



Harvard in Allston, now and in development (above left): The figure shows existing uses, such as the athletic facilities (the Stadium is the blue U) and the Business School campus. Orange and blue blocks are projects authorized by the Institutional Master Plan; yellow blocks, previously approved, include the science center (the large quadrilateral, lower center). **Allston imagined (above right):** the schematic indicating potential building along Western Avenue and filling the enterprise research campus (lower right).

SOURCE: DRAFT ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT REPORT, DECEMBER 2013

IMP and environmental report is exactly that, he emphasized: provisional at best. But clearly, as FAS, the design and medical schools, and others plan for future research and teaching space; as the IMP and other projects morph from plan to real-

ity; and as Boston's building momentum resumes and the University's fundraising gains momentum, the sap is running again for a new season of imagining the Allston, and Harvard, of the future. Said Garber, "We're excited to move forward."

The College's New Dean

RAKESH KHURANA, Bower professor of leadership development at Harvard Business School and professor of sociology in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS), will become dean of Harvard College on July 1. He and his wife, Stephanie Ralston Khurana, have served as master and co-master of Cabot House since mid 2010, and will retain those posts when Khurana assumes his new duties in University Hall. FAS dean Michael D. Smith announced the appointment on January 22. It follows a formal search, and concludes a somewhat difficult decanal transition from Evelyn M. Hammonds, who departed at the end of the 2012-2013 academic year, to Donald Pfister, who serves as interim dean this year.

As a House master, Khurana is already deeply involved with undergraduates' daily lives outside the classroom, an im-

portant aspect of the College dean's responsibilities. In inclination and intellect (he studies leadership development, organizational behavior and effectiveness, and management as a profession), he is known for building consensus, listening and creating opportunities for others to be heard, and enthusiastic engagement with the students in Cabot House. (For a full report on Khurana's background and Harvard commitments, see <http://harvardmag.com/khurana-14>.)

In his statement, Dean Smith said Khurana "brings to the deanship an intimate understanding of the Harvard College experience, a profound commitment to the values of a liberal-arts education, and a warm and compassionate personality that accompanies his belief in the importance of community and an inclusive approach to decision-making." The new dean, he continued, "will advance undergraduate education with both a respect for enduring values and the

IMAGINATION IS THE HIGHEST KITE ONE CAN FLY.
—LAUREN BACALL

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Baby Talk

by JESSICA SALLEY '14

ability to embrace change. He understands the interplay of academic, extracurricular, and residential life at Harvard....”

Speaking by telephone from Davos, where he was participating in the World Economic Forum, Khurana said that he and his wife insisted on remaining at Cabot House, citing their enjoyment of the responsibility and its importance in informing their sense of student needs as he shapes College policy. Asked about FAS’s prospective academic honor code for undergraduates (Khurana serves on the committee leading this work), he broadened the conversation this way: “There is a strong thirst among students, faculty, and staff to discuss these issues and create space for these discussions to happen. That is a really important part of the Col-



Rakesh Khurana

STEPHANIE MITCHELL/HARVARD PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND COMMUNICATIONS

lege education. It goes back to the roots of the liberal arts,” as students shape their “moral identities” and determine “the people they hope to become.” That work goes on not only in the classroom but also in the Houses, he said. “It’s hard to have those conversations without considering the whole person,” and he expressed hope that the opportunities for such exchanges and reflections could be strengthened—part of his desire, as College dean, to “work in ways that create a transformative experience for our students.”

Read more about the Khuranas’ perspectives on the undergraduate experience in “Learning, and Life, in the Houses” (November-December 2013, page 46).

ABOUT HALFWAY through freshman year, one of my roommates made a startling confession. “You know, before we all got to school...I thought you had a baby.”

My roommates and I were draped across the futons in our common room, and as she said it, she burst out laughing. Everyone else followed, but I stayed silent.

“Wait. What?” I asked, dumbfounded.

“Well, you had that Facebook album just called ‘BABY!’ and someone left a comment on it saying, ‘I didn’t know you had a kid!’”

“Uhh. That’s my 40-year-old half-sister’s son,” I finally said. “And the commenter was my friend Anthony, who sat next to me in math class for three years. I’m pretty sure he’d have noticed if I’d had a baby.”

She held up her hands, as if accused by the law. “I know. I figured that out when you showed up to school and didn’t have a kid,” she responded, still laughing. “My brother and I just had this theory that you were a teen mom and you wrote a really moving essay about it, and that’s how you got in. It was sort of a joke, but, I mean, you are from Louisiana....” She trailed off, unsure whether she was still in friendly territory or had overstepped the line.

I laughed, because what else can you do when your freshman roommate tells you she thought you would show up to Harvard dragging a baby carriage up the stairs of your freshman dorm, saddled with a carry-on diaper bag, a suitcase full of formula, and a baby on your hip?

My laughter turned a little more genuine when I tried to picture it myself. I’m not exaggerating when I say I completely lack whatever complex mental or chemical processes comprise “maternal instinct.” When my half-sister first handed me my newborn nephew, the BABY! from my Facebook album all those years ago, I looked into his beautiful steel-blue eyes, took in the reality of his teensy button nose and his little yawning mouth, and

promptly shoved him toward my father.

He looked at me, concerned. “Is something wrong?” he asked.

“No. No. I mean, no, I just didn’t know what to do with that thing.”

FOUR YEARS LATER, not much has changed in that department. I teach civics to fifth-graders in Allston once a week, and I’m quite fond of all of them. They are witty, insightful little people who drive me insane in their own individual fashions, but who also sometimes restore my faith in humanity. At the same time, I appreciate the statutes that prevent me from making physical contact with them, if only because this has legally justified my awkward, two-pat-on-the-shoulder response to the few instances in which they’ve rushed to greet me or seek comfort from me. (This mostly happens in attempts to trump up charges of meanness against classmates.)

At school, even my friends in serious relationships think mostly like me: for most of us, having children, and even marriage, are entirely abstract ideas at this point. In conversations with my roommates, it’s about Pinterest boards full of bridesmaid dresses or arguments on DJs versus live bands. “When I get married to Justin Timberlake” is still a pretty common way that these dreams take form, whether or not a flesh-and-blood significant other is in attendance. We have no idea whom we’ll marry, or when; we just like the idea of planning a big party with an open bar that all of our friends will feel obligated to attend.

When conversations about marriage and having children turn more serious, we talk of the unrealistic expectations set up for us by the media. We share blog posts about how race, class, and womanhood are represented in TV shows from *Girls* to *Scandal*. We’ve read books like *Lean In*, and if we haven’t, we know how to talk as if we have. We ultimately agree that we want to be established in our careers before we can really consider starting a family. But we also know how to critique Sheryl Sand-