

Spring 2017

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Macalester College

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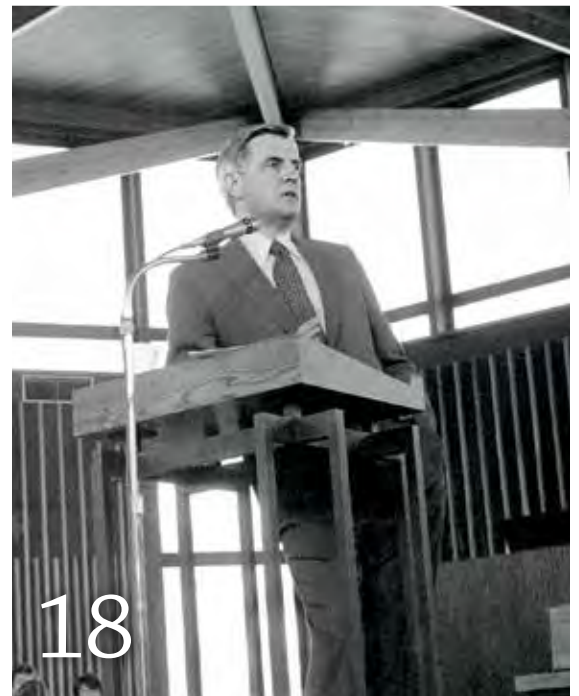
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Going to the dogs

I may be alone in my disbelief that today's Macalester students are so overwhelmed that they need to have canine support animals, but I was really surprised that *Macalester Today* saw fit to make it the cover article ("The Dog Is In," Winter 2017). Label me a grumpy old curmudgeon, but I wonder how students that need a dose of dogs to counterbalance the stress of a difficult college life (or simply a bad week) are going to cope when they have to provide for themselves and learn that jobs and life are sometimes just difficult and require your full attention. Will they demand that they be allowed to bring their support animal to work? When they face a deadline are they going to stay home so they can cuddle with a pet? I always thought that going away to college came with the expectation that students learn to cope with large workloads and multiple priorities without their old safety blankets. It's part of what makes a person grow into a self-sufficient adult. And yes, I am a pet owner.

David Spawn '91
Jackson Heights, NY

When I was at Macalester in the 1980s it was all moving toward political correctness, and like today, a lot of it was opportunistic, inauthentic, and hypocritical. But one thing we didn't need was a therapy dog. People cried when Ronald Reagan became president (he ignored the tears and saved the country from itself and the world from totalitarianism), but they were strong enough to realize that the beauty of living in a democracy is that once the election is over we all are subject to the government that is most popular with the citizens. Is it really the college's role to sustain a lack of maturity by, literally, sending in the dogs?

Ron Simoncini '84
Ridgewood, N.J.

Congratulations on a great winter issue. As a therapy dog volunteer in the Washington, D.C., area, I especially enjoyed the cover story.

Jane Buchmiller Zimmerman '84
Arlington, Va.

Your article on class pets was a prime example of the things that make your periodical enjoyable. Recognizing the benefits of non-human animals shows that Macalester continues to find new ways to help students.

Rolf Bolstad '76
Minneapolis, Minn.

More on the '80s

Although I appreciated the earnest memories of life at Macalester during the 1980s ("When Mac

Was Rad," Winter 2017), I remember journalism professor Ron Ross for his biting wit and lack of reverence for institutions other than the press. Sent to interview him for my freshman seminar, one of our obligatory questions was "What do you appreciate most about Macalester?" Ross leaned back in his chair, thought for a moment, and without a trace of irony said, "That it's 15 minutes from the airport." I wish I had the presence of mind to laugh, but I was mostly horrified.

Adam Platt '85
Minneapolis, Minn.

Thanks for honoring the experience of those of us who went to Mac in the '80s ("When Mac Was Rad," Winter 2017), a decade that isn't often recognized. I noticed one omission, however, in the "The Music" section. You neglected to include the band Walt Mink (affectionately named after the psychology professor), which formed at Mac in 1989. I remember them playing frequently in dorm basements and the quad; they wrote excellent songs and produced a fine cassette. After Macalester, the band released several CDs and toured; its members were **Candice Belanoff '90**, **John Kimbrough '90**, and **Joey Waronker '92**.

Alex Dillon '91
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Science Friction Redux

President Rosenberg's most recent column ("Science Friction," Winter 2017) is a tantalizing foray into a thorny subject. His first comments, of course, are about demand and supply, and how Macalester in directing young minds will respond to the latest economic variation in the new century. He goes on to assert, "This movement toward the sciences... is not intrinsically either a good or a bad thing." Well, that depends on whether we make that determination in a vacuum. But his later query, whether the sciences should be taught differently in a liberal arts context than at a research university or engineering school, now *that* is a pragmatic issue of overarching importance. For while there is much that we as human beings have learned, and much that we most certainly *will* learn through our science and technology, the world, as ecologist Ian McHarg wrote many years ago, is finally unknowable. Aspiring and experienced scientists alike would do well to model humility, and recall that the most important things might be not only unknowable but ineffable. That reminder, lest each of us place too much faith in the "power and the might of mine hand." And this, amid the force of a self-absorbed world, is the balance that our dear Macalester must teach its students in the 21st century.

William Werner, Jr. '77
Minneapolis

I looked at the cover of *Macalester Today* (Winter 2017) and thought, "Oh, no! Now they're coddling the college kids more with dog pets. What's next?" But then I started reading Brian Rosenberg's column and was drawn in. How wonderful that he shared one of the difficult decisions the college must make. I appreciated his letting us know about some of the knotty decisions he has to make each year. I began reading the magazine and didn't put it down, and soon an hour had passed. Thank you for *Mac Today*, winter edition. I spent far too much time reading it, but I enjoyed every minute.

Marilyn Stassen-McLaughlin '52 P '81
Honolulu, Hawaii

Butterfly entrepreneurs

I loved reading about the socially and environmentally important work of **Jane Breckinridge '86** and **David Bohlken '86** ("Monarchs Forever," Winter 2017). It is great to see represented in the magazine stories of groundbreaking and entrepreneurial pursuits in a wide variety of disciplines and industries.

Rob Davis '98
Minneapolis, Minn.

Incomplete Map

Your world map showing where Admissions is recruiting students was incomplete ("Seeking students," Winter 2017). Sadly, the Philippines don't even show up on the map. Your readers should know there is a small but very active and committed group of Filipino/Filipino American students at Mac. They've established a club—the first one ever here!—and I am lucky to be their faculty advisor. Filipinos constitute the second largest Asian ethnic group in the U.S. They are found throughout Asia, the Middle East, Europe, and Latin America—there are a lot of us.

Karin Aguilar-San Juan
Associate Professor, American Studies

Correction

We regret misspelling the name of former Macalester Board of Trustees member **Shelley Carthen Watson '82** in the most recent issue of *Macalester Today* ("When Mac Was Rad," Winter 2017). Our apologies to a valued alumna.

LETTERS POLICY

We invite letters of 300 words or fewer. Letters may be edited for clarity, style, and space and will be published based on their relevance to issues discussed in *Macalester Today*. You can send letters to llamb@macalester.edu or to *Macalester Today*, Macalester College, 1600 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105.

The Beauty of Truth

BY BRIAN ROSENBERG

“This is true.”

So begins “How to Tell a True War Story,” by Tim O’Brien, Macalester Class of 1968. It remains one of the greatest short stories ever written, in part because of its nuanced exploration of the relationship between fiction and nonfiction, memory and reality, lived and imagined experience. The nature of truth is revealed to be deeply complex.

I suspect, however, that Tim would not dispute the fact that Vietnam is located in Asia or that thousands of Americans died during the Vietnam War.

Poets and philosophers have for millennia pondered what it means for a thing to be “true.” Aristotle wrote in his *Metaphysics* that “to say of what is that it is not, or of what is not that it is, is false, while to say of what is that it is, and of what is not that it is not, is true.” (Got that?) Empiricists and Rationalists slugged it out over the definition of truth for centuries. And I’m still trying to figure out what Keats meant when he wrote that “Beauty is truth, truth beauty.” I’m not sure that I ever will, and I’m not sure that it matters.

But virtually all of these reflections start with the foundational assumption that there are certain verifiable facts upon which all can agree. Absent this assumption, it becomes impossible even to begin the more substantive debates about what “truth” really means. We can only explore what truth means to the veterans of the Vietnam War if we begin by agreeing that the war actually *happened*. It only makes sense to talk about what Keats meant in “Ode on a Grecian Urn” if we accept the premise that he—and not, say, Stephen King—wrote it.

Lately, however, we have entered dangerous new territory within which even the most basic truths have become problematic. Did I say what I just said? Is 350 greater than 300?

Is the first line of this essay “This is true”? When the answer to these questions becomes “it depends” or “that’s your opinion” or “I say otherwise and some people agree with me,” we have moved beyond the world of Tim O’Brien into a world unimagined even in the darkest fever dreams of George Orwell.

The causes of our crisis are not hard to find. Within the endless, dispiriting landscape of the Internet, one can find not just alternative facts, but alternative universes. Social media make it possible to surround oneself with noise and insulate oneself from sense. The more extreme forms of postmodern relativism severely damaged the idea of expertise and called into question the common sense of the academy.

We have been for some time teetering on the edge of a complete loss of accepted truths and complete indifference to the sticky inescapable facts. It took only an unprecedented amount of shamelessness and cynicism, mixed with a dollop of sheer ignorance, to push us over the edge.

To say that this represents a threat to the work of education is an understatement. Whether one is teaching a first grader that $2+2=4$ or teaching a college student how to grapple with James Joyce’s *Ulysses*, the roots of complex thinking are buried deep in the soil of demonstrable fact: of science, of history, of mathematics. What is the value of learning the chemical composition of the atmosphere or the timeline of the American Revolution if an acceptable response is “says you”?

Was my birth a good or a bad thing? Debatable. Was I born on May 29? Not debatable.



Is Macalester better than Carleton? Debatable. Is Macalester located in St. Paul? Not debatable.

Is violent crime a major threat to the United States? Debatable. Has the violent crime rate declined over the past 30 years? Not debatable.

If we lose sight of these distinctions, if we cannot ground our public discourse and our search for a better world in an agreement that facts matter, we are lost. The technical wizards have done a miraculous job of flooding us with information, and the bloggers and media spinners have figured out how to use all that information to make us less knowledgeable and more malleable. We can only hope that the poets and philosophers will catch up and, as they always have, help us to be wiser. Right now we might need the next Aristotle or Keats far more than we need the next Steve Jobs or Mark Zuckerberg.

This is true. ■

BRIAN ROSENBERG is the president of Macalester College.



PHOTOS: COURTESY OF KATHERINE MEIER/CECILIA MAYER

ORANGUTAN RESEARCHERS

Katherine Meier '16 and Cecilia Mayer '16, anthropology majors, have spent the past year doing field research at the Tuanan Orangutan Research Station in Borneo, Indonesia, under the direction of a Rutgers University anthropology professor. When they return to the U.S. they hope to attend graduate school in physical anthropology/primatology. Following is Cecilia Mayer's recent letter from the field station:

KATHERINE AND I LIVE AND WORK at the Tuanan Orangutan Research Station, a collection of wooden structures in the peat-land swamp forest at the edge of our research area. All the structures are raised off the ground to accommodate the swamp's ever-changing water levels. We each have our own room, and live with five others: the camp manager, two assistants, two staff members, and a cook.

Relative to other orangutan stations, ours is pretty comfortable. We have fresh food and clean water, and we regularly get to see some crazy cool animals, such as sun bears, monitor lizards, wild boars, and various lizards and birds. Out in the forest there are also cobras, pythons, vipers, and the elusive clouded leopard.

We work five days and get two days off. Workdays are either "follow days" or "search days." On follow days, we wake at 3 a.m., grab our gear, and head into the dark, damp forest by 4 a.m. Our backpacks weigh about 10 to 15 pounds, half food and water.

Because orangutans make nests at night, we head straight to the nests on follow days. We try to arrive by 4:30 a.m. so we can begin observing them as soon as they wake up. The sun rises around 5:15 a.m.

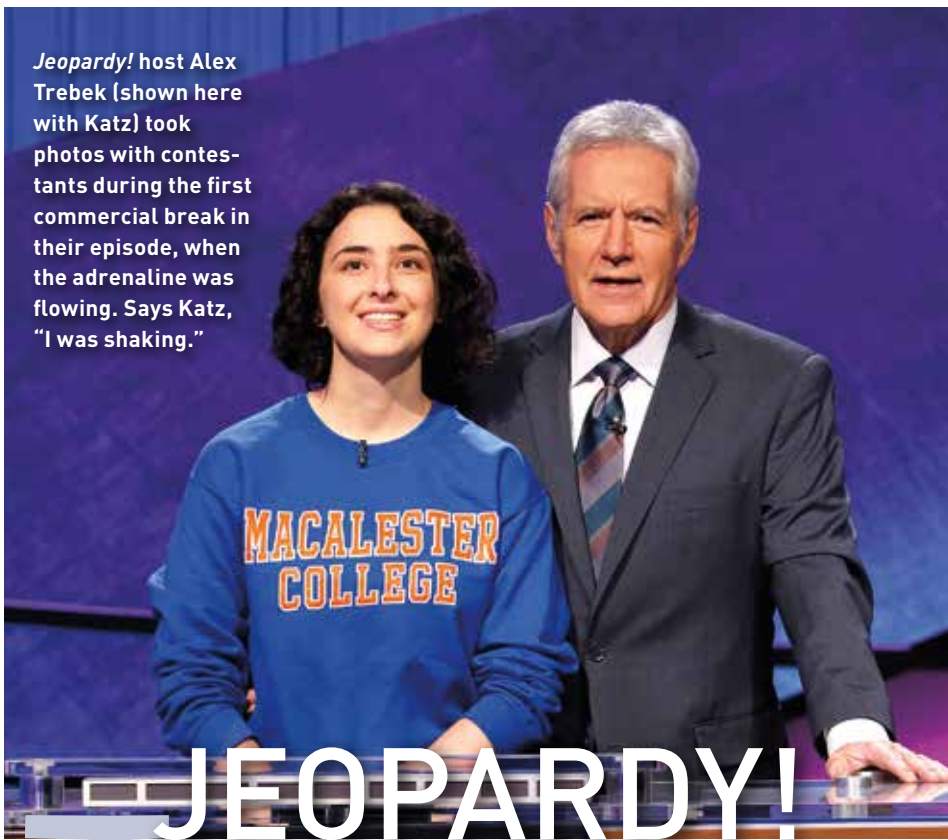
A follow day consists of observing and taking data on everything the focal orangutan does. We follow one orangutan at a time. We keep track of each activity—eating, sleeping, moving, interacting—in great detail. We write down data on our iPads, take GPS points every half hour, and get urine and fecal samples whenever possible. Our work day lasts until the orangutan makes a nest for the evening.

We return to camp only after the focal has made its nest, usually between 3 and 5 p.m. The sun sets around 5:30 p.m., but the forest is dark long before that. It's always preferable to return to camp before dark, since trekking through the swamp is not easy.

On search days we enter the forest at 7 a.m., choose an area to search, and try to find an orangutan to follow. If we follow an orangutan for five days, we leave it alone for a month to give the animals a break; most tolerate our presence but don't enjoy it. If we cannot find an orangutan to follow, we return to camp by 4 p.m.

Despite the challenges, being in the forest and following the orangutans is better than anything else. Though the days are long, sometimes boring, and always sweaty, being in the presence of wild orangutans makes it worthwhile.

Jeopardy! host Alex Trebek (shown here with Katz) took photos with contestants during the first commercial break in their episode, when the adrenaline was flowing. Says Katz, "I was shaking."



JENNIFER KATZ '19 (Atlanta) calls her brain a crowded attic. She has always had a knack for trivia, thanks in part to watching countless *Jeopardy!* episodes as a kid. Over winter break, she got the chance to put those skills to the test—as a contestant on the popular game show itself.

After years of being a fan, Katz struggled to keep her emotions in check when she reached the podium. "When the theme song played and they said, 'This is *Jeopardy!*' I took a deep breath and put my shoulders back—but I was flipping out," she says.

Katz's appearance in the program's college championship tournament was the culmination of a lengthy selection process that began a year earlier, when she took an online questionnaire. Having aced that, producers invited her to attend regional auditions in New Orleans. Katz knew her chances were slim: 350 students auditioned for just 15 spots.

Sitting in Café Mac last December, she ignored a Culver City, Calif., phone call, not realizing who was trying to reach her. A few days later, an email brought her the news: She'd been selected for the show. In January, Katz and her family flew to Los Angeles for the taping.

She found it trickier than expected to be the first to buzz in for an answer, and was disappointed to miss a crucial Double Jeopardy question. By Final Jeopardy, becom-

ing the top contestant was out of reach, but if Katz bet big, she could still compete for a wild-card spot in the tournament. Then the English major heard that the final category was "Writers," specifically: "A New Orleans literary festival in his honor includes various panels, a walking tour, and a Stanley and Stella shouting contest." Katz was the only contestant to correctly name Tennessee Williams. Though she didn't advance in the tournament, she finished second in her round and left with \$5,000.

Things were equally exhilarating a few weeks later, when Katz's episode of *Jeopardy!* aired. Though she couldn't attend the English Department party, she and her friends crowded into a Kirk Hall room later that night to see the show. ("They held my hand when I didn't win.") Her family members coordinated when each of them could watch, and she received many messages from Mac faculty and staff. After the show, people added Katz to secret Facebook groups for past contestants; she's also keeping in touch with her peers from the tournament.

In the midst of the excitement, Katz received a favorite note—an encouraging email from her eighth grade English teacher. The two had lost touch, so Katz took the opportunity to deliver an important message: "I told her she's the reason I became an English major."

SUSTAINABILITY CHECKUP

We asked college sustainability manager Suzanne Savanick Hansen how well Mac is doing in moving toward its green goals. Here's what we learned.

• ZERO WASTE BY 2020.

That doesn't mean *no* waste: The international standard is to reduce by **90 percent** the waste sent to landfills and incinerators (baseline: 2008 waste). In 2016, the college diverted **77.6 percent** of its waste into composting, recycling, and pig food.

• CLIMATE NEUTRALITY BY 2025.

That means no net greenhouse gas emissions. This is challenging because it includes all travel, as well as energy use, which fluctuates with the weather. Since Mac signed the American College and University Presidents Climate Commitment in 2007, it has reduced its greenhouse gas emissions by **nearly 20 percent**.

STUDY IN SENEGAL



"Hélène Yacine Faye" by **Millie Varley '18** (Johnston, Iowa). This photo of Varley's host aunt was taken outside Sous-sane, Senegal. Varley writes, "My host aunt was the first person to make me feel truly at home after nine weeks in Senegal. Here she searches her family's watermelon field for a ripe melon to share with me."

NEIGHBORHOOD CHANGES

SINCE 1956, the college's High Winds Fund has maintained and improved the beauty, serenity, and security of the college's neighborhood. We asked new High Winds director Deanna Seppanen about her work—and what has changed in Mac–Groveland lately.

What's your background?

I studied architecture at the University of Minnesota and earned an MBA at Columbia University, with a real estate finance concentration. I managed and developed a portfolio of multi-family housing properties in New Jersey and New York. Back in Minnesota, I worked for another multi-family housing developer. This position at Mac taps into everything I love to do.

What is the work of High Winds Fund?

We're a liaison between the college and its neighbors, local businesses, and the city. There's a legacy of great partnerships, and I'm building on that rapport. We own retail properties on Grand Avenue that we have

renovated, and we manage faculty and staff housing. In recent history, the HWF worked to improve pedestrian safety and install medians on Snelling and Grand Avenues as well as a lighted crosswalk on Snelling. Partnerships with neighborhood councils and other groups have produced an HourCar car-share hub, a NiceRide bike-sharing station, and an organics recycling station.

How is Mac–Groveland changing?

In some ways, the neighborhood hasn't changed, yet it's also moving with trends. There's a national trend for Millennials and empty nesters to move to urban areas where they can walk to restaurants and shops, and we're seeing that here. Over the past 10 years, the neighborhood has seen a lot of renovation and development, such as a proposed six-story apartment building at Snelling and St. Clair. Also, the new A-Line [rapid bus transit], which runs from South Minneapolis to Roseville, stretches the boundaries of our neighborhood. Because of transit, Mac–Groveland



PHOTO: DAVID J. TURNER

is more connected than it used to be. I am excited to help guide the change while trying to keep the character that makes this neighborhood so desirable.



PHOTO: COURTESY RIVI HANDLER-SPITZ

An audience with the emperor

In a class called Cramming for the Exam: Education in Chinese Literature and History, 11 Mac students studied the Chinese imperial exams—the world's first comprehensive system of civil service examinations. Throughout Chinese history, the central government selected bureaucrats on the basis of a series of grueling 72-hour exams, which had pass rates as low as 1 in 10,000. For the final exam, Professor Rivi Handler-Spitz created an experience designed to resemble that endured by students in imperial China; Students took their exams in tiny library carrels, bringing along blankets, pillows, and water bottles. And—because it was customary in imperial China for those who passed to be treated to a banquet and an audience with the emperor—they visited the

office of "Emperor Brian Rosenberg," dressed in full academic regalia. He listened attentively as each student recited excerpts from the Confucian classics, after which the group enjoyed a celebratory dinner of take-out Chinese food.

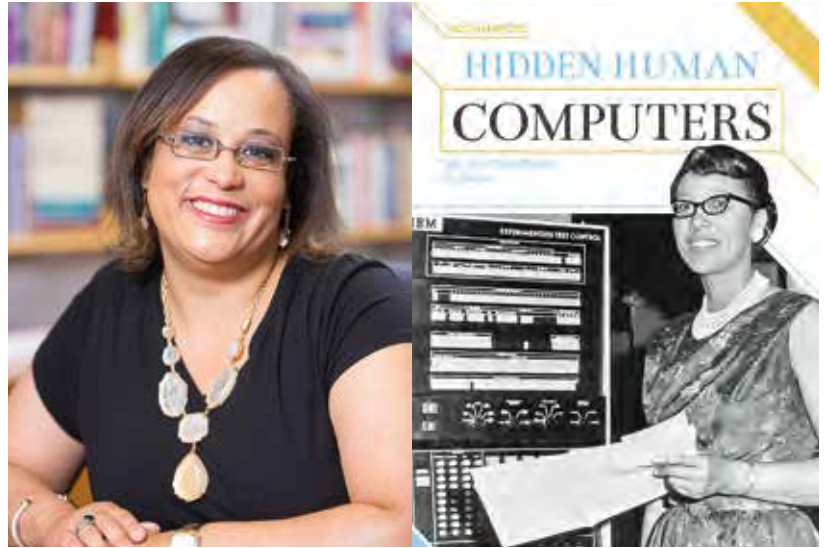
Hidden Figures Connection

THE RECENT HOLLYWOOD HIT film *Hidden Figures* tells the story of African American women mathematicians working for NASA from the 1940s to the 1960s. Toiling within segregated NASA facilities in Hampton, Va., these women—who included American Studies Professor Duchess Harris’s grandmother, Miriam Daniel Mann—worked on the calculations that made possible the flights of astronauts John Glenn and Alan Shepard.

For Harris, seeing the movie was a tremendous relief; the untold history of expert African American mathematicians, called “human computers,” had finally become part of mainstream popular culture.

Last December, Harris released a young adult book on the same topic. Called *Hidden Human Computers: The Black Women of NASA*, it was the culmination of research she and **Lucy Short '15** had conducted, and that Short had used in her American studies honors thesis. Supported by a student-faculty research grant, the two traveled to Hampton to tour NASA’s Langley Research Center. At the site, what struck Harris was seeing “the actual distance between the buildings where the white women worked and the black women worked.”

Despite the valued work of the African American “computers,” they were forced to toil in segregated spaces with few amenities. Built on the former Chesterville plantation, NASA is interconnected with African American history. In the 1860s, Hampton was both the site of pioneering educational efforts by former slaves and the spot where Hampton University, alma mater of Booker T. Washington, was established. In her research, Harris learned that the white women “computers” were allowed to live in the housing at Hampton, a historically black college, whereas African American “computers” had to find their own housing.



Although Harris’s book was written for young people, it has been well received by adults. “I would like to broaden people’s imaginations,” says Harris. “Until now, people could not even imagine [the work] that black women did so that John Glenn could get to the moon.”

This summer, NASA’s Houston office will honor Harris for her work. “I am thrilled. I will be going there to be welcomed by the black employees,” she says. “It’s a tremendous honor as a humanities scholar to be recognized by leaders in STEM.”

Harris hopes that her book, which asks critical questions about why certain narratives remain hidden and how to document them, will spark discussions and research into other untold stories.

PHOTO: DAVID J. TURNER



Arabic Art

Up to 70 Mac students take Arabic each year, and the number majoring and minoring in the language is growing steadily, according to Wessam El-Meligi, Arabic instructor and visiting professor of Classics. He notes, too, the wide range of second majors tackled by Arabic students, including computer science, biology, gender studies, and art. Each semester he asks his students to respond creatively to his class. This term’s readings were centered on stopping violence against women. Some students’ artistic interpretations of that theme are represented here.

Tenure for Seven

Tenure is announced with great fanfare at Macalester: Provost Karine Moe, followed by a bagpiper, arrives at the office of each professor who has earned the honor. This year seven professors enjoyed the Scottish announcement: Zeynep Devrim Gursel (International Studies), Rivi Handler-Spitz (Asian Languages and Cultures), William Hart (Religious Studies), Andrea Kaston Tange (English, center), Mark Mandarano (Music, right), J. Ernesto Ortiz-Diaz (Hispanic and Latin American Studies, left), and Karin Vélez (History).



AFRICAN MUSIC ENSEMBLE

celebrated its 30th anniversary with a series of events this spring: a concert, a brunch for ensemble alumni, a lecture by Ghanaian music professor Kofi Agawu, and a performance of director Sowah Mensah's composition *Agoo*, featuring the Macalester Orchestra. The 40-member ensemble also performed in December and during Black History Month, led shows for 4,000 Twin Cities area students, went on tour to Lima, Peru, and joined in celebrating Ghana's 60th anniversary of independence.



PHOTOS: DAVID J. TURNER (TOP), YAFIER BEZABIH (BOTTOM)



RECORD BUTTERFLY

Kaia Lund '18 (Mondovi, Wis.) had her eye on Mac's 100-yard butterfly record ever since she joined the swim team. In early December, she finally broke that record. After working toward that individual mark for so long, Lund was surprised by her own reaction. "My favorite moment wasn't breaking the record," she says. "It was when I got behind the starting blocks and the whole team stood up, chanting my name. That's what I love about this team: knowing they'll always support me, however I swim."

That group focus characterizes her attitude both in and out of the pool, says coach Beth Whittle, who calls Lund a quiet leader always looking to help her team. An English major, Lund is especially focused on supporting the program's first-year students, taking them on Target runs and giving them advice on communicating with professors.

"Kaia went into conference feeling like it had already been a great season," Whittle says. "For her to re-break the record there—I couldn't be happier for her. This was such a breakthrough for her."



Brewing Up Expansion

Prize-winning Fair State Brewing Cooperative, cofounded by **Matt Hauck '06**, is booming.

BY JAN SHAW-FLAMM '76 → PHOTO BY DAVID J. TURNER





Matt Hauck '06 admits to being a little scared. The brewery he cofounded with Evan Sallee and Niko Tonks—Fair State Brewing Cooperative—has been winning awards, paying the founders actual (if not lavish) salaries, and garnering fans across Minnesota and beyond. Now they are taking a big step: expanding beyond their popular Northeast Minneapolis location to develop a 25,000-square-foot brewing site in St. Paul's Midway district, opening this spring.

