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**Dirty mirror or focal lens: The role of literary journalism in the
public understanding of psychological science.**

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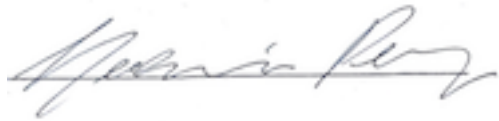
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Submitted in total fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
(by creative work and dissertation).

Declaration

I declare that this thesis is my own original work towards the Doctor of Philosophy. I have made due acknowledgement in the text to all other material used. The thesis is 80,000 words as approved by the Research Higher Degrees Committee.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Gemma in Perry", written over a horizontal line.

Abstract

The overarching question posed by my research and explored from both an academic and creative perspective is to what extent can literary journalism transform its ‘dirty mirror’ reputation in communicating and commenting on the psychological sciences for a general reading public.

Theories of the popularization and communication of science have largely focused on the ‘hard’ sciences and frequently conceptualize journalism as a subordinate discipline and an often unreliable ‘dirty mirror’ in the dissemination of knowledge to the public.

In the scholarly component of my thesis I will argue for a new ‘focal lens’ model that recognises the relationship between the psychological sciences and journalism as a symbiotic one between two equal spheres of influence. The model I propose will conceptualise a conversation in which literary journalism can make a range of important contributions. These include celebrating psychological science and its achievements to offering alternative truths, new interpretations, raising new ethical issues, stimulating new knowledge and new ways of understanding psychological research. Just as the psychological sciences can focus a lens upon questions of human behavior and our mental life, journalism can focus its lens back upon the psychological sciences as a human phenomenon requiring the insights that journalism is designed to bring forward.

I will apply this model to three case studies of literary journalistic accounts of psychological research to test the effectiveness of the model.

The creative component of my thesis will apply the model and techniques identified in the scholarly component to the retelling of a classic psychological study - Muzaffer Sherif's Robbers Cave experiment.

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Overview

Literature Review

The way scientific information is communicated to the public and the role of the media in this process has been widely debated in the fields of media scholarship, science communication, discourse analysis and sociology of scientific knowledge.

Sociologist Stephen Hilgartner identifies the dominant or traditional model of science communication as a hierarchical one that assumes a linear, one way flow of information. At its centre is the objective and unbiased scientist who produces new knowledge that once it is validated by disciplinary peers is sent 'downstream' to the media for dissemination to the public (1990).

Subscribers to traditional models frequently portray the media as 'a dirty mirror' (Bucchi, 2008, p. 58) referring to the apparent journalistic tendency to diminish or contaminate scientific information in the process of translation. Scientists often blame journalists for portraying science inaccurately, in sensational terms or in ways that show a lack of understanding of the subject matter (Cassidy, 2008). Because journalists are unreliable translators the scientific information that reaches the general public is often distorted, oversimplified or incorrect.

Not surprisingly, scholars critiquing these canonical or traditional models of communication of science label them as 'deficit' models for their assumptions that that misinformation, misunderstanding or scepticism about science is due to unreliable translators and an ignorant and passive public. Critics of this deficit account of the relationship between science and the public point to the 'empirical, theoretical and political' limitations of the model. (Cassidy, 2005) Scientists who subscribe to the traditional view and blame the decline in public trust in science on poor communication fail to recognise broader influences on public scepticism such as the rise of social movements that have challenged the value neutrality of science and high profile cases where science has been used to retard social progress (Hess, 2012).

Until relatively recently traditional models of science communication have dominated scholarly research on science communication. Even in the field of communication studies where scholars theorise the relationship between science and

journalism in more neutral terms and refer to 'public communication of science,' it has still prioritised and privileged science, and much of the focus is still on ways of improving science reporting in the print media and improving public levels of knowledge about science and its benefits (Dornan, 1990). The aim of science communication based on this model is to facilitate public acceptance of science by improving knowledge levels and understanding rather than increasing public participation or critical evaluation of science (Metcalf, 2013).

Studies of the media's role in popularization of science often share the negative view of journalism reflected in traditional models of science communication and the media's propensity to contaminate and distort science information in the process of transmission. Research into science coverage by print journalists has focused on its perceived failings and ways in which scientific research is 'simplified, distorted, hyped up and dumbed down' (Myers, 2003, p. 266).

While more recent research takes the increasing dependence of scientists on the media as its subject, the closer relationship continues to be conceptualised in terms of potential risk to scientific reputation and contamination of scientific practice (Rodder, Franzen, & Weingart, 2012).

Despite the obvious shortcomings of this traditional model and the fact that it bears little resemblance to the reality of contemporary communication of science, it is a view that is widespread in the scientific community. Hilgartner (1990) argues that the model has its functions as well as its limitations. It is a problematic model because it is simplistic and paternalistic and wrongly assumes strict boundaries between knowledge consumption and production. It suggests a linear flow of 'scientific truth' to a lesser and subservient discipline whose translations and representations are necessarily inferior to the original and it denies the agency of the public. But it's also a functional model and an effective political tool that can help scientists to mark boundaries between disciplines and reinforce the authority of scientific knowledge.

The dominant model of popularization of science describes an idealized view of dissemination of scientific knowledge, a case of scientific wishful thinking rather than a reflection of a more complex reality.

However, in the last two decades a growing number of scholars have critiqued the dominant model, pointing to its inability to account for scientist-popularisers, the influence of downstream knowledge on upstream science, and the fact that knowledge is shaped and altered once it enters the public sphere (Bucchi, 2008; Cassidy, 2008; Goulden, 2011). Others have pointed to declining public trust in science and increasing competition for research funding as factors that put scientists under more pressure than ever to win the hearts and minds of the public through the power of the media. This increased orientation towards the media has reshaped the interactive landscape and is not without its risks for scientists (Rodder et al., 2012).

Theorising, research and analysis of models of science communication have focused largely on the physical sciences which is reflected in the imagery deployed in descriptions of alternative models of science communication with theorists drawing on metaphors from engineering, hydrology and physics to describe the flow of information between scientists and their publics (Goulden, 2011; P Weingart, 2012). Apart from de-emphasising the individual scientist's role in the process of communication of their results, this kind of mechanistic imagery ignores the social sciences.

Psychology has received little attention even though it features prominently in the media, and enjoys strong public interest. In contrast to the physical sciences, stories about psychological research may appear not just on the science pages or in articles written by specialist reporters, but also in the generalist sections of print media where journalists deploy the findings of psychological research to explain or elaborate on broader social issues (Cassidy, 2008).

From a media perspective there is intense interest too as journalists regard psychology 'as little different from journalism itself' (Cassidy, 2008, p. 186) because of their mutual interest in the psychology of everyday life and social relationships. This common interest and overlapping boundary between the two disciplines is at odds with hierarchical notions of science communication.

Social psychology has been a particularly newsworthy sub discipline with its highly staged experiments using elaborate deception and subterfuge resulting in dramatic and often counterintuitive conclusions about human frailty. By reporting on this research journalism has played an active role in helping social psychology develop

and maintain its authority and relevance, both as a discipline and a profession. In turn, experimental social psychology obligingly fed journalists some sensational facts about human nature.

The discipline of psychology has much to offer science communication theory. Psychology is unique among the sciences for its long-standing commitment to popularisation and its reliance on the media to establish the credibility of the discipline, reinforce its expert status and promote, circulate and reinforce psychological ideas (Schnog, 1997).

Studies of science in the media also suffer from a limited and out-dated understanding of journalistic practice. Research has been largely focused on newspaper journalism for the practical reason that newspapers are more accessible and convenient for scholars to access (Gregory & Miller, 1998). While 'hard news' stories and short reports of research findings were at one time the standard for the reporting of science news, newspapers have diversified in the types and style of stories published with literary and narrative journalism taking an increasing role (Hamson, 2006).

Cassidy argues that research attention has focussed disproportionately on short news reports summarising scientific findings as a unit of study and the techniques and work practices of specialist science journalists. In her analysis of coverage of evolutionary psychology she identified a range of writing styles and authors publishing on the topic. These included newspaper and magazines articles and popular science books written by scientists, academics, authors and journalists writing longer form stories in which discussion, speculation and debate about findings and their implications, occurred (2006).

Science communication scholars acknowledge that changes in science reporting over the past two decades have seen journalists taking a more critical view of consequences of science, ideologies of progress, and political and cultural influences on science (Hornmoen, 2006). However, the study of science communication and journalistic practices has remained largely limited to the traditional reporting of news about scientific findings, despite recent developments in print journalism in which writers acknowledge and explore the social context of science, and scientists themselves play a number of different roles in the media (Valiverronen, 2001).

Ricketson (2010) argues that studies of the short news story likewise dominate journalistic scholarship despite the fact that newspapers have increasingly turned to the use of narrative in news and features as a means of recapturing a declining readership. This has shifted the focus from short fact-based news stories to longer features that use literary techniques to engage and entertain readers rather than simply delivering the facts (Johnston, 2007).

The increasing use of long-form narrative journalism that employs literary techniques has emerged from the practice of New Journalism (also known as literary journalism) in the mid twentieth century, itself a result of the radical social, political and cultural upheaval in North America during the '60s and '70s. Practitioners of the form apply a range of literary techniques such as scene construction, character development, dialogue and point of view as well as a more subjective and critical stance towards their subject (Wolfe & Johnson, 1973).

For this dissertation I have adopted the term literary journalism with its emphasis on the incorporation of storytelling techniques of fiction into journalistic stories (Hartsock, 2000). Writers vary in the degree to which they adopt the techniques of literary journalism according to the rhetorical purpose of the journalistic piece. Hornmoen distinguishes between those who use literary devices to make a celebratory science story more engaging and those who use such techniques to place the science they are writing about in a broader context, who identify social, cultural and political influences, challenge assumptions, and expose the failures as well as the successes of the science. Hoernmoen finds that the latter group are more likely to be writing book length literary journalism, which is less constrained by the news imperatives imposed by newspapers and magazines. He concludes that despite being one of our 'contemporary literatures' there is a paucity of research into and analysis of literary science journalism texts (2006).

An alternative, non-traditional model that lends itself well to a more nuanced understanding of the interaction between science and its publics is one proposed by Hilgartner (2000). His dramaturgical framework, based on the work of Erving Goffman, offers a metaphor of science advice as a form of theatrical performance. Science experts as actors on a public stage adapt and shape their performance for

different audiences and in response to audience feedback in an attempt to fashion an impression of themselves as reliable, trustworthy and authoritative. This is a task made all the more difficult in an era when scientists can no longer take public confidence in the objectivity of science for granted (Hilgartner, 2012).

How convincing the actor's performance is depends on the believability of the persona or character he projects, as well as his skill at 'stage management', a process where the scientist-performer controls information and selects what to reveal front stage and what to keep behind the curtain (Hilgartner, 2012, p.12). This 'theatrical self-consciousness' does not imply dishonesty on the scientist's part, but rather a heightened awareness of making a positive impression on the audience, by imagining and anticipating audience reactions, monitoring his or her self-presentation, and making adjustments as needed (Hilgartner, 2012, p. 8).

A scientific text is also a form of performance where the author presents his or her findings for display. The kinds of performances most likely to convince an audience are those in which the scientist has constructed an effective persona, the performance has a strong narrative and a convincing cast. The scientist-writer anticipates audience questions and any potential objections or queries and addresses them in the document. An author's choices about what to include in the document and what to leave out control and limit what the audience can know or say about the text.

In this model, critics of the research are themselves performers and debates about the research are 'theatrical contests' (Hilgartner, 2012, p. 9). Journalists in the audience can choose to simply report the scientists' presentation for their (new) audience or take a more investigative role going 'backstage' to query the stage managed public face of a scientific performance and potentially make visible a more complex story about the inner workings of the research project. Hilgartner's model with its emphasis on the rhetorical skills of the scientists involved suggests a more equitable relationship between scientists and journalists and opens up the possibility that journalists, far from being passive audiences or unskilled translators, can 'restage' performances and in doing so have a role in adding to, diminishing or challenging scientific facts.

Hilgartner's model of science as public drama offers a powerful framing device for understanding the relationships between scientists, journalists and their audiences. However in order to examine the differential effects of front stage and backstage written performances of the same research, a more detailed framework for the rhetorical analysis at a textual level is needed. Here Gusfield's (1976) work offers a practical framework for analysing the literary and rhetorical features of scientific writing.

Gusfield uses the term 'windowpane theory' to describe scientists' belief in the 'intrinsic irrelevance of language to the enterprise of Science.' This 'windowpane' theory assumes that the 'neutral' language scientists use does not 'construct' reality but simply describes it, as if the scientist is simply looking and describing 'reality' through a clean windowpane. Gusfield argues that a close examination of the language and style of scientific texts can reveal how their authors use language to persuade readers to regard their work as science.

Seeman's (2013) work adopts a similarly analytical approach to the ways in which literary journalists encourage readers to share their point of view. In her survey of scholarship on literary journalism Seeman found the field dominated by work focussed on defining the genre, documenting its history and providing benchmark examples in anthologies of the form. Her resulting identification of specific persuasive techniques provides a useful framework for investigating how literary journalists achieve particular rhetorical effects.

Gusfield's and Seeman's two approaches provide the means for a more detailed textual analysis of both front stage and backstage performances of science. Combining them both with Hilgartner's model allows for the analysis of the literary and rhetorical techniques of scientific writing on one hand and literary journalism on the other through the framework of a dramatic performance. This approach has the potential to illuminate how science and journalism, and their respective front stage and backstage performances influence the other as well as offering a more nuanced understanding of the role of journalism in science communication.

Aims of my research

In this overview of the literature I have identified a number of reasons why traditional models of science communication are inadequate to the task of shedding light on public understanding of psychological science. I have also identified a non-traditional model—Stephen Hilgartner’s notion of science as public performance—as an alternate and potentially useful way of viewing the relationship between science and the media.

Literary journalism has been excluded from serious study in the field of the communication and popularisation of science, and literary *science* journalism is all but invisible in the academy, despite the fact that as a genre it is flourishing (Hornmoen, 2006), and is practised to varying degrees by academics, journalists, authors and psychological scientists writing in a range of media.

Studies of science communication have foregrounded studies of the practices of journalists in reporting science news at the expense of studies of the individual scientist’s role in the process of communication of their results and of the rhetorical properties of scientific texts. But as Hilgartner points out, in an era when public trust increasingly has to be earned rather than taken for granted, the individual scientist as a persuasive force in the promotion, circulation and acceptance of knowledge claims and the study of rhetoric in science communication are more important than ever. (2000, p. 70)

Science communication is a term that has largely been used to refer to studies of the relationship between the physical sciences and the media. Very little research has specifically focussed on psychological science despite its ubiquitous presence in the media and its impact on the popular imagination. Moreover, much of the work in science communication has conceived of the relationship between science and the media as a one-way flow of knowledge and intellectual capital, foregrounding the efforts of scientists as 'producers' of 'upstream' scientific research and journalists as popularisers in 'downstream' public media.

For the relatively new discipline of social psychology, eager to establish its credentials, the relationship with journalism has been a two-way interaction. Journalistic accounts of social psychological research have helped social psychology to ‘lay claim to

the cultural authority of science' and 'achieve credibility' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 5). On one hand social psychology has gained professional validation and an amplified voice, and in return journalism has benefitted from audience interest in dramatic and newsworthy stories about humans and their social relationships.

Rather than categorising psychology and journalism as high and low, elite and popular I will reframe the relationship between psychology and journalism in broader, more symmetrical terms. I will theorise them as two distinct domains (Peters, 1995) which have a symbiotic relationship which warrants closer examination. This interactive viewpoint acknowledges that while psychology and journalism are two distinct spheres the boundaries between the two are permeable, notions that are at odds with the hierarchical assumptions of the traditional one-way model. Secondly while psychology and journalism are distinct disciplines, there is some overlapping of boundaries when it comes to research that purports to offer new insight into human relationships. I will investigate the implications of these permeable boundaries for the production and promotion of psychological knowledge.

In this reconceptualising of the relationship between psychology and journalism I will abandon the privileging of the scientific text over the journalistic, and define both scientific and journalistic texts as rhetorical attempts to persuade a reader to a particular point of view. My aim is to replace the notion of journalism as a 'dirty mirror' with a conceptual model which better captures the varied contributions that journalism can make to psychological science.

My approach will be to analyse and compare the rhetorical strategies used in scientific 'front stage' and journalistic 'backstage' accounts of three famous social psychological experiments. My analysis of the rhetorical strategies of both accounts will offer insight into how social psychological ideas gain currency and the varied ways in which literary journalism can contribute to the public communication of psychological science. Using the metaphor of a focal lens I will argue that literary journalism can turn its attention to and focus on psychological science as a social endeavour and bring its particular insights to bear on the human activity of psychological research.

Redefining the role of communicating psychological scientific information in popular publications to reflect a more equitable exchange process which takes into

account the viewpoints of both disciplines, will help us theorise how and why certain scientific ideas are broadly accepted and re-circulated.

Research questions

How do current models of science communication as a form of public performance and stage management account for psychological scientists' presentation of their work? What rhetorical techniques do psychological scientists use to make their front stage performance convincing science?

How have canonical or classic psychological experiments fared in journalistic 'backstage' accounts of the research? What role can literary journalists play in backstage accounts of psychological research and what is the effect of bringing what was formerly hidden into view? What disciplinary struggles between psychological science and journalism are enacted in this process?

