

# IN P R I N T

## BUYER BEWARE

**A NEW BOOK CONSIDERS HOW  
PRESIDENTS USE ADVERTISING  
STRATEGIES TO SELL WAR**

by Robert Polner

**T**hink of war as a breakfast cereal, a skin cream, or the iPhone. Far-fetched? Not really, say Terence P. Moran and Eugene Secunda in their comprehensive and timely new book, *Selling War to America: From the Spanish American War to the Global War on Terror* (Praeger Security International), in which they argue that a president's case for military intervention often resembles the marketing of any product.

From 1898, when William McKinley unleashed American sea power and imperial ambition upon the islands of the Caribbean and Philippines, to the present war in Iraq, U.S. government and military leaders have turned to the latest

technologies and techniques of salesmanship. Many a White House has used branding, media management, and pop culture to ensure a patriotic response to their military adventures. McKinley transmitted his messages about the war-hungry penny press's "Splendid Little War" via a newfangled invention, the telegraph; Franklin Delano Roosevelt had his "fireside chats"; and George W. Bush declared premature victory on an aircraft carrier in front of a "Mission Accomplished" banner.

Though a president's propagan-

da may appear hollow in retrospect, it typically works in the moment, write the authors, both professors at the Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development. Since the dawn of advertising and modern communications, Americans have shown that they would buy whatever war their president was selling. Moran, a retired U.S. Marine who still recruits for the corps, and Secunda, an Army veteran who was a senior executive at J. Walter Thompson advertising, felt compelled to tell this story because, Moran says, "[People] buy a war with less attention than they buy an automobile." We are, after all, they argue, "gunfighters" at heart—John Wayne's DNA strands seem woven deep into our cultural character. "[A]ny president selling a war has a customer base that is already half sold," they write. "A few well-chosen slogans and images will complete the deal."

Even the biggest skeptics have had trouble resisting the hard sell, say the authors, given the tools of persuasion in the hands of a president. Woodrow Wilson appointed George Creel, an investigative journalist, to head the Committee on Public Information, and Creel enlisted artists to create paintings, posters, popular songs, and sculptures to help make the case for the "Crusade for Democracy." His



**FROM LEFT: THE GOVERNMENT ENLISTED ARTISTS TO STOKE AMERICANS' HATRED OF THE KAISER, AS SEEN IN THIS WWI POSTER; AS THE CRISIS IN INDOCHINA ESCALATED, KENNEDY USED MAPS OF COMMUNIST INFILTRATION IN LAOS TO JUSTIFY PROSPECTIVE ACTION IN THAT COUNTRY.**



committee organized choirs, civic clubs, religious institutions, and recruited 75,000 volunteers to give four-minute speeches in 5,200 communities. Though the Allies won the war, the example of the danger of overselling a war's potential is evident in the failure of Wilson to achieve his sweeping "Fourteen Points" in the Versailles Treaty negotiations. The unmet objectives to spread democracy through the crumbling empires of old Europe led to more than two decades of public disillusionment and isolationism at home.

The successful rallying of American support for entry into the First World War nonetheless became a primer for the marketing of World War II, which, from a selling perspective, was the most successful American war of all time, say the authors. Initially Roosevelt had a lot of persuading to do to reverse public suspicion of U.S. military engagements abroad. He skillfully leveraged radio, however, bringing his reassuring, stoic attitude and faith in the cause of democracy and liberty to living-room listeners across America. Six months after the attack on Pearl

Harbor, he created the Office of War Information, which influenced the tone and content of hundreds of Hollywood comedies, dramas, and musicals to boost civilian and military morale if not provide a few hours of escape from the realities of war. Patriotic songs filled the airwaves ("Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition") and even comic book heroes like Batman stepped up to enlist. Meanwhile, press censorship and government regulation curbed contradictory messages in the media.

The Korean War, say Moran and Secunda, was by contrast the forgotten war, despite the fact that it was the first major national event covered by all the U.S. television networks, reaching nearly 30 million Americans. Harry Truman downplayed its importance, not even calling it a war (it was a "police action") and waited more than three weeks after the North Koreans invaded South Korea to go to the American people about his decision to commit troops. Hollywood, too, took little notice.