Although “the Northeast neighborhood has been great for us,” says Hauck, director of operations, the larger production facility will allow the co-op to increase its capacity by five times and establish its own canning line—a money-saver. Fair State will keep its taproom at the Central Avenue location and also use that facility for developing new brews. Although by law, a brewery can have just one taproom, the Fair State owners hope to host occasional tastings and tours at the St. Paul site.

It all began with three guys who met playing rugby—Hauck for Mac and Sallee and Tonks for Carleton. A year after they graduated, the three were brewing beer in the backyard of their Minneapolis four-plex. By 2009 they had moved on to graduate schools, but reconnected at the South by Southwest music festival in Austin, Texas. There they visited Black Star Co-op Pub & Brewery, the first cooperative brewery in the U.S. Before long—over a few beers, naturally—they were hatching plans to launch Minnesota's first co-op brewery.

In this case the “co-op” model is similar to that of a grocery co-op. A member owns a share in the company and receives certain benefits. Fair State members get discounts during daily happy hours; first dibs on special release beers; input on recipes for new beers; and a free pint on their membership anniversary. Members also elect and can run for the board of directors. Eventually the board hopes to award its members dividends, but at

this point all profits are going toward growth, Hauck says.

In 2013, when Fair State signed the lease for 2506 Central Avenue NE, they had 125 members. “When people started writing checks, the idea became real,” says Hauck. A year later, they had doubled their membership. By September 2016, there were more than 900 members and they're adding, on average, a new member each day.

Among the early members are Hauck's classmates Neely Crane-Smith Heubach (member #5), Laura Nethercut Sleck (#6), and board member Julia Gallagher (#95), all active since Fair State's inception.

Because the Minnesota Legislature passed the “Surly Bill”—championed by Surly Brewing founder **Omar Ansari '92**—in 2011, state breweries can sell pints of their own beer on site, thus making those operations much healthier financially.

Even so, opening a new brewery in an increasingly crowded industry was a bold move. “When we wrote our business plan four years ago there were 40 breweries in Minnesota,” says Hauck. “Now there are more than 100.” Not only does that mean competition for market share; it means competition for good employees.

However, Fair State, which has 10 full-time and five part-time employees, is doing well on retention, having lost only one employee (and she left town). For its full-time employees, the company pays 100 percent of medical and dental coverage and provides four weeks vacation. That tends to inspire loyalty—but there's more to it than that. “We work hard at being a good place to work, to have a culture in which people feel welcome, and where we can help them find what they're really good at,” says Hauck.

Part of that workplace culture includes contributing to the neighborhood. Nearly 10 percent of Fair State's net revenue is donated to charity, a different one each month. Past recipients have included the Northeast Minneapolis Tool Library and Free Bikes for Kidz.

None of that matters, though, if people don't want to drink your beer. That's not a problem for Fair State. In 2015, Ratebeer.com, a premier beer-rating site, named it the top new brewery in Minnesota and one of the top 10 in the world. They've also received “best of the fest” awards at several festivals produced by the Minnesota Brewers Guild.

So far Fair State has produced 78 different beers and they're always looking to develop the next great brew. They've found an unexpected niche with their sour beers. Among their most popular brews: Roselle (a hibiscus sour—the first Minnesota sour available in cans); Pils (a crisp, clean German-style pilsner); and Saison de Poudre (a French farmhouse ale-style).

The demand for Fair State's beers has spread. Beyond their taproom (open to everyone, member or not) it can be found in bars and liquor stores in the Twin Cities, Duluth, St. Cloud, Brainerd, and Western Wisconsin. Meeting the growing demand prompted the St. Paul expansion.

So what would Hauck have done differently if he'd known in 2012 what he knows today? “Before we opened, I would have 1) learned more about sales, and 2) saved more money and relied less on credit cards for financing. Also, I would have moved to Northeast Minneapolis sooner. I just fell in love with this neighborhood.” **M**

JAN SHAW-FLAMM '76 is a magazine staff writer.

Take Action!

Our **GET-REAL** guide to **GETTING INVOLVED** in public **LIFE**

BY ERIN PETERSON → ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL BAXTER

IF YOU'VE GOT A FACEBOOK FEED, a newspaper subscription, or a television, you know that *everybody*—and we mean everybody—has an opinion on our country's most recent presidential election and current administration.

But talk is cheap when it comes to civic life. Macalester alumni have long paired strong opinions with real action that helps make their communities and their country the best places they can be.

If you're still on the sidelines—and don't want to be—Mac alumni and experts are here to help. They share the best ways to get involved in our new political world, no matter what your specific beliefs are. They share the tactics that work, the feel-good actions that simply waste time, and the importance of taking part in our messy, beautiful democratic experiment.

Get elected

Gene Stump '74 has always been involved in politics—he was in student government at Macalester, helped a friend run for mayor, and was a regular attendee at city council meetings in his hometown of California City, Calif. But in 2016, he went bigger: he got on the ballot for city council, and he won.

The seed was planted, he says, by another Mac politico—former Minneapolis Mayor **Sharon Sayles Belton '71**. Sayles Belton was Stump's RA when he lived in Dupre, and they've been friends ever since. Years ago, when he asked her how she ended up as mayor, she explained that she got her start as a city council member. Last year he decided to follow the same path.

Stump offers his best advice for people who are inspired to run for office today.

1. Go in for the right reasons. “Run for office because you want to make change, and because you want to do what is right for your constituents,” he says.

2. Get ready for red tape. “I had to get 25 signatures to get on the ballot. I had to get written permission from anyone who put one of my signs on their property. I self-funded, but there are a ton of rules about funding if you're raising money from others.”

3. Promote, promote, promote. “I'm a member of the VFW and American Legion, and my band, B-Sharp, plays locally, so lots of people know me. But I still started a Facebook page, put together a website, and made business cards with my face on them.”

4. Get to know the insiders and get their advice. “I registered with a number of different organizations, including the League of Women Voters. Our former mayor told me how to saturate the area near polling places with signs on the night before election. These things helped.”

5. Be prepared to discuss minutiae. With everybody. “People recognize me, so they're always coming up and telling me about problems with their water bill, or about an abandoned house in their neighborhood that needs to be looked at. And that's great! I'm doing this because I want to help people.”

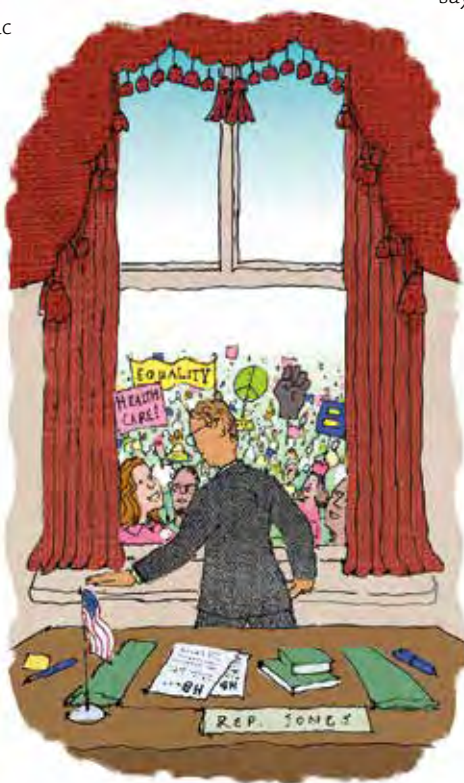
Get an official's ear

Yes, you should continue to make those calls and send those emails, says **Ken Iosso '87**, aide to Ramsey County Commissioner Rafael Ortega. As long as you're sending your missives to the officials who actually represent you, they are definitely taking note. (Forget about the online petitions; in general, they're worthless.)

And if you really want to make an impact? Put in the time to get to know your officials and the issues. “The advice I'd give anyone who wants to impact public policy is the same advice I'd give a beginning lobbyist,” he says. “Do the work so they know who you are.”

For example, go to precinct caucuses or local conventions, which are open to anyone. Agree to knock on doors for elected officials so they'll get to know you by name and will respond to your specific concerns.

Get to know—inside and out—the issues you care most about. Elected officials can't know every detail of every policy that's important to their constitu-





uents, but if you take the time to offer perspectives beyond a simple copy-and-paste email, you're likely to get more serious consideration from your representative.

In the end, the best way to influence politicians is to do the hard but human work of connecting with them in an authentic way. "There isn't anyone—not even lobbyists—who can snap their fingers and get elected officials to do what they want them to do," he says. "Their main power is that people will meet with them and talk with them."

Put in the work and you can have that super power, too.



Join a “giving circle”

We don't all have the financial might of the Koch brothers to help us influence politics. However, starting a “giving circle” can mimic that financial power without decimating your pocketbook, says executive director of the Northeast Minneapolis Arts Association **Dameun Strange '95**, who has worked in a variety of fundraising and philanthropic roles. Here's how:

- **Find or start a group.** A giving circle is a group of individuals who come together to donate money into a pooled fund. The group works together to decide where the money should go and how to support the charitable organization[s] they've chosen. If the organization is a local one, members might opt to reinforce the funding with a volunteer commitment. “In these cohorts, people can really focus on their core values with like-minded people,” says Strange. “And you can have a direct impact on the areas you're trying to fix.”

- **Think bigger.** The benefits of such groups go beyond multiplying the financial impact of a gift; they also allow members to talk about philanthropy in structured ways.

- **Zero in.** Giving circles prevent the scattershot approach that most people have to donating money. You can imitate this disciplined focus by confining your giving to on one or two nonprofits, thus making a bigger impact than you would by sending small checks to a dozen organizations.

- **Align your life, money, and values.** In the end, says Strange, giving is always about more than money. “Think about what your values are,” he says. “Make sure that whatever organization you give to really aligns with those, and you can have a tremendous impact.”

Read more about giving circles here: <https://headwatersfoundation.org/get-involved/join-giving-project>

Organize a protest

Josie Ahrens '14 has been participating in protests all her life. At Macalester she organized events to try to persuade the college to move its money out of Wells Fargo Bank. Today, she's involved in *Showing up for Racial Justice*. In this excerpt from a longer conversation, she shares what it takes to organize a successful protest.

“The idea of taking direct action to effect change is in my blood: I grew up in a union family in Los Angeles, and went to marches and rallies and protests with my dad. I grew up thinking it was normal for people to occupy public space to demand respect and rights.

“First, it's important to understand that a protest is just one piece of a much larger effort—and sometimes it's not even necessary. For example, at a big school like the University of Minnesota, the only way to get the administration's attention might be by picketing in front of an administration building. But at Macalester, students can email President Rosenberg and he will get back to them within a day.

“Beyond that, you've got to start with a strategy. For example, maybe you want to get media attention for a specific issue. Maybe you

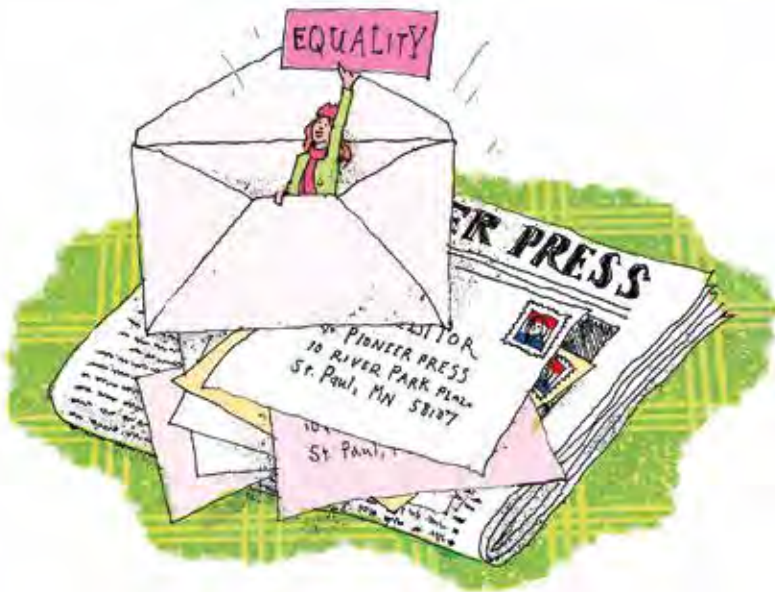


want a certain outcome, like preventing a pipeline from being built. You've got to think about how what you're doing will help you achieve that goal. If you want media attention and get it, do you know what your message will be?

"Second, think about how the protest might use symbolism. When Occupy Homes held a rally to prevent a family from being evicted, we marched with the door of their house from their home in South Minneapolis to City Hall. That was dramatic.

"Third, think about logistics. You'll need a specific route and alternate routes in case the police barricade a street. You might want to have monitors wearing neon vests to make sure people are moving, cars are stopping, and no one is getting dehydrated. And if you're planning for people to get arrested—and arrests are almost always planned—you might want to have bail money set aside or legal advice on call.

"Even if you don't want to organize a protest, you can always attend one—it's your right! I know so many people who are—for the very first time—calling and texting me to say, 'Can I stand with you? Can I hold a sign?' You *can* be here. If you feel uncomfortable, stand on the sidewalk or leave. Rallies and protests are not only negative. They're also celebrations. It can be a really positive experience to be with other people who support specific ideas and causes."



Publish a letter to the editor

If you're ready to bring your political opinions to a wider audience than your Facebook page, a letter to the editor or opinion piece can be a great start. **Andy Lien '99**, managing editor of *Lavender* magazine, offers a few tips on catching an editor's attention.

Follow the guidelines. "Look to the guidelines for submitting letters and opinion pieces, which are usually available near the masthead or on the website. If your letter or piece doesn't fall within those guidelines, fix it. Find other letters or opinion pieces that have been chosen for the publication and read them for tone and style. Keep it simple; if your point is made in fewer words, stick to it."

Know your audience. "A query that looks like it was sent to every publication on the Internet won't work," Lien says. "If it's something someone else might publish, why should I? If you don't care to tailor it to my audience, why would I publish it for them?"

ALUMS GET MOVING

Ari Emanuel '83

Not everybody has the current president's ear, but at least one Mac alumnus does. Shortly after Trump's election, William Morris Endeavor-IMG talent agent and co-CEO **Ari Emanuel** got on the phone with Donald Trump (whom he'd once represented) to ask him to reconsider his skepticism toward climate change. Whether his call made an impact remains to be seen, but Emanuel didn't stop there. He formed a political action committee and launched a company-wide matching program to support donations of time and money. "No matter what side of the aisle you sit on or where you live in the world, the call for meaningful and sustained civic engagement is louder than ever," he wrote in an email to his staff.

Alene Pearson '92 and Lea Grundy '92

Troubled by the rise of Islamophobia after the election, **Lea Grundy** and **Alene Pearson** were part of a foursome that launched a successful GoFundMe campaign to fight hate. The \$2,600 they raised paid for 40 posters for a month on San Francisco's BART trains, which taught bystanders how to peacefully intervene if someone was being harassed. Even better, their work may end up having a broader impact, says Pearson. "We passed our research to BART's marketing department, which informed a larger, anti-hate campaign that they intend to launch in the near future," she says.

Kate Agnew '11

In a recent article in *The Huffington Post* called "Donald Trump Has Mobilized Women In a Way Hillary Clinton Never Quite Could," **Kate Agnew** told reporter Laura Bassett, "In the back of my mind, it was always in my 30- to 40-year plan to run for something. But the way I think our country should go isn't currently being represented, and now I don't know what the country's going to look like in 40 years. So I think now is a better time than any to get involved."

Do your homework. "If you're responding to something that was in the publication, read the piece thoroughly to be sure you understand it. Sometimes I get letters that make it clear that the reader didn't understand what was written; to publish their letter might result in egg on their face they don't deserve. Do your due diligence and try to make your writing beyond reproach in its form, so that it isn't a liability for either one of us."

Go high, not low. "One of the biggest mistakes I see is to be demeaning or belittling; there's no place to go when it starts with insults." ■

ERIN PETERSON is a regular contributor to the magazine.

African American History

Tsione Wolde-Michael '08 is making a difference at the Smithsonian's newest museum.

BY **JAN SHAW-FLAMM '76** → PHOTO BY **DAVID J. TURNER**

IT'S JUST A PILLOWCASE—until you know its story. An enslaved woman named Rose gave the pillowcase to her 9-year-old daughter Ashley. Rose dropped three handfuls of pecans into the pillowcase, added a tattered dress and a braid of her hair, and gave it to her daughter, telling her it was filled with her love. Ashley was being sold away from her mother, a common and tragic occurrence during the days of domestic slave trade in the United States.

Tsione Wolde-Michael '08, a PhD candidate in history at Harvard University, tells the story of the pillowcase to illustrate how otherwise unremarkable objects can touch hearts and minds when given their historical context. For six years, she worked with a small team curating the Slavery and Freedom exhibition at the Smithsonian's National Museum of African American History and Culture in Washington, D.C.

"This was the first Smithsonian Museum built from the ground up," says Wolde-Michael, pointing out that the museum started with no collections. "We were simultaneously erecting the building, amassing the collections, and developing the narrative. We really had to dig for these materials."

As the building went up, items were donated, purchased at auction, and borrowed. The upside of this, says Wolde-Michael, was that it allowed staff to plan the building around some larger items, including a slave cabin, a Tuskegee Airmen airplane, and a segregated railcar.

Wolde-Michael, with her history background, researched the collected items and wrote much of the narrative found on the museum's plaques. Her words are now read by thousands of visitors—more than 103,000 in the first 10 days after the museum opened last September.

Asked about opening day, Wolde-Michael (who is of Ethiopian lineage), didn't mention the celebrities who were there—Presidents Obama and George W. Bush, Rep. John Lewis, Oprah Winfrey, and others—but instead recalled, "I'd never seen that many Black folks on the Mall. The ceremony was beautiful, but seeing people react to

the exhibition with shock, surprise, and excitement—that was so special."

Wolde-Michael is quick to note that visitors to the museum are diverse. "It's not only an African American story; it's the American story through an African American lens."

During her six years at the museum, Wolde-Michael rose from intern to contractor to federal employee. In fact, during most of her years of graduate school, she was also working full time—either at the museum or teaching.

With the museum now open, Wolde-Michael continues her work with the Smithsonian as part of the Slave Wrecks Project (SWP). With the support of a Fulbright–Clinton Fellowship, she has been in Ethiopia working out of the African Union to support the project in South Africa, Senegal, and Mozambique to recover the first known objects from slave ships wrecked off the coast of Africa during the transatlantic slave trade.

As part of SWP, she says, "We are training a new generation of African maritime archaeologists." Although Wolde-Michael became a certified diver to view the wreck sites, she's not an archaeologist; her role is that of public historian, working closely with communities and helping local museums reinterpret their collections in a way that better reflects the African experience.

Concurrent with her SWP work, Wolde-Michael is completing her dissertation on Ethiopianism, which explores the significance Ethiopia held for African Americans from the late 18th century through the 20th century. This is a longtime interest of hers; she did her honors thesis at Macalester on the same topic. She anticipates receiving her PhD within the year.

Explaining how her scholarship can be seen as a form of activism, Wolde-Michael says, "Good scholarship pushes us to think differently, and by doing so, we hope to reach some reconciliation with our shared past and each other." ■

JAN SHAW-FLAMM '76 is a staff writer for the magazine.

While earning a PhD in history from Harvard, Tsione Wolde-Michael '08 became a major contributor to the Smithsonian's new African American museum.



From Weyerhaeuser to the White House

On the long and honorable political
odyssey of **Walter Mondale '50**

BY **NICK COLEMAN** → PHOTOGRAPH BY **DAVID J. TURNER**

WHEN WALTER MONDALE arrived at Macalester College in the fall of 1946, he was an 18-year-old farm boy from Elmore, Minn., who hoped to continue the football heroics that had earned him the nickname “Crazy Legs.” But after the slightly built running back got a glimpse of the behemoths drilling on Mac’s football field, he changed his plans. “They were so big,” Mondale recalls with a laugh. “I took one look at the size of those guys and went out for debate.

“That turned out to be a pretty good decision. I met a lot of people there who were political. They were thinking about what we could do to save the world.”

Thus began a long and rewarding association between Macalester College and one of its most famous alumni, a Minnesota icon who would go on to become Minnesota’s Attorney General, a U.S. Senator, the U.S. Ambassador to Japan, Vice President under President Jimmy Carter, and, in 1984, the national standard bearer of the Democratic Party. Mondale would win only his home state that year, losing in a landslide to Ronald Reagan, who won a second term.

Yet Mondale, who turned 89 in January, has remained an influential figure, both at home and on the national scene, closely connected to Democratic Party leaders and to former Republican colleagues alike. He has also maintained a strong relationship with Macalester College, despite having transferred to the University of Minnesota his junior year because of financial challenges.

Mondale, who was listed in the Macalester yearbook by his middle name, Frederick, preferred to be called by the more approachable nickname that his friends still use today: Fritz. “That was the name that worked best for me,” he says. “Frederick and Walter were too stuffy.”

Despite his relatively brief tenure on campus, it was at Mac that Mondale first developed many of the ideas and ideals that would shape his life. The college also was where he first met people who would become important mentors in his political career, especially Hubert H. Humphrey, a former Macalester political science professor who was mayor of Minneapolis in the late 1940s, and who, along with Mondale, would be at the forefront of many political and social causes.

We asked Mondale to sit down with us for an extensive interview, around the time the 45th president, Donald J. Trump, was assuming office. We asked





Mondale about his political career, his memories of Macalester, and his thoughts on the current situation of the country and the world.

We met him in his 20th floor offices at Dorsey & Whitney in downtown Minneapolis. Mondale is a retired partner with the firm, where he still uses the official chairs he sat on in the White House and Senate and where his windows overlook Target Field, home of the Minnesota Twins. Photos of Mondale with world leaders, presidents, and old friends fill one wall; a large, faded photo of delegates celebrating his nomination at the 1984 Democratic Convention hangs near his desk. But the “place of honor,” he says, pointing to a framed document, is occupied by a 2014 Macalester College proclamation naming the school’s newly expanded art building the Joan Adams Mondale Hall of Studio Art.

Joan Adams Mondale '52 was a daughter of longtime Macalester chaplain Rev. John Maxwell Adams, who married Fritz and Joan in 1955. The wedding took place two days after Christmas in the old student center, amidst a temporary arbor of 100 Christmas trees collected from tree lots around the campus. Theirs was a whirlwind courtship that began when Joan’s brother-in-law, Bill Canby, a University of Minnesota law school classmate of Mondale’s, suggested that Mondale ask Joan on a date.

Mondale had left Macalester in 1948, just as his future wife was arriving. The pair proved to have a lot in common, however, including the college. Their first date was a visit to the Minneapolis Institute of Art, where Joan worked as tour guide after graduating from Macalester in 1952.

What was your first date like?

One day my friend, Bill Canby (later a judge), said, “I suppose you wouldn’t want to go out with my sister-in-law.” And I said, “Sure. Let’s give it a try.” That’s how we got started. I remember being around Joan, and I thought something might happen. I was very interested in her. I thought, she’s a very appealing, beautiful girl, but she’s also serious and responsible, and she was a preacher’s kid—like I was. And she was an active Democrat, and felt strongly about it. So we had a lot of similarities, already, in our lives. And so... we just started. It was very fast. I don’t know how to explain it. We just started talking, and within a very few days, it was clear we were serious. I don’t think we had any long-term plan. About 60 days later, we went somewhere and I asked her. And she said, “Yes. Why, yes.” No one asked if we knew what we were doing. People had a feeling it was going to last. So we were on our way, and we got married in the Macalester Student Union, and her dad, who was the chaplain, officiated. It was very nice.

What did you take away from your two years at Macalester?

Well, I’m a fired-up oldster these days, but I really got my intellectual juices running back there. We had wonderful professors. I had a great time, and I loved the courses I was taking. I had a lot of friends at Macalester. And that was where I started—where I met [Hubert] Humphrey, because Dorothy Jacobson, my professor of political science, en-

couraged me to attend a couple of events where Humphrey was going to speak. This was when he was mayor of Minneapolis. I became more committed to progressive ideals, better educated about why they were important. I started to get a glimmer of history and of what people can do when they work together. And I started to wake up—like young men and women hopefully are doing right now at college. Macalester tried to make us into people who were trained, who knew what we were doing, who tried to be a part of, in my case, progressive forces in our community and country. And I got an excitement about the de-

gency of public policy that has stuck with me ever since. I still remember the warm personal connections I made there. You know, [Charles] Turck was a great president. He helped all of us. (Charles Turck, president of Macalester from 1939 to 1958, emphasized an international approach to higher education, recruited international students, fostered a sense of global connection, and raised the United Nations flag on campus, which still flies today).

Why did you choose to attend Macalester?

One of my older brothers, Pete, was at Macalester and he urged me to go. My mom and dad wanted us to have a religious education, so they wanted me to go, too. So I applied to Macalester. I don’t know what happened, but I got in.

Did you have to work while you were at Macalester?

Oh, yes. I waited tables at a little place near campus called the Dutch Oven. I think I got paid about 30 cents an hour. It worked out all right until I got the customers arguing over politics. The owner came to me one day and said he had to let me go. “We can’t conduct any business in here because you’ve got everyone fighting with each other,” he said. Waiting tables may not

have been the best career choice for me.

Mondale, whose parents made it through the Depression running a truck garden, was unable to pay his tuition by the end of his sophomore year. He left Macalester and embarked on a new career in which his propensity to argue over politics proved to be an asset.

By 1948, Mondale’s mentor, Hubert Humphrey, was running for the U.S. Senate and had become a rising national political star after leading the fight to seat racially balanced delegations at the Democratic National Convention—one of the Civil Rights Movement’s first major wins. Mondale became an organizer for Minnesota’s new Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, traveling the state and attending meetings to whip up support for the party.

So leaving Macalester put you to work in the political trenches.

Well, I was going to save the world, you know. I didn’t have any money. I didn’t know what I was going to do from day to day. But I had to get out there. And in a strange way, that really built my career because I met the leaders in all these communities. They saw me trying to build the Democratic Party. I did things that Humphrey wanted me to do, and Gene McCarthy and Orville Freeman (later, as governor, Freeman would ap-



“I got an excitement about the decency of public policy that has stuck with me ever since.”



Joan Mondale '52 and Vice President Mondale '50 meeting well-wishers during the 1976 presidential campaign.

Minnesota SDA selects Mondale as state chairman

Fritz Mondale, Mac sophomore, was elected chairman of the Minnesota Region of Students for Democratic Action during their recent convention at Lyman Lodge, Lake Minnetonka.

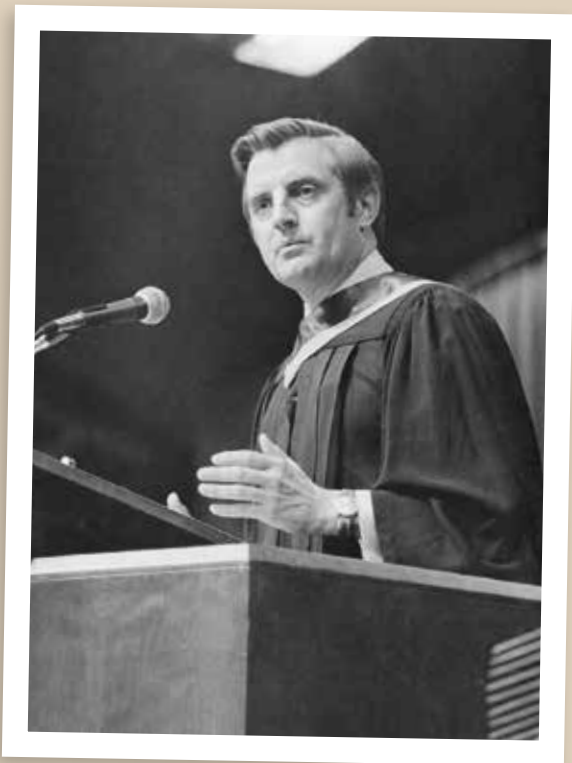
Mondale, former secretary of the Minnesota-Wisconsin SDA has been active in the organization since its creation in 1946. A charter member of the ADA-affiliated organization which seeks to further "progressive democracy through education and political action," he was a major force in establishing the first Minnesota SDA chapter at Mac last fall.

SDA is now the largest organization of its kind in the nation and the Minnesota region now contains active chapters on eight college campuses representing some four hundred students.



Item from *The Mac Weekly*, June 4, 1948

"Humphrey was like a father to me. He helped me understand the joy and ebullience of public life."



Then-Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale speaking at Macalester Commencement, 1973



The Mondales at the September 1988 dedication of the DeWitt Wallace Library.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF MACALESTER ARCHIVES. (BOTTOM RIGHT): JIM HANSEN



“We’ve got to fight back. If you let this stuff go unchallenged, we could slip into a kind of police state.”

point Mondale to be Minnesota’s attorney general, thus launching his decades of public service.) I made my name with those people, and they stuck with me my whole public career. We were down in Fairmont at a Farm Bureau meeting and Humphrey took me aside and said, “I like what you’re doing. Let’s work together. We can make a big difference.” It was a nice pat on the back, and it meant a lot to me—made me feel great. He was like a father to me. Hubert helped me understand the joy and ebullience of public life, about touching people and getting them involved in reforms, about dealing kindly with your adversaries.

* * *

Given that background, Mondale, like many Democrats, is mystified by Donald Trump. He watched the new president’s inauguration with alarm, saying Trump’s inaugural address was “the worst 20-minute speech” he could ever recall hearing, disrespectful to both major parties and to previous presidents, including his old boss, Jimmy Carter. “Ignorance, anger, divisiveness— it was all there.”

How do you think the Democrats should respond to Trump?

One of the really distressing things is that I don’t know what makes Trump tick. I don’t know what he thinks is important. I don’t know who he is. When I was in the Senate, I always thought the benefit of the doubt should go to the President. It’s his government. I still feel that way. But when you get these right-wing ideologues that are going to blow up their departments—and he’s put in several of those—then I think we should fight him. I spent my whole life putting this country on the road toward social justice, civil rights, better education, better health care, environmental protection. It hasn’t been perfect, but we’ve won some of those fights. As I see Trump’s nominees, they’re going to disestablish everything of this sort that America has done over the past 70 years and create a different nation, and I just don’t think we can let that happen. So we need to really step up to the plate and have the debate. And, you know, the way you get debate in America, real debate, I found as a senator, is to use the Senate Rules to insist upon a thorough debate and deny a vote on a main issue such as a confirmation until you’ve had a thorough hearing of the issues. So the public can see what the hell’s going on and what has happened. We’ve got to fight back. If you just let this stuff go unchallenged, we could slip into a kind of police state. I don’t know that we’re going there; I hope we’re not. Let me say I think we’re way short of that. As bad as this is, I’m not talking about impeachment, I’m talking about accountability. I think the Congress has to arouse itself and make certain that the President is held to account. I mean, you’ve got some people who’ve been nominated for cabinet positions who have yet to produce their required records. Well, I’d say, “You produce them or you’re not going to get this position.” But when you say there’s an alternative to the truth, when you say the truth is situational, that’s how you build a police state. The truth is the fundamental principle that allows people of different beliefs to somehow work together. You’re entitled to your own opinion, but you’re not entitled to your own facts. And that’s what we’re coming up against now.

What do you think of the allegations of Russian influence in the election?

I think that’s about as tough as it can get. We need to know what really happened there. We need to get the [intelligence] agencies to tell us what went on in order to have that information to conduct a debate. The truth is what we need now—full disclosure. Secret operations from a foreign country in our society? We have a right to know what happened, who did it, and the rest. Then we’ll use the laws to make certain it never happens again. I hope that the Republicans who are expressing doubts about it, like [Senator] John McCain and others, will help lead us toward a better set of rules that makes it clear we’re not going to allow this. Putin kills people. He stomps on civil liberties. He’s been very aggressive in reclaiming countries that were thought to be independent. And he’s trying to unravel the whole Western system of alliances and our commitment to decency and social justice. I’m not sure what motivates Trump there. I’d like to see his tax returns. And I’d like to see what kind of deals he has cut with people in Russia.

* * *

*Looking back on his career, Mondale points with pride to some of the many accomplishments that made him a progressive political leader of his time. As Minnesota’s attorney general, he supported the 1963 Supreme Court case, *Gideon v. Wainwright*, which resulted in a ruling requiring the states to provide public attorneys for indigent defendants. In the U.S. Senate, where he served from 1964 to 1976, he championed fair housing, desegregation, and voting rights laws that helped fuel the Civil Rights Movement. He also served on a Senate committee that reined in the behavior of U.S. intelligence agencies, earning him a place of honor on Richard Nixon’s infamous “Enemies List.”*

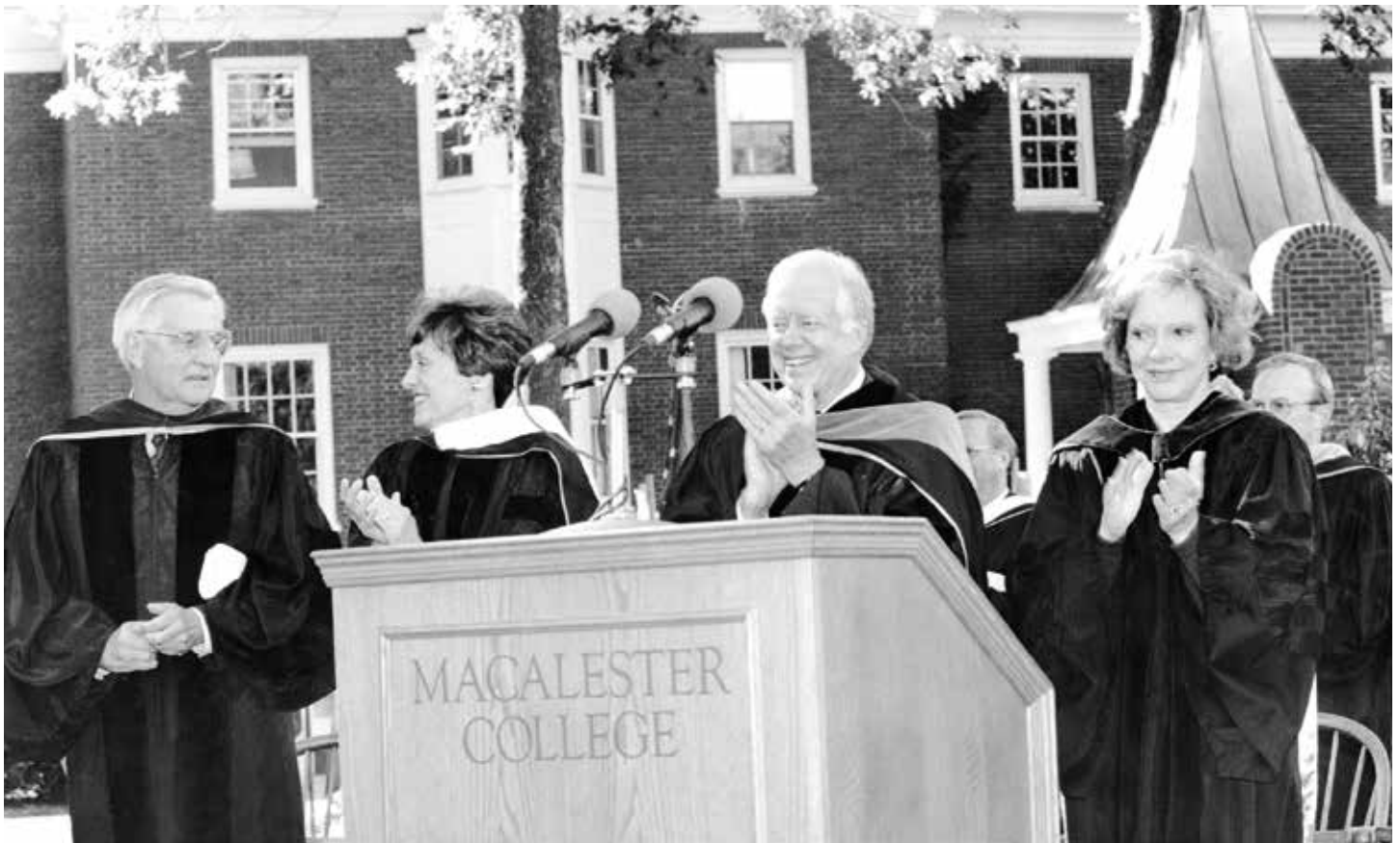
I remember when the list came out and I was talking about it with Hubert in the Senate cloakroom. I was razzing him: “Why aren’t you on the list?” But here’s two fellas from Macalester, talking about Nixon’s enemies. I was Number 3 on the list. I think Hubert was a little perplexed that he wasn’t on it.

* * *

As Vice President under President Jimmy Carter, Mondale helped model a more fully involved role for the vice presidency and championed human rights. Later he served as U.S. ambassador to Japan under President Bill Clinton and, in 2002, picked up the Democratic banner of Sen. Paul Wellstone, after the senator died in a plane crash just 10 days before the election. Mondale suffered a narrow defeat that fall to Republican Norm Coleman, but his brief candidacy reflected his status as a revered elder statesman. Through it all, Joan Mondale continued her service to Macalester and the arts community, and her husband continued carrying out the ideals he acquired at Macalester.

Why did Macalester have such a profound impact on your life?

I started to come alive at Macalester. Those special professors of history and political science helped me find out what was going on in the world, shaped my views. My relationship with Macalester has remained strong all these years, through many different presidents of the college. It has been a wonderful community for training and supporting an educated



PHOTOS: (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP); GREG HELGESON, COURTESY OF MACALESTER ARCHIVES, DAVID J. TURNER

Top: The Mondales and the Carters on campus for a Vice President Mondale–President Carter convocation address, September 1993. Left: In 2014, Mondale met with the first recipients of the Joan Adams Mondale Endowed Scholarship (from left): Avielle Suria '15, Simon Koda '16, and Egzon Sadiku '16; right: President Charles Turck, Hubert Humphrey, and Walter Mondale meeting at Macalester, around 1948.

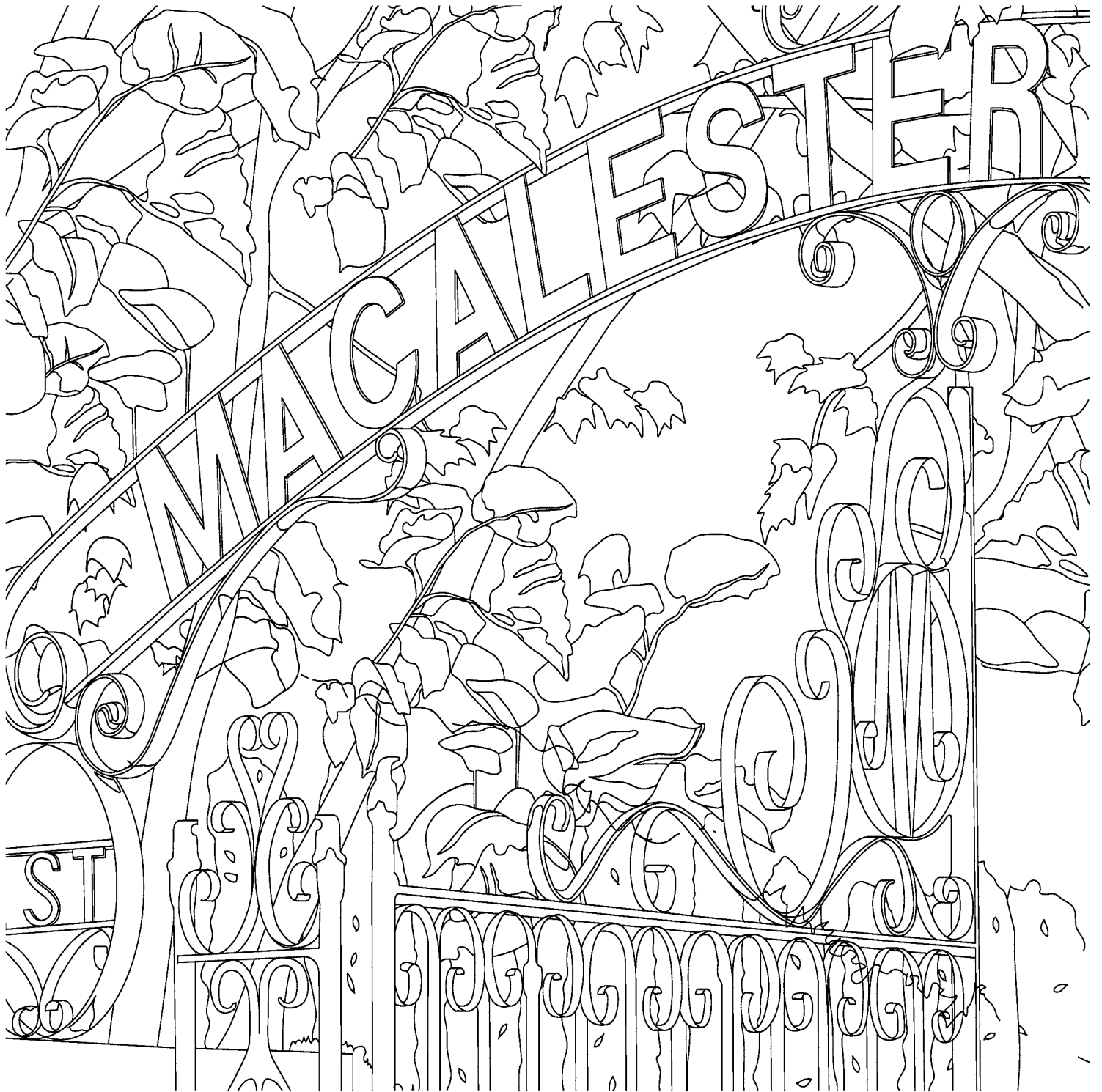
citizenry. You know, I've got my liberal views, and several people there don't agree with me on anything. But we have always had an agreement to be respectful and to argue those issues out without getting angry—well, sometimes you get angry—but without splitting up as a community. That's what you want. I think Macalester has been one of the most important experiences and influences in my life. And I think that thousands of people who have gone there over the years would agree. The opinions they shaped there may be different, but there's something about the civility and the excitement, the ideas, the growing respect for learning, for reading and trying to move your understanding about issues forward.

You've spoken often to students at Macalester. What is your message?

Yes, I've talked at Macalester many, many times, in different circumstances. But I'll bet you basic to all those speeches was a fundamental commitment to democracy, the law, and social justice— what I find are the most important rules in living life. I really settled down and learned to respect them, and to be educated about them, at Macalester. So for me, it's still, "Dear old Macalester, ever the same." ■

St. Paul writer **NICK COLEMAN** was a longtime reporter and columnist for both the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* and the [Minneapolis] *Star Tribune*.

Color Our World



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YOUR NAME:

CLASS YEAR:

OLD MAIN → ILLUSTRATION BY CORA TROUT '16

From Macalester to Mosul

Rick Lechowick '04 is committed to helping the Yezidi people of Northern Iraq.

BY LYNETTE LAMB



A N IMPRESSIVE NUMBER of Mac alumni do international aid work, but not many purposely put themselves in the middle of a conflict zone. That's what **Rick Latham Lechowick '04** has chosen to do for the last year in Iraq, however—with plans to continue working there indefinitely.

The former classics and religious studies major works in Northern Iraq, near the Syrian border, with the Yezidi people. After one year teaching and serving as a country coordinator for another nonprofit, he is starting his own NGO to run schools and community centers for Yezidi women.

The Yezidi people have been the victims of a recent genocide in Iraq, with many of the women experiencing sexual enslavement and human trafficking at the hands of the Islamic State. Lechowick is committed to teaching these women English, sewing, and computer skills, so they might enjoy greater independence and earn a living. Following is a conversation we had with him during his recent visit back to campus.

What is your post-Mac education?

I have a master's in international relations/conflict management from Johns Hopkins and have almost completed a master's in theology from Uppsala University, with a focus on religion in peace and conflict. [Lechowick lives in Sweden when he's not in Iraq.] I hope to earn a PhD next.

Where else have you worked in the world?

My first aid work was an internship in Indonesia working for the U.N., where my boss was **Marcus Holknekt '02**. I've also worked with NGOs in Bosnia and Palestine—where yet another coworker was **Hannah McIntire '14**. In Iraq, we're a tiny school, but we have a huge impact on the world, an impact that belies our size.

Can you explain your work in Iraq?

The village will give me a free building for the school. I plan to staff it with other Yezidis. I will also bring on some American and UK volunteers to teach English. I want the school to be run by a Yezidi woman, not by some foreign guy from the U.S. This area isn't the safest place in the world. It's surrounded by the Syrian civil war on one side, the Islamic State another, and the Kurdistan region of Iraq and the Kurdish region of Turkey, which can also be problematic. I only travel during the daytime; the last part of the trip is a three-hour drive on desert roads. Roads are more dangerous than towns, especially at night.

Tell me about the Yezidi people.

They're an ethno-religious group of 1.2 million people, whose religion is neither an offshoot nor an adaptation of Islam or Christianity. They feel forgotten by the world. Most Westerners don't even know about the genocide, which started in August 2014. Many Yezidis are still living in refugee camps, which have become permanent. They are

Rick Lechowick '04 with the Yazidi children of Northern Iraq, where he is starting a school.



“You have to find joy in small successes because you’re going to encounter terrible failures, too.”

also badly misunderstood. Many outsiders think they are devil worshippers because of a mistaken idea propagated by 19th century Western travel writers. Instead, they worship a being called the peacock angel. They are monotheistic, believe in reincarnation, have a caste system, and speak a dialect of Kurdish. They are also very generous. They fight over who will have me over for dinner and who will bring me breakfast [Lechowick has no kitchen in his \$100/month home]. And the children all want to attend school. They come every day, even though there’s not enough room for everyone.

What advice would you give students interested in aid work?


Don’t get down when you fail because you’ll fail over and over again, and finally one day you’ll succeed in a small way. It’s a good day if one kid learns the alphabet or is a little happier. You have to find joy in small successes because you’re going to encounter terrible failures too. The joy of aid work comes in the tiniest acts and the subtlest gestures.



Tell about a satisfying experience in Iraq.

It feels good when more women come to class than are on the list for it. Say I’ve got seven signed up, but soon they’ve told their sisters, mothers, and friends, and we have 20 instead of seven. Or that day a few weeks ago when the adult female students at the school where I was working—which teaches English, music, computer, and sewing—could pick any class and every single one chose my English class. That made me really, really happy.

What work do you do in Sweden?

To make money, I do freelance copywriting and perform in English-language commercials. Most Swedes speak English really well, but they can tell a native speaker. I grew up acting in Los Angeles and did Bad Comedy and Mac Players in college, so it’s something familiar. As a volunteer, I also teach Swedish culture to Afghan and Syrian refugees. I try to teach them what it’s like to come to Sweden as a foreigner. 

LYNETTE LAMB is editor of *Macalester Today*.





BOOK EXCERPT



Give a Girl a Knife

BY **AMY THIELEN '97** → ILLUSTRATIONS BY **BETSY EVERITT**

Before she moved back to Minnesota to work as a chef, TV cook, and writer, Amy Thielen '97 spent more than a decade in the kitchens of New York City's top restaurants. In this excerpt from her forthcoming memoir, she describes working as a sous chef at 66, a Chinese restaurant in Tribeca opened by top Manhattan chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten.

The kitchen was huge, clean, white, and modern, and visible to the Richard Meier-designed dining room through a bank of very large fish tanks. The staff was composed of both Chinese and American trained cooks. The Western-trained cooks handled the cold appetizers, the hot appetizers, and the more fusion-style main courses, all cooked on gas ranges. The Chinese cooks (most of whom had lived in New York for years) were divided into teams: the wok station, led by Chef Wei-Chin; and the dim sum station, led by Mei (pronounced Moy), whom we called Mei One. Wei-Chin and a few others stir-fried entrees in the woks, and Mei One and his team made all the dim sum, ran the giant steamer, and made the noodle and rice dishes. And each was definitely a team. Collectivity was their thing. If the management threatened to can one of them—as they did when Mei One was caught bullying a tiny, effeminate male back waiter in the locker room—they'd all threaten to go. The barbecued meats in the restaurant, however—the crispy suckling pig, the Peking ducks, the red-glazed pork *char siu*, all the stuff you see hanging in the window of a Chinese restaurant—was made by another Mei who worked solo. We called him Barbecue Mei. In all, there were four Meis.

Everyone answered to Josh Eden, the chef de cuisine, a New York-born Jean-Georges veteran who went by the nickname of Shorty. And in the beginning Jean-Georges himself was always in attendance, as were Brainin and master chef Lam and Sun Tek, consulting chefs from Hong Kong.

Right off the bat, this was the place the fashion and food worlds wanted to be. The music was thumping; the tiny string of airplane-sized bathrooms quickly turned into long-term “powder” rooms. During the opening week, it seemed every scallion pancake I served was destined for Naomi Campbell or Martha Stewart or former New York City mayor Ed Koch or someone similarly famous. One morning I arrived to find a photo-shoot crew from *Vogue* swarming around a familiar-looking top model standing in front of the fish tanks holding a live lobster, her legs buffed to a classic-car high gloss. A prop stylist met me at my station, hysterical with the question of the morning: Would the lobster die after being out of the water for so long? It had taken them thirty minutes to get the shot. I assured him not, covered the lobster with soaked paper

towels, and slid the lethargic crustacean into my cooler. I didn't quite get his concern. The thing would meet its steaming end within a few hours anyway.

Mostly I cooked the hot apps, much-improved versions of Chinese-American favorites: egg rolls, shrimp toast, gingered barbecued ribs, corn and crabmeat soup. I also made a few more authentically Chinese dishes: a whole stuffed blue crab covered with a lid of delicate fried lotus-seed paste; frog's legs marinated in egg and potato starch, deep fried, and showered with a light snowy piles of crispy egg and garlic topping; wild mushrooms steamed with sake and ginger and spooned over a disk of sticky rice. It was the best Chinese food I'd ever had.

Chef Lam, who was staying in an apartment over the restaurant, was the first one to show up for work in the morning, and he sported three strands of long curling hair from his chin. They said that he had invented Shrimp with Candied Walnuts and Chili, the dish knocked off in hundreds of Chinese restaurants around the world and at 66 as well. He spent his evening service cooking dozens of whole crispy-skinned garlic chickens in the wok, passing them between two wire spiders in the hot fat until the skin turned uniformly caramel brown. Then with his cleaver he reduced each blistering hot bird into bite-size pieces and adroitly reassembled them on the plate into the shape of a turtle. This chicken was a marvel of Chinese engineering, a balloon of juice contained inside a shell of brittle brown skin. My proximity to his chopping station drove me crazy, the crispy shards flying tantalizingly close to me but hitting the floor. Once in a while he passed me an odd-shaped divot of meat and skin, one that didn't fit into his turtle puzzle. I tucked it into my mouth, swallowed it as unobtrusively as a snake snarked down a tidbit, and nodded my thanks.

When it got slow, which it was wont to do in a restaurant with a menu of such breadth, its items spread out among so many cooks, I squatted behind my station next to the enormous Chinese dim sum steamer, downed extra dumplings on the sly, and contemplated drinking sake out of a teacup, as some of the other cooks were doing. I had never drunk anything but water on the job before and wasn't really interested in starting. I had never squatted on my heels before, either, but I tried to mimic the deep, comfortable-looking pose of the line of dim sum guys to my left. They laughed at me and passed a plastic prep container down the line until it got to Jacky, the impassive kid who ran the steamer next to me. He had introduced himself proudly as an ABC, American-born Chinese, different from the rest of them.

“They want you to try the chicken feet,” Jacky said, handing over the container. The Chinese cooks snacked on chicken feet all day long as if they were potato chips, spitting the tiny bones out into plastic containers.

Excerpted from Give a Girl a Knife: A Memoir by Amy Thielen. Copyright ©2017 by Amy Thielen. To be published by Clarkson Potter/Publishers, an imprint of the Crown Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC, on May 16, 2017.

“The meat and potatoes that had once defined me no longer sufficed. My palate had

Mei One got up and came down the line brandishing a cup of dark liquid.

“Saucy,” he said, beaming.

“He says you need to try it with the sauce,” Jacky duly repeated. I picked up a foot and nibbled on the gelatinous joint. Through the thick coating of sweet soy sauce, it tasted like a chicken back without the crisp, but fattier. The pop of the cartilage in my mouth felt oddly foreign, and I thought I could feel the toenail in my mouth. I could tolerate the chicken foot but wouldn’t be craving them. But I smiled down the line, raising my empty plastic cup.

They howled and slapped their knees, knowing I didn’t really love it.

Jacky was my informant. He told me all kinds of things about the dim sum team. They liked to gamble in Atlantic City, for example. They headed out en masse on Saturday nights for the AC bus, returned early in the morning to take catnaps on the puffy laundry bags in a dark basement break room, and woke up just before service to make a restoring vat of congee, which they decorously shared with the crew. They cursed Shorty for making them use sea salt instead of “chicken powder,” their prized salt-and-MSG mixture, and had hidden the forbidden canisters deep beneath their stations. They preferred Korean brothels.

And these guys could really cook. I watched Wei-Chin flipping the iron wok over its jet of blue fuel, controlling the heat with the lever at his knees. He rocked the wok line like a stadium drummer on the trap set: with raised knee, mad precision, and regular bursts of flames. I saw that stir-frying was not a process of addition, as I had previously thought, but a careful orchestration. I watched as he briefly fried the beef in oil, then scooped it out with a wire spider and set it to drain on a railing above the line. He poached his Chinese broccoli (*gai lan*) in water, then set that to drain as well. He whisked his hot wok clean with water and a stiff bamboo brush, then sizzled his aromatics—ginger, garlic and whole red chilies—in a little oil, returned the beef and broccoli to the pan, and tossed the mixture in one-two-three high-rising waves in the air. With one hand he seasoned it with salt (a little) and sugar (a little more) and with the other added a pinch of cornstarch slurry from the pot at his side. The mixture turned immediately glossy, each separate piece wrapped in a thin vellum of sauce. This operation took about two minutes, start to finish. When it hit the plate, gleaming, I thought it was one of the most glorious things I’d ever seen.

I stood at the hot app station in the sweaty heat at the end of the night, when my defenses were down, and I let the movie stream of new techniques and textures wash over me. Chinese food seemed to contain so many more of them than Western food. The Chinese don’t just have crispy: they have wet crisp (stir-fried lotus root, for instance) and they have dry crisp (the crispy piles of fried egg yolk crumbs I gently squeezed into a peak on top of the frog’s legs). There was moist soft (tofu and steamed fish) and dry soft (the cloudy-white steamed *bao* buns). I wondered why we Western-trained cooks had so few ways to describe texture.

And the Chinese guys cooked brilliantly in a way that felt counterintuitive to me. To make lemon chicken, they dredged a flattened chicken breast in egg and fluffy white potato starch and then deep-fried it for

at least ten minutes, about eight minutes longer than flattened chicken breasts usually need to cook through. Greg, the other sous chef, yanked it up from the fryer after a regulation three minutes, and Wei-Chin came over in alarm, motioning him to drop it back down. Implausibly, after the full ten minutes, when we sliced into it, the interior still ran with juice. They dumped tubs of liquid maltose, as clear and sweet as corn syrup but thicker, right into a vat of boiling peanut oil—sugar in oil, which seemed like a surging grease fire in the making—added piles of skinned walnuts, and then calmly ran their spider through the foaming head of oil. A few minutes later, each browned walnut emerged from the sugared fat painted with a thin layer of sweet lacquer, and they were so delicate and crisp that they clicked lightly on the sheet tray as the cooks swiftly ran their chopsticks through the mass to separate them. When we ran out of suitable vegetables for family meal, they stir-fried a case of green leaf lettuce and somehow made it taste like crisp cabbage. They ran water for hours through colanders full of shrimp, which we feared would bloat them and sap their flavor, but instead it restored their original clean ocean snap. They resuscitated what smelled to us like soured fresh-water chestnuts the very same way, chasing Shorty with the containers in their hands to show how the running water had brought them back from the dead.

The ways in which the Chinese cooks deviated from the script of my French-based training was confounding to me, but also revelatory. Years afterward, holding a pack of frizzle-ended supermarket green beans in my hands, I remembered how to fry them hard in oil until they shriveled and to top them with a porky black bean sauce. From these guys I knew that these dead beans held some possibility. The produce we used at 66 was always top-notch, but the Chinese dishes held clues to a past rooted in deprivation and resourcefulness. Like a Midwestern farmhouse cook and her April sack of storage carrots, they could wring sauce from stones.

Some of the Western chefs were getting sick of Chinese food; not me, but some. We put up two different family breakfasts each day, one Western style and one Chinese. Given this choice, I always ate the Chinese one. Greg, the other sous chef, asked me, “How can you eat that glop stir-fry for breakfast every day?”

What, this? Chicken with bamboo and vegetables? I loved it.

But one day Shorty, our Jewish, Manhattan-born chef, said, “God, I can’t eat any more Chinese food. I need some chicken liver paté.” So he called for takeout from Russ & Daughters on the Lower East Side: smoked whitefish, lox, smoked sturgeon, sour pickles, chicken liver paté, and pickled herring, its silver skin as shiny as stainless steel. He arranged this spread carefully on the pass. The Chinese cooks looked on in amusement.

“Pickled herring,” Shorty said. “It’s fish! Try it!” Dao, one of the dim sum cooks, took a piece and bit off one end, then spit it into his cup of tea in horror. The others tried it and all had the same reaction.

“NO GOOD!” Dao pronounced. Mei One tried it and had the same reaction. He was appalled; his body shuddered at the combination of sugar and fish.

“Wei-Chin, try the herring. Very good,” I said. He chewed it carefully, spat it immediately into the garbage, and grinned slyly at me.

been whetted for more complicated flavors, more diverse populations, more chili fire.”



The tables had been turned. In pickled herring, we Westerners had found our chicken feet. Similarly, its joys were largely textural. Good herring has a sensuous resistance to the bite. When cured perfectly—not too sweet—it holds the mark of your teeth, as fudge does. The sting of the pickle transported me straight to summer at our lake cabin, where my mom ceremoniously uncapped the plastic tub of silver diamond-cut fish bobbing in brine, setting my mouth to swim with juice.

We ate and ate, slurping it up lasciviously. The dim sum team laughed at us and animatedly tapped their short dim sum rolling pins on the metal counter, talking joyously about our bizarre food.

You had to give it to them: New York was not diluting their heritage. They walked around the city in a Chinese dome, eating Chinese food, frequenting Chinese stores, speaking very little English. They were there, in New York, but as prideful, conflicted defectors, like me.

I talked up Minnesota as if it were the promised land, stubbornly wore an unhip hippie belt that reminded me of my former rural life, and insisted on calling soda “pop.” I wanted to keep training in New York, had no idea how I’d cook professionally back home in Two Inlets, but felt a powerful need to keep up my allegiances. Like my Chinese coworkers, I sailed around the kitchen with my home in my back pocket.

My nostalgia was like a slipcover for a precious-but-ugly family heirloom. No amount of gingered crab could erase the truth: The meat and potatoes that had once defined me no longer sufficed. My palate had been whetted for more complicated flavors, more diverse populations, more chili fire. As I kneaded lotus-paste dough, I weighed my two homelands, the old and the new, and began to wonder which one would eventually win out. Unlike my Chinese comrades, I didn’t see a clear path back.

I worked like I was on repeat, walking out of the apartment each day around 10 a.m. with my glass pint jar of maple-sweetened iced coffee, returning home each day by taxi at 1 a.m., fried and sweaty. When I cracked Aaron’s studio door I was often met with a cloud of cigar smoke and the sight of he and Rob sitting on rocking chairs in the gray mist, yakking about art and listening to a steady soundtrack of outlaw country. Waylon Jennings, Merle Haggard, Gretchen Wilson. The rural narrative was part of our collective consciousness, our group persona. They were the country boys who had reluctantly come to the city to find work in the art world; I was Aaron’s exhausted third-shift waitress wife. My feet throbbing, I figured I was about as tired as girl in a country song. I considered seventy-plus hour weeks an inevitable schedule but continued to whine about my constant suffering and threw a tantrum over any Sunday plans Aaron suggested that didn’t include a nap. My day off consisted of cooking him a huge dinner so that he’d have leftovers while I was gone. My case was classic. I was a martyr.

I knew this, could hear myself saying the words “wish I could, have to work,” and rued them, but at the same time I kept a list of excuses running in my head. Here’s the funny thing about a cook’s martyrdom: It really does begin with a generous impulse. Even though I spent my nights hunched over tiny tasting-menu-size plates, at night I dreamed of making giant pots of soup and serving it to the masses. Because of this, the martyr feels justified in her crabbiness. She’s pulling these double shifts out of a deep desire to feed the people. But housed inside the shell of a cranky, overworked cook with a sore back and a perma-rash between her perpetually moist fingers, that originally decent nugget of generosity comes out as the most unrelenting and aggressive kind of altruism, in spools and spools of never-ending noodles. And no amount of sweet butter can ever stem her ever-growing rock collection of hard knocks. ■



Working with *Girls*

As CEO of Lenny, Lena Dunham's online feminist media company, **Benjamin Cooley '92** is putting his Mac education to work.

BY ELIZABETH FOY LARSEN → PHOTO BY LENA DUNHAM

Benjamin Cooley '92 sees a straight line between his Macalester education and the job he holds today. His role is CEO of Lenny, a digital newsletter and media company founded by Lena Dunham and Jenni Konner, the creative team behind the wildly successful HBO television show *Girls*.

"Macalester had a very strong feminist community," says Cooley, who majored in religious studies. "Whether it was studying African American philosophy or the work of Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon at a time when they were very strong voices—Macalester was really a part of that. Being a guy growing up in that time was pretty interesting."

Cooley's respect for feminism—coupled with business chops acquired from his days as tour manager for musician Beck and an MBA from Northwestern—made him a natural choice when Dunham and Konner (who also happens to be Cooley's ex-wife) were seeking someone to help develop and implement Lenny's business strategy and operations.

They clearly knew what they were doing. In less than two years, Lenny has gained 450,000 subscribers, an advertising and syndication deal with Hearst Publishing, and a book imprint with Random House, and is entering the podcast and video markets. These are impressive accomplishments, but Cooley, whose warm manner and tendency toward self-deprecation defy all expectations of a person who consorts with mega-stars, goes out of his way to deflect credit for Lenny's success. "I helped build and steer the ship," he says. "But the editorial voice and vision is Jenni and Lena and I'm 100 percent in sync with it."

Born in Afghanistan, Cooley spent his childhood shuttling between the countries where his father was posted as a foreign service officer and his mother's home in Washington, D.C., where he attended private school. It was that small-school experience that made Macalester feel like a natural fit, he says. But the fact that the college was in Minnesota was perhaps an even bigger draw.

"Prince and Hüsker Dü and other Minneapolis bands were really important to me when I was a teenager," he explains. "Minneapolis and St. Paul had it all for me—the Twin Cities was the perfect big little town."

In fact, Macalester's own indie rock scene led to Cooley's first post-college job as tour manager for Walt Mink, the alternative rock band named for the much-loved former psychology professor. It was Macalum (and Walt Mink drummer) **Joey Waronker '92** who connected him with Beck.

While he loved being a tour manager, says Cooley, he didn't want to do it forever. So he applied to Northwestern's Kellogg School of Management and attributes his acceptance—he'd taken exactly one eco-

nomics course in college—to an unconventional resumé. "There are top business schools that will admit freaks because they provide something interesting," he says.

Since Kellogg, Cooley has worked in television, film, and content development management. But it's Lenny that he calls "the best job I've ever had."

"Lenny is very much a mission-driven company," he says. "We are a business and need to break even and eventually turn a profit, but we didn't start this company to sell it for hundreds of millions of dollars. We wanted it to have a clear vision to create a platform for women who broadly share these feminist values."

Those values are articulated in essays on everything from a Syrian refugee's new life in Cincinnati to the importance of diversity in the fashion industry to a heartbreaking account of a miscarriage, written by former *Slate* and *Jezebel* editor Jessica Grose, now Lenny's editor in chief. Jennifer Lawrence speaks her mind about the pay gap between men and women in Hollywood. Alicia Keys explains why she stopped wearing makeup.

Those ideas usually spring from a weekly editorial meeting in which L.A.-based Cooley and his three-person Brooklyn-based team get on their phones to connect with Konner and Dunham, both of whom travel frequently between the two cities. It's a freewheeling burst of brainstorming, during which Cooley jokes that his opinions are "tolerated," although it's also clear he relishes the process.

Having worked mostly in male-dominated industries, Cooley says being the only guy in an otherwise all-female company has taught him a lot about himself. "Dealing with my own implicit biases when it comes to managing and growing Lenny has been a humbling process," he says.

It's obviously an environment he enjoys. "Lena is a tour de force," he says. "She has an amazing work ethic and is an incredibly personable coworker. She's texting day and night, asking questions, coming up with ideas. We're often struggling to keep up with her. She's also a great boss."

He is equally appreciative of his other boss. "Obviously, it's interesting working for my ex-wife," he says of Konner. "But she probably gives me more deference than if I was another employee. There isn't anything we haven't already said to each other, so that makes working together easier and more honest."

That frankness is reflected not only in Lenny's content but in its business strategy, which prizes authentic engagement with its audience over quick clicks. "I'd much rather have half a million readers actually opening their email and reading Lenny than just driving up a subscriber rate," says Cooley. "We're in this business to come up with stories people are reading." ■

ELIZABETH FOY LARSEN is a Minneapolis writer and editor.

Happy Student, Happy Dad

BY JOHN DOYLE P'18

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 2014, following Orientation and his first week of classes, our son, an exhausted but happy **Joshua Doyle '18**, made this public proclamation on Facebook: "What a first week of classes...ups and downs, studying, reading, writing, dropping classes, adding them, falling asleep in lounges, meeting incredible people from every part of the globe, eating too much, forgetting to eat at all, meeting professors, forgetting their names. All this can't even begin to describe the experience of these last two weeks. Although my time here has just started, I could not be looking forward to it more!"

Much has transpired in the two years since Joshua wrote those words. He selected a major. He changed his major. He selected an advisor. He changed his advisor. He started playing tennis again. He won Macalester Sophomore Athlete of the Year. He had his first girlfriend. He had his second girlfriend. He changed to a third girlfriend. In this area he's anything but forthcoming with details. It's kind of like asking a CIA spy to talk about his job: "So Jim, overthrow any countries today?" "You watch too many movies, Bob. And to answer your question...no."

Joshua's mom and I flew to St. Paul last summer as an extension of our already stressful summer ritual of visiting family in New Jersey while trying not to go crazy in the process. I also wanted to catch a Yankees game since, like Macalester's president Brian Rosenberg, I, too, grew up a Yankees fan. But unlike the president, I also had the secret dream of wanting to be Reggie Jackson. I wanted to hit the homers, trot the bases, wave to the crowds. I was even willing to have people throw hard nutty chocolate Reggie bars at me in right field after I dropped a ball. (It was probably good that I kept that dream secret.)

But anyway, back to Mac. We visited Macalester and St. Paul last summer so we could meet and spend time with Joshua's friends, who, like Josh, had moved off campus and were holding down internships while also doing whatever it is young people do over the summer to recharge their batteries. (Again, I don't know exactly what that is and since he's not talking about it I can only assume it's a lot of fun.)

What I did experience during our short visit were wonderful, intelligent, interested, and caring Macalester students, who I'm proud to say have become Joshua's closest and probably lifelong friends. We stayed at the house they're renting and were the guests of honor at an Indian feast they prepared together with 20 of Joshua's other closest friends.

But it wasn't just the food that was amazing. It was also the conversation that followed. As an American comedian doing stand-up in Germany (in German), I'm used to many questions once I tell people what I do for a living:



"You do comedy in Germany? Hey, that's a good joke."

"You really do comedy in Germany?"

"Do Germans laugh?"

"Is it hard to do comedy when people don't laugh?"

And the final question: "It must be easy because it's in Germany, right? Since you're the only one doing it?"

It will not surprise you to hear that these weren't the questions Joshua's Mac friends asked. As we sat in a circle enjoying our authentic Indian meal, they wanted to know:

"Is it harder or easier getting laughs in a cross-cultural context?"

"Do German audiences prefer different subject matter from American audiences?"

"What inspired you to do stand-up comedy in Germany, in a foreign language? Tell us all about it."

I think one person was also taking notes, but I could be wrong.

Regardless, I loved it. I was in my element. And Joshua and my German wife, Martina, didn't look too embarrassed. I'm assuming they loved it as well.

I kept talking and eating and eating and talking until I finally said, "Okay folks, enough about me, what about you? Tell me what you're up to."

At that point they told me their names, their majors, their life goals, and how they're going to change the world—normal Mac stuff.

I loved it. I thought: Young people who can articulate complicated ideas while eating spicy Indian food? Fantastic! I looked over at my wife and she looked back at me and we both had the same thought (and it wasn't "are there any samosas left?"). No, what we thought was, "Wow! We're really inspired by this amazing group of Macalester students."