How far can literary journalists writing about psychological research go in their use of the form? Can they disrupt as well as disseminate, transform as well as translate psychological science for lay audiences? What rhetorical strategies and techniques do literary journalists use to establish the credibility of their claims?

Overall Methodological Approach and Outline

My Journey into PhD Candidacy and Key Intellectual Influences

I first became interested in the politics and history of relationship between science and journalism after the publication of my book about Stanley Milgram's obedience experiments.

In the process of four years of research I found that Milgram had misrepresented the experiment and his findings, had clear evidence, contrary to what he claimed, that some participants were aware the experiment was a ruse, and that others were psychologically harmed by taking part. I was conscious even then that there would likely be some sensitivity about my findings, given the iconic status of the Obedience to Authority experiments in social psychology. Milgram's obedience experiments are a staple of social psychology textbooks and because the findings are so often mentioned in reference to the Holocaust, have bolstered the discipline's claims to discovering important universal truths.

After the book's publication I became increasingly aware of the often fraught terrain for the outsider-journalist commenting on the discipline of psychology. Three instances in particular illustrate the particular challenges involved in writing a popular science account of a social psychological experiment. Firstly, at a talk I gave to a group of social psychologists about my findings, including evidence that cast doubt on the experiment's results and conclusions, one woman in the back row waved her arm at me impatiently. 'I don't care what you've found,' she said. 'I just know that when I show the film of the Obedience experiments to a lecture theatre full of 200 boisterous 18 year olds that I have them eating out of my hand. That's when they realise how relevant social psychology is, how it relates to real life.' This experience forced me to reconsider the role and function of classic experiments in social psychology and their importance in the forming of professional identity.

Secondly, I noticed that some academic reviewers failed to grasp that the book was written for a lay audience and used standards of scientific writing to critique it. For example, in structuring the story I used the narrative arc of my transformation from Milgram enthusiast to someone disenchanted both with the man and the research. At the

start of the book I established myself as the narrator, telling the story in the first person. I imagined myself standing in for the average reader - someone who may have heard about the experiment in a textbook or from a newspaper and had some knowledge of what Milgram had discovered. I framed the story as one in which I began with a set of assumptions about the research that were challenged by the experiences I had in talking to people who took part as well as material I found in Milgram's papers and recordings. As part of this narrative I reflected in the book about how my feelings about the research and about Milgram changed over time. I chronicled feelings of admiration, then a dawning sense of disappointment, distaste and finally, disillusionment. When one academic reviewer accused me of obvious dislike of Stanley Milgram and implied that this had shaped my research rather than being a result of the research process, I realised there was a mismatch between what some social scientists expected of a book about the experiments and what I had written. The reviewer clearly regarded subjectivity as a crime in a book about science. In her view, it undermined my credibility as a researcher. From a journalistic point of view however this declaration of personal subjectivity and documenting of my shifting reactions to the material I was writing about is part of a journalistic tradition where unrealistic notions of journalistic objectivity have been replaced by a heightened self-consciousness and in which the personal point of view is welcomed. Thirdly, after a public radio interview in the US where I talked about Milgram and his work I was contacted by an irate social psychologist who was also head of a large professional body who demanded to know my professional qualifications. The implication was that the only professionals authorised to comment publicly on the work of leading social psychologists are those inside rather than outside the discipline.

These experiences highlighted the importance of looking for ways to better understand the historical professional and intellectual tensions that arise in the process of popularisation. Around this time Rod Buchanan, one of my supervisors, gave me an article by Elizabeth Wesseling about Judith Rich Harris which analysed the rhetoric of Rich Harris' book, *The Nurture Assumption: Why Children Turn Out the Way They Do*. I must have read that article twenty, even thirty times. I admire Wesseling's engaging and clever writing style and the creative connections she makes. Rich Harris had written a book about child development that challenged orthodox views and, because of the

academic research behind her book as well as the media attention it received, her work made an impact on academic research in textbooks and university curricula. But the dazzling part of this paper for me was Wesseling's exploration of the notion of Rich Harris's fashioning of a public persona that academic and lay readers would trust, one that offset her lack of scientific credentials. Wesseling weaves together insights from rhetorical analysis, science communication, history and philosophy of science, literary analysis and sociology to deconstruct and then explain the reasons for Rich Harris's impact on the field of developmental psychology.

From Wesseling I proceeded to Hilgartner and his description of the dominant view of popularisation of science in the science community, to Gross and Bazerman on rhetoric and science writing, to Gieryn and his work on how psychology defines itself as a science as distinct from non-science, and so on.

Journalistic science writing that inspired me includes Ian Parker's story about Stanley Milgram in *Granta Magazine* (2000), Rebecca Skloot's book *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* (2010), Deborah Blum's book on psychologist Harry Harlow, *Love at Goon Park* (2002) and Russ Rymer's *Genie. A Scientific Tragedy*, which recounts the story of a 'feral' child (1994).

I became interested in those practitioners—scientist-writers and writer-scientists—who somehow troubled the boundaries between psychology and journalism. For my case studies I selected three psychological experiments that are influential, dramatic, theatrical and controversial and three journalistic accounts that attempt to go 'behind the scenes' of those same experiments.

Research strategies employed and sources of data

For my research I adopted a case study approach, and selected three of social psychology's most famous experiments for analysis. For each experiment I compared the scientist's first published account of the research with a contemporary literary journalistic account. In my selection of journalistic sources I chose what Hilgartner calls a 'backstage' story about the original research.

Choosing the social psychological texts for the case studies was relatively straightforward. I focused on experiments from the 1960s and 1970s that are regarded

as classics in the field. But finding a behind-the-scenes literary journalistic account of the same research proved more difficult because so much had been written about each experiment and so much was a simple reflection or summary of the original research, albeit in simpler form, what Bucchi calls ‘routine’ scientific communication (Bucchi, 1996).

The case studies I have chosen illustrate different aspects of the two way interaction between psychological science and literary journalism; how translations directed at or spilling over from one sphere to the other affects both in disruptively uncertain ways, adding to or reframing knowledge claims, generating or spending intellectual capital, and changing intrinsic perceptions. I chose these three case studies to investigate different elements of this two way relationship between social psychology and journalism. In each I looked at the rhetorical performance of the social psychologist’s first publication and how this contributed to the experiment’s fame and impact. Secondly I looked at a backstage journalistic account to consider the rhetorical strategies used by the journalist as well as its impact both on science and the general public.

Case Study 1 ‘On Being Sane in Insane Places’

In this chapter I will compare and contrast David Rosenhan’s report of his research with literary journalist Lauren Slater’s account. Rosenhan’s article ‘On Being Sane in Insane Places’ published in 1973, described an experiment in which Rosenhan and eight other volunteers presented to different psychiatric hospitals complaining of auditory hallucinations. Rosenhan’s aim was to test whether psychiatry could distinguish the sane from the insane. Eight of the volunteers were admitted with a diagnosis of schizophrenia, one was diagnosed with manic depression. On admission all of them stopped faking their symptoms but were kept in hospital from between 7 and 52 days. During that time Rosenhan noted the stigmatizing effect of psychiatric diagnosis. In her literary journalistic essay about Rosenhan’s experiment Lauren Slater both celebrates his study and re-enacts it.

Case Study 2 The Stanford Prison Experiment

Dr Philip Zimbardo published his account of the Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE) in 1973 in *The New York Times*. Using the basement of a building at Stanford University Zimbardo and his research colleagues established a mock prison and recruited 24 young men to play the roles of prisoners and guards. In his article he reported that subjects adapted quickly to their roles with guards abusing prisoners, causing prisoners to suffer severe emotional stress and prompting the cancellation of the experiment.

In this chapter I will argue for the power and influence of a scientist's persona and journalistic skills in public acceptance of his research. Dr Philip Zimbardo is a high profile media personality and scientist-populariser whose first account of his study was published in the newspaper before it appeared in the scholarly literature. A plethora of subsequent journalistic accounts of the experiment have been published in the intervening four decades but most have simply reiterated the original narrative. I selected for comparison a 'backstage' journalistic account by Romesh Ratnesar which is notable for its abandonment of Zimbardo as the narrator of the research.

Case Study 3 The Bystander Study

This chapter compares Darley and Latane's journal article presenting the results of their bystander research with Peter Baker's article about the origins and recent challenges to the bystander studies.

In this chapter I have selected the case study of 'bystander research' first described by John Darley and Bibb Latane (1968) which was inspired by a newspaper report of the murder of a woman called Kitty Genovese in New York in March 1964. The case made the headlines because of the alleged indifference of witnesses who failed to intervene or go to Genovese's aid after she was stabbed. Darley and Latane's study spawned a spate of research that replicated or elaborated on their initial findings and cemented the status of the 'bystander effect' as a psychological truth. In the last decade several accounts disputing the original news reports and challenging the supposed indifference of the witnesses have been published.

I have selected Peter Baker's article in *The Nation* as a 'backstage' account because of its attention to the implications of the now discredited story for the status of bystander research.

Theoretical approach

For all three case studies and all the texts I analysed I used Hilgartner's framework of science as public drama. I used his framework to identify the two-way communication and influence between psychological science and journalism for each case study. I conducted a close reading and comparative analysis of both accounts of each experiment to identify the rhetorical strategies adopted by the scientist and journalist to craft a convincing narrative.

In the case of the scientist's accounts of research I have drawn on Hilgartner's work to examine the techniques the author has used to construct a 'narrative of scientific authority' and Gusfield's work on the literary techniques of scientific writing has informed my reading of scientific texts. Gusfield's view is that scientific texts are rhetorical documents that are written to persuade the reader, that it is 'the facts' that speak for themselves, and the scientist has no hand in persuading his audience. The scientist's goal is to convince the audience that what is being described is real science unmediated by the point of view of the writer. The techniques the scientist uses to achieve this include the establishment of a narrative arc in which the scientist-author sets up a conflict that requires resolution and ends with a call to action (Gusfield, 19). Other strategies include adopting the stance of the objective observer, stressing the primacy of method, and proceeding by logic and reason.

For the journalistic texts I drew on Hilgartner's metaphor of a backstage performance with his emphasis on the central role of the performer (in this case the journalist) in bringing what was formerly hidden into view and the rhetorical devices he or she uses to convince the reader of the believability of their performance. For more detailed rhetorical analysis of the journalistic texts I looked to the literature on New Journalism and Literary Journalism and used the work of Seeman (2013) on the development of a vocabulary for the analysis of rhetorical techniques in literary journalism as the basis for my own analysis.

Through a close reading of each journalistic story I focussed on those aspects of the text that directed the reader's attention to a particular point of view. This included an analysis of the writer's use of dialogue, telling detail, metaphor, internal monologue, narrative voice as well as overall structure and selection of material.

Creative component

In the creative component of my thesis I chose to research and write a behind-the-scenes story of Muzafer Sherif's Robbers Cave Experiment. In writing this backstage account I adopted a literary journalistic approach to the retelling of a classic social psychological study.

In choosing a psychological experiment to write about I considered those experiments that are well known, had not been written about for a lay audience before and that had dramatic potential. I considered Leon Festinger's *When Prophecy Fails* study (1964) an undercover research project in which Festinger and his research assistants infiltrated a doomsday cult to see how they would deal with the non-appearance of their 'saviour'. But after some research I found that little archival material existed about the study. Instead I chose Muzafer Sherif's Robbers Cave study, a 1954 experiment in Oklahoma where Sherif took two groups of boys to a remote state park for three weeks and then pitted them against one another in a series of competitions in order to study intergroup conflict. For my research I accessed several sources of information:

1. Muzafer Sherif's personal archive, held at the Centre for the History of Psychology (CHP), University of Akron
2. Sherif's published descriptions of his studies
3. Volunteers' and staff published accounts of taking part—as detailed in my ABC Radio National documentary
4. Original audio recordings of the experiments (in particular the 1953 and 1954 studies)
5. Detailed observer notes from the 1949, 1953 and 1954 study held at the Centre for the History of Psychology
6. Published historical accounts of political events in Turkey between 1918 and 1944 and the history of psychological research in the period 1930-1954

7. My first-hand experiences travelling to the places Sherif lived and worked including Bozdag, Odemis, Izmir and Istanbul in Turkey, New York state, Oklahoma and Robbers Cave state park
8. Archival research at Harvard and Yale for material related to Sherif's correspondence with mentors Gordon Allport and Carl Hovland
9. Contact with Turkish scholars Sertan Batur (Vienna) and Dr. M. Murat Yurtbilir (ANU)

Part 1—Dissertation

Chapter 1 One Flew into the Cuckoo's Nest

In this chapter I will investigate the two way influence of psychological science and journalism in a rhetorical analysis and comparison of David Rosenhan's 'On Being Sane in Insane Places'(1973) and journalist Lauren Slater's re-presentation and restaging of Rosenhan's research (2004). I will argue that this case study troubles the boundaries between psychological science and journalism and offers particular insights into the role of literary journalism in generating new psychological knowledge.

Eight volunteers, including David Rosenhan, presented themselves to eleven psychiatric hospitals across North America in a test of whether psychiatrists could distinguish sane from insane. Each volunteer pretended to be hearing voices saying "thud" and "empty" and "hollow". All but one were diagnosed with schizophrenia, the other was diagnosed with manic depression. All were admitted to the hospital's psychiatric ward, where they immediately stopped faking symptoms and told staff they felt fine. The volunteers were kept in the psychiatric ward for an average of 19 days, with length of stays ranging from 7 to 52 days. Rosenhan concluded that psychiatry was unable to distinguish between sane and insane and that once a person was labelled as psychiatrically ill all his behaviour was relabelled as deviant.

'On Being Sane in Insane Places'

'On Being Sane in Insane places' appeared in the Jan 19, 1973 issue of *Science*, the journal of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science and one of the oldest and most prestigious publications in the US. Since its inception in 1860 with money from Thomas Edison, the focus of the publication has been the publication of ground-breaking scientific research from a range of disciplines for an audience comprising members of the academy and people with a serious interest in science. Acceptance of an article in *Science* confers authority and prestige to the author, the article and its subject matter (Lewenstein, 1992; Whalen, 1980) as it is regarded as the 'single most prestigious journal of the physical sciences' (Fontaine, 2013).

The fact that Rosenhan's article is sandwiched between articles on radiocarbon

dating and gene differentiation (Lieberman, 2015) signals to the reader that his is legitimate science. The article's biographical note provides evidence of Rosenhan's credentials and endorsement of his peers. As a professor of psychology and law at Stanford, the note says he had presented the research at gatherings of psychology faculty at three other leading universities including Harvard. This level of detail suggests a defensive manoeuvre against anticipated criticism as Rosenhan, a psychologist, had chosen as his topic not his own discipline but that of psychiatry.

But for a science article in such a magazine Rosenhan begins on a distinctly philosophical note: 'If sanity and insanity exist, how shall we know them?' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 250) he asks in the opening sentence. That 'if' at the start of the sentence suggests the precariousness of the distinction. Rosenhan's use of 'we' suggests an equality between the author and reader, as if Rosenhan has dropped his arm around the reader's shoulder to suggest 'we are all in this together.' We know already from this first sentence that this is not a typical experimental report, but a meditation and a contemplation of larger philosophical questions.

Querying the difference between sanity and insanity might seem a foolish or even 'insane' suggestion Rosenhan says, in an admission that seems aimed at heading off scepticism on the part of his readers. But he urges us to look at the evidence. There is little agreement between 'eminent psychiatrists' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 250) who contradict one another on the issue, and outside psychiatry definitions of 'sane' and 'insane' are subject to intense debate. The meanings of normal and abnormal are not universal and fluctuate according to different beliefs and cultures.

Rosenhan plays with language to emphasize the blurriness of the boundaries between sane and insane, using terms like 'aberrant' 'deviant' 'abnormal' and 'insane' interchangeably. His contention is that there is no clear boundary but a continuum in which sane people act insanely at times too. 'Murder is deviant' he says in a short sharp sentence. 'So too are hallucinations.' There's no question some behaviours are 'odd,' as there's no question that people suffering 'mental illness' often experience 'personal anguish' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 250). He is not questioning the existence of deviant behaviour or of psychological states like anxiety and depression he says, but rather how they are defined, described, and diagnosed. Implicit in his argument is the early social

constructionist distinction between reality and the representation of it and how diagnostic labels are both social representations and normative constructions.

Having established uncertainty and disagreement as a backdrop, Rosenhan focuses in on his research question, which he assures us is 'simple'. Do the symptoms of insanity 'reside' in the person or in the situation in which they find themselves? Certainly psychiatry thinks that insanity is rooted in the individual and Rosenhan says this 'belief' can be traced 'From Beuler, through Kretchmer, through the formulators of the recently revised Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of the American Psychiatric Association . . .' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 251). This casual reference to two figures demonstrates he is well versed in the history of psychiatry and for readers unfamiliar with Beuler or Kretchmer, gives Rosenhan an intellectual edge. Like the biographical note at the beginning of the paper, Rosenhan is careful to establish his credentials and expertise in conducting a study that is in a field other than his own. He points to a multidisciplinary 'network of allies' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 9) in the wings and backstage who share his point of view about the faulty beliefs of those in the psychiatric profession:

Based in part on anthropological considerations, but also on philosophical, legal, and therapeutic ones, the view has grown that psychological categorization of mental illness is useless at best and downright harmful, misleading, and pejorative at worst. (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 251)

Rosenhan does not specify who exactly shares this growing view of the inadequacy of psychiatry but the passage suggests that it has wide support. His use of passive voice bolsters his assertions at the same time that it allows him to assume a disinterested position from which he is simply reporting on the debate. However, tucked away in the footnotes Rosenhan lists the works of critics at the forefront of the Anti-Psychiatry Movement including R.D. Laing and Thomas Szasz who offered a radical critique of modern psychiatry. This situates Rosenhan's paper in the same tradition but Rosenhan is careful to cloak his bias against psychiatry in the measured language of the disinterested scientist.

So far, Rosenhan's article follows the conventions of scientific journal articles. He has provided an overview of the problem and framed the research question against

the inadequacy of psychiatry to agree—despite their efforts in classification and taxonomies—on what distinguishes the sane from the insane.

His experimental hypothesis is framed as a logical next step. If a 'normal' person pretending to be insane is admitted to a psychiatric hospital, staff should have no trouble distinguishing him from other patients. If their sanity is 'detected', 'there would be prima facie evidence that a sane individual can be distinguished from the insane context' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 251). If the person's normality was not detected—although this would be an 'unlikely outcome'—Rosenhan notes disingenuously, considering he has argued just the opposite in the preceding paragraphs—it would suggest that psychiatric diagnosis is a function of the environment the patient finds himself in.

Rosenhan's tone throughout this introduction is measured, logical and reasonable. He is merely bringing the reader up to date with the fact of a widespread belief in the inadequacy of psychiatric diagnosis. By adopting this cloak of scientific language Rosenhan backgrounds his bias against psychiatry but he cannot hide what is a provocative thesis. In fact it's this juxtaposition of the cool, detached and reasoned language with this intriguing and unsettling assertion that makes the article compelling.

In a change of scene Rosenhan whisks back the curtain to reveal the characters in the performance who will present themselves to psychiatric hospitals pretending to be insane. Aside from himself, his volunteers include a psychology graduate student, three psychologists, a psychiatrist, a paediatrician, a painter and a housewife. But they are merely silhouettes, we are not told their ages or specifics about gender. In withholding this information Rosenhan is underscoring their role as experimental subjects and their representativeness as a sample of a much larger group. They have adopted false names and fake professions for their scheduled interview at each hospital, but they fictionalise nothing else during their appointments. Remember this, Rosenhan tells the reader. Everything else they tell staff about themselves and about their life histories, including their relationships and their 'frustrations and upsets . . . joys and satisfactions' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 251) describes their real lives. By emphasising this point Rosenhan guides our attention to and signals that this point will be critical in what follows.

After describing their symptoms—hearing voices saying "empty" "hollow" and "thud"—all of the pseudopatients are admitted to the hospital's psychiatric ward. Some

are worried at the ease of their admission and apprehensive about what being in a psychiatric ward will be like. All are worried, embarrassed at the prospect of being caught out. These details encourage the reader to identify with their feelings of trepidation after they have been admitted and add a tension to the scene that follows.

Once admitted, Rosenhan and his colleagues, who want to get out as soon as possible, try to convince staff they are normal. The 'pseudopatients' follow the routines of the ward. When staff ask how they feel they say they feel 'fine' and that the hallucinations have stopped. Initially they secretly make written notes but once they realize staff do not take any notice, they openly write down their observations. They behave like model patients, 'paragons of cooperation'(Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252).

Then Rosenhan pulls back from the details of life on the ward and steps forward to report on the results:

Despite their public "show" of sanity, the pseudopatients were never detected. Admitted, except in one case, with a diagnosis of schizophrenia, each was discharged with a diagnosis of schizophrenia "in remission". (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252)

His participant observers had tested the adequacy of the system and it had failed. Rosenhan's businesslike presentation of these findings reinforces that the results are unsurprising and entirely consistent with prevailing theories. But just in case readers doubt the conclusions drawn from his pseudopatients' experiences or query their objectivity, Rosenhan reports on a second test. He ran another study at a teaching hospital where staff who had heard about Rosenhan's results said they doubted if the same mistake in diagnosis would occur in their own hospital. Rosenhan told staff that in the next 3 months 'one or more pseudopatients would attempt to be admitted' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252). At the end of the period, the hospital reported it had detected 41 pseudopatients out of 193 people who had presented to the hospital. In a neat twist, Rosenhan reveals that he had sent no pseudopatients to the hospital in that time, a clever move that uses the confidence of the psychiatric establishment against itself. But Rosenhan doesn't dwell on this point. Having established the fact of massive misdiagnosis, he moves on to its effects.

With their diagnostic labels firmly in place, 'there is nothing the pseudopatient

can do to overcome the tag. The tag profoundly colors others' perceptions of him and his behavior' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 253). Rosenhan makes such assertions confidently throughout the article, linking broad statements to research and then illustrating the point with anecdotes. He references a number of theorists who have pointed out how 'context' influences judgement and adds that 'Some examples may clarify this issue'(Rosenhan, 1973, p. 253). Staff viewed the pseudopatients' note taking as sign of 'disturbance' and their life histories were radically recast to fit the diagnosis of schizophrenia.

But while it was impossible for staff to see patients labelled schizophrenic as sane, other patients had no such trouble. He quotes a typical remark from a fellow patient. "“You're not crazy. You're a journalist or a professor [referring to the continual note taking]. You're checking up on the hospital””(Rosenhan, 1973, p.252). To offset any scepticism on the part of the reader that a single anecdote is not enough evidence, Rosenhan follows up with some 'data' showing 35 out of 118 'real' patients were suspicious that the pseudopatient was sane (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252).

People diagnosed with a psychiatric illness internalise the label and act accordingly, says Rosenhan, so the label takes on 'a life and an influence of its own' and becomes 'a self fulfilling prophecy' where the patient 'behaves accordingly.' This would not be as big a problem, Rosenhan says, if society had the same attitude towards mental illness as it does towards physical illness. But:

There is by now a host of evidence that attitudes toward the mentally ill are characterized by fear, hostility, aloofness, suspicion, and dread. The mentally ill are society's lepers. (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 254)

This analogy of the leper is powerful and suggests both a fear of contagion and a disease associated with primitive societies for which there is no cure. Rosenhan points out that it is not just the public who share this view of people with mental illness and that his study has found that professionals working with the mentally ill share the same attitudes. Psychiatric staff might say they are sympathetic, but the pseudopatients' observational 'data' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 254) suggest otherwise. Rosenhan is repeating here what is by now his familiar rhetorical pattern. He combines sweeping assertions and general statements, emotive language and detailed anecdotes as evidence in support

of the larger point he is making. In support of his assertion that psychiatry treats its patients as lepers he describes how staff quarantine themselves inside the glass 'cage' in the centre of the ward (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 254). The use of the word 'cage' is an emotive and political metaphor that suggests the fear and the stigma associated with mental illness. Rosenhan's descriptions paint a picture of staff who despite their good intentions are ambivalent, frightened and mistrustful of patients. In fact he tells us that the pseudopatients originally tried to measure the amount of time staff and patients 'mingled' but 'segregation' was so endemic that they substituted another 'operational measure' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 254)—the amount of time staff spent outside of the cage. He reports that staff spent on average 11.3% of their time outside of the cage. Rosenhan emphasises that this statistic does not imply anything about the quality of the interaction between staff and patients. However, it was unusual for staff to spend time chatting with patients and even rarer the further up the hospital chain of command a staff member was. Psychiatrists were all but invisible, spending most of their time in their offices rather than in the ward.

When patients asked polite questions of staff they are ignored. Rosenhan's sympathy is clearly with the patients with whom he and his volunteers have identified. Rosenhan subtly directs the reader to identify with the patients by addressing the reader directly. Once again, he draws the audience in close:

It has long been known that the amount of time a person spends with you can be an index of your significance to him. If he initiates and maintains eye contact, there is reason to believe that he is considering your requests and needs. If he pauses to chat or actually stops and talks, there is added reason to infer that he is individuating you. (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 255)

There's an intimacy here in the writing, a sense of the warmth of human contact through eyes meeting, a sense of connection between two people. But there is also a collapsing of the distinction between reader and patient. Rosenhan conjures this image of a mutually respectful social interaction then demonstrates how it is rudely violated inside a psychiatric hospital. His pseudopatients 'politely' asked a passing staff member for information and most of the time they didn't answer but 'moved on, head averted' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 255). Repeated at a 'busy' Stanford University, 100% of passing faculty stopped to answer a young woman's question. By comparing the behaviour of

staff at both organisations Rosenhan encourages readers to share his own sense of the injustice and cruelty of the psychiatric system. In one of the few places in the article where he refers to himself in the first person Rosenhan reminds us of the shortcomings of quantitative measures in capturing human suffering, 'The data I have presented do not do justice to the rich daily encounters that grew up around matters of depersonalization and avoidance' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 255). It is here we get a sense of Rosenhan's outrage at the sadism and cruelty of staff and his pity for the patients who were at their mercy. But in case we begin to question his objectivity he refers to his 'records' to show that despite his strong feelings, he remained the scientist:

I have records of patients who were beaten by staff for the sin of having initiated verbal contact. During my own experience, for example, one patient was beaten in the presence of other patients for having approached an attendant and told him, "I like you." . . . Tempers were often short. A patient who had not heard a call for medication would be roundly excoriated, and the morning attendants would often wake patients with, "Come on, you m-----f-----s, out of bed!" (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 255)

He has no way, he tells the reader of conveying 'the overwhelming sense of powerlessness which invades the individual as he is continually exposed to the depersonalization of the psychiatric hospital . . .' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 256) Here it seems Rosenhan is referring to his own sense of powerlessness. The use of the word 'invades' implies the patient as a passive body, infected by a disease that overtakes him. Neither 'anecdotal or 'hard data' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 256) can adequately communicate what he has observed and experienced.

In the final section he appeals to the readers' emotions by sharing his own. It is 'depressing' and 'frightening' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257) to consider how many people might be in psychiatric institutions who are 'sane but not recognized as such'. And how many more, he asks the reader, are sane people who are insane only because they are responding to an insane environment? Here Rosenhan projects an image of himself as the troubled scientist who having exposed the injustice of the system, has few answers to give. 'I do not even now, understand this problem well enough to perceive solutions' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257). This smacks of false modesty however, given how confidently Rosenhan has denounced psychiatric diagnosis earlier in the paper. It also

reinforces the relationship Rosenhan established with the reader at the beginning of the article, of examining a problem together as equals. But he says two directions hold 'promise'. One is to 'avoid sending our distressed to insane places' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257). This use of the word 'distressed' demonstrates a compassionate view of the patient and demonstrates Rosenhan's major point—the way language has been used to construct an identity for people in psychiatric care. The second suggestion that 'might prove promising' is to 'sensitise' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257) staff, which is vague, suggesting that through reading and personal experience staff might be more aware of the difficulties faced by patients in psychiatric facilities.

The final paragraph is framed as an insulating disclaimer. 'It would be a mistake, and a very unfortunate one, to consider that what happened to us derived from malice and stupidity on the part of the staff. . .' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257). Hospital staff are just as susceptible as patients to the manipulations and pressures of an insane environment, Rosenhan concludes. This statement strikes the reader as magnanimous given the instances of staff cruelty Rosenhan has detailed in the rest of the paper and this seeming fair-mindedness reinforces his persona as the caring and committed scientist. It also strengthens his claim against the psychiatric system, which has the capacity to corrupt and transform its own staff, people who struck Rosenhan and his fellow volunteers as 'people who really cared, who were committed and who were uncommonly intelligent' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 257).

In this analysis of Rosenhan's article I have demonstrated that he has mounted a convincing case for *Science* readers, journalists and the public to take his research seriously. He has positioned himself as outsider to the profession of psychiatry, but his qualifications in both law and psychology and his association with prestigious universities works to offset reader questions about his trustworthiness. Rosenhan's apparent interest in the welfare of the mentally ill and his willingness to undertake a risky and unpleasant ordeal as part of his investigation augments this persona of the concerned outsider and undermines accusations of self-interestedness or professional jealousy as motivations for his research. In fact, his research benefits from the experiential credibility of his participation as a pseudopatient because it is difficult for critics to dispute what Rosenhan claims to have experienced first-hand. His use of real hospitals, and observations of real staff give the article an authenticity missing from

research that might have involved quantitative survey techniques alone.

Rosenhan's use of scientific terminology where observations are 'data' and the participants are 'pseudopatients', and his frequent use of passive voice works well to establish and reinforce the boundaries around and status of this activity as psychological science. A major rhetorical strength of Rosenhan's article is its connection with contemporary concerns about and ambivalence towards psychiatrists and psychiatry. As Wesseling argues (2004) new knowledge that is grafted onto the audience's pre-existing knowledge makes it far more persuasive. Rosenhan's criticisms of psychiatry connected to the zeitgeist (Grob, 2011) of the 1960s and 70s reflected in popular culture in novels like Ken Kesey's *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* which captured the power imbalance between psychiatrist and patient and contributed to popular discourse about psychiatry as a means of social control (Hirshbein & Sarvananda, 2008). On television, popular American sitcoms of the era like *The Beverley Hillbillies* and *I Dream of Jeannie* reflected public perceptions of psychiatry with unflattering portrayals of psychiatrists as pompous, manipulative and impractical (Hill, 2009). But as Fontaine (2013) has demonstrated, beliefs about the inadequacy of psychiatry and definitions of insanity have a long history. Fictional predecessors to Rosenhan's experiment can be found in comic plays as far back as Hellenic Greece and Ancient Rome (Fontaine, 2013).

Given that Rosenhan was a psychologist challenging the efficacy of the discipline of psychiatry, a critical reaction from that discipline was to be expected given that 'scientific boundaries (were) in dispute' Goulden (2011). The first critiques of the study appeared soon afterwards in the pages of *Science* (1973), then in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* in 1975 and *Archives of General Psychology* in 1976 (Ruscio, 2004). Psychiatrist Robert Spitzer, Rosenhan's most vocal critic, described the impact of 'Being Sane in Insane Places' as 'like a sword plunged into the heart of psychiatry' (Spitzer, Lilienfeld, & Miller, 2005, p. 735). Critics took issue with Rosenhan's methodology, his selective use of data and speculation based on anecdotal evidence. In defence of psychiatry Spitzer called the study 'pseudoscience'. He argued that given all the pseudopatients requested admission and told staff they had been hearing voices for three weeks, that it was a psychiatrist's duty to admit them for further investigation. He also argued that the pseudopatients' discharge diagnosis—'schizophrenia - in remission'—meant they were symptom free or 'sane' (Spitzer, 1975). However, Spitzer's

critiques have not had the same impact or influence as Rosenhan's. Compared to the work of his critics, Rosenhan's study has had a much greater impact both inside and outside of the professional literature. Citations of Rosenhan's original article outstrip critiques by a ratio of around 7 to 1 (Ruscio, 2004). Students of psychology are likely to encounter the study in introductory, abnormal and clinical psychology textbooks where Rosenhan's experiment is presented as evidence of the pernicious and pathologising effects of diagnostic labelling.

The controversy caused by Rosenhan's paper and its coverage in newspapers soon after publication moved his findings into the public arena. His provocative conclusions, theatrical methods and dramatic revelations of life behind doors for the mentally ill, made this an attractive media story and it received national coverage. For example, *The Washington Post* reported on Rosenhan's 'unique research project' under the headline 'Eight Fake Patients Judged Mentally Ill' (Auerbach, 1973).

'On Being Sane in Insane Places. Experimenting with Psychiatric Diagnosis'

In the introduction to her book *Opening Skinner's Box* Lauren Slater is candid about her purpose. She wrote the book to persuade readers to admire research that she feels has been sadly ignored:

I . . . read the classic psychological experiments . . . in academic journals, mostly, replete with quantified data and black-bar graphs—and it seemed somewhat sad to me. It seemed sad that these insightful and dramatic stories were reduced to the flatness that characterizes most scientific reports, and had therefore utterly failed to capture what only real narrative can—theme, desire, plot, history—this is what we are. The experiments described in this book, and many others, deserve to be not only reported on as research, but also celebrated as story, which is what I have here tried to do. (Slater, 2004, p. 2)

In her chapter on David Rosenhan's 'On Being Sane in Insane places', Slater shapes just such a narrative using the techniques of literary nonfiction and adding all the elements she identifies as lacking in Rosenhan's original report. In the first half of the chapter she celebrates Rosenhan and his experiment in vivid detail and in the second

half she repeats his experiment, with herself as the patient presenting to psychiatric clinics with auditory hallucinations.

Slater's story functions as a backstage performance in two senses. Firstly she brings forward information about the history and context of Rosenhan's experiment from back to front stage and highlights elements of Rosenhan's personal history that intersect with his interest in diagnosis and labelling. Secondly she restages the experiment as a journalist without the 'authorization' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 83) of Rosenhan or psychological science, an act which has the potential to disrupt the original study's findings.

Subjectivity is central to the chapter and Slater begins with a dramatic opening line that introduces David Rosenhan not as scientist but as a husband and father suffering a series of losses. 'He lost his wife. He lost his daughter. He lost his mind to a series of small strokes . . .' (Slater, 2004, p. 65). The story begins with Rosenhan mute and hospitalised, with doctors at a loss to diagnose his illness. Slater employs dramatic irony here in describing Rosenhan's powerlessness and the inability of doctors to diagnose him in an echo of his own research:

Now here he was a diagnostic question himself. Rosenhan's face froze. As of this writing, he still cannot say many words. His silence is a hole in the story that follows, a story itself about holes and how, in a series of stunning experiments, Rosenhan found them in what we thought was the firm field of psychiatry. (Slater, 2004, p. 65)

Slater clearly regards him as the hero of this story. In a switch back to 1972 she deftly establishes the context for the experiment, with reference to Thomas Szasz's book and in particular Rosenhan's observation of how simple it was for young men to feign psychiatric symptoms to get out of the Vietnam War. He is an adventurer and charms his friends into volunteering for the experiment. And while he is impatient to start he takes care in his preparation of the volunteers, instructing them on what to say in their hospital appointments, what to do if they were admitted. Slater brings vivid sensory detail to the description of the experimental set up. His choice of hospitals ranged from the 'posh' to the 'urine scented' (Slater, 2004, p. 66). He told the volunteers to dispense with showers and hygiene in the days before the experiment began:

Their hair grew out and clumped. Their breath got a greenish tinge. . . It was autumn then and a fat harvest moon hung in the sky. Goblins in bright capes drifted down the streets, witches carrying flickering pumpkins. Trick or treat? (Slater, 2004, p. 66)

Slater's use of Halloween here and throughout the chapter is a powerful but ambiguous metaphor. In this passage the innocence of children pretending to be 'ghosts' and 'goblins' and knocking on doors mirrors the volunteers donning their disguises in preparation for their hospital visits. But Halloween is also a time of mutable boundaries between the living and the dead, a time of enchantment and spells and this imagery in connection with a scientific experiment is unsettling.

On the day of his visit to the hospital, 'The sky was a frosty pre-winter blue, the trees like brushes dipped in pots of paint, turned upward and wet with color' (Slater, 2004, p. 67). The use of such vivid sensory detail encourages the reader to imagine the scene and put themselves into Rosenhan's shoes. We see Rosenhan parking outside the 'Gothic' buildings, the orderlies 'in pale blue smocks floated on the grounds'—an image suggesting the ghostly and reminding us again of Halloween—and listen in as Rosenhan describes his symptoms to a psychiatrist who according to Slater fell, 'unbeknownst to him, straight into Rosenhan's rabbit hole' (Slater, 2004, p. 67) a phrase which turns the tables suggesting that it is the psychiatrist who has fallen into a surreal world of Rosenhan's invention. It is a clever segue to Slater's introduction of the second major character in the chapter, 'Robert Spitzer, one of the twentieth century's most prominent Psychiatrists and a severe critic of Rosenhan' (Slater, 2004, p. 67). Slater summarises Spitzer's objections factually and with none of the poetry that suffuses her writing about Rosenhan. According to Slater, Spitzer is still smarting over Rosenhan's research and she quotes from their phone conversation to show this:

Spitzer pauses. "So how is David?" he finally asks.

"Actually not so good," I say. "He's lost his wife to cancer, his daughter Nina in a car crash. He's had several strokes and is now suffering from a disease they can't quite diagnose. He's paralysed."

That Spitzer doesn't say or much sound sorry when he hears this reveals the depths to which Rosenhan's study is still hated in the field, even after forty

years. "That's what you get," Spitzer says, "for conducting such an inquiry."
(Slater, 2004, p. 68)

Slater refrains from commenting on this final remark and the reader feels the full shock of Spitzer's callousness seemingly unmediated by Slater's point of view. The reader can't help but judge him as an unlikeable character. Shifting the narrative back again to 1972, Slater resumes the story of the experiment, emphasising Rosenhan's bravery and daring in undertaking what she sees as a noble quest. 'He must have been scared, exhilarated. He was a journalist, a scientist at the apex, putting his body on the line for knowledge' (Slater, 2004, p. 68). She suggests the nightmarish quality of his admission to the ward where staff ignore all signs that he was 'normal normal normal'. Rosenhan's sense of 'invisibility', his isolation from his wife and children, the way staff construed his sane behaviour and life history as explaining his obvious mental illness, the fact that fellow patients were the ones who saw through his disguise are facts presented in quick succession to heighten the panicked sense of being locked away, classified, with no exit:

"When will I get out?" we can imagine Rosenhan asked, his voice perhaps rising now, some panic here—what had he done, my god. "When will I get out?" (Slater, 2004, p. 69)

Slater selects and embellishes detail from Rosenhan's original paper, in a vivid narrative—the indifference of the staff, the brutality of the orderlies, the distortion of the case notes and the 'eerie' (Slater, 2004, p. 70) ability of fellow patients to identify who was sane and who was faking it. Then 'for a reason as arbitrary as his admission, he was discharged.' The suddenness and unexpectedness of this event is reflected in the abrupt short sentence. 'The air was burning with cold' (Slater, 2004, p. 70). The falling snow 'obscuring the supposedly fixed outlines of houses and cars and buildings' (Slater, 2004, p. 71) suggests the alienation and obliteration of personality of the patients as well as the eradication of certainty about psychiatric diagnosis.

Slater describes the impact of Rosenhan's article in the 'prestigious' journal *Science*. Its publication 'burst like a bomb in the world of psychiatry, denuding it of its status' (Slater, 2004, p. 73). While Slater has made no attempt to hide her admiration for Rosenhan, this hyperbole forces the reader to question her reliability as narrator of the story. The use of the word 'denude' suggests a stripping away that seems to exaggerate

the impact of Rosenhan's article. Could a single publication have such an impact, the reader wonders. Rosenhan's article 'generated a flood of fluorescent missives enormously fun to read' and he 'dissed psychiatry' and its 'questionable claims' (Slater, 2004, p. 73). As readers we begin to wonder about Slater's almost gleeful tone here and we question why Slater seems so intent on amplifying Rosenhan's claims. However, she does quote from some of the letters from psychiatrists to demonstrate their 'keen intelligence' (Slater, 2004, p. 73) and their objections to Rosenhan's research. By not paraphrasing their arguments but including snippets of their letters Slater allows us to see some of the obvious gaps in Rosenhan's reasoning.

Slater returns to Spitzer. He was 'by far the most distressed' of psychiatrists that responded and didn't just write a letter to *Science*, but 'two whole papers' of 'dense and cogent prose' devoted to dismantling Rosenhan's findings. Referring to these two papers he says to Slater on the phone, 'They're pretty brilliant, aren't they?' (Slater, 2004, p. 75) This remark confirms our view of his arrogance.

But like us Slater finds Spitzer's argument persuasive. He says that staff discharged the volunteers because they were sane, and the diagnostic label volunteers were given on their discharge of being 'in remission' means symptom free. Slater admits she is '... swayed, swayed, sanity, insanity, valid and invalid, here is where I am' (Slater, 2004, p. 75). The reader can identify with her indecisiveness and the reader experiences it too. On one hand we are swayed by Slater's vivid descriptions of the experiment but it is undermined by her hyperbole and admiration for Rosenhan. On the other hand we are swayed towards Spitzer with his reasonable sounding criticisms and use of logic but repelled by his apparent arrogance.

But in a move that sways us back towards her, Slater reveals an additional reason for her admiration of Rosenhan, her own experience as a psychiatric inpatient at the age of 14 'just two years' (Slater, 2004, p. 75) after Rosenhan's experiment. It is here that Slater aligns herself consciously with Rosenhan and implicitly invites the reader to do the same. Her own experience as a real rather than a pseudopatient who experienced first-hand what Rosenhan had 'discovered' immediately enlists our sympathy, helps us understand her bias towards Rosenhan and is a powerful persuasive device.

She had been there, she had seen some of the same things Rosenhan observed:

. . . the glassed-in nurse's station, the candy strippers pushing chrome carts, the lunatic manic with sweat runnelling down his face, the woman named Rosa, found in the bathroom, neck bunched in a noose. (Slater, 2004, p. 75)

She does not elaborate on her diagnosis other than to describe the cuts on her arms which 'I kept fresh and open with stolen shards' (Slater, 2004, p. 76) a confronting detail that reinforces her vulnerability, elicits our sympathy and shows why Rosenhan's work has a personal resonance for her. Unlike Rosenhan, who she describes as wearing a 'mask' Slater has dropped hers for the reader. But it raises unsettling questions. Does it make her less reliable or does she earn more of our trust for revealing this information about herself?

Slater sways back and forth, evaluating Rosenhan's research against her own experience. Certainly in the 'bin' she 'saw things that were definitely not in the doctors' heads, like that neck in the noose' (Slater, 2004, p. 76). But on the other hand she and the other patients 'egged on by the labels and medical attention . . . it became difficult to know whether we pre-existed the labels, or the labels constructed us . . .' (Slater, 2004, p. 76). Finally Slater comes down on the side of Rosenhan although she acknowledges that 'like any piece of good art' Rosenhan's experiment is 'prismatic, powerful and flawed' (Slater, 2004, p. 76) but for her it reveals some 'essential truths.' This is a powerful form of rhetoric because she persuades us 'by seeming to be persuading (herself) first and foremost' (Fillooy, 1989, p. 53).

If Rosenhan 'single-mindedly set out to dismantle psychiatry, Spitzer, back then single-handedly set out to restore it' (Slater, 2004, p. 78). Slater pits the two men against each other in this sentence. She frames Spitzer's involvement in the revision of the 'flimsy' Diagnostic and Statistical Manual II (DSM) as a direct response to Rosenhan's study which she argues brought to the surface a longstanding 'anxiety' (Slater, 2004, p. 79) in the psychiatric community about the discipline's reliance on descriptive criteria for the diagnosis of mental illness in the absence of physiological tests. But Spitzer is now so confident that revisions to the DSM have improved diagnosis and treatment that he tells her, "Rosenhan's experiment could never happen today. It would never work' (Slater, 2004, p. 80).

Slater clearly takes this as a challenge and writes simply, 'I decide to try' (Slater,

2004, p. 80). She has aligned herself almost rebelliously with Rosenhan and against the apparently smug and complacent Spitzer which encourages readers who find Spitzer irritating to take her side. The narrative now shifts from the past battles between the two men to a contemporary test of Spitzer's faith in the DSM by Slater.

Slater's experiment like Rosenhan's begins around Halloween when children:

. . . carve pumpkins with knives too huge for their hands, opening the circle of the skull, scooping out the innards, so many seeds in there, so many tangled dendritic fibers, and such a moist smell . . . (Slater, 2004, p. 80)

This image of the scooped out brain suggests Slater's mental instability. And this is echoed in a comic way by her husband's incredulous reaction to the news of what she's about to do. Like Rosenhan, Slater spends time preparing herself for the experiment, practicing grimaces, not washing and doing all she can to look the part. On the day of her experiment she kisses her baby and her husband good-bye. She writes:

I haven't showered for five days. My teeth are smeary. I am wearing paint-splattered black leggings and a T-shirt that says, "I hate my generation."

"How do I look?" I say.

"The same," my husband says. (Slater, 2004, p. 82)

This passage comically suggests the slippery boundary between the faked and the real but it creates a tension too, because unlike Rosenhan and his pseudopatients, Slater is vulnerable. On the drive to the clinic:

. . . a river boils, white with foam from the recent rains. It rears up, smashes itself hysterically onto the flat backs of rocks, like a woman flinging herself down, letting everything loose, alluvium, silt, pebbles from a murky ancient history. (Slater, 2004, p. 82)

Her susceptibility is underscored after she arrives at the clinic:

The doors open. They appear to part without any evidence of human effort to reveal of trio of policemen sitting in the shadows, their silver badges tossing light. On a TV mounted high in one corner, someone shoots a horse—bang—the bullet explodes a star in the fine forehead, blood on black fur. (Slater, 2004, p. 83)

These images of menace and violence increase the tension as Slater presents herself at the desk and gives her fake name. We feel her anxiety building. She tries to reassure herself, 'No one can commit me.' Times have changed and so have the rules about admitting patients. "You're a free woman, Lauren," I tell myself, while in the back of my mind is that rushing hysterical river with its buried alluvium and stink—smash smash' (Slater, 2004, p. 83).

Slater 'prays' the psychiatrist won't recognise her symptoms as if it is being caught out in a lie that is worrying her. But the image of the 'hysterical' river suggests that she is still haunted by her mental illness. The place is 'eerily familiar' and even though that is 'a long time ago. Still the smells bring me back . . . nothing changes'. She is taken into a 'small room that has a stretcher with black straps attached to it . . . then in walks a man, closing the door behind him—click click' (Slater, 2004, p. 84). We feel the smallness of the room, the straps suggest restraint, the ominous click of the door suggests the anxiety Slater has about being locked away.

But the man recognises her nervousness, brings her something to drink. Instead of Rosenhan's experience of dehumanization, Slater experiences 'such kindness' that when the psychiatrist she sees admits that 'There's a lot we don't know in psychiatry' she notices a small 'bald spot' on his 'bowed' head, and has to stop herself from reassuring him (Slater, 2004, p. 86). But the 'sadness' in his voice is replaced by an 'authoritative' tone as he prescribes anti-psychotic medication her to 'quieten the voices'. Slater asks the psychiatrist:

. . . do I appear psychotic?' I ask.

He looks at me. He looks for a long long time. "A little," he finally says.

"You're kidding me," I say, reaching up to adjust my hat.

"You look," he says, "a little psychotic and quite depressed". (Slater, 2004, p. 87)

She worries that perhaps he can see something in her she's missed, perhaps his diagnosis is correct:

Maybe this experiment is making me depressed, driving me crazy, or maybe I chose to do this experiment as a way of unconsciously reaching out for help. The world is all haze. (Slater, 2004, p.87)

Outside after the first visit 'the stars were numerous and accusing.' Slater feels guilty at deceiving the people who've treated her and she concludes that the 'human side of psychiatry . . . should be celebrated (Slater, 2004, p. 88).

Slater summarises the other 8 visits. In almost all cases she was given a diagnosis of 'Psychotic Depression' and prescribed antipsychotics or antidepressants. Instead of improved science and better treatments, Slater found that psychiatric misdiagnosis was just as common and that medication had replaced hospital admission as a form of treatment. However unlike Rosenhan, she was not admitted and she found medical staff and psychiatrists respectful, concerned and kindly in their interactions with her. Slater is touched by the treatment she receives. For the first time she connects the work of psychiatrists to her own work as a psychologist:

In his words, I heard my words, the ones I, as a psychologist, often use with patients. *You have this. The medications will do this*—And I speak such words not to promenade my power, but just to do something to bring a balm, somehow. (Slater, 2004, p. 91)

Someone who clearly 'promenades' their power in Slater's view is Robert Spitzer. She calls him back at 'Columbia's Institute for Biometrics' a detail she includes as if to highlight his powerful credentials. Slater asks him to predict what would happen if Rosenhan's experiment was repeated and he confidently replies that no diagnosis could be made on the basis of such 'isolated symptoms' (Slater, 2004, p. 89). Slater is using dramatic irony here to heighten tension. Readers already know that when Slater presented with these symptoms she was given a diagnosis each time. Like Slater the reader enjoys the anticipation of telling Spitzer his prediction was wrong, of puncturing his smug certainty. Slater tells him she has repeated the experiment, and tells him of her diagnoses and medication. When he replies that the antipsychotics she was prescribed were 'very light' she replies:

"Light," I say. "The pharmacological rendition of low fat?"

“You have an attitude,” Spitzer tells me, “like Rosenhan did. You went in with a bias and you found what you were looking for”. (Slater, 2004, p. 90)

Slater has punctuated Spitzer’s quote to suggest he regards her as disrespectful as well as biased. It is at this point that Slater invites the reader to question the credentials and authority of psychiatry. She dwells on the meaning of his job title, and ‘wonders what a biometrics lab really is. It hadn’t occurred to me until now to question that title, or question what in the world a psychiatrist was doing there’ (Slater, 2004, p. 90). In pondering the meaning of these words Slater suggests the power of language to construct and confer power. “What exactly is it that you *do*, on a day-to-day basis?” (Slater, 2004, p. 90) she wants to ask. But while she stops herself asking Spitzer this, she encourages the reader to question it and enlists the reader in this challenging of Spitzer’s authority.

In the final paragraphs Slater returns to themes of pain and its alleviation with the images of the irrational tantrums of her two year old and the ways Slater consoles her. The child has become 'obsessed' with Band-Aids and when she cries ‘sometimes for no reason at all’ Slater comforts her by sticking Band-Aids on them both. 'The Band-Aids soothe, even though we don't know just what or where her wound is' (Slater, 2004, p. 92). This image suggests the use of psychiatric labels as a kind of sticking plaster that may be ineffectual but can help to ease suffering.

In the final paragraphs Slater explores the idea of language easing pain and returns to the mute and paralysed Rosenhan hospitalized with a 'mysterious' illness that has no name. In imagining gifts she might take him, Slater sees words and language as a form of comfort. She would take him ‘this essay, perhaps, my copy of his original article, all underlined and starred, to show him how we last, how our words fold into the future’ (Slater, 2004, p. 93). Slater muses on her ‘unreasonable fondness’ for him. 'As an ex-mental patient, I'm impressed with anyone who cares to understand the intricacies of that distant world' (Slater, 2004, p. 93). In this sentence Slater positions her mental illness firmly in the past and suggests that her own conduct of Rosenhan’s experiment has been personally cathartic.

Discussion

It is ironic that one of the psychiatric patients in Rosenhan's experiment accused him of being 'a journalist or a professor' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252) when she saw him writing notes about his observations on the ward. For the patient, the two occupations were interchangeable, both would be equally likely to use covert observation and pretence to 'check up on the hospital' (Rosenhan, 1973, p. 252).

This anecdote captures the theme of the blurring of boundaries between the journalist and the psychological scientist that is a key theme of this chapter. It also illustrates the effect journalistic practices have had on psychological science. In his use of participant observation David Rosenhan was continuing a tradition of undercover research in mental health facilities established by journalist Nellie Bly who in 1887 faked insanity to investigate conditions in a women's asylum on New York's Blackwell Island. Turn-of-the-century investigative journalists like Bly used disguise to go undercover as participant observers and were motivated by a desire to expose injustice and bring to light the lives of people on the margins (Pettit, 2013). In the tradition of these early investigative journalists Rosenhan adopted the same research techniques and was clearly motivated to expose the failure of psychiatry and the pernicious effects of psychiatric labelling on patients.

His published paper about the research is a powerful rhetorical performance because of this combination of techniques that included disguise and trickery and a scientific persona that strengthened the claims to truth he was making. He adopted the rhetoric of science in making his claims and effectively disguised what was a political polemic inside a scholarly scientific article. But Rosenhan's work influenced journalism in turn. In the conclusion of his paper he wrote that his study was limited by the perspective of pretend patients and that real patients' experiences may well be different. This opened up the possibility of a narrative by and about real patients and indirectly set the scene for Lauren Slater's re-performance of his work.

In retelling the story of Rosenhan's research Slater blurs the distinction between scientist and journalist in a number of ways. Using the techniques of literary journalism she inserts elements missing from Rosenhan's original scientific presentation. She foregrounds his history, his personality, his thoughts and feelings before, during and

after the experiment. Slater cleverly selects material from the original report and weaves it into a dramatic quasi-fictionalized narrative, singling out details to evoke the period and engage the reader. In Slater's treatment, Rosenhan subjects himself to the study in much the same way she will do and this collapses the distinction between his study and her own, blurring the line between them and serving to collapse genre distinctions between scientific report and essay. She fashions a persona for him as the brave but flawed hero ready to take on the powerful discipline of psychiatry.

What Slater also brings from backstage to centre stage is an overview of psychiatry's reaction to Rosenhan's research, the changes to psychiatric practice in the intervening four decades and Robert Spitzer's conviction that Rosenhan's findings were a historical oddity and could not be repeated. This sets up a powerful narrative arc for the chapter, in which first Rosenhan and then Slater challenge the power and authority of psychiatry. However unlike Rosenhan who wore a 'mask' of objectivity, Slater's subjectivity is central to the chapter and we are privy to her wavering for and against Rosenhan's study as she surveys psychiatry's objections to his research methods and conclusions.

Slater uses a number of strategies in her chapter to convince the reader of her particular expert status and to establish the reader's trust in the reliability of her point of view. As Wesseling notes, the convincing writer does not rely on logical argument alone, but appeals to the 'the head and the heart' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 296) in winning an audience's trust. Slater deploys logic and argument, appeals to the reader's emotions as well projecting a self-image that will assert her authority. Slater's expertise comes from a range of different sources and she selectively reveals autobiographical information in a 'dialectic of revelation and concealment' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 60) throughout the chapter that adds gravitas to her role as 'expert layperson' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 305). These biographical details offset her lack of scientific credentials and offer the reader Slater's personal and professional life history as qualifications. She conjures herself as a woman, mother and wife, a self-fashioning that speaks to lay readers and offers information about Slater that allows readers to identify more closely with her situation. She also reveals her status as former psychiatric patient and mental health professional which fans a 'tension between early modern . . . sources of authority, such as wise women . . . on one hand and innovative scientists on the other . .

.’ (Wesseling, 2004, p. 306). In Slater’s case, the ‘wise woman’ who is both sane and insane (and Slater plays with the boundaries of her own mental illness in her chapter) echoes the romanticisation of the mentally ill by proponents of the anti-psychiatry movement such as R.D. Laing who argued that the mad had a gift of insight that the sane lacked (Laffey, 2003).

Slater is unashamedly admiring of Rosenhan’s study and celebrates it. ‘Rosenhan’s experiment elegantly explores the way the world is always warped by the lens we are looking through’ (Slater, 2004, p. 64). Like Rosenhan, Slater takes on the role of both researcher and subject, bringing personal experience to the experiment and re-enacting aspects of Rosenhan’s original study to test changes in the practice of psychiatric diagnosis and treatment. In doing this she moves beyond the role of simply celebrating or reinforcing Rosenhan’s work. What distinguishes her re-enactment is her challenge to the power-knowledge balance through her experience as a psychiatric patient. Unlike Rosenhan and his colleagues, who adopted the posture of people with a mental illness, and who were able to shrug it off on their release, Slater’s own diagnosis of depression and experience of mental illness haunts the chapter. While Rosenhan and his pseudopatients had to lie and make up their symptoms, Slater’s, it seems, have never really gone away. And it is this that gives her re-enactment of Rosenhan’s study its narrative tension. Slater’s madness seems just below the surface and in contrast to the trepidation of Rosenhan and his volunteers, for Slater knocking on the door of a series of psychiatric clinics is an act fraught with anxiety and potential danger.

Reviews of Slater’s book in the popular press were initially extremely positive but were soon overtaken by the controversy generated by what some subjects in the book claimed were inaccuracies, misquotations and poor research (L. Miller, 2004). However, as Donaldson (2009) points out while the disputes, particularly over the chapter about B.F. Skinner were ‘heated and litigious, [it] pales in comparison to the debate engendered by Slater’s chapter on David L. Rosenhan’s study’ (Donaldson, 2009, p. 2).

It is ironic that Slater, like Rosenhan experienced a similar post-publication backlash headed by Robert Spitzer. Notably, this debate originated ‘upstream’ in the pages of *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*. If anything, Spitzer’s highly

defensive reaction to the publication of Slater's book is predictable on the basis of the character Slater depicted in her essay. She made clear Spitzer's obvious investment and unwavering belief in the improvements to psychiatric diagnosis and classification in the form of revisions to the DSM. Spitzer's view is part of what Hirshbein and Sarvananda (2008) note as a change in 'public discourse about the power of psychiatry to define normality' (Hirshbein & Sarvananda, 2008, p. 2) and a belief that the kind of problems David Rosenhan identified have been relegated to the past. In this view revisions to the DSM have replaced earlier broad and vague diagnostic categories with a proliferation of more specific descriptions tied to symptomatology and criteria. By implication, the ability to describe and identify clusters of symptoms as a mental illness leads to improved treatments. However, Lauren Slater's chapter dramatically counters this claim and flies in the face of discourses of progress in psychiatric diagnosis and practice. Slater's chapter also echoed the ongoing uncertainty within psychiatry itself, as expressed for example in the numerous critiques of the DSM which had been getting widespread public attention by 2004.

Implicit in Spitzer et al's hostile reaction is a belief in the traditional model of popularisation in which it is the job of a journalist not just to be a skilful and sympathetic translator (Dornan, 1990) but to make both the science and the scientist look good. Spitzer warned:

Mental health researchers ignore popular perceptions of psychiatry and psychology at their peril. . .and must remain vigilant about correcting potential distortions and misrepresentations of scientific findings that are promulgated to the general public. (Spitzer et al., 2005, p. 738)

As Grubbs (2015) astutely notes, Spitzer and his colleagues portray popular science as not to be trusted and the 'general public' as unable to critically assess scientific information. Spitzer and his co-authors see it as the scientist's job to police what non-scientists write about their discipline and correct 'any claims that go against academic ideology' (Grubbs, 2015, p. 32).

By deliberately misconstruing Slater's chapter as a scientific experiment Spitzer and his colleagues 'corrected' her by conducting an experiment of their own. They claimed they had proved Slater wrong and implied that Slater had lied (Donaldson,

2009). While they argued that their intention in conducting their counter experiment was to reverse public misinformation about psychiatry, the vitriolic tone of their article reads less like a scholarly correction than an ad hominem attack. It is hard to accept Spitzer et al's response as a legitimate criticism given that Slater's chapter was not a scientific report, had not been submitted for peer review and was actively promoted as a popular science book written in the first person.

Slater's reply (2005) refuses the classification of her chapter as an attempt at academic science. She eschews the serious academic tone of the journal and wonders how anyone reading her book could mistake it for a scientific study and highlights what she sees as the editorial bias:

I am a bit at a loss as to how to respond to the “critique” by Spitzer et al. of my Rosenhan “study” because, as a trade book writer, I never did such a study; it simply does not exist. This puts me in an awkward position, but probably not as awkward a position as it puts you—the editors and peer reviewers—for accepting for publication before reading the text (my book) toward which the rebuttal is aimed. I'm sure this is not common practice. In any case, it is difficult to respond and defend my study because, as I said, it does not exist. But what better place to address a delusion than in *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*? (Slater, 2005, p. 743)

This mocking tone signals Slater's refusal to take the criticisms seriously. She goes on to describe her book and her writing style in a way that makes the authors seem obtuse. It is:

. . . a personal, subjectively written, and consistently casual book about great psychological experiments and my own thoughts regarding them. The book features not only the experiments . . . but me . . . and . . . such a colorful cast of characters and deeply personal details that are in and of themselves enough to make abundantly obvious to any and all readers that we are not here dealing with an academic inquiry, or ‘study’. (Slater, 2005, p. 743)

The ‘attack’ on her she argues ‘which would have been funny if it were not so malicious’, stemmed from ‘personal and strong emotion’ triggered by ‘narcissistic injury’ (Slater, 2005, p. 743). By contextualizing Spitzer *et al*'s paper as part of a

sustained and coordinated attack motivated by bruised egos, Slater redefines Spitzer and colleagues' argument that their article was motivated by a desire to prevent public misinformation.

Slater uses humour to ridicule Spitzer and his co-authors, and subjects their interpretation to her own empirical test. Slater wrote that she gave 10 professionals, many with graduate degrees in psychology, a copy of her chapter and asked them if it was a scientific study:

Zero percent of my respondents characterized the chapter as a study or a scientific experiment. Eighty percent of my respondents chose "other." Of the 80% who chose "other," 60% chose "creative nonfiction"; the remaining labeled it "cultural criticism," "personal essay," "a great read," and, "who cares." Additional comments included: "Are you kidding me? A study? This is a book with a nut on its cover." "If this is a study then Archie Comic Books is *The Origin of Species*". (Slater, 2005 p. 744)

Slater deflects Spitzer's attempts to discredit her work by positioning herself on the lay rather than professional divide. But in doing so, she uses humour and sarcasm to establish her right to her own brand of 'truth'. The exchanges between those on the side of the psychiatric establishment and the experimenter-journalist Slater mirror the power imbalances that Rosenhan set out to explore in his original experiment. Ultimately we are left with the question of whose 'truth' to believe—Spitzer's or Slater's.

As well as challenging the objective, disinterested scientist through her ridicule of the convention of the academic article, she concludes by highlighting the waste of public monies involved in their research project, and argues that the resources squandered on such a study should ethically be directed at improving the care and treatment of those with mental illness.

Slater raises some valid points about what motivated the Spitzer's 'study', how and why the paper was accepted for publication by reviewers who had not read the chapter that it was addressing, and why public funds had been spent on bogus and poorly conceived research motivated by spite and anger:

It is at this level that I perhaps most strenuously object to this weirdly postmodern game of studying a study that itself does not exist. I expect more

from my doctors. I expect more from a psychology that claims itself a science.
(Slater, 2005, p. 744)

In Spitzer's interaction with Slater we can see that the problematic relationships between psychiatrists and patients that Rosenhan described are certainly not in the past. Spitzer *et al*'s vindictive response to Slater and her mocking reply demonstrates the power imbalance between scientist and journalist, psychiatrist and patient.

I agree with Grubbs (2015) that Spitzer *et al*'s lambasting of Slater reads as a reaction against an outsider daring to write something critical about psychiatry. In writing their article they dismiss Slater's critique as invalid and discredit her ability to comment on or contribute any insights into the discipline.

The critical response from Spitzer and his co-authors to Slater's re-presentation of Rosenhan mobilises the idea of the 'experiential' versus the 'scientific' expert (Wesseling, 2004, p. 299). It raises the question of who is best qualified, those who argue from a traditional position of scientific power or those who have first-hand experience of mental illness. And while Rosenhan's paper connected to then contemporary ambivalences about mainstream psychiatry, Slater's book speaks to the similar concerns most notably reanimated by the public disputes and controversy over the publication of the DSM-5 (Callard, 2014).

In this public stoush between conservative elements in psychiatry on one hand and the literary journalist on the other, we can see what happens when journalists compete with science in the production of new knowledge. Slater conceives of herself as far more than a translator of scientific research. In the introduction to her book she wrote that her interest was using the power of literary journalism to transform dry scientific rhetoric into powerful narratives. This notion implies that scientific writing and conventions of academic publication restrict what we can know and feel. In freeing 'insightful and dramatic' stories from these leaden constraints Slater implies that we can arrive at new knowledge and understanding.

By engaging in her own version of Rosenhan's study with herself as the subject Slater tested first-hand whether the problematic relationships between psychiatrists and patients described by Rosenhan were all in the past. The difference between herself and Rosenhan is that Slater foregrounds her own life and personal struggles with mental

illness in her re-enactment. While Rosenhan's own personal history is absent from his performance, surrendered in the name of objectivity, Slater's is central and ultimately therapeutic. He feigns the mental illness, she has no need to. Through her use of literary techniques and the dramatized narrative voice Slater's account offers us a subjective, personal re-enactment that deepens our understanding of mental illness and treatments. By taking herself beyond the celebration of Rosenhan's original research to undertake her own study and produce her own 'truth' in a popular science book Slater competes with science in creating and promoting psychological knowledge.

Summary

In this chapter I have conducted a rhetorical analysis of David Rosenhan's 'On Being Sane in Insane Places', and compared it with literary journalist Lauren Slater's 2005 representation of the research in her best-selling book, *Opening Skinner's Box*. I have explored the two way relationship between psychological science and journalism and I have demonstrated how Slater's use of literary fiction techniques adds to the original by bringing human interest to science, with writing that offers a more complex and nuanced understanding both of Rosenhan's work and the experience of a patient with mental illness. I have concluded that the negative reception of Slater's work in the *psy* disciplines is both a reflection of the hierarchical relationship assumed in the dominant paradigm of scientific popularization where journalistic efforts are regarded as a 'dirty mirror' and a defensive tactic against an account that continues to challenge the power and authority of psychiatry.

Rosenhan's provocative research exposed the tensions in the power relationship between psychology and psychiatry and between patient and psychiatrist. Slater's chapter extended this by challenging the power dynamic between scientist and journalist, objectivity and subjectivity, professional and lay expertise.

Chapter 2 Lucifer Let Loose

In this chapter I will evaluate how well the notion of science communication as a form of public performance applies to the Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE), one of most famous psychological experiments of the twentieth century (Griggs, 2014). The experimenter responsible for the SPE, Dr Philip Zimbardo is a high profile social psychologist and media personality. Zimbardo has been unorthodox in his methods of disseminating the study's findings in bypassing the academy and publishing news of the experiment first in the mass media where his results have been amplified and circulated back 'upstream'.

I will apply Hilgartner's (2000) theatrical performance framework to key moments in the SPE's publication history beginning with a rhetorical analysis of Zimbardo's first publication of the research to identify rhetorical strategies he has deployed in his journalism that have helped to cement the experiment's place in the public imagination. Finally I will conduct a comparative rhetorical analysis of a 'backstage' account of the SPE and its impact on public perceptions of the experiment.

In this chapter I will argue that Zimbardo has been able to earn intellectual capital in popular forums through his academic credentials and his abilities as a journalist and media performer. I will argue that in his popular writings about the SPE, Zimbardo has deployed the techniques of literary journalism to craft a compelling performance in which he projects a highly credible persona and uses selective revelation of backstage information to shape a narrative that has helped to maintain the study's importance and currency over four decades.

The Stanford Prison Experiment

The Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE) was conducted in August 1971 at Stanford University, where psychology professor Dr Philip Zimbardo, recruited 24 volunteer subjects to take part in a study of imprisonment. Using the building's basement, the researchers set up a mock prison. Half of the subjects were assigned the role of prisoners, the other half, guards. Both prisoners and guards were said to have quickly adapted to their roles. Guards abused and harassed prisoners, who were humiliated and suffered increasingly intense emotional distress. The two week

experiment was terminated after 6 days because of the extremes of behaviour amongst study participants, with escalation of sadism amongst the guards and the premature release of four prisoners who were said to be suffering traumatic emotional reactions.

Zimbardo and his colleagues concluded that normal average American men could be transformed into brutal and sadistic prison guards and submissive and passive prisoners not because of any inherent personality defects but because of the power of the situation they found themselves in. They argued that the experiment demonstrated the dehumanising effect of the prison environment on both jailer and jailed.

Impact of the SPE

The first publication of SPE coincided with an upsurge in interest in prisoners' rights. In August 1971, the same month the experiment was conducted, an attempted breakout at San Quentin left three guards and three inmates dead, including former Black Panther George Jackson, an event which sparked riots in Attica prison soon afterwards. Almost as soon as the experiment was over, Zimbardo appeared on local TV in a debate with the Associate Warden of San Quentin and soon afterwards, NBC aired a documentary using Zimbardo's video footage of the experiment on national TV (Zimbardo, 2007). Zimbardo almost immediately became a prison expert on the basis of his six day study and was called to provide advice at a series of congressional hearings and advisory panels on the US prison system over the next decade. In the decade following the experiment, the SPE became enshrined in the psychology curriculum and is a staple of psychology textbooks today (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014).

The SPE has attracted sustained and enduring media coverage since it was conducted in 1971 with media commentators applying the conclusions from the experiment to explain police brutality and prisoner abuse, corporate fraud, Ponzi schemes, domestic abuse, Nazi atrocities and torture at Iraqi Prison Abu Ghraib.

Like the equally famous Obedience to Authority experiments, the SPE has made the leap from psychological science to popular culture, with TV documentaries, feature films, books, music and theatre inspired by the study. Three full length feature films have been made about the SPE, with the most recent, *The Stanford Prison Experiment* (2015) involving Zimbardo as a consultant on the project.

I will argue in this chapter that the SPE has gained such status and fame in large part due to Zimbardo's media skills including his use of literary journalistic techniques, self-fashioned persona, media savvy, and rhetorical skill in appealing to, connecting with and amplifying ideas already circulating in the public imagination.

‘The Mind is a Formidable Jailer: A Pirandellian Prison’

The first published account of the SPE appeared in *Life* magazine in 1971 (Faber) just three months after the experiment ended. It would be another two years before the first academic article appeared in print in a journal of the military body that funded the research (Haney, Banks, & Zimbardo, 1973a) a fact which critics of the SPE point out, undermines the experiment's scientific status (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014). It's not clear why Zimbardo did not process his experimental results through the usual channels. He communicated his findings almost exclusively through the mass media and so provided no opportunity for his peers to formally review his claims. However his role as host of the PBS TV series *Discovering Psychology* and his position at a leading university after which the study was named have gone a long way in establishing Zimbardo as an authoritative and credentialed source.

Zimbardo's first authored publication was an article in the high profile *New York Times Magazine* (Zimbardo, Haney, Banks, & Jaffe, 1973) and demonstrates his skills in selectively highlighting information front stage to make for a highly convincing performance. The article recruits from the very opening what Latour calls a 'network of allies' (Latour, 1987, as cited in Hilgartner, 2000) to support Zimbardo's authority and credibility. The by-line describes his job title, his prestigious university employer and the fact that he has three graduate students assisting in his research—all information that attests to the author's scientific credentials. The article also marks the beginning of his public ownership of the narrative of the SPE.

The reference to Pirandello in the title implies readers will understand the reference to an Italian dramatist and poet. Luigi Pirandello was known for dramas in which actors become inseparable and indistinct from the characters that they played. Before the reader has begun to read the first paragraph, the believability of the experiment to the actors concerned has been established without question.

The writing is concrete and vivid. From the opening paragraph the reader is plunged into the drama of the mass arrests of young men in Palo Alto on a sunny summer morning. As you would expect in the weekend supplement of a newspaper like the *New York Times*, the article certainly does not read like a scientific report. The literary techniques he employs include the construction of vivid scenes, characters that grow and develop in the course of the narrative, dialogue and third person point of view (Wolfe & Johnson, 1973). Like the arrested students, we are swept along by the prose and the disturbing turn of events. Blindfolded, the prisoners are taken to 'Stanford County Prison' and the use of quotation marks signals that some trickery is involved. However the strip-searching, delousing and warden's welcome that follows suggests that the trickery is not benign.

It is not until we are five paragraphs in that Zimbardo explains that the prison was an elaborate set in the basement of a building at Stanford University. The dramatic opening, with the college students' dismay and confusion at their surprise arrest shows the writer understands how to use narrative devices to hook the reader in to the story.

Zimbardo's tone is dispassionate, describing the effect of the prison on the uniformed guards who in their mirrored sunglasses with their clubs and whistles become increasingly sadistic. Over time, prisoners and guards played their parts: the powerful and the powerless, the self-righteous and the humiliated. Photographs show a naked prisoner, a close up of shackled feet, a blindfolded prisoner being led to a cell, and a row of six prisoners waiting for a 'parole hearing' wearing paper bags on their heads. He tells us he has created 'a vivid illusion of imprisonment' and that 'the illusion merged inextricably with reality . . .' (Zimbardo *et al.*, 1973). He piles anecdote on anecdote, showing rather than telling and presenting a bleak portrait of the degradation and loss of self-respect of the prisoners and the evil brutality of the guards. The prisoners' stress is so severe that some have to be released. By now it is easy to forget that what Zimbardo is describing is an elaborate roleplay.

Just as the reader is beginning to wonder about the rationale for such a cruel experiment Zimbardo admits that at one point in the study he and his staff too began to have doubts about what they were doing. This is a clever rhetorical move that on one hand risks undermining the persona of the objective scientist but adds to Zimbardo's

believability by revealing his troubled conscience. This self reflectiveness and questioning of his motives suggests a degree of honesty and self disclosure by revealing a 'backstage' detail to the audience, in a 'dialectic of self-revelation and concealment' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 11). By referring to himself and his graduate students as 'we' throughout the article he presents an appearance of unanimity and implied endorsement of the SPE. But now Zimbardo confides that as the warden he had switched off his empathy and 'overreacted'. So involved did he get in the charade that he includes himself and his staff in the 'gradual Kafkaesque metamorphosis of good into evil':

We were no longer dealing with an intellectual exercise in which a hypothesis was being evaluated in the dispassionate manner dictated by the canons of scientific method. We were caught up in the passion of the present, the suffering, the need to control people, not variables, the escalation of power and all of the unexpected things that were erupting around and within us. . . .
(Zimbardo *et al.*, 1973)

Not only were the staff surprised at their subjects' behaviour, they were surprised by their own. This personal confession serves to bolster Zimbardo's credibility and expert status—audiences place greater faith in popular science writers who disclose struggles that readers can identify with (Shapin, 2007).

However, this mention of a 'hypothesis', 'scientific method' and 'variables' being abandoned in the 'passion of the present' is entirely misleading. According to their subsequent journal article about the research, Zimbardo and his colleagues did not formulate a hypothesis, did not specify any dependent or independent variables, and did not gather any statistical measures over the course of the research, which disqualifies it from being defined as an experiment. The journal article was not an experimental report but an extended anecdote describing the set up and outcomes of a 'prison simulation' (Haney *et al.*, 1973a).

This revelation of the repentant experimenter as struck by an attack of bad conscience will become increasingly marked in Zimbardo's rhetoric over time—his personal transformation during the experiment. So begins a twin dramatic arc in the narrative of the SPE. As the guards become increasingly brutal, the experimenter playing the role of warden is increasingly troubled. This confession of the weakness of

the scientists involved and their own corruption by the system they'd established reinforces that it was not just the previously normal and healthy prisoners and guards but the 'warder' and his assistants who were also subject to the power of the situation.

But this 1973 article also demonstrates his sense of 'theatrical self consciousness' as actor/author he is clearly writing with his audience in mind, anticipating their questions, imagining their reactions, framing and pacing the 'reveal' and dealing in the text with any arguments or reservations they might have (Hilgartner, 2012).

In the final paragraphs, Zimbardo invites readers to engage in some self reflection and consider the parallel between his 'mock' prison and our own 'prisons of the mind'. It's a clunky transition, coming hard as it does on his conclusion that our external environments rather than our personalities are what shape our behaviour. But clearly he is aiming to extend the parameters of his findings to include not just prison reform but personal liberation. He writes that we carry inside us mental prisons of:

racism, sexism, despair, shyness, and "neurotic hang-ups" . . . The social convention of marriage, as one example, becomes for many couples a state of imprisonment in which one partner agrees to be prisoner or guard . . .
(Zimbardo *et al.*, 1973)

Zimbardo concludes the article with the all-inclusive 'we' this time including the audience of readers who he asks to turn their gaze inward to consider how much they too are prisoners who refuse to take power and exhorts them to take control and free themselves from the prisons of their own thinking.

If the article begins with a bang, it ends with a whimper. The abrupt shift from the detailed and dramatic description of events in the prison to the vague sounding conclusions about the self-limiting world of thoughts and feelings is an anticlimax. But we can see how Zimbardo is expanding the significance of the SPE from providing insight into institutionalised brutality to notions of personal liberation, thus enlarging the applicability of social psychology to a much broader range of human experiences.

Zimbardo's first newspaper article is sensational, absorbing and dramatic and reveals he is adept at shifting his rhetorical style to suit different audiences and purposes. Zimbardo is in control of the performance, setting the scene, writing the script, and selecting which actors appear to play a part. Selected 'guards' and 'prisoners'

are spot lit to deliver lines that support the point Zimbardo is making. However, they are usually little more than animated props whose function is to advance the plot, highlight themes or in some way add evidence to the claims he makes. That claim is that all involved took their roles seriously and 'became' warders and inmates, and in the follow up discussions all experienced some kind of 'revelation' that justified the ethics of conducting such research. Zimbardo appears to accord his subjects an equal voice in articulating what they experienced, which masks the fact of his selection of only some actors in the drama who he allows to have a speaking part. The subjects' backstories—motivation for volunteering, life history or expectations of what will be involved—are kept backstage. Zimbardo effectively convinces us that the only action worth paying attention to is what he is enacting for us on the front stage.

An important part of the scientific authority of that front stage performance has been Zimbardo's use of photographs and film footage. While Zimbardo portrayed himself in the role as prison warder and experimenter in his first journalistic article it is clear that during the experiment he was also playing the role of director, documenting the SPE for future performances in print, images and film to a broader audience. From the very start of the experiment Zimbardo engaged with the media, inviting a local TV station to film the 'arrests' of prisoners at their homes by real police for broadcast on the evening news (Bottoms, 2014, p. 47). During the experiment, Zimbardo filmed interactions between guards and prisoners, took still photographs and audio recordings. These images of the experiment quickly made their way into the mass media and it is a sign of their visual power that the first story in mass media about the SPE appeared in *Life* magazine which was renowned for its use of arresting photographs. Zimbardo intuitively grasped the importance of the publication and circulation of these images and film footage and the role they played in turning 'esoteric uncertainty' into 'exoteric certainty' through the use of 'concrete examples and visualization . . .' (Bauer, 2012, p. 51). Zimbardo acknowledged that 'The visual nature of the SPE made it ripe for television and other media coverage' (Zimbardo, 2007, Chapter 11, The Power of Media and Visual Images).

Zimbardo has used the footage in slideshows for teaching, textbooks, in TV presentations and documentaries about the study. It was the power of these images that

Zimbardo says first won him the ear of Congress. He recalled his first appearance as a witness in front of Congress in the early 1970s:

. . . I was the only witness who had no real prison experience to share with the Congressmen. The others were Wardens, Superintendents, guards, and former prisoners . . . However I made a bigger impact on the investigative panel than most of the others, all of whom had horror stories to tell and advice to dispense, did.

How? I did so simply by inviting the Congressmen to imagine that their white, middle-class sons had answered our newspaper ad and had been randomly assigned to be a prisoner or a guard in the SPE. To get away from the abstract descriptions of the others speakers, I presented a vivid, visual slide show display of what transpired over the six days of the experiment. My brief, narrated chronology grabbed everyone's attention because the slide show gave us all a concrete, shared visual reality, in contrast with the limited vocabularies mouthed by the "real experts." By means of the slides, Congressmen could readily imagine the suffering of the prisoners . . . From then on, during the deliberations, many of these officials prefaced their statements about real prison issues with "As in the Stanford Prison," or "We see from the prison experience at Stanford that . . ." (Zimbardo, 2006a)

Zimbardo's use of visual images did not just establish the proof of his claims but played a critical role in establishing his reputation as an expert authority. From his new position as prison expert Zimbardo has been able to project the claims from the mock prison at Stanford to real prisons in the US and abroad.

Media interest in the SPE

After initial reports of the SPE in the mass media in the early 1970s, the SPE has gradually been absorbed into popular culture. Media references to the SPE in the decade after the initial burst of publicity in 1973 were largely in reference to prison reform. However by the mid 80s journalists were referring to Zimbardo's theory about the power of the situation in feature articles not just about prison reform, but police brutality and the relationships between hostages and kidnappers. By the 1990s journalists were invoking the SPE to explain a much broader range of social trends

including rising crime rates, street violence and the proliferation of Ponzi schemes. This trend supports Cassidy's argument that social science research and psychology in particular tends to migrate from newspaper science pages where new research might initially be reported, to generalist sections of the newspaper where journalists reference it in a much broader range of topics (Cassidy, 2008).

In the 1990s Holocaust scholars like Christopher Browning researching how ordinary people can become participants in atrocities drew a parallel between Zimbardo's guards and members of Nazi killing units (Browning, 1998). Malcolm Gladwell included the SPE in his international bestseller *The Tipping Point* (2000) as evidence of how our social contexts rather than individual dispositions have a powerful impact on our behaviour. In 2004, the SPE made the headlines with news that American soldiers had abused and tortured prisoners inside Iraq's Abu Ghraib prison. The ensuing public debate about how American soldiers could engage in such appalling brutality continued comparisons to Zimbardo's experiment and cemented the SPE in the public imagination. In the four decades since the study was conducted this continuing media reference to the SPE has introduced it to new generations and reinforced its relevance, timelessness and universality. By referencing the SPE in a much broader range of discussions of social problems, journalists have endorsed and amplified the significance of Zimbardo's findings and reinforced their status as fact. Exceptions to these uncritical and largely celebratory accounts have occurred when what Hilgartner (2000) calls 'backstage leaks' and more recently, 'unauthorised performances' have occurred.

The media has given scientist-populariser Zimbardo a platform and an outlet for communicating with a variety of audiences consuming news of the SPE in newspapers, on screen and in textbooks. Apart from the sensational and dramatic narrative of the SPE, Zimbardo's account of the SPE has been amplified in a host of media since 1971 because he is a particularly convincing performer. Interviews, newspaper articles, websites and TED talks have added to the authenticity and credibility of his 'onstage' persona. His high profile in the media has naturalised and polished his performance and his expertise in commenting on an increasingly diverse range of topics related to the psychology of evil has made him a media drawcard. From the media's point of view, scientific reputation alone is not the only criterion used in deciding whether to give a scientist media attention. These criteria include 'a vivid personality, verbal fluency and

competency in self-portrayal, and the attractiveness of the topic of his/her work with regard to problems and fears of society' (Peter Weingart & Pansegrau, 1999, p. 3).

As well as being a recognized authority on the psychology of evil, Zimbardo is at ease, articulate and confident in front of the TV camera, in contrast to the wooden self-consciousness of colleagues like Stanley Milgram (Perry, 2013). As one journalist wrote of Zimbardo in 1998, 'The professor's links to shyness research seem a contradiction for a man with a reputation for the dramatic in the classroom . . . and his unrestrained appreciation of his own achievements' (Workman, 1998).

In 1969 American Psychological Association (APA) President George Miller famously exhorted members about the importance of 'giving psychology away' (1969b) to the general public who could use the research to improve their lives and relationships. Philip Zimbardo has embraced this advice and the self-styled role of public educator and social reformer in a high profile media career in which, eager to share the fruits of social psychological knowledge, he has dispensed the many lessons to be learned from his research as a means of improving human welfare.

Many of the iconic social psychological experiments of the twentieth century, including the SPE, enact a moral dilemma, positioning social psychology to 'overtake[n] . . . religion' (Brannigan, 1997, p. 596) in offering moral lessons and explaining social problems. Zimbardo has been particularly adept in connecting new information garnered from the SPE to something audiences recognise as obvious 'truths or insights' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 296).

Zimbardo's skill as a public performer is central to the fame and impact of the SPE. He demonstrates an instinctive feel for crafting a compelling narrative that is surprising and counter-intuitive and simultaneously speaks to people's deeply held cultural beliefs, that are 'held to be beyond dispute as time-honored, tradition-based tenets' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 296). The story of the SPE is a story of the dramatic transformation of normal young men into brutal sadists and cowering victims. The high emotion, intense conflict and shocking conclusion make a powerful story. Zimbardo's 'self-fashioned' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 296) role in the story, the emergence of his character as the tormented experimenter caught in a moral dilemma and his impassioned call for reform have made him a persuasive and engaging performer and has proved an

effective device in warding off ethical and methodological criticisms of the research. After all who can offer the best advice on good and evil—someone who has struggled with it themselves and has conducted scientific research or someone who argues on the basis of scientific research alone? (Keränen, 2010).

Zimbardo has successfully deployed biblical references in his rhetorical repertoire—the descent into the basement hell of the SPE, the suffering, the epiphany, the ascent, transformation and redemption. We can also interpret this shift in Zimbardo's persona to include guilt and remorse as a response to the pressures of the surfacing controversy about the ethics of other high profile social psychological experiments such as Stanley Milgram's obedience experiments.

Zimbardo's strength lies in his ability to intuit, shape and present a compelling story with himself taking a lead role in a dramatic narrative that educates, enlightens and delivers a moral lesson. If social psychology has stepped into the space occupied by religion then Zimbardo is one of its most well-known preachers. But Zimbardo seems to embrace this role as stage show star and his physical presentation and in particular the black hair swept back from his forehead and the pointy beard give him 'a devilish cast' (Workman, 1998). An Internet search throws up hundreds of images of him posing for selfies with fans wearing devil's horns or other paraphernalia that suggests his expertise on the topic of evil. At Stanford he regularly dressed up to suit the theme of his lectures, for example, appearing in full drag for his lecture on deviance (Workman, 1998).

Zimbardo is a flamboyant figure whose public presentations have the air of a staged show. I was in the audience at a Melbourne presentation in 2008, in which Zimbardo danced up the aisle towards the stage snapping his fingers along to Santana's "You've got to change your evil ways, baby" blasting from the speakers overhead, setting the scene for his talk. The theatre was filled on a mid-weekday afternoon with people in business wear who had clearly taken time away from the office to attend and who looked discomfited by Zimbardo's flamboyance and larger-than-life persona. Later, while showing footage of the liberation of Nazi run concentration camps, grainy images of piles of emaciated corpses, the music accompanying the clip failed and Zimbardo screamed at the technician at the back of the auditorium, 'What happened to the sound? It's nothing without the sound!'

It seemed to me that Zimbardo had misread the audience, mistaking us for a lay public of fans rather than psychologists who would feel short-changed by a performance that seemed more showbiz than science. My own uneasiness could be a symptom of the discipline's ambivalence about media prominence and 'visible scientists' (Rodder *et al.*, 2012) but on reflection it was Zimbardo's simplistic and exaggerated message and proselytizing tone that bothered me and struck me as particularly unscientific. He behaved like someone who has been saved and who is on a mission to convert others to his cause.

Reactions to the SPE in the academy.

American psychology has an ambivalent attitude to one of its more famous social psychologists. For those who subscribe to a dominant model of popularization which believes that knowledge is created and validated 'upstream' through academic peer review before being disseminated 'downstream' to the general public via the mass media, Zimbardo is a renegade. The findings of the SPE were presented first by Zimbardo to the mass media and have never been published in a peer reviewed publication, despite it being regarded as one of the most famous experiments in psychology (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014).

Despite the notoriety and fame of the SPE, it has an uneasy relationship to its parent discipline. As Griggs points out, methodological critiques of the study began appearing in the literature as early as 1975 and Zimbardo's claims that the results support a situationist perspective have also been robustly challenged by a growing number of authors since. The first published criticism attacked the ethics of the study, equating Zimbardo with an ambitious and 'overzealous' 'morally obtuse' 'used car salesman' and questioned whether the 'degradation' of the young men involved was justified given the experiment's unsurprising results (Savin, 1973).

A second and enduring strand of criticism argued that the guards acted the way they did because they knew what was expected of them and that the experimenters' situationist conclusion was undermined by the fact that two thirds of guards did not behave sadistically (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014).

But the conflation of media prominence with research significance is also notable in psychology textbooks where the SPE is a ubiquitous presence. Textbooks are

powerful instruments for inducting new recruits into current research of the profession (Morawski, 1992), yet criticisms of the SPE are unlikely to find their way into the pages of social psychology textbooks (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014). Despite the burgeoning literature critiquing the SPE, Griggs' survey of introductory psychology textbooks found that almost all included the SPE but that ethical, methodological or interpretative criticisms of the SPE were largely ignored. This disconnect between the critical literature, textbook depictions and teaching was exemplified in a high profile blog post by textbook author Peter Gray decrying the inclusion of the SPE in teaching of psychology, calling it 'an embarrassment to the field of psychology' (Gray, 2013; Griggs & Whitehead, 2014).

While the SPE has its critics, mainstream psychology has endorsed and celebrated it. In 2012 Zimbardo was elected President of the American Psychological Association and in 2012 he was awarded the APA's Gold Medal Award for Life Achievement in the Science of Psychology. The APA has had a long tradition of encouraging its social psychologists to engage with and communicate with the media and have rewarded and celebrated Zimbardo's contribution as a populariser of psychology.

There is no question Zimbardo has been an unflagging promoter of the discipline and its benefits (Zimbardo, 2004). His high public profile in the mass media - his personal website, blog posts on Psychology Today, appearances on TV and in documentaries and authoring of textbooks—while a likely additional cause for mistrust in academic circles, where celebrity science can affect a researcher's reputation (Vance, 2010) have made him a powerful advocate for social psychology and a 'psychology star' (Zarembo, 2004). For some in the social psychological community Zimbardo's work as a salesman and showman on behalf of the discipline has more than offset any criticism of his work.

Disarming critics

While Zimbardo has largely ignored his academic critics he has shaped his performances of the SPE over time to address those who have questioned the experiment's ethics, methodology and findings. One way of disarming critics of the ethics of his experiment has been his revelation, present in the first published article in

1973, of himself as a troubled experimenter, so disturbed by the direction the experiment was taking that he called a halt well short of the experiment's expected termination date. But Zimbardo's presentation of this moral lesson from the SPE is problematic. If the experimenter can overcome the power of the situation, why then couldn't his guards or prisoners experience the same epiphany?

In 1998, Zimbardo added a new plot twist to the story of the experiment's impact on him. During an interview with '60 Minutes' to mark the experiment's 25th anniversary Zimbardo strategically let slip some 'backstage' information. He recounted how it had been the intervention of his then girlfriend Christina Maslach that had prompted him to call the experiment off. She had visited the 'prison' and was sickened by the sadism and suffering she saw and after a heated argument Zimbardo realised that he might lose her if he continued with the experiment. The experimenter who had lost his moral compass was as vulnerable as his subjects to the power of the situation and it was only the heroic intervention of an outsider that saved him.

Zimbardo elaborated on this anecdote in the following two decades, framing it as another way in which the experiment opened his eyes and enabled him to apply what he learned in the real world beyond the lab. Firstly, by marrying Maslach and applying the moral lessons of his own experiment in his work as prison reformer, activist and social psychologist intent on promoting the lessons of his research to as broad a public as possible for individual and social improvement.

Unauthorised performances

Changes in research practices and in particular the application of ethical safeguards on psychological research have rendered the SPE unrepeatable, a fact that has both cemented it in the popular imagination and left its findings undisputed with other researchers unable to challenge Zimbardo's results. This has worked in Zimbardo's favour as a scientist's ability to control information and prevent 'unauthorized performances' plays a central role in creating and maintaining expert authority (Hilgartner, 2000).

However, in 2002 a replication was conducted, challenging both Zimbardo's 'ownership' of the SPE as well as his findings (Reicher & Haslam, 2006). The British

experimenters were from an opposing theoretical camp—the social identity theorists—and have been particularly energetic in their efforts to challenge the conclusions Zimbardo drew from the SPE and overturn the received view of situationally caused evil. In a move that further blurred the boundaries between social psychology and the media, Reicher and Haslam staged their own version of the experiment as a four part reality TV program called *The BBC Prison Study* produced for the BBC.

In this contest of expert authority and in view of Zimbardo's public contrition about his complicity in brutality as an experimenter in the SPE his reaction to news of the BBC show was predictable. He lambasted the British researchers for a lack of ethics in repeating the study. Before the BBC program aired, newspapers reported Zimbardo's criticism of plans for the reality TV program with Zimbardo quoted as saying "That kind of research is now considered to be unethical and should not be redone just for sensational TV and Survivor-type glamour" (Wells, 2002). Zimbardo was not alone in his criticism. British ethicist David Miller opined in an article in the British Psychological Society journal that the involvement of psychologists in 'humiliation television' was a worrying development (D. Miller & Phyllo, 2002).

This 'unauthorised performance' (Hilgartner, 2000) and the public stoush between Zimbardo and the British researchers behind it brought what had until that time been largely backstage disagreements into the public eye. Reicher and Haslam countered that their version of the experiment would be more tightly controlled than the original and that more stringent ethical safeguards were in place. While Zimbardo's rhetoric was heated and impassioned, Reicher and Haslam were careful to wear the mask of science in their public pronouncements. The argument that unfolded in academic journals and the media was a case of boundary marking between the 'situationists' on one hand and the 'role theorists' on the other. Zimbardo dubbed the BBC program not science, and an 'alleged 'social psychology field study' that was 'fraudulent' (Zimbardo, 2006b). But in a triumph of rhetoric the BBC experimenters successfully convinced six journal editors that the reality TV show was in fact legitimate social science and published six papers in academic journals reporting on the results. As entertainment however, the show was a flop. This eruption of controversy in the public sphere marked a more damaging and public vein of criticism of the SPE, one which called into question its status as science. Haslam retaliated by arguing that the

SPE has not been academically sanctioned because its findings had never been ratified by Zimbardo's peers, but had instead been published in non mainstream journals associated with the funding agency behind the research (Smith & Haslam, 2012), a claim that has since been picked up and echoed by others (Bottoms, 2014; Griggs, 2014).

Zimbardo's effective stage management has extended to control over and ownership of archival material, photographs, film footage and descriptions of the SPE which has largely ensured the enforcement of the 'dramaturgical co-operation' (Hilgartner, 2000) of research staff and participants. A lack of public disagreement amongst the research team and the implied consent of the 'guards' and 'prisoners' in having photographs and film footage of themselves published and broadcast implied their endorsement of the research overall as well as of the conclusions Zimbardo drew from the SPE. For four decades in the hundreds of articles, book chapters, talks, films, and TV appearances, it has been Philip Zimbardo who has been identified as the experimenter and narrator of accounts of the research. This control of the narrative has allowed him to present an unambiguous and convincing account of the SPE. As the sole conduit to any backstage information about the study, Zimbardo has until relatively recently been able to present an account in which the multiple people involved - researchers and subjects - have been presented as a unified group who agree with and share the conclusions of the study.

However with the renewed attention to the SPE in the wake of the Abu Ghraib prison scandal, backstage leaks began to emerge. When news of the abuses at Abu Ghraib prison surfaced Zimbardo was quick to draw parallels between his subjects and guards at the Iraqi prison. The publication of photos of American military police engaged in the psychological and physical torture of prisoners echoed the images of the SPE. Zimbardo wrote that while he was shocked he was not surprised by the torture at Abu Ghraib, which was, he said, so reminiscent of what happened in his Stanford prison lab (Zimbardo, 2004 as cited in Saletan, 2004).

This resurgence of interest boosted the profile of SPE and Zimbardo who was immediately co-opted by the military as an authority on incarceration and torture. Given the military were likely casting about for a psychological explanation of the 'aberrant'

behaviour of their guards, Zimbardo was not a good choice. The apples weren't rotten, Zimbardo concluded, the barrel was. He argued that like 'his' guards at Stanford, the guards at Abu Ghraib had been corrupted by a corrupt environment. The brutality of the military police and abuse of prisoners at Abu Ghraib made news around the world and gave the SPE fresh power as it seemed to provide an answer of sorts to the question of how ordinary American men and women could behave in such a brutal and shocking way. Zimbardo once again became 'a media favorite' with leading US newspapers including *The New York Times* 'hailing Stanford as a template for Abu Ghraib' (Saletan, 2004), a connection Zimbardo actively promoted. In an editorial in the Boston Globe he wrote:

The terrible things my guards [at Stanford] did to their prisoners were comparable to the horrors inflicted on the Iraqi detainees. My guards repeatedly stripped their prisoners naked, hooded them, chained them, denied them food or bedding privileges, put them into solitary confinement, and made them clean toilet bowls with their bare hands. . . . Over time, these amusements took a sexual turn, such as having the prisoners simulate sodomy on each other. . . . Human behavior is much more under the control of situational forces than most of us recognize or want to acknowledge. (Zimbardo, 2004 as cited in Saletan, 2004)

However, this fresh attention to the SPE also brought a more critical examination of the study by some journalists who unearthed what Hilgartner (2000) called 'backstage leaks' that challenged the front stage consensus about the SPE and its conclusions. For example in May 2004, in an article in *Slate*, journalist William Saletan challenged Zimbardo's role as narrator as well as the connections he drew between the experiment and real life. Saletan highlighted inconsistencies in Zimbardo's and others' accounts of procedures during the experiment to conclude that the SPE could not explain, nor was it analogous to, the events at Abu Ghraib (Saletan, 2004).

In an article in *The LA Times* in July 2004, journalist Alan Zarembo questioned the 'validity' of the SPE and interviewed other members of the research team, a prisoner and a guard from the SPE all of whom emphasised the staged nature of the study and how participants were aware of acting a part. When Zarembo asked Zimbardo for a response the social psychologist dismissed subjects' claims that they were acting,

arguing that psychologically it made sense that they would disown their behaviour (Zarembko, 2004). In this way Zimbardo used his status as scientist with superior knowledge to emphasise the subjects as unreliable and psychologically ignorant. But the hostility in Zimbardo's dismissal of their points of view betrayed an irritation and an impatience with dissent.

In 2005, one of Zimbardo's team Carlo Prescott, whose experience in prison qualified him for the role of 'chief consultant' during the SPE, also broke ranks. Prompted by the news that a Hollywood feature film of the experiment looked likely Prescott wrote to the *Stanford News* where his letter appeared under the headline 'The lie of the Stanford Prison Experiment'. He wrote:

. . . Zimbardo began with a preformed blockbuster conclusion and designed an experiment to 'prove' that conclusion . . . To allege that all these carefully tested, psychologically solid, upper-middle-class Caucasian 'guards' dreamed this up on their own is absurd. How can Zimbardo. . . express horror at the behavior of the 'guards' when they were merely doing what Zimbardo and others, myself included, encouraged them to do at the outset or frankly established as ground rules? (Prescott, 2005)

The renewed media attention to the SPE in the mid 2000s illustrated how much less control of the narrative Zimbardo had when he was subject rather than author of journalistic narratives about the research. As Hilgartner has noted, 'All histories . . . are profoundly shaped by the efforts of the participants to control the documentary record and therefore influence what can be known or said about them' (2000, p. 81). One way of re-establishing control of the official accounts of the SPE was for Zimbardo to publish his first full and detailed record of the experiment.

'The Lucifer Effect: How Good People Turn Evil'

Zimbardo's 2007 book showcases his self styled role as new age preacher. All his rhetorical techniques and strategies of the pulpit come to full fruition in *The Lucifer Effect: how good people turn evil*. The book was touted as the never-before-told story of the SPE. The publication of the book was an opportunity to disarm his critics, neutralise attacks on the validity of the SPE and settle any questions about the ethics of the original research.

The struggle with his conscience that earned Zimbardo early moral authority in his first *New York Times Magazine* article is exploited to the full in this book which he has reframed as a story about struggle between good and evil with himself as a major protagonist.

In the confessional, first person account Zimbardo takes the reader into his confidence, sharing his insights and anxieties, reflecting on his own myopic and limited view of the world in 1971. He could never have written this book back then, he tells us, because he had neither the maturity nor the insight to do it justice. But that doesn't mean that this book was easy. It was 'emotionally draining' because writing it forced him to relive the original Stanford study at the same time that it immersed him in the graphic details of the abuses at Abu Ghraib. So immersed did he become, particularly in his preparation as a witness for the defence of one of the MP prison guards that:

I came to feel what it was like to walk in his boots on the Tier 1A night shift from 4 P.M. to 4 A.M. every single night for forty nights without a break. (Zimbardo, 2007, Preface, para. 3)

Despite describing himself as 'more like an investigative reporter than a social psychologist' Zimbardo blurs the boundaries between fact and fiction, particularly in the first nine of 16 chapters, with a chapter devoted to each day of the experiment 'told in the present tense with minimal psychological interpretation' in a 'cinematic' style (Zimbardo, 2007, Preface, para.13). This highly visual writing style gives the reader a sense of being an 'eyewitness' watching a sensational experiment in action that makes for a powerful performance. As witnesses we are invited to see what the experimenter sees and to share his situationist conclusions and his belief in the 'power of psychology to reveal disturbing truths about human nature' (Perry, 2015).

However, Zimbardo downplays the rhetorical features of his writing, and claims that the nine chapters describing the SPE are presented without 'interpretation'. But this is disingenuous, as Zimbardo enters the minds of a range of major and minor characters. For example, we learn that churchgoing 'Mrs Dexter Whittlow' is worrying about the 'passion' between her 'beautiful fuzzy-blond, blue-eyed' son Hubbie and his girlfriend when the police arrive to arrest him on the first day of the experiment.

Zimbardo uses rhetorical techniques borrowed from literary journalism throughout the book. He uses commentary extensively and provides specific telling detail to direct the reader's attention to particular conclusions. He gives readers' access to characters' inner thoughts and internal monologues and he dramatizes the story by recreating scenes full of characters, conflict and dialogue. He includes himself as a first person character in the unfolding story, charting his own transformation as part of the story's dramatic arc (Seeman, 2013).

Disarmingly, Zimbardo portrays himself as a manipulative character, calling attention to his arrogance, naivety and unscrupulousness in ensuring the SPE was not a failure. These orchestrated glimpses 'backstage' and his self-reflective and seemingly self critical view add depth to his persona as a narrator who is honest about his foibles and someone the reader can trust to provide an unvarnished account of what happened.

Zimbardo uses this same openness to adroitly deal with criticisms of his research. He reveals for example, that as his critics have long pointed out, guards knew what was expected of them and in fact had been briefed the day before the experiment began on how to treat prisoners, were coached on effective punishment techniques and reprimanded during the experiment by members of the research team for not behaving harshly enough toward prisoners. Even though this startling revelation contradicts earlier and long standing descriptions of the study's procedures, Zimbardo points out that the guards had no script and went far beyond the guidelines they were given.

The book also worked to neutralise 'backstage leaks' from members of his team not by denying them directly but by playing up harmony and professional consensus between members of the SPE team. For example, Zimbardo makes no mention in the book of Carlo Prescott's accusation that the experiment was a 'lie'. Instead he describes in vivid detail Prescott's performance during the SPE in the role of Head of the Parole Board. Prescott's often bullying and angry interactions with prisoners that Zimbardo describes suggest that Prescott was not only totally immersed in the situation but like the guards went way beyond the role assigned to him. Zimbardo quotes from an 'insightful' letter Prescott sent him a month after the experiment ended, calling it 'a tender personal declaration of the impact this experience had on him' and how Prescott

described the experiment as ' . . . authentic . . . not make-believe at all.' (Zimbardo, 2007, Chapter 7, Paroled Prisoner).

The biblical allusions do not stop with the title of Zimbardo's book. The text is peppered with images of angels and devils, saints and Satan, heaven and hell. Examination of the reader's own conscience is a persistent theme. Early in the book Zimbardo asks the reader, 'Could we, like God's favorite angel, Lucifer, ever be led into the temptation to do the unthinkable to others?' (Zimbardo, 2007, Preface, para. 12).

And later he advises readers to look inwards. "Am I capable of evil?" is the question that I want you to consider over and over again as we journey together to alien environments . . .' (Zimbardo, 2007, Chapter 1, para. 2).

This 'journey' includes:

. . . genocide in Rwanda, the mass suicide and murder of People's Temple followers in the jungles of Guyana, the My Lai massacre in Vietnam, the horrors of Nazi concentration camps, the torture by military and civilian police around the world, and the sexual abuse of parishioners by Catholic priests . . . the scandalous, and fraudulent behavior of executives at Enron and World-Com corporations . . . abuses of prisoners at Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq . . . One . . . thread tying these atrocities together [is] . . . the Stanford Prison Experiment. (Zimbardo, 2007, Chapter 1, Transformations)

But Zimbardo is ultimately reassuring, saving the book's final chapter for 'some good news about human nature, about what we as individuals can do to challenge situational and systemic power. . .' (Zimbardo, 2007, Preface, para. 17).

Revelations in the book about the actual conduct of the experiment added weight to critics' arguments that the conclusions Zimbardo drew from the SPE with his good-apples-in-a-bad-barrel theory was simplistic, flawed and wrong (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014). But it hardly mattered. The book and Zimbardo's thesis were covered on national TV and newspapers and his message that ordinary people can become monsters was amplified in the mass media on TV programs from *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart and *The Colbert Report* to newspapers and magazines including *The New York Times* and *Scientific American*.

The book provided a platform for Zimbardo to bolster claims for the validity of the SPE and the parallels between it and atrocities and genocide across the world. The success of the book and the media coverage firmly entrenched the SPE in the popular imagination and the public acceptance of the results as psychological 'truth'. In the decade since it was published, according to Google Scholar *The Lucifer Effect* has been referenced 2300 times in the scholarly literature, suggesting that the popular science book has had an impact upstream in the academy.

‘The Menace Within’

I have selected for comparative analysis journalist Romesh Ratnesar’s 2011 article published in *The Stanford Magazine* (Ratnesar, 2011). Not surprisingly, given Zimbardo's influential and highly credible performances of the SPE and his control of the details of the experiment, there are few journalistic accounts other than Zimbardo’s that offer a backstage view. Ratnesar’s article brings to light the perspective of the full range of participants in the research including subjects who played guards and prisoners.

The Stanford Magazine is a publication that operates as a public relations tool for the university. It is distributed to current and potential students and faculty, donors and alumni. So we would expect that criticism of Zimbardo—a long standing staff member—and the experiment would be constrained by sensitivity about the university’s support for the research. But given Ratnesar wrote the article to coincide with the 40th anniversary of the SPE, the tone is relatively muted rather than celebratory.

The news hook for the story is how the participants in the study—not just Zimbardo—feel about it 40 years later. The article picks up on the theme of a dramatic play with Ratnesar introducing each participant according to the role they played in the performance. In addition to the guards and prisoners, the other participants are described in terms of their roles. Zimbardo is ‘The Superintendent’, Maslach is ‘The Whistle-blower’, Haney and Banks are ‘The Researchers’ although their placement in the story reflects a hierarchy of sorts, with Zimbardo first and the prisoner last. This dramaturgical metaphor that collapses individuals and archetypes suggests the artificiality of the original experiment.

The article is structured so that each character speaks in first person quoted dialogue about their memories of the SPE in a series of monologues that sit side by side. As the author, Ratnesar provides a brief introduction, then appears to leave each character to speak for himself. The use of first person in these accounts and direct quotes without commentary by the author gives the reader a seemingly unmediated glimpse into the experiences of different actors. Ratnesar disappears backstage and it is easy to forget that he has conducted the interviews and edited the script. The framing of the story as a reflection on a life changing event sets up the expectation that each person's narrative will follow a particular trajectory of change.

Ratnesar's use of literary journalistic techniques is modest and his article is hardly a rigorous exposure or examination of the backstage workings of the SPE but the narrative structure, the style and the choice of interviewees selected for inclusion go some way towards balancing the more sensational accounts presented by Zimbardo himself. But the article is notable because Zimbardo does not have control of the narrative and by including subjects who have not previously been interviewed about their experiences of the SPE, Ratnesar angles his journalistic mirror to reflect a different image from the one we have come to expect in stories about the SPE.

The article's opening works to establish the dramatic power of the experiment, the fame and controversy that came in its wake and the exoneration of the university by both internal and external reviews of the experiment's ethics.

Zimbardo is the first character introduced and his monologue is accompanied by a professional head and shoulders photo, with Zimbardo unsmiling in a dark turtleneck. Zimbardo's monologue, like his wife Christina Maslach's, follows a trajectory of transformation. In his case it is the familiar story of his absorption during the experiment, the blunting of his judgement, his confrontation with Maslach, the decision to cancel the SPE, and his resulting commitment to activism and prison reform.

Zimbardo's narrative is more vivid through the shift in use of past to present tense, which gives the writing an immediacy and a sense that he is plunged back into the scene as he recalls it:

By the third day I was sleeping in my office. I had become the superintendent . . . That was who I was. I'm not the researcher at all. Even my posture

changes—when I walk through the prison yard, I’m walking with my hands behind my back, which I never in my life do . . . (Ratnesar, 2011, The Superintendent, para. 3)

But in the now very familiar story Zimbardo recounts how Christina Maslach, when she visited the experiment was appalled not just by the guards’ behaviour, but by her lover’s indifference to cruelty and how Maslach’s perspective shifted his own. This anecdote reinforces Zimbardo’s argument that even good people can be transformed in ways they never anticipate or expect. ‘. . . I didn’t see what she saw. And I suddenly began to feel ashamed’ (Ratnesar, 2011, para. 5) Rather than undermining Zimbardo’s authority, his seeming openness to self criticism and willingness to cast himself in an unfavourable light adds to his credibility. Nor he implies is he someone who planned or intended the fame that the experiment brought him. His use of the present tense emphasises how he was simply swept up in a tide of events as news of his experiment coincided with prison riots and he became an instant expert, ‘I’m flown out to Washington. . . knowing nothing firsthand about prisons’ (Ratnesar, 2011, para 7).

This emphasis on the serendipitous nature of the SPE downplays any implication that calculation or personal ambition had any role in the fame of the SPE and Zimbardo himself. But in a surprising admission Zimbardo acknowledges the limitations of the study and others’ criticisms of it. ‘It wasn’t a formal experiment. My colleagues probably never thought much of it’ (Ratnesar, 2011, para. 8). The use of the word ‘probably’ belies the fact that Zimbardo would be well aware of criticisms his peers have directed at the SPE. He finishes with an uncharacteristically restrained conclusion about the experiment’s impact. He is much more aware of the ‘negative use of power’ and this has improved his teaching and his relationships with his students. He makes no reference to evil, no Lucifer effect, no good apple, bad barrel.

The trajectory of Maslach’s narrative echoes Zimbardo’s. She too concludes her story with an emphasis on how the experiment changed her for the better and how it influenced her career choices. Researcher Craig Haney too concludes the SPE altered him. He is more ‘empathic’ and sensitive in his work with prisoners (The Researchers, para. 6).

The two guards featured in the story—Dave Eshelman and John Mark—provide a counter narrative. Eshelman who before he started work on the SPE was working as a pizza delivery boy, frames his experience as a guard as a case of good acting. Described by Ratnesar as ‘the prison’s most abusive guard’ (The Guards, para. 1) whose performance was inspired by a movie, Eshelman describes his behaviour as an ‘act’ that was ‘planned’ rather than spontaneous and informed by his experience in ‘high school drama productions.’ Eshelman describes his actions as ‘the sadistic guard’ as helping the researchers so ‘they’d have something to work with (Ratnesar, 2011, para 4).

For the reader, Eshelman’s account—even though he later draws parallels between SPE and real life prisons—is a reminder that participants were told it was a roleplay, were being paid for their participation, and were expected to deliver something in return. This runs counter to Zimbardo’s description of events unfolding in surprising and unexpected ways and with minimal intervention by the experimental team. But Eshelman says he learnt from the experience, and this is echoed in the photograph of him. Eshelman is not depicted in his outfit as a guard in 1973 but is seated on a rock beside a stream gazing upwards with a reflective and thoughtful expression on his face.

Ratnesar’s inclusion of biographical detail about the two guards reminds the reader of what the mask and role of prisoner and guard obscured. In lifting the backstage curtain to show the audience what both Eshelman and Mark were doing that summer before the SPE began Ratnesar reminds us of the varied backgrounds and motivations of the young men who volunteered.

John Mark, the second guard, describes how that summer, including during the SPE, he spent most of his time ‘getting high’. Mark, like Eshelman, emphasises that Zimbardo was ‘pushing’ for a particular result, to ‘create tension’ and ‘a dramatic crescendo’ that would verify the hypothesis he wanted to support (The Guards, para. 9). Mark says he was uncomfortable with the treatment of the prisoners and felt sympathy for them:

I didn't think it was ever meant to go the full two weeks. I think Zimbardo wanted to create a dramatic crescendo, and then end it as quickly as possible. I felt that throughout the experiment, he knew what he wanted and then tried to shape the experiment—by how it was constructed, and how it played out—to

fit the conclusion that he had already worked out. He wanted to be able to say that college students, people from middle-class backgrounds—people will turn on each other just because they're given a role and given power. Based on my experience, and what I saw and what I felt, I think that was a real stretch. I don't think the actual events match up with the bold headline. I never did, and I haven't changed my opinion. (Ratnesar, 2011, para 10)

But as if to undercut the power of these quotes the photograph of John Mark in contrast to Eshelman's reflective pose suggests vulnerability. Mark is seated on the end of a bed, which looks rumpled and untidy. Barefoot and wearing shorts he is looking at the camera with his head slightly turned away suggesting a reticence or untrustworthiness, as if he has trouble looking people in the eye.

The final interview is with one of the prisoners in the SPE, Richard Yacco. This is unusual in that only one other SPE prisoner has been interviewed by a journalist (Zarembo, 2004) and this is Yacco's first published appearance where his real name rather than his prisoner number has been used. Ratnesar introduces Yacco as the prisoner who 'instigated a revolt' and who was released early because of 'depression'. And yet Yacco's account of rebellion, of demanding to be allowed to leave, of realising he and his cellmates could 'join together' in passive resistance seems at odds with the description of him as depressed. Yacco says he was taken aback when the 'parole board' let him leave the experiment early because of his emotional vulnerability. 'I was surprised, because I never thought I was going through any kind of depression or anything like that' (The Prisoner, para. 7).

This contradictory picture of a prisoner actively rebelling, resisting and making demands being labelled as depressed with all its association with passivity and despair raises a doubt in the reader's mind. Were people like Yacco released early not because of the risk of an emotional breakdown but because they were troublemakers unlikely to accept the passive role that would make the experiment a success? Yacco's memory of his parents' visit to him during the SPE reminds us that he was a son and a teenager. This raises questions not just about the vulnerability of the subjects and the ethics of the research but also about what conclusions can be drawn from an individual to the world at large.

The implications of Ratnesar's article for models of science communication are twofold. His treatment of the topic of the SPE, while hardly qualifying as investigative reporting, goes some way towards querying the stage managed public face of a scientific performance. Unlike the majority of journalistic articles about the SPE which have traditionally privileged Zimbardo's account over others, the structure of Ratnesar's gives all participants equal space and prevents Zimbardo from commenting on or dismissing others' scepticism and alternative explanations of their behaviour during the SPE. In bypassing Zimbardo as sole narrator, and presenting each story as first person account with no commentary, Ratnesar invites the reader to consider each voice as equal.

The impact of Ratnesar's article extended beyond the readers of *The Stanford Magazine*. Some leading media outlets reprinted excerpts and provided links to the Ratnesar's article (Greenfield, 2011; Tartakovsky, 2011), while others like the BBC extended and elaborated on the original (BBC, 2011). In 2015 *The Stanford Prison Experiment* film was released and despite Zimbardo's involvement offered a far from celebratory view of the experiment and the man behind it. Journalists in high profile publications like *The New Yorker* (Konnikova, 2015, June 12) in reviewing the film referenced Ratnesar's article in their own revised and more critical perspective on the SPE and acknowledged Zimbardo's role in simplifying and spruiking his conclusions. Ratnesar's article has also had an impact 'upstream' where it has been cited in the scholarly literature in recent reviews of the dominance of the SPE narrative and discussions of the advisability of including the SPE in social psychology textbooks (Griggs & Whitehead, 2014).

Summary

In this chapter I have explored the relationship of science and journalism through the writings of scientist-populariser Dr Philip Zimbardo. The SPE has circulated in and across popular culture for over 40 years during which time it has had an impact both in the scientific realm, inspiring replications and revisions of codes of ethical conduct and in the public realm through Zimbardo's public profile.

As a scientist-populariser with a flair for journalism and public performances Zimbardo has gained public validation for the Stanford Prison Experiment through his

appearances and popular publications, bypassing traditional academic standards for knowledge production and dissemination. The case study of the SPE illustrates the way in which psychological scientists can bypass the usual means of earning intellectual capital and how such capital can be earned in the public arena in different forums and in different ways.

I have argued that Zimbardo's orientation towards the media and 'theatrical self consciousness' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 8) is a result of his socialization and training in social psychology. He is one of many social psychologists of his generation who have not been bashful about courting publicity. As a newly emerging discipline, social psychology has benefitted from the media engagement of high profile members like Zimbardo whose rhetorical abilities have advanced his knowledge claims and helped convince audiences comprised of journalists, academics and laypeople of the status and authority of the discipline.

I have argued in this chapter that despite its contested scientific status in the academy, Philip Zimbardo has been able to earn intellectual capital for the Stanford Prison Experiment by borrowing the techniques of literary journalism in his authored accounts of the research. Zimbardo's grasp of journalistic techniques has enabled him to tell a sensational story of human transformation that appears to show the power of social psychology to reveal profound and troubling truths about human nature.

The SPE did not make its way through the usual academic channels of knowledge validation and this may be because Zimbardo actively avoided doing so to insulate it from criticism and potential rejection. While some would argue that without unanimous peer endorsement the SPE is not bona fide science it has nonetheless gained academic authority from Zimbardo's role as a professor at a prestigious university, and a celebrated member and former president of the APA. Despite the SPE's apparent lack of academic merit the discipline of social psychology has clearly benefitted from the SPE's fame and Zimbardo has been rewarded accordingly. This has given him an even larger platform and guaranteed access for his public promotions of the SPE.

The media has also conferred a defacto authority on the SPE by giving it continuing positive attention. In their discussion of the disjunction between scholarly and media opinion in Germany towards Daniel Goldhagen's book *Hitler's Willing*

Executioners, Pansengrau and Weingart (1999) argue that media took such a contrasting and sympathetic approach to Goldhagen's book partly because it ignited what the media regarded as a worthy public debate about 'guilt and penitence' (Pansengrau & Weingart, 1999, p. 10). The same point can be made about Zimbardo and the SPE, where media evaluation of his observations about evil, power and corruption as a worthy topic for continuing attention is independent of the way in which science bestows reputation, i.e. through 'excellence in research' (Pansengrau & Weingart, 1999, p. 1).

The SPE is a staple of social psychology textbooks, a vehicle for Zimbardo's argument for situationism as well as a metaphor in the public imagination for our capacity to be transformed from good into evil. In this chapter I have demonstrated that the SPE enjoys a continuing place in the popular imagination because of Philip Zimbardo's ability to frame the experiment as a moral lesson, as a fight between good and evil. The experiment's assumption that all of us are capable of becoming brutal prison guards in the right (or wrong) circumstances, is a moral that has enduring relevance and has wide journalistic appeal because it links psychological science to examples of real world brutality and violence. If the authority of the SPE was enlarged and disseminated through popular culture without the imprimatur of the scientific establishment, it was because Zimbardo's findings coincided with and reinforced common sense knowledge. Journalists' continued reference to the SPE as a touchstone for discussions of a broad range of social issues such as prison riots, deaths in custody, the torture and abuse of prisoners as well as more everyday topics like neighbourhood violence, and assertiveness in the workplace has magnified the impact and scientific authority of the research.

The Stanford Prison Study fits neatly with Hilgartner's (2000) notion of science as rhetorical performance in the sense that Zimbardo's selective control and careful revelations of information about the research over time have allowed him to maintain a credible public persona. Hilgartner's model of science communication places the scientist as communicator at the centre of an enactment that aims to convince an audience of the credibility of the information being presented. But as Bauer (2012) has convincingly argued, and Zimbardo intuitively understands, the believable scientist gains the public's trust and attention not just through traditional appeals to authority and the presentation of facts, but through 'drama, enchantment and mythmaking' (Bauer, 2012, p. 52). This

creates tension for the scientist whose audience comprises scientific colleagues who value the ‘scientific ethos of debