimes he's a soldier, and sometimes he's a lieutenant. Sometimes he's El Jefe. I am looking at his entire body of work and realizing, notwithstanding what you just said, that he is exploring identities in a number of ways through his music."

Well, early one evenin' I was rollin' around.
I was feelin' kind of mean, I shot a deputy down.
Strolled along home, and I went to bed.
Well, I laid my pistol up under my head.

The trial of Bradford and two co-defendants lasted five weeks and involved a host of other issues. In the end, the jury convicted Bradford on two of seven charges — conspiracy and participation in criminal street gang activity — but not for murder. He was sentenced to 25 years and is now in a state prison in rural Butts County, Ga. Press reports indicate he is planning an appeal.

Had Nielson's testimony made a difference in how jurors weighed the evidence?

"Erik helped change the course" of the trial, said Musa Ghanayem, Bradford's attorney. "They had been painting [Bradford] as this ruthless drug dealer who was so brazen and so violent that he's willing to go on stage and throw the red meat to his audience. … Dr. Nielson was there to help me explain the difference between a media persona and a real person."

Nielson's testimony was, Ghanayem said, "a very sharp knife to cut through the bull***t of the state's case," which in his view relied on conflating Bradford with Eldorado Red. The testimony helped "get down to the nitty gritty and help the jury focus on what needs to be focused on" as it deliberated the charges against Bradford, he said.

Nielson said that he is "often uncomfortable" that his testimony as an expert witness in some ways plays into the stereotypes that he is there to refute. He's conscious that, as he put it, "being a white man gives you a certain authority in the eyes of certain jurors. … I'm aware of that, but in the end I'm not going to not do this and let somebody go to jail."

The arguments for his role parallel those for the U.S. system of public defenders generally: Defendants are presumed innocent and deserve fair trials as a cornerstone of our legal system. The First Amendment protects everyone's artistic expression, those we like and those we don't, from criminalization except in very narrow circumstances, he said.

"These are kids, usually, or young men," Nielson said, noting that he is a father himself. "They need somebody in there because I know what prosecutors are going to say, and I know what gang experts are going to say, and it's likely to be inaccurate at best, knowingly false at worst."

But he is defending a literary principle as well, the notion that rap music shouldn't be introduced as evidence in a courtroom but instead given attention as a culturally significant form of poetic expression. The number of people who buy the novels of Toni Morrison, a Nobel Prize-winning African-American author, don't compare with what rapper Dwayne Michael Carter Jr. (aka Lil Wayne) sells in a year, Nielson noted. Rap may not be to your tastes or liking, but it deserves study, respect, and acceptance as an American art form.

"Whether we like it or not, the messages coming from rap music are reverberating and resonating through a much broader swath of the global population than any of those traditional pieces of literature," he said. "Don't you think somebody should be looking at it with a critical eye? I think most people would come around and say, 'I still hate it, but yeah.'"

"Matthew Dewald" is the byline and legal name of a person called "Matt" by his friends and colleagues and "Dad" by his two sons. Back in college, he purchased LPs and cassettes by artists ranging from David Bowie, My Bloody Valentine, and the Dead Kennedys to Public Enemy, De La Soul, and the Beastie Boys. Today, he is editor of this magazine.

ALUMNI

HONORS

Photograph by Stephen Voss

LEGAL EAGLE

Forbes *named Harawa to its top 30 under 30 for law and policy.*

Public defender

Daniel Harawa, '09, argued his first case when he was a month out of law school. He was only provisionally licensed to practice and found himself in front of a nine-judge en banc panel at the Washington, D.C., Court of Appeals. He was asking the court to overturn its own 140-year-old precedent: a blanket prohibition on people with mental illness entering into contracts. And he was successful.

"It was terrifying," Harawa said. "I don't recommend starting your law career that way."

Harawa always wanted to be a lawyer, he said. An externship with the D.C. public defender's office was a natural expansion of his undergraduate research on juvenile justice issues and alternatives to incarceration.

It's not a politically popular job, he admits, but the job gives him perspective on the type of reforms he'd like to see: changes to how we conceptualize punishment and treat offenders. Harawa said it's important to take into account factors that intersect with the criminal justice system like mental health, substance abuse, poverty, and racial bias in law enforcement. He counts his office as one of the luckier ones around the country. It has more resources and smaller caseloads that allow him to focus on the best work he can provide to clients.

"So much of what public defenders do across the country gets undervalued or overlooked," Harawa said. "Being somebody's advocate at one of the most difficult times of their lives inspires me to continue doing the work I do with the hope that I can help shift the law in a way that brings the justice system into balance."

IN GOOD COMPANY

A photo of his team will be added to the walls of the Union, which are already covered with photos of past debate teams that included Robert Kennedy, Malcolm X, Ronald Reagan, the Dalai Lama, and Desmond Tutu. Yeah, no big deal, right?

HUMBLED

On his Forbes *recognition: "It was kind of a thrill and embarrassing," Harawa said. "It's humbling and not something I expected. I do something different from everyone on the list. I think people need to see that you can do this type of work and be recognized. It's not a politically popular job necessarily, but that kind of makes me want to do it more."*

NOTEWORTHY

A Spider first?

Debates at Oxford University's Union have happened since 1823, but March may have occasioned the first time that UR can claim an alumnus as part of a debating team.

Bob Ravelli, B'78, spoke at the Union, which hosts several debates each school year on current issues. He lives in London, where he works as an urban planning consultant, but he also happens to be chair of the Democrats Abroad UK. The question Ravelli was invited to debate was whether the Obama Administration has been a success.

"It was an experience I will never forget," Ravelli wrote. His fellow debaters included NPR talk show host Tavis Smiley. Read more about Ravelli's experience online at magazine.richmond.edu.

SAVE THE DATE

Homecoming 2016

OCT. 14–16

Whether or not you're coming for Reunion Weekend in June, it's not too early to start planning a return trip this fall. Come back for the big game, see your old friends, and check out the newest addition to memory lane: the Queally Center for Admission and Career Services.

CAMPUS BEAUTY

PICTURE PERFECT

Bob Harvey, C'64, snapped this picture of the Commons by night for a class at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. "I would guess I am not the only alum who occasionally walks through the campus with a camera in hand and gets lucky," Harvey wrote.

HEART

Taking flight

In the world of drone regulation, women often stand out. Fewer women are involved, but they contribute significantly to the emerging regulatory policy for unmanned aircraft systems, or drones as they are often called.

Stephanie Spear, '05, is one of three women on a 26-person Federal Aviation Administration working group putting together a policy rule for small drones. In June 2014, shortly after she joined the National Association for Realtors, the Federal Aviation Administration issued an interpretation that called out drone use in real estate, adding uncertainty about how to operate legally at a time they are increasingly becoming an essential industry tool.

"Right now, we exist in a regulation by exemption world," she said. "Anyone can request waivers from the FAA." Several thousand of her real estate users can operate them, but consistency and clarity are her ultimate goals when engaging with the rulemaking process.

Spear said she expects these will come in June when the FAA will issue a rule that will greenlight widespread commercial use of drones and articulate the education required to be an operator of a drone.

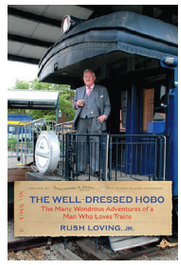
In the meantime, she continues working on the FAA group whose work will complement the larger rule in June. And drones are only one of her policy issues.

Illustration by Chris Romero

DRONE SISTERHOOD

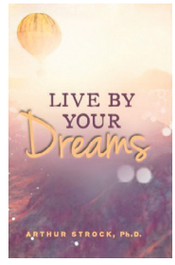
Spear has found a fellow alumna with an equally impressive reputation in drone work. Gretchen West, '96, an industry expert on unmanned aircraft systems, is based on the West Coast. The two met at a Google event on drones and discovered that, as luck would have it, they're also Kappa Alpha Theta sisters. Two women in a male-dominated specialty who attended the same school and joined the same sorority. What are the odds?

BOOKS

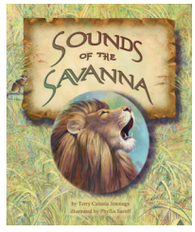


THE WELL-DRESSED HOBO
RUSH LOVING JR., R'56
Enchanted by railroads at an early age, Loving gives an inside look at 80 years of the American railroad industry. He reminisces about the people and anecdotes he's collected in locomotive cabs, business cars, executive suites, and even at the White House.

WORKING IT IN THE KITCHEN: FOOD FOR THE WORKWEEK
KIM BAKER, '99 AND GB'08
Long days at work, and nothing at home to eat? Baker says her cookbook provides "a fresh and delicious take on work-life balance, featuring easy-to-make dinner recipes." Say no more. We're already hungry.



LIVE BY YOUR DREAMS
ARTHUR STROCK, G'65
Our dreams are saying something, and Strock wants to help us figure it all out in his reference book for understanding dreams. Strock, a founding member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams, provides 50 stories from people whose dreams helped shed light on relationships, fears, and spirituality.



SOUNDS OF THE SAVANNA
TERRY CATASÚS JENNINGS, W'71
For the animal-loving kid in your life, Jennings offers a children's book with stunning illustrations that presents digestible facts about life on the Savanna — from predators and prey to animal communication. The book also provides activities and worksheets to continue the learning experience for kids.

HOW TO BUY THE PERFECT TOY

By Sunni Brown

Illustration by Kelly Alder

SHARE YOUR FUN

Toys aren't the only things Gottlieb loves. He says that children and adults can both love the books they read together. He is also a big advocate of board games.

"Games force everyone to live by the same rules and bring everyone to the same level and table."

EVERYONE'S TOY STORY *Shopping for the tiny human in our lives can seem daunting. Richard Gottlieb, R'69, knows where to start. After graduation, he worked for the company that made Little Golden Books, games, and puzzles. This unlocked his interest in the toy industry, so he got his MBA and started writing about toys and how they intersect with cultures and generations. Today, he's CEO of Global Toy Experts. Here are his tips for buying the perfect toy for the child in your life:*

1. Kids don't care about cost. Really. Gottlieb once attended a birthday party where a young boy received a $400 Death Star Lego set, yet he played outside with a $1 wooden glider plane.

"Think in terms of what kind of joy is going to come from the toy and what educational opportunities it can provide," Gottlieb says.

"I'm a big fan of construction sets for either gender because children love to build, and they love to destroy. Construction sets appeal to a wide variety of age groups, can last a long time, and in addition to being fun, teach a child the fundamental basics of physics, mechanics, and engineering."

2. Choose something you like. Gottlieb's biggest piece of advice, especially for anyone other than the child's parents, might be surprising.

"You will give a great gift if you like it," Gottlieb says. "Buy what you are passionate about. Do you love chess? Stamp collecting? Flowers? If you give something related to your interests, the worst-case scenario is you leave a

lasting impression of something you love, and the best case is you will develop a common and shared interest."

3. Want a great toy? Go to a great store. There's room for purchasing toys in all sorts of places, both online and in store, but a great toy store will give you a sense of magic and show you something you weren't expecting to see, he says. A local toy store can be a great place to find that.

4. Stuffed animals still do the trick. When in doubt, don't underestimate the value of a stuffed animal, he says. With so many toys on the market today, you might think a stuffed animal is too easy or cliché. Gottlieb disagrees.

"These products create memories. We all remember stuffed animals from childhood, right?" he says.

QUOTATION

"I still have land, cabin, and post office box in Wyoming but don't know where I'll end up next."

KATE BARHAM, W'69, on her uncertain plans after working on a book about her wild, cross-country journey with an old dog in an old RV.

FIELD REPORT

THE PARIS OF THE EAST

China's largest city is home to our newest alumni group abroad.

Shanghai calling

Our newest regional group of Richmond alumni happens to be in China.

You read that right. With help from the alumni events office and the volunteer leadership of Neville Hemming, '12, the group began programming earlier this year. Around 45 alumni live around Shanghai, according to Mary Alice Wallmeyer, assistant director of alumni events. We asked Hemming a few questions to satisfy our curiosity about Spider alumni around the world.

How'd you end up in Shanghai?
It's funny. Richmond is actually the reason why I'm in China. I didn't want to retake Spanish for the language requirement, and a friend recommended trying out Chinese. I had an opportunity to study abroad here, loved it, and wanted to come back.

How did you connect with other Spiders in the region?
I first moved here two years ago and looked online to connect with people. There was no city contact for Shanghai with the alumni office, so I reached out. I did a lot of LinkedIn searching and found some folks through word-of-mouth.

How hard is it to stay connected to the University from abroad?
It's a bit challenging to maintain a connection with America in general. It's harder to communicate.

For me, I've been connecting with friends and fellow alumni. I was in Vietnam a few weeks ago for work and got to catch up with a good friend who had just gone to his five-year reunion in May. I really enjoyed hearing about that in advance of my own five-year reunion next year.

When we did our event in September here, we had someone from admission. That's pretty amazing — it was nice to hear from her what's going on at the University.

Where do you hope to see the group in the next few months? What about the next five years?
It would be fun to organize some Olympic watch stuff. Later this summer, we'll have a more official University-sponsored event. In five years, I'd like to see a Beijing group. We have a city contact in Hong Kong, but if we got a group going in south China, we'd have one in each of the three main economic hubs. It would be great to see a group across those regions.

A GROWING FOOTPRINT
Spiders have always crawled around the globe. Now, we're starting to see critical masses far away from the pines and rolling hills. Shanghai is UR's third active international group. It joins London and Panama as places where alumni have discovered each other and want to come together in solidarity (and fun).

CLASS NOTES

We see what you did there.

Maybe the reason everyone loves class notes is that you never know what you'll find. In this issue, we have all of this and more:

43 New jobs

38 Trips abroad

31 Babies welcomed

20 Weddings

14 Retirements

4 UR Athletics Hall of Fame inductees

2 Doctorates earned
(computer science, dentistry)

2 *Star Wars Episode VII* references
('59 and '66, no less)

1 U.S. Supreme Court bar admittance

1 Pet snake named Beverly

Don't see yourself here? Write to classnotes@richmond.edu to share your news.

NOTES

We welcome your news. Send information to your class secretary or directly to the magazine at classnotes @richmond.edu. Or you may mail it to the magazine at Puryear Hall 200 • 28 Westhampton Way • University of Richmond, VA 23173. Please include your class year and, if appropriate, maiden name. For your children, please include birth dates rather than ages. Photographs of alumni are also welcome and published as space allows. Please note that the magazine does not publish news of engagements or pregnancies. Information may take up to two issues to publish. Class notes do not appear in any online edition.

The magazine uses undergraduate degree designations for graduates through 1992, and law, graduate, and honorary degree designations for all years.

- *B Robins School of Business*
- *C School of Professional and Continuing Studies*
- *G Graduate School of Arts and Sciences*
- *GB Richard S. Reynolds Graduate School of Business*
- *GC Graduate School of Professional and Continuing Studies*
- *H Honorary degree*
- *L School of Law*
- *R Richmond College*
- *W Westhampton College*

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1. Broaddus Fitzpatrick, L'80
2. Laurie Hooper Fisher, W'81
3. Martha Mock, W'89
4. Randy Peterson, R'92
5. Will Willis, '96
6. Carolyn Burdett Head, '00
7. Michelle Macdonell Cressler, '03

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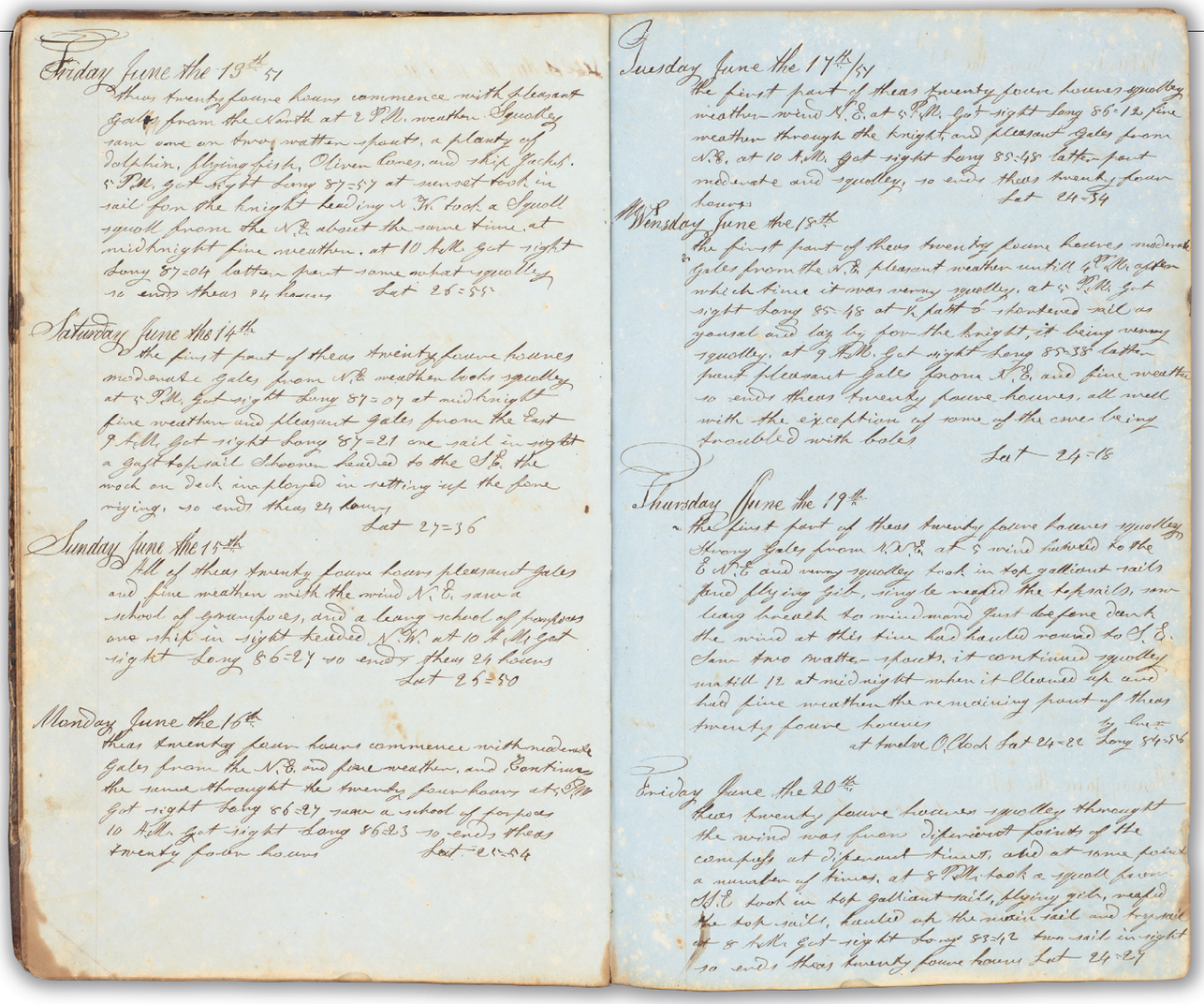

Friday June the 13th 57

theas twenty four hours commence with pleasant Gales from the North at 2 P.M. weather Squolley saw one or two wattersprouts, a plenty of Dolphin, flying fish, Oliven Cones, and shit Jacks. 4 P.M. got sight Long 87-57 at sunset took in sail for the knight heading N.W. took a Squall squoll from the N.E. about the same time, at midknight fine weather, at 10 P.M. got sight Long 87-04 latter part some what squolley so ends theas 24 hours Lat 26-55

Saturday June the 14th

the first part of theas twenty four hours moderate Gales from N.E. weather looks squolley at 4 P.M. Got sight Long 87-07 at midknight fine weather and pleasant Gales from the East 9 A.M. Got sight Long 87-21 one sail in sight a Gaff top sail Schoone headed to the S.E. the most on Deck imployed in setting up the lone rigging, so ends theas 24 hours Lat 27-36

Sunday June the 15th

All of theas twenty four hours pleasant Gales and fine weather with the wind N.E. saw a school of grampuses, and a large school of porposes one ship in sight headed N.W. at 10 A.M. Got sight Long 86-27 so ends theas 24 hours Lat 28-50

Monday June the 16th

theas twenty four hours commence with moderate Gales from the N.E. and fine weather, and Continue the same throughout the twenty four hours at 8 P.M. Got sight Long 86-27 saw a school of porposes 10 A.M. Got sight Long 86-23 so ends theas twenty four hours Lat 21-44

Tuesday June the 17th 57

the first part of theas twenty four hours squolley weather wind N.E. at 4 P.M. Got sight Long 86-12 fine weather through the knight and pleasant Gales from N.E. at 10 A.M. Got sight Long 85-48 latter part moderate and squolley, so ends theas twenty four hours Lat 24-54

Wensday June the 18th

the first part of theas twenty four hours moderate Gales from the N.E. pleasant weather until 4 P.M. at which time it was verry squolley, at 4 P.M. Got sight Long 85-48 at 6 part 2 shortened sail as jonsal and lay by from the knight, it being verry squolley, at 9 P.M. Got sight Long 85-38 latter part pleasant Gales from N.E. and fine weather so ends theas twenty four hours, all well with the exception of some of the crew being troubled with boles Lat 24-18

Thursday June the 19th

the first part of theas twenty four hours squolley strong Gales from N.N.E. at 8 wind hauled to the E.N.E. and verry squolley took in top gallant sails and flying gibb, stay to meaded the topsails, now long breach to mizenmast first before dusk the wind at this time had hauled round to S.E. saw two watter sprouts, it continued squolley until 12 at midnight when it cleared up and had fine weather the remaining part of theas twenty four hours by Lat at twelve O'Clock Lat 24-22 Long 84-56

Friday June the 20th

theas twenty four hours squolley throught the wind was from different points of the compass at different times, and at some point a number of times, at 8 P.M. took a squall from N.E. took in top gallant sails, flying gibb, meaded the top sails, hauled up the mizen sail and boy sail at 8 A.M. Got sight Long 83-12 saw sail in sight so ends theas twenty four hours Lat 24-27

Unmasking a pirate

Solving a historical mystery requires excellent research skills, a keen imagination, a little luck, and a lot of help.

The secrets of a pirate lie within a well-traveled, ink-splattered manuscript in the Galvin Rare Book Room at Boatwright Library. Its worn brown cover protects nearly 260 faded pale-blue pages of cursive handwriting, scribbled numbers, and sketches that transport the reader aboard ship in the mid-19th century.

The manuscript documents at least four different voyages, although the log entries record varying levels of detail. Many are dated and often include the longitude and latitude of the vessel and information about the weather. The intent of the various sailings was clear, no matter the ship: The author was hunting whales. On Sept. 4, 1858, for example, he documented that the crew "saw a very large school of sperm whale which is something uncommon in this latitude & longitude." Sketches and drawings of whales highlight some pages, especially when the hunt was successful.

One story begins with sailing out of Provincetown Harbor, Mass., on April 7, 1851. The entries that follow record inventory lists, accounting notations, and various literary elements. One page notes a recipe for cottage pudding alongside a reminder to purchase cologne. Later pages offer a summary of the travels of the author between 1846 and 1862 and a handwritten copy of the Confederate States of America's 1861 act regulating privateering. Poetry in the manuscript includes works from George Linley, lyrics to popular songs, and many other unidentified lines. Several entries mourn a lost love.

Who might be the author of these pages? Our research indicates that the most likely candidate is Vernon Guyon Locke, whose signature appears prominently throughout the manuscript. Born in Nova Scotia, Locke worked along the eastern coast and throughout the Caribbean. A known privateer and pirate, he was an accomplished forger, preferring to steal ships using phony documents over violence. Little is known of his life prior to 1860, so perhaps our manuscript finally tells his tale. Or so we hope.

With no documentation on how his manuscript arrived at the library, we have only its words as clues to its origin and author. Volunteers and staff are helping unmask our mysterious pirate by transcribing the entries. The hope is to chip away, piece by piece, at the mystery. Our digital exhibit, Sail Away (see sidebar), provides a look at the progress to date and allows folks to browse the full manuscript, follow the first voyage on an interactive map, and learn a bit more about Vernon Locke.

Lynda Kachurek is head of Rare Books and Special Collections at Boatwright Memorial Library.

COME SAIL AWAY

Can't get enough of this mysterious pirate? Well, you can cruise the high seas from the comfort of your home computer. Library staff have digitized each page and invite all amateur sleuths to help with transcription. Eager scholars can register at sailaway.richmond.edu. The staff hope that this public history project and additional expertise might yield more information about the journal.

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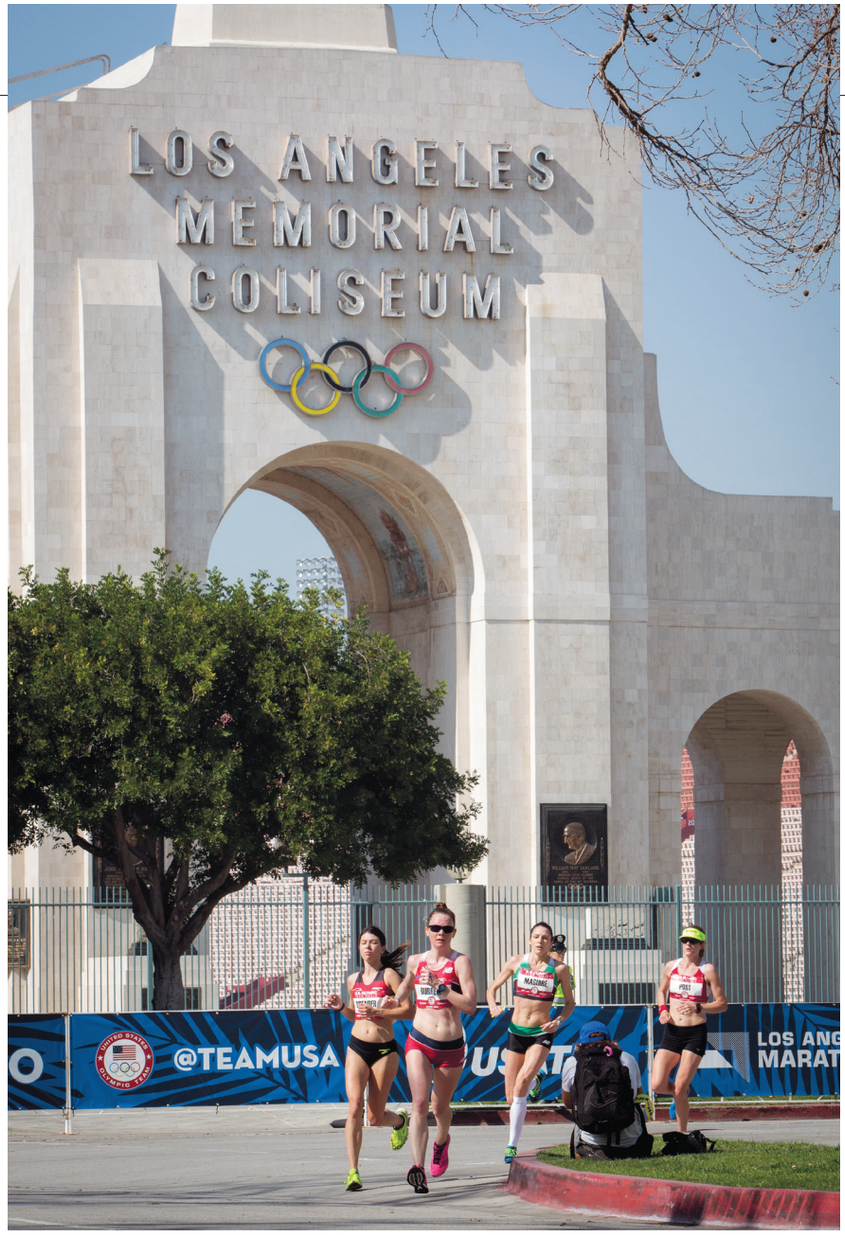