Those years planted the seeds for Vietnam, a war the authors view as a marketing fiasco. The

protracted conflict provoked the antipathies of the baby boomers, who denounced its underlying rationale and turned against it, as did much of the mainstream media. It was a war characterized by

"classic example of good marketing killing a weak product." While President Bush's persuasive arguments for toppling Hussein marshaled strong public support, his claims that the Iraqi strongman had weapons of

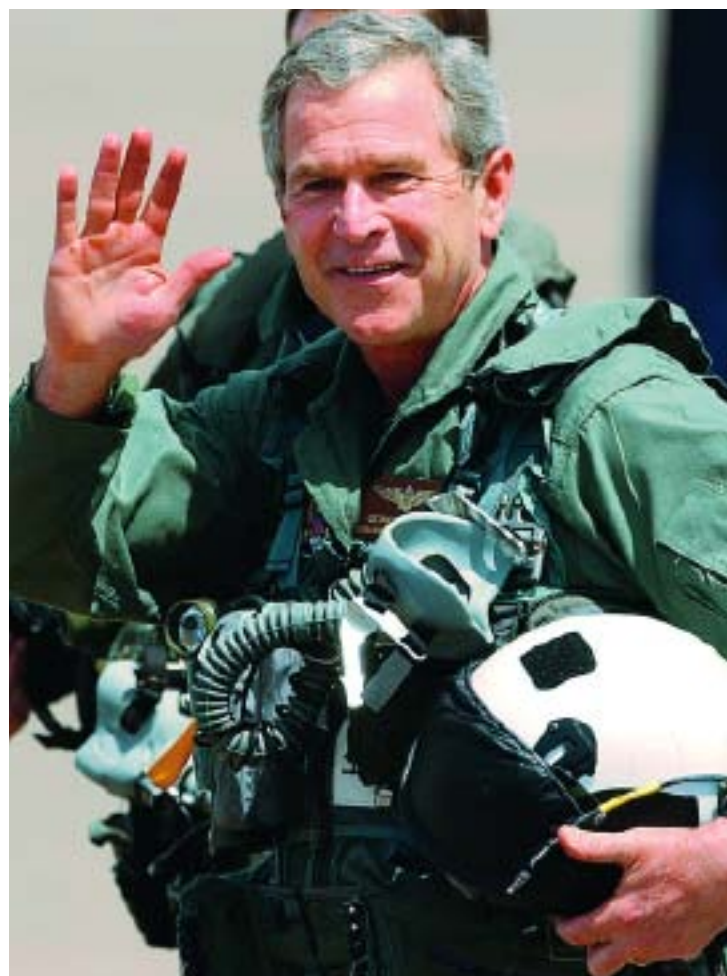
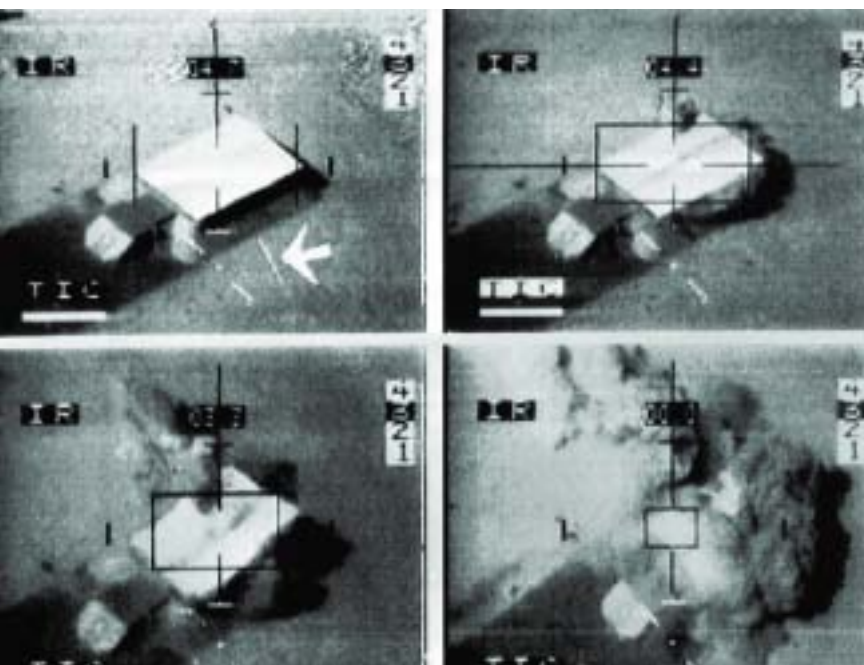
**"People buy a war with less attention than they buy an automobile," says Terence P. Moran.**

political manipulations and promises unfulfilled. Even the triggering event for the escalation of U.S. military actions proved flimsy—according to many historians, two alleged attacks by North Vietnamese torpedo boats in the Gulf of Tonkin were but invented provocations to win Congressional authorization. "The Vietnam War," they write, "was a textbook example of a war that was badly sold."