Now we know why our son so often uses the phrase "truly amazing" to describe his life at Macalester. ■

JOHN DOYLE P'18 is a stand-up comic based in Cologne, Germany. Originally from New Jersey, he moved to Germany in 1990.

In Memoriam

1936

Mary Cooper Beck, 97, of San Angelo, Texas, died Aug. 2, 2012. She served with the American Red Cross in England, North Africa, and Italy during World War II. Mrs. Beck is survived by two sons, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

1939

Helen Jensen Butcher, 100, of Peabody, Mass., died Feb. 4, 2017. She was a retired kindergarten teacher. Mrs. Butcher is survived by a daughter, two sons, five grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

1940

Margaret F. Primrose, 97, of Washburn, Wis., died Feb. 5, 2017. She volunteered with the Red Cross in England during World War II and was a social worker specializing in adoption and disabled children. Ms. Primrose was the daughter of longtime Macalester physical education and track coach David C. Primrose. She is survived by three daughters, son **David Steen '69**, seven grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and a great-great-grandchild.

1942

Dorothy Mitchell Roush, 95, of Marshall, Minn., died Jan. 30, 2017. She taught vocal music and English for nine years and was a special education and homebound teacher at Wabasso High School for 19 years. She also was a choir director and assistant organist for her United Methodist church. Mrs. Roush is survived by three daughters, six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Arlan R. Smith, 91, of Bullhead City, Ariz., died Aug. 13, 2012. Mr. Smith practiced as a veterinarian in Minnesota. After taking a job as a field veterinarian with the State of Wisconsin in 1960, Mr. Smith went on to head the state's mastitis program and supervise field veterinarians and livestock inspectors. He is survived by his wife, Jill, five daughters, two sons, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

1943

Helen Haeusler Hadd, 95, of Oak Park Heights, Minn., died Nov. 15, 2016. She raised her family while moving across the country and around the world as a military wife, and volunteered at the Lee and Rose Warner Nature Center for more than 20 years. Mrs. Hadd is survived by a daughter, a son, six grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren.

1947

Louanne Sheldon Cary, 91, died Jan. 2, 2017, in Cody, Wyo. She worked as a secretary for the president of the May Co. in Denver and started a pinecone wreath and decoration business with a friend. Mrs. Cary was married to Paul and had a daughter, a son, two grandchildren, two sisters, and a brother.

Duane R. Lund, 90, of Staples, Minn., died Dec. 2, 2016. He was a high school teacher, guidance counselor, and principal in Staples. After working for five years in Washington, D.C., as chief of staff for Sen. Edward Thye, Mr. Lund returned to Staples and served for 25 years as superintendent of schools. He also served on various education-related committees and was active in efforts to bring economic opportunity to Staples and promote vocational education in the area. He wrote 45 books, including *Our Historic Upper Mississippi*.

1948

Patricia Long Myers, 90, of West St. Paul, Minn., died July 30, 2016. She is survived by a son and grandchildren.

Virginia Paulsen Widen, 90, of Castle Rock, Colo., died Oct. 28, 2016. She is survived by a daughter, three grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

1949

David G. Forsberg, 91, died Nov. 25, 2016, in Sun City, Ariz. He served in the U.S. Navy as a radio technician and began his career as a Presbyterian minister in 1954. He was active in a successful effort to petition the Ohio state legislature to set up psychiatric clinics in several towns and, while chairman of the

campus ministry at Case Western Reserve, he worked to expose racially discriminatory practices by banks in the Cleveland area. Mr. Forsberg was elected associate pastor at Faith Presbyterian Church in Sun City in 1986. He is survived by his wife, **Betty Atwood Forsberg '48**, three daughters, two grandchildren, and a great-granddaughter.

Stanley D. Hanks, 93, of Houlton, Wis., died Dec. 7, 2016. He served in the Army Air Corps during World War II, worked at Groveland Appliance in St. Paul, and launched Hanks Construction and Real Estate. Mr. Hanks is survived by his wife, Nancy Rud, a daughter, a son, four grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Beverly Kassel Hubbard, 85, of Tracy, Minn., died Dec. 16, 2013. She is survived by her husband, Melvin, a daughter, two sons, two grandsons, and a brother.

Ida Skaife Johnson, 88, of St. Paul died Nov. 22, 2016. She worked for 45 years at Brown & Bigelow, where she was vice president of export and licensing.

Erling Mostue, 89, of New London, N.H., died Jan. 9, 2017. He served in the U.S. Navy and worked in human resources in Massachusetts, New York, and New Hampshire. He was also a member of the National Ski Patrol at Temple Mountain and Pats Peak. Mr. Mostue is survived by two daughters, a son, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Mary H. Smith, 89, of Kennewick, Wash., died Jan. 6, 2017. She worked as a microbiologist at Kadlec Medical Center in Richland, Wash., until her retirement in 1994.

1950

Joann Kingsbury Erickson, 88, of Olivia, Minn., died Dec. 13, 2016. She taught English and Spanish and was a homemaker. Mrs. Erickson is survived by a daughter, a son, and two grandsons.

Mary Ann Sivertsen Ewart, 89, died Jan. 25, 2017. She retired from the Columbus, Ohio, public schools. Mrs. Ewart is survived by her husband, John, four sons, seven grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and a brother.

Marion Richards Maatz, 88, died Jan. 22, 2017, in Ortonville, Minn. She taught biology and girls' physical education in Ortonville and Zumbrota, Minn., was a homemaker and stay-at-home mother, and taught Sunday school for 26 years. Mrs. Maatz is survived by two daughters, two sons, seven grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, two sisters (including **Mayva Richards Boranian '53**), and two brothers.

Joanne Hinquist Mathison, 88, of Richfield, Minn., died Dec. 8, 2016. She worked as the office manager at Hinquist Companies for many years. Mrs. Mathison is survived by a daughter, a son, a granddaughter, and a brother.

Peter G. Spindler, 90, of St. Cloud, Minn., died Jan. 3, 2017. He served in the U.S. Navy in the Pacific theater during World War II and retired from Cargill, Inc., as associate vice president after 35 years with the company. Mr. Spindler is survived by a daughter, a son, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Robert Guanganan Tu, 88, died Nov. 10, 2016, in Beijing. He retired as a senior research fellow with the Institute of Latin America in the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. Mr. Tu is survived by his wife, Demian, two sons (including **Jay Tu '85**), and grandchildren.

1951

H. Douglas Fowler, 89, of Phoenix, Ariz., died Nov. 27, 2016. He served in the Army Air Corps during World War II. After his ordination in 1954, Mr. Fowler served Presbyterian congregations in the Midwest and New York, retiring in 1992. He is survived by four children (including **David Fowler '75**), three grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

Rollin Fry, 84, of Georgetown, Texas, died Dec. 13, 2014. He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. Mr. Fry is survived by a son.

Nancy Cornelison Roberts, 87, of Panama City, Fla., died Jan. 12, 2017. She helped establish a local Unitarian Universalist fellowship, the local chapter of the National Organization for Women, and the Genealogy Society of Bay

County. Mrs. Roberts is survived by two daughters, three sons, eight grandchildren, and eight great-grandsons.

1953

Sally Fick Johnson, 85, of Sioux Falls, S.D., died Nov. 22, 2016. She is survived by three daughters and three grandsons.

1954

Jerry J. Kennealy, 86, of Sun Lakes, Ariz., died Nov. 30, 2016. He served in the U.S. Army Signal Corps during the Korean War. In 1990, he retired after a 36-year career in public education in Wisconsin. Mr. Kennealy is survived by his wife, **LaVonne Haar Kennealy '57**, four children, six grandchildren, and a sister.

Alan K. Krueger, 85, of Albert Lea, Minn., died Jan. 13, 2016. He was a self-employed accountant. Mr. Krueger is survived by his wife, Pauline, two daughters, two sons, and four grandchildren.

Walter E. Leitze, 83, died June 21, 2015, in Eagan, Minn. He was a Lutheran minister and a Navy chaplain, retiring with the rank of commander. He is survived by his wife, Mary.

1955

John W. Jacks, 87, of Roseville, Minn., died Sept. 10, 2016. He is survived by his wife, Nancy, three daughters, a son, 10 grandchildren, and a great-grandson.

Mabel Christensen Pyle, 82, of Corvallis, Mont., died Jan. 1, 2017. She taught first grade in Frazer, Mont., and worked at the Ravalli County Courthouse. Mrs. Pyle is survived by her husband, Larry, three sons, and six grandchildren.

Minoru Tsuchimochi, 95, of St. Louis Park, Minn., died July 20, 2016. He is survived by his wife, Shizuko, a daughter, and two grandsons.

1956

Ruth Niemann Baldus, 81, of Kenyon, Minn., died Nov. 20, 2016. She worked as a secretary at St. Olaf College. Mrs. Baldus is survived by her husband, Wayne, three daughters, a son,

four grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and a brother.

1957

Barbara Blomquist Trask, 81, of Somers, N.Y., died Jan. 6, 2017. She worked as an executive assistant. Mrs. Trask is survived by two daughters, a son, five grandchildren, and a brother.

1958

Marjory Schmitz Konechne, 80, died Jan. 2, 2017, in Rapid City, S.D. She taught kindergarten in Rapid City for 35 years. Mrs. Konechne is survived by her husband, Donald, three sons, four grandchildren, and two sisters.

1959

Louise Day Mattson, 79, of Fountain Hills, Ariz., died Dec. 5, 2016. She was a mentor elementary teacher with Arizona State University and retired as a first-grade teacher in Scottsdale, Ariz. She also served as a Presbyterian elder and deacon. Mrs. Mattson is survived by her husband, George, two sons, and two grandchildren.

Ronald A. Steffen, 86, of St. Paul died Aug. 12, 2016. He served in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1952 to 1954 and taught at Mechanic Arts and Harding High Schools. Mr. Steffen is survived by his wife, Ann.

1960

Milton C. Bauer died Jan. 5, 2017. He served with the U.S. Air Force as a base veterinarian in Bitburg, Germany, from 1965 to 1968. He owned and operated Southview Animal Hospital in West St. Paul from 1972 to 1988. Mr. Bauer is survived by his wife, Betty, three sons, and four grandchildren.

1962

Michael W. Fordice, 76, of Randolph, N.J., died Jan. 8, 2017. He worked as a chemist for Merck & Co., the East Orange VA Hospital, and Metpath Inc. After retiring from Roche Diagnostic Systems in 1999, Mr. Fordice ran Fordice Communications. Mr. Fordice is survived by his wife, Tanya, a daughter, a son, and a brother.

Fred K. Kesler died in January 2017. He worked in the insurance industry in five different states before moving to Napa, Calif., and opening his own agency serving bank and credit union clients. Mr. Kesler is survived by his wife, **Sue Tschirley Kesler '62**, two daughters, a son, eight grandchildren, and a sister.

1963

Janet Root Frye, 75, of Bloomington, Minn., died Dec. 29, 2016. She worked as a librarian with the Dorsey law firm in Minneapolis, as well as Catalog Card Corp. and National Information Systems. She retired as a reference librarian with the Dakota County Library. Mrs. Frye is survived by her husband, **Kermit Frye '63**, two sons, seven grandchildren, and a sister.

1964

Jón Hákon Magnusson, 72, died July 18, 2013. He worked as a TV journalist in Iceland and in 1974 was the press officer for the 1,100th anniversary of the settlement of Iceland. Mr. Magnusson also managed the media station for the summit conference between American President Ronald Reagan and Russian President Mikhail Gorbachev in 1986. That year he also cofounded a public relations/public affairs consultancy, serving as its manager until 2013. Mr. Magnusson is survived by his wife, Gudrun, and two children.

1967

Phillip L. Greer, 73, of Casper, Wyo., died Feb. 6, 2017. He served in the Army as a specialist 4th class in Vietnam and worked as a geologist. Mr. Greer is survived by a sister.

1969

Gordon F. Keeler, 68, of Eagan, Minn., died Feb. 27, 2016. He is survived by a daughter, a son, a grandson, and a brother, **Toby Keeler '67**.

1970

Diane R. Turnbull, 63, of Woodstock, Ill., died April 6, 2012. She is survived by her husband, Arnold Kalnitz, a daughter, two sons, two grandchildren, two sisters, and a brother.

1972

Edwin A. Rust, 62, of Kansas City, Kan., died June 28, 2013. He retired from the Kansas City Fire Department in 2000. He was also co-owner of Snows Meat Market, an employee of the Wyandotte County District Court, and coach of a middle-school robotics team. Mr. Rust is survived by his wife, Sandra, two daughters, two sons, five grandchildren, and a brother.

1978

Kirk D. Almendinger, 60, of Forest Lake, Minn., died unexpectedly on Nov. 23, 2016. He practiced as a dentist in Wisconsin. Mr. Almendinger is survived by four sons and two brothers.

Valerie Stetson died Feb. 13, 2017, in Cameroon on assignment with Catholic Relief Services. She worked for 10 years with Save the Children, leading community development and health, nutrition, and HIV/AIDS programs in Cameroon, Somalia, Burkina Faso, and Haiti. Later in her career, she worked in Africa consulting for several organizations, then joined CRS in 2016. Ms. Stetson is survived by her husband, Jean Marie Adrian, three children, and her brother and sister.

2000

Jonathan E. Kaminsky, 38, of Arlington, Mass., died Nov. 27, 2016. He was a journalist, athlete, and singer-songwriter who lived in various places throughout the United States as well as in Palau, Sweden, and Madagascar. Mr. Kaminsky is survived by his wife, Sarah Koster, two sons, his mother and father, his grandmother, and his brother, **David Kaminsky '97**.

2002

Eleanor J. Slinkard, 37, died Dec. 17, 2016, in San Antonio, Texas. She was certified as a pharmacy technician and worked in Dallas and San Antonio. Ms. Slinkard is survived by her mother and father, her grandmother, and a brother.

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"Guests in the Mekong Delta," a photo by Pia Mingkwan '17, entered in the Macalester Study Away Photo Contest, Fall 2016.