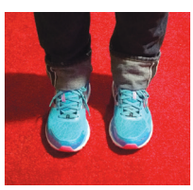
Photographs by Melissa Barnes and Teal Burrell

26.2 MILES *Teal Connor Burrell, '07, ran her first marathon as a sophomore at Richmond. After graduating and running many more, she improved her time by nearly 90 minutes to qualify for the 2016 U.S. Olympic Marathon Trials in Los Angeles in February. The top three finishers made the team going to the games in Rio de Janeiro; Burrell crossed the line 72nd of 149 finishers, with a time of 02:50:35.*

Thursday, Feb. 11

My husband, Robert Burrell, '07, and I leave at the crack of dawn from our Washington, D.C., home, where the temperature is 23 degrees. In Los Angeles, it's 87. I feel like I'm taking a tropical vacation, not racing 26 miles.

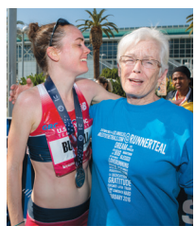
That evening, we go to the athletes' welcome dinner at the 1 California Science Center. Brazilian dancers greet us at the door; inside, the space shuttle Endeavour hangs from the ceiling. We mingle with fellow athletes as Meb Keflezighi, an Olympic silver medalist and the 2014 Boston Marathon winner, makes a speech.



Friday, Feb. 12

In the morning, I go for a short jog to loosen up my legs. 2 Our hotel is swarming with running celebrities, and I bump into a number of my idols in the hallways and elevators.

There's an athlete meeting in the afternoon outlining the rules and weather precautions, but the rest of the day is spent filling up on carbohydrates and relaxing.



Before dinner, I meet up with my many family members who have come to watch me race. Tomorrow, they will all wear matching shirts, making it easy for me to spot them in the crowds.

Saturday, Feb. 13 — Race Day

These are the hottest trials in history, with temperatures in the 70s. (Ideal marathon temperatures are 50 or below). With a later than usual start (to accommodate live TV coverage) and little shade on the course, it will be a race of attrition. Reluctantly, I set aside the goal I've been working toward all season — a new personal record. It's not a day for fast times.

3 We run a loop from the Staples Center to the L.A. Coliseum four times; by the third lap I'm doing whatever I can just to finish: drinking more than usual, wrapping cold cloths around my neck, pouring water on my head. A third of the men and a quarter of the women drop out.

I finish more than 10 minutes off my goal, glad to have completed the race on such an unforgiving day. My family is waiting at the finish, and the celebrations — lots of food, drinks, and cupcakes — begin.

Sunday, Feb. 14

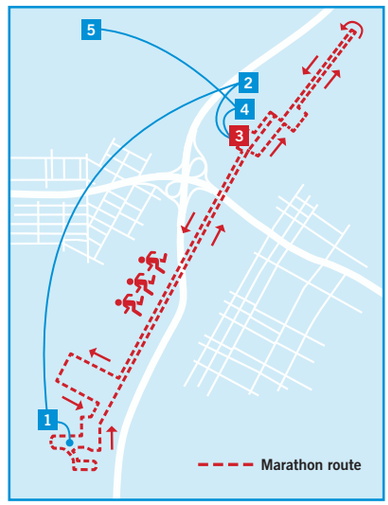
With the race done, I finally enjoy the weather. I lounge by the hotel pool, scope out preparations for the 4 Grammys (happening next to our hotel tomorrow), and visit some of L.A.'s best ice cream shops.

In the afternoon — despite incredibly sore legs — I hike to the 5 Hollywood sign with some friends. The trek is slower and harder than it should be, but the view is worth it.

Monday, Feb. 15

We fly back to D.C., where our car is covered in snow. Dream race over; it's back to reality.

MY ROUTE



A TOP-10 SPIDER FINISH

Matt Llano, '11, a Spider running on the men's side the same day as Burrell, placed sixth. After the race, he tweeted, "Proud of the way I competed — this is just the beginning." In a prerace profile of contenders, *Runner's World* had this to say about him:

- "Doesn't shy away from big goals"
- "Doesn't put [well-known competitors] on a pedestal"
- "Has as good a shot as anybody to finish in the top three"

By Teal Connor Burrell, '07

AN INTRICATE DANCE *Two summer construction projects offer contrasting examples for how thoroughly projects can alter day-to-day campus life. Tucked on the far western edge of campus, North Court doesn't sit on a main transportation route, so the ongoing renovation work there is fairly self-contained. The construction of the new Queally Center for Admission and Career Services is another story. It sits along a main north-south corridor that is also undergoing improvements this summer. As staff begin moving in, their former offices are becoming new homes for others, a cascading series of moves choreographed against a hard deadline: the start of classes Aug. 22.*

THE LINCHPIN

Staff who are relocating to the Queally Center for Admission and Career Services are scheduled to begin moving from Brunet Hall and the Commons in July, even as workers are putting the finishing touches on the building. The new 54,000-square-foot center will be a welcoming front door for prospective students and employers.

SIMPLE ENOUGH

From a construction planning standpoint, the North Court renovation project is fairly straightforward. The closure of the looping road around the building has minimal impact on campus traffic patterns. Students will begin moving back in at the start of the spring 2017 semester. Many of the new occupants will be returning from studying abroad during the fall semester.

1

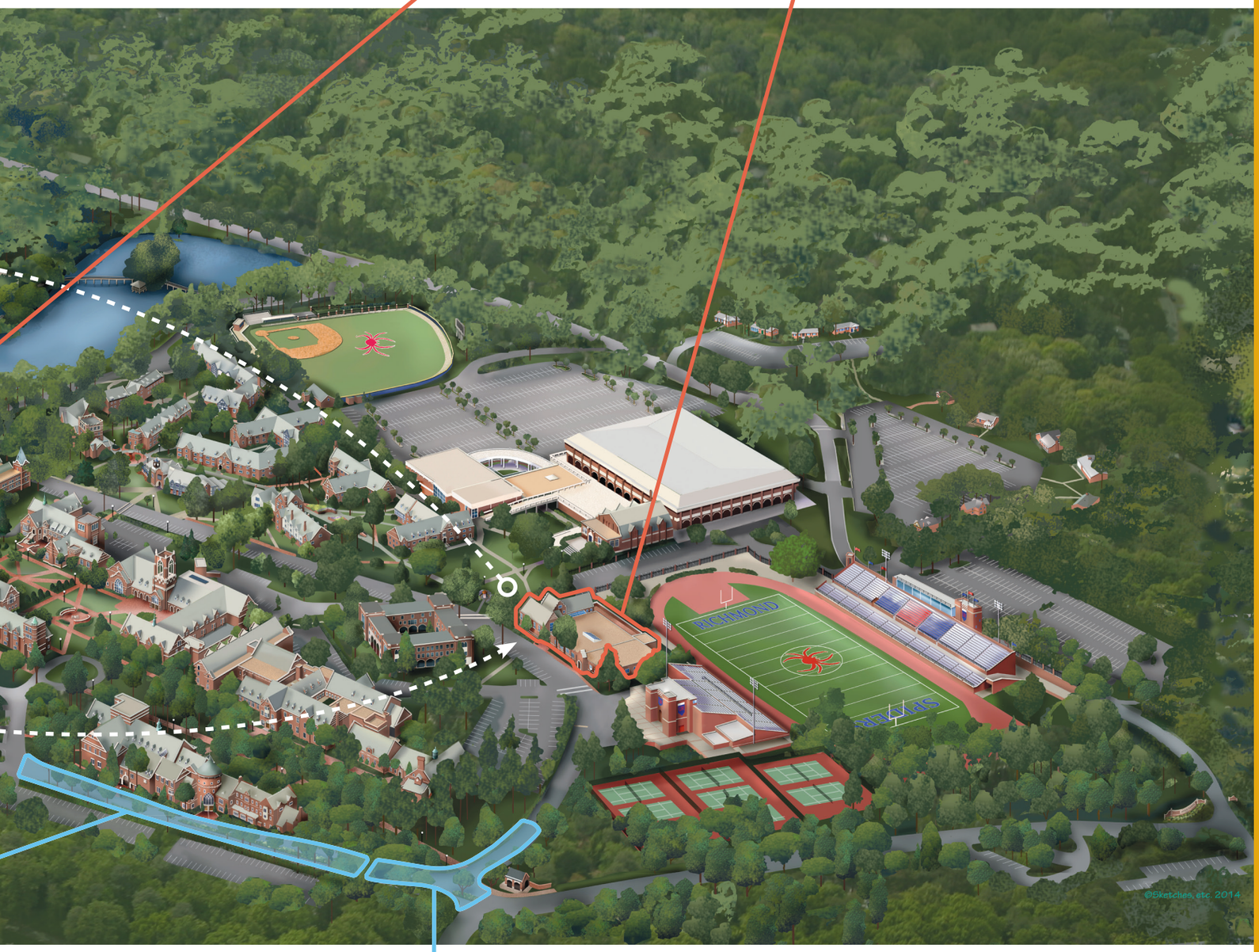
Gateway Road is part of a critical north-south artery that runs along the eastern side of campus. The section in front of the Robins School of Business will undergo work that improves traffic patterns and accessibility. Simultaneously, crews will close part of Richmond Way to improve accessibility there. These sections close first because the work can be sandwiched between two crucial events when the road must be open: Commencement in May and Reunion Weekend in June.

THE SWING SPACE

Brunet Hall will empty as admission and financial aid staff move to the Queally Center. One challenge: moving the safe in the bursar's office, which "is at the upper limit of the Queally elevator's weight capacity," said Chuck Rogers, director of design and construction. For the next several years, Brunet will offer temporary space for other campus faculty and staff displaced by renovation. Its next occupants will come from Richmond Hall.

THE NEXT PROJECT

An elevator and other improvements will be coming to Richmond Hall, which was dedicated in 1930. To allow that work, Richmond Hall faculty and staff will temporarily relocate to Brunet. Staff leaving Brunet for Queally need to be out in July to give facilities time to prepare Brunet for these new occupants, particularly the psychology department. Its labs have to be moved and made operational in time for fall classes.



2

On the day after Reunion Weekend, crews will begin work to ease some of the sharp curves at the intersection behind the Commons. To maintain access to various parts of campus, roads here can't close until the earlier road work is completed and those sections are reopened.

3

Improvements around the Gateway entrance will start whenever the roads along Westhampton Way reopen, on or about July 22. The exact start date matters less than the end date. The work has to finish by Aug. 12 so the entire north-south artery can be open for fall move-in.

KEY

- Summer building construction
- Summer road closures
- Other building construction

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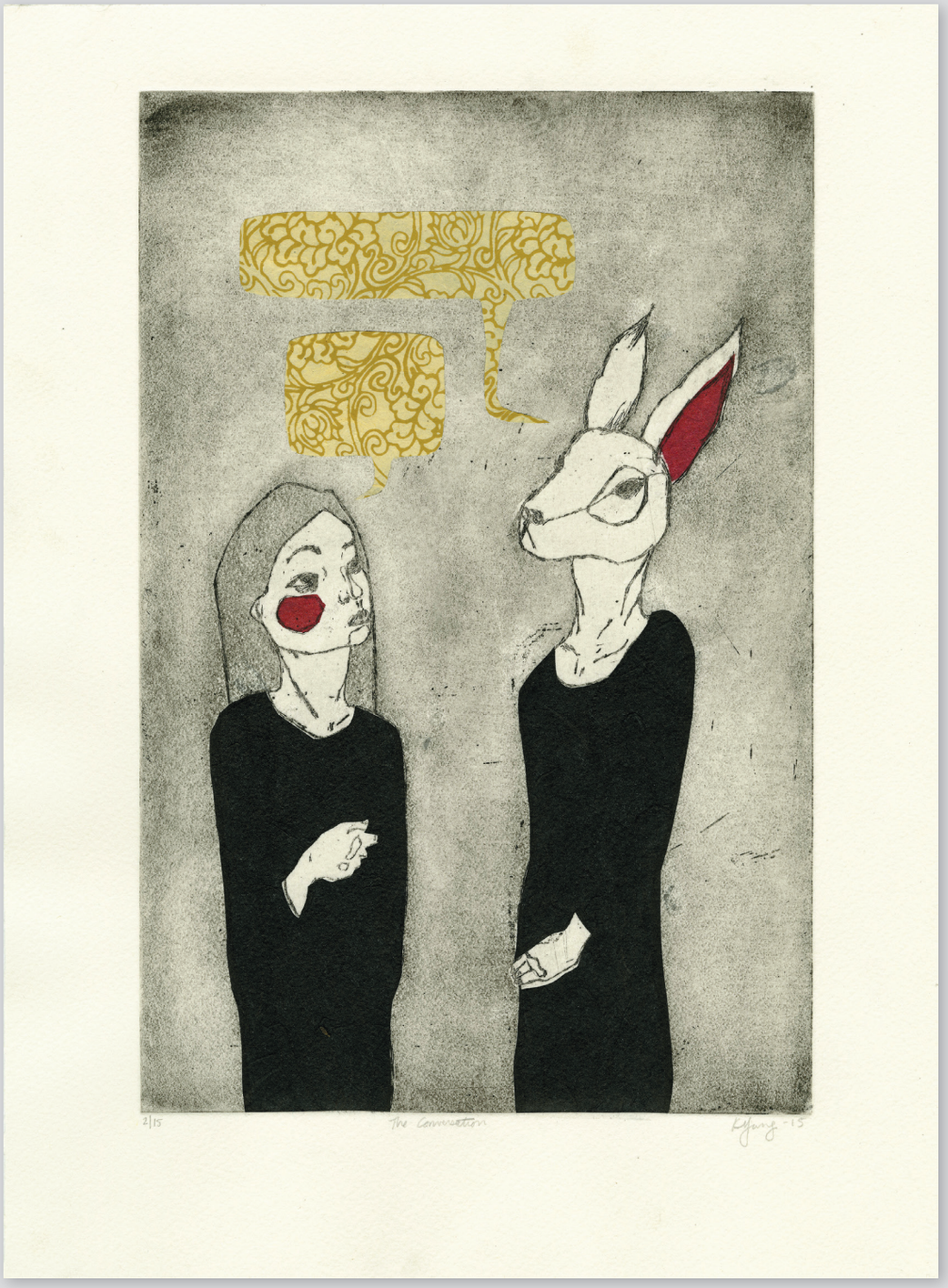

Kelley Yang, '16
Studio Art

The Conversation
2015, intaglio and chine collé on paper
Print Studio, Spring 2015,
Tanja Softić