The war in Iraq, in contrast, is a

mass destruction and something to do with the terror attacks of September 11, 2001, have not been borne out—nor have proclamations of quick success. "The question is whether Americans can act like the informed, enlightened, and thoughtful citizens necessary for any democracy to flourish, or will they continue to be willing buyers of whatever war an administration is selling," the authors write. "We hope that the former is true, but fear that the latter is more likely." ■

**BELOW:** MILITARY OFFICIALS IN THE PERSIAN GULF WAR DAZZLED AMERICANS WITH "SMART BOMBS," WHOSE HIGH-TECH PRECISION, BROADCAST REPEATEDLY IN SATELLITE PHOTOS, PROMISED FEWER CIVILIAN CASUALTIES. **RIGHT:** IN A MISGUIDED MEDIA STUNT, PRESIDENT BUSH APPEARED IN A FLIGHT SUIT BEFORE A "MISSION ACCOMPLISHED" BANNER ONLY SIX WEEKS INTO THE IRAQ WAR.



FROM LEFT: © LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; © BETTMANN/CORBIS; © AP/SKY NEWS; © AP PHOTO/DENIS POROY



Nonfiction

# Sky Girls

## A LOOK AT THE GLAMOROUS—AND ACTIVIST—HISTORY OF FLIGHT ATTENDANTS

by Andrea Crawford

In February 1930, a young woman named Ellen Church walked into a meeting at Boeing Air Transport. Trained as a nurse and a pilot, Church pitched an unusual idea: She suggested that the airline hire nurses to serve passengers. At a time when flights were rough, air-sickness rampant, and emergency landings far too commonplace, her medical expertise, she argued, would be an asset in the air.

Airlines had been ferrying passengers along with mail and cargo since the early 1920s, and many had experimented with male stewards, in vogue on trains and ocean liners. The Boeing manager, however, immediately grasped the power that women would have on board. Their

presence would reassure passengers—with “great psychological punch,” he noted—that this new mode of travel was both safe and respectable. It would also, he predicted, earn his airline enormous national publicity. Three months later, on a 10-passenger plane flying the Oakland-Cheyenne-Chicago route, the world’s first “stewardesses” took to the air.

The great success of Church’s idea is chronicled in Kathleen M. Barry’s *Femininity in Flight: A History of Flight Attendants* (Duke University Press). In the account, Barry (GSAS ’02) argues that those stylish attendants who pampered elegant passengers with seven-course meals, cigars, cocktails, fresh flowers—and, in old sleeper accommodations,

even breakfast in bed—were on the forefront of labor history. Among the first to use the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to fight sexual discrimination, for example, they were pioneers in the air and in the courts.

Barry’s story travels a rich history: from the first adventurous women flying during the Depression to the mid-century “Golden Era” of flight when “well-heeled air travelers enjoyed leisurely flights on roomy, well-appointed planes,” and flight attendants, as she writes, “could borrow plenty of prestige from both customer and setting.” The history continues through the hypersexualized late 1960s and early ’70s, describing how National Airlines, for example, ran an infamous advertising campaign featuring a beautiful flight attendant and the headline, “I’m Cheryl—Fly Me” (which soon

transformed into “I’m Going to Fly You Like You’ve Never Been Flown Before”). Barry ends her study with weight-restriction battles that carried into the 1990s and an aviation bill that finally, in 2003, legislated safety requirements for flight attendants, certification for which they had been lobbying for decades.

From the time Barry began researching the topic while a graduate student in history at NYU, the activism angle intrigued her: “Just the idea that these women who are seen as genteel and glamorous actually set up a union in the 1940s—it flies in the face of the stereotype.” The book details, for example, the fight to overturn outrageous rules that for decades forced “retirement” upon marriage and age limits as young as 32. In 1965, when several stewardesses





**LEFT:** THE FIRST FLIGHT ATTENDANTS TOOK TO THE SKY TO SOOTHE THE DANGER AND DISCOMFORT OF EARLY AIR TRAVEL. **ABOVE:** AS FLYING BECAME SAFER, AIRLINES BANKED ON THE SEX APPEAL OF ATTENDANTS IN THE 1960S AND EARLY '70S.

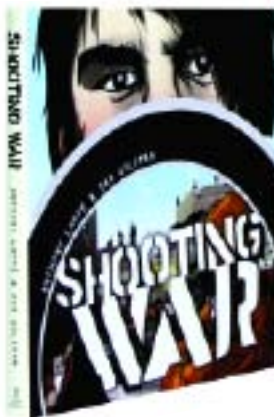
appeared before a House Labor Subcommittee to fight industry age discrimination, New York Representative James H. Scheuer asked them to stand so he and his colleagues could “visualize the dimensions of the problem.” To the Congressmen, Barry writes, “the more interesting matter was not stewardesses’ function in commercial aviation but the age at which women ceased to be attractive.”

Nevertheless, recent years have seen a strong sense of nostalgia for the so-called glamour of those

days, and even as their jobs grow more difficult, flight attendants have become a potent symbol of a lost time when air travel was both elegant and pleasurable. Due in part to the downgrading of services since deregulation, it is also certainly a psychological response to the fact that flying has become so scary. “We can look back to this golden age,” Barry says, “and think, Oh, wasn’t that nice? Everyone behaved themselves and wore white gloves, and you didn’t have to worry about terrorism.” ■

## bibliofile

**SHOOTING WAR**  
(GRAND CENTRAL PUBLISHING)  
**ANTHONY LAPPÉ**  
**WSUC '93**  
**AND DAN GOLDMAN**



It's 2011, and the world's gone to hell. The United States is still mired in Iraq, terrorism is ravaging the globe, and splinter reactionaries are goading President John McCain to nuke Iran back to the Stone Age. Wise guy lefty video blogger Jimmy Burns suddenly becomes the media wunderkind when he catches the bombing of a Williamsburg, Brooklyn, Starbucks on tape. Hired by Global News on the merits of his serendipitous break, he gets more than his ego's worth of grizzly footage in the guerrilla-warfare-wracked wasteland of Iraq. *New York* magazine hailed this graphic novel, written by Lappé and illustrated by Goldman, as “fierce, shocking, over-the-top, and wickedly smart.” Employing an innovative blend of digital painting and photographs alongside crisp, witty dialogue, it is a pointed, up-to-the-minute commentary on America's affairs abroad.

—Andrew Flynn

**LEARNING A NEW LAND:  
IMMIGRANT STUDENTS IN  
AMERICAN SOCIETY**  
(HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS)  
**CAROLA SUÁREZ-OROZCO AND  
MARCELO M. SUÁREZ-OROZCO**  
**CO-DIRECTORS OF IMMIGRATION  
STUDIES AT NYU AND  
CO-AUTHOR IRINA TODOROVA**



From the schoolyard brawls in northern California between Asian and Mexican immigrants—dubbed “Rice and Beans” by other students—to the Chinese children with Ivy League dreams in a small Massachusetts town, *Learning a New Land* examines the effect of the American education system on the youngest of the nation's 37.5 million immigrants. The authors followed 400 children from China, Central America, the Caribbean, and Mexico through their first five years in the United States. The probing and socially consequential book, which won Harvard's 2007 Virginia and Warren Stone Prize, combines detailed statistical analysis with lively student interviews and descriptions of the classrooms, homes, and neighborhoods that shape the strugglers, the stragglers, and their high-achieving fellow travelers.

—Suzanne Krause



# A CIVILIZING FORCE?

**PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING HISTORIAN DAVID LEVERING LEWIS NARRATES HOW ISLAM HELPED CREATE EUROPE**

by Adelle Waldman

**T**he way we talk about globalization frequently implies that it's a new phenomenon, one ushered into being by the Internet and ease of air travel. David Levering Lewis dismantles that notion in his sweeping and informative new history, *God's Crucible: Islam and the Making of Europe, 570–1215* (W.W. Norton). Lewis, a two-time Pulitzer winner and professor of history at NYU, argues that medieval Europe was profoundly influenced by its interactions with—and opposition to—Islam. The great Islamic Empire, he declares, “made Europe Europe.”

Lewis begins his story with the rise of Islam, which itself flourished in the geopolitical vacuum created by the collapse of the Roman and Persian empires. “The world’s newest revealed religion seemed to roar out of the Arabian Peninsula like a cyclone, a force so irrepressible that nothing withstood the advancing faithful,” he writes. While much of its power has long been attributed to military prowess, avarice for the spoils of war, and religious zeal, Lewis argues that the Islamic Empire spread, too, simply because its “enemies had exhausted themselves.”

Within a century of Muhammad

founding the new religion in 610, Muslim power stretched from Samarkand, in modern-day Uzbekistan, to Tangier. In 711, Islamic warriors made their first advance into what we now know as Spain, which they would occupy until the end of the 15th century. “Islamic Iberia’s importance to Europe proper has never been made as clear and connected as I’ve tried to do,” Lewis said in an interview. “The emergence of a militant and intolerant Christianity was a response to Islam.”

Interactions with Islam gave Europe its very name. In 732, when the Muslims attempted to cross the Pyrenees and occupy France, they were defeated by Charles the Hammer, the grandfather of Charlemagne, in the famous Battle of Poitiers. Not long thereafter, a Spanish priest dubbed the victors “Europenses,” from the ancient Semitic word *ereb*, which means “land of sunset or darkness.” For the first time, the people who inhabited the continent had a common name and, along with it, a common identity as Christians, distinct from the Muslims of the Iberian Peninsula.

The Western attitude about this battle has long been that Europeans—thankfully—stopped the “barbarians” at the gate. But Lewis turns that attitude on its head: “The victory of Charles the Hammer

must be seen as greatly contributing to the creation of an economically retarded, balkanized, fratricidal Europe that, in defining itself in opposition to Islam, made virtues out of religious persecution, cultural particularism, and hereditary aristocracy,” he writes.

*Al-Andalus*, as Muslim Spain and Portugal was known, boasted a vibrant and diverse civilization where religious minorities and heterodox ideas flourished. “The conveyor belt at Toledo transmitted most of what Paris, Cologne, Padua, and Rome knew of Aristotle and Plato, Euclid and Galen,” Lewis writes. It was far more cosmopolitan than the rest of Europe—then a stew pot of frequently warring tribes—would be until the Enlightenment, centuries later.

After the setback at Poitiers, the militarily mighty Muslims

had every expectation of renewing their efforts to expand into France and the rest of Europe, but civil strife back in the Maghreb and Iranian Khurasan prevented them. Not only would they forego another serious attempt to push deeper into Europe, but ultimately the cosmopolitan spirit that illuminated *al-Andalus* for several hundred years would fall victim to Muslim fundamentalism. And that, Lewis argues in this impressive account packed with personal drama and battlefield detail, developed in large part as a response to the very Christian fundamentalism it had helped create in the first place.

“At the end of the day,” Lewis says, “tolerance was squeezed out of the picture. There are here inescapable inferences about the contemporary situation.” ■

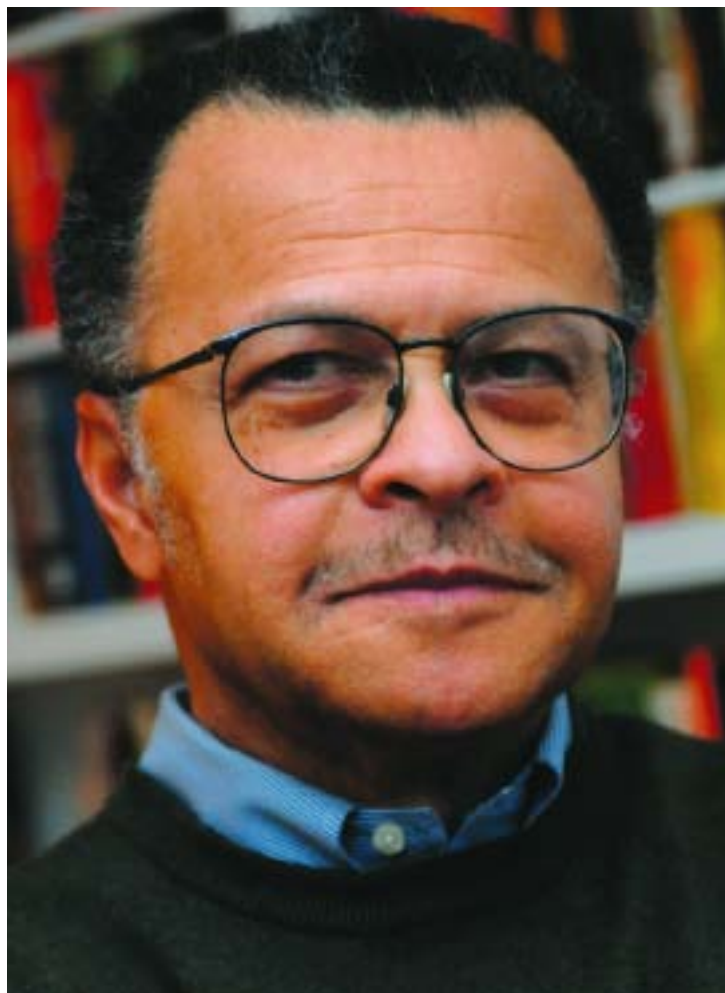


PHOTO © FRANK STEWART

PROFESSOR DAVID LEVERING LEWIS ARGUES THAT THE MUSLIM INVASION OF MODERN-DAY SPAIN NOT ONLY BROUGHT ARABIC NUMERALS TO EUROPE BUT SEALED ITS IDENTITY AS A CHRISTIAN CONTINENT.

## bibliofile

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE COUCH: REFLECTIONS OF A PSYCHOANALYST, DAUGHTER, TENNIS PLAYER AND OTHER SELVES (BOOKSURGE)

FERN W. COHEN

STEINHARDT '75, GSAS '93



In this unconventional memoir, the writer's troubled relationship with her father, renowned federal judge Edward Weinfeld, illustrates how the unconscious can possess us but also set us free when unraveled through psychoanalysis. Known for his uncompromising standards and ethics, the late jurist had one outlet for relaxation: tennis; for Cohen, the game became a source of both self-worth—as the strongest link to her distant, difficult-to-impress father—and inadequacy. With candor and humor, Cohen demystifies psychoanalysis as she relates how it helped her reckon with her father's ghost and realize her own talents as a psychotherapist—and tennis player.

—Nicole Pezold

MY DAUGHTER'S EYES AND OTHER STORIES (CURBSTONE PRESS)

ANNECY BÁEZ

SSSW '95



Annecy Báez weaves poetry into her fiction in this beautifully written first book, *My Daughter's Eyes and Other Stories*. Centered around a large Dominican family in the Bronx across three decades, 14 short stories laced with Spanglish highlight the struggles the young daughters face as they grow up caught between two cultures. "The world out there is not the world of this family," the precocious Mia insists to her strict father. Báez draws in the reader with vivid descriptions that make the smell of rancid New York subways as pungent as the homemade *garbanzos criollos*. At times unnerving and heartbreaking, the stories come full circle as the girls grow into women with daughters of their own and learn to see things through their parents' eyes.

—Renée Alfuso

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INHERITANCE (ST. MARTIN'S PRESS)

NATALIE DANFORD

GSAS '98



Olivia Bonocchio doesn't know much about her father Luigi's life before he emigrated to America from Italy during World War II. But after his death, she discovers the deed to a house in Urbino and travels for the first time to his hometown. There, while struggling over whom to trust—a newfound cousin or a lawyer she's growing smitten with—she uncovers a horrible secret about her father's past. As the story shifts perspective from Luigi's life to Olivia's adventure, Natalie Danford creates a heartfelt portrait of father and daughter and an intricate exploration of memory and truth in this debut novel that *Booklist* calls "a sweet and tender tale."

—R.A.



Journalism

# UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT

ELEPHANTS TAKE MANHATTAN AND MORE IN DAN BARRY'S COMPILATION OF NEW YORK STORIES

**W**ho feeds the penguins in Central Park Zoo? Where do discarded Christmas trees go? Who exactly is Dr. Zizmor of subway advertisement fame?

Under the care of *New York Times* reporter Dan Barry's observant eye and poignant pen, the city has yielded its secrets. For three and a half years, from 2003 to 2006, he wrote his weekly "About New York" column, reveling in the magic of city life and revealing many of its wonders. Last fall, the best of these columns were collected into a book, *City Lights: Stories About New York* (St. Martin's Press).

In it, Barry (GSAS '83) uncovers the rich tales of the masses, introducing readers, for example, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art security guard—a painter with a master's degree in fine arts—who learns from the paintings he guards all day while directing visitors to the restrooms. Or the elderly pair who once graced the best ballrooms of Hollywood and now dance twice weekly in a rented studio in the theater district just for the love of it. These short, incisive narratives inspire, surprise, and sometimes sadden, but always delight—as in the following, from March 22, 2006:

**OBLIGED TO PAUSE IN ITS TRACKS, MANHATTAN TAKES NOTE OF THE MANHATTAN OF BEASTS.**

Word had come from the other side of the East River by police radio crackle: They're in. Now, in the midnight freeze, a welcoming

TOO BIG TO PARADE THROUGH PENN STATION, ELEPHANTS TRUDGE UNDER THE EAST RIVER EACH YEAR IN A LATE-NIGHT CIRCUS RITUAL.

party of the enchanted and the less so stared into the Manhattan maw of the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, waiting for the improbable.

Elephants.

Normally, only creatures of the genus Vehicular Traffic inhabit this small asphalt plain on the East Side. They leave the savanna of Queens, emerge from the tunnel, and follow their behavioral instincts: uptown, downtown, crosstown.

But this was a once-a-year night, when the traveling circus of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey tries again to compete with the everyday circus of New York. It parades the elephants through the tunnel and along Thirty-fourth Street to Madison Square Garden, where they live and perform for three weeks.

A rube might ask why the elephants must come through the tunnel, requiring the closing of one of its two tubes. The circus has its own mile-long train, after all. Instead of parking in a rail yard in Queens, couldn't that train pull into Penn Station, directly below the Garden?

Well, let's break it down.

First, commuters on the 7:04 out of Ronkonkoma are rarely in a good mood to begin with; imagine how they'd feel about boarding an escalator behind Juliette the elephant. Second, the best publicity comes wrapped in the gauze of tradition, and this tradition dates back to 1981, when development overtook the West Side rail yards that once accommodated the circus train.

All of which explains why overtired children and childlike adults, anxious circus employees and angry animal-rights activists, along with various police officers and photographers, now gathered on this asphalt plain, freezing, fussing, facing Queens.

Among them was Michael

PHOTO © CHRIS HONDROS/GETTY IMAGES

Shea, a veteran bridge-and-tunnel officer assigned to the Queens-Midtown, like his father before him. He had worked the three-to-midnight shift, but when he heard the elephants were coming through again, he seized the offer of overtime. "It's a good thing," he said of the elephants, and perhaps of the overtime as well.

His police radio's chatter told the tale of the elephants. How Jewell was being taken by truck over the 59th Street Bridge; "not

various trainers and assistants. Cheers rose to warm a cold and cheerless city corner.

The elephants seemed diminished at first by their urban surroundings. But as they drew closer they became larger, larger, until at last they somehow belonged—so much so that their grayish skin blended like camouflage into the asphalt and concrete around them.

In a few minutes they would be hustled west along Thirty-fourth Street, across Lexington,

## "Come on, ya freaking animals," said a freezing photographer.

a big fan of the tunnel," a circus spokesman later explained. How the other elephants were mustering at an elephantine pace in Queens. How, nearly an hour later than planned, they were lumbering toward the entrance and—they're in.

Imagine what these natural miracles experienced as they walked more than a mile through this man-made miracle snaking under the East River. The echoing clomp of their massive feet. The sleek walls of off-white Depression-era tile. The soft lighting befitting a strange dream about a journey.

At 12:46, the police radio said the elephants had reached Marker 21.

"Almost halfway through," said Officer Shea.

At 12:54, Marker 49.

"Come on, ya freaking animals," said a freezing photographer.

Then, at 1:03, a grayish smudge emerged to blot the light at the distant tunnel's mouth. Elephants in Manhattan.

Karen and Juliette, Nichole and Minyak, Bonnie and Kelly Ann—and Sara, at four, the baby. They ambled up the road, trailed by a pair of zedonks—half zebra, half donkey—some horses, and

Park, and Madison, past Macy's and at least three Duane Reade drugstores, while cabs and cars paused in deference. Their massive ears would snare the hoorays of the enchanted and the boos of those who believe the circus mistreats its elephants and other animals—a charge the circus denies.

And beginning tomorrow, they would star in the Big Top of cities, repeatedly performing a hip-hop act called "Wave That Trunk," while children of all ages marveled at creatures never seen through the scratched windows of the D train, or on the sands of Jones Beach.

How the elephants feel about all this, no one can tell for sure, though their eyes, small marbles set in massive skulls, always manage to convey a mood short of happiness.

But they are veteran performers by now, professionals—even Sara, the baby. Fresh from the tunnel, they paused, took their cues, and greeted Manhattan with a little dance. ■

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## bibliofile

ELLERY'S PROTEST: HOW ONE YOUNG MAN DEFIED TRADITION AND SPARKED THE BATTLE OVER SCHOOL PRAYER (UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN) STEPHEN D. SOLOMON ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR AND DIRECTOR OF GRADUATE STUDIES, DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM



Ellery Schempp was only a 16-year-old student in 1956, but his understanding of the First Amendment led him to question the mandatory Bible readings that his Abington, Pennsylvania, high school imposed each morning. In a bid to test the rules one day, he instead read silently from a copy of the Koran, sparking a battle that got him ejected from class and had him sitting, seven years later, in front of the Supreme Court, which ruled in his favor. In this gripping historical account, Stephen D. Solomon charts how this case proved to be one of the nation's most important decisions on religious freedom, what factors led even conservative judges to take Ellery's side, and how a backlash against the ruling—in the form of debates on school prayer and teaching creationism—continues today.

—Jason Hollander

THE CHINATOWN DEATH CLOUD PERIL (SIMON & SCHUSTER) PAUL MALMONT TSOA '88



It's 1937, the golden age of pulp fiction, and Walter Gibson and Lester Dent—authors of *The Shadow* and *Doc Savage* series, respectively—are hunting for the ending of a classic Chinatown tale. With prose that invokes the pulp magazines he celebrates, Paul Malmont reimagines the world of Gibson and Dent, two of the genre's real-life storytellers, and their cohorts at the White Horse Tavern, including Scientology creator L. Ron Hubbard, horror writer H.P. Lovecraft, and others. In pursuit of the story, the group's gumshoeing leads them on a perilous trail, replete with "Chinamen" villains (and good guys), stunning physical feats, and sensational twists, prompting *U.S. News & World Report* to call this debut novel "a genuine page-turner."

—N.P.



# The Scene Makes the Man

## ALAN GREENSPAN REMEMBERS TALES OF JAZZ, BASEBALL, AND WASHINGTON SQUARE

by Ben Birnbaum

In life—as in real estate—location is destiny, and Alan Greenspan's memoir, *The Age of Turbulence: Adventures in a New World* (Penguin), makes the case for location in time as well as place. Close proximity to the Polo Grounds—where “kids from the neighborhood could often get in free”—led the future Federal Reserve Board chairman to his earliest use of mathematics to tame chaos: the development of

an original scorekeeping system that allowed him to compile and analyze data from the 1936 World Series between the New York Giants and Yankees. He was 10.

Much of the charm of this memoir—even *The Economist* called it “an unexpectedly enjoyable read”—lies in such moments that reveal how a great city shaped a great man. Raised by his divorced mother in Washington Heights, then a neighborhood of

mostly Jewish middle-class strivers, Greenspan (STERN '48, GSAS '50, STERN '77) was part of a large, raucous family whose members worked on Wall Street and on Broadway, and part of a public school system that challenged the brightest city kids (Henry Kissinger was a high school classmate).

Music was his primary obsession, however, and he studied at Juilliard until he fell in love with jazz. At 15, standing in front of the Glenn Miller bandstand at the Hotel Pennsylvania, he inadvertently yelled out, “That’s the *Pathétique!*” when the band struck up an arrangement of Tchaikovsky’s Sixth Symphony. Miller turned toward him and said, “That’s terrific, kid.” A few years later, sitting in a student saxophone ensemble beside a boy named Stanley Getz, he awoke to the fact that he’d never be a great jazz musician. But he was good enough that when the World War II draft board rejected him (a spot on his lung portended tuberculosis), he was able to land a job playing saxophone in a respectable big band.

The young man playing sax beside him was Lenny Garment,

who would later join Greenspan in the Nixon White House. During stage breaks, while most band members enjoyed tobacco or marijuana, Greenspan read library books about business and finance and wondered if he could possibly make a life on Wall Street. In 1945, he followed that question to the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance—at the time, “possibly the least prestigious part of NYU,” writes Greenspan, who was not a distinguished high school student.

At NYU, he began to believe he had an intellectual calling and developed an interest in econometrics. “I was enthralled by supply-and-demand curves, the idea of market equilibrium, and the evolution of international trade,” he remembers. By his junior year, recommended by his statistics professor, he and his slide rule landed a job on Wall Street devising better ways to measure the Fed’s seasonal adjustments for department store sales. He would later expand his education by joining author Ayn Rand’s objectivist salon, which met regularly in her apartment on East 34th Street to talk and argue the nights away.

Joining together an autobiography and a set of lectures on economics, the memoir (written with the eminent ghost Peter Petre) unfolds with offhand grace. And as much as readers might have enjoyed some self-investigation as sharp as the author’s dissections of others (Nixon, he explains, was not “exclusively anti-Semitic” but “hated everybody”), the man in the dark suit—whom Rand nicknamed “the Undertaker”—just isn’t a confessional kind of guy. “Not having a dad left a big hole in my life,” he writes of his childhood—leaving it at that. But as demonstrated by this spare, rather old-fashioned “life and work” of the most influential American financial planner since the New Deal, the gifts of a valiant mother and city were more than sufficient to fill the void. ■



ALAN GREENSPAN, ONCE AN ASPIRING JAZZ MUSICIAN WHO PLAYED WITH STAN GETZ, CO-FOUNDED THE SYMPHONIC SOCIETY, PICTURED HERE, AS AN NYU UNDERGRAD.

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## Meet Julian...

Julian Cyr (GAL '08)



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Student Senators Council — Vice Chair

University Senate — Senator at Large

Senior Class Legacy Committee

**PART-TIME JOB:** NYU Wagner Research Center for  
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Waiter/manager/line cook during summer months

**FAVORITE VILLAGE HANGOUTS:**

The Dove — "a terrific little speakeasy" and

Angelica's Kitchen — "best organic food in the city!"

**HOMETOWN:** Cape Cod, MA

“Through my studies at NYU, I have been able to fuse  
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public health and cultivate my passion for social change.”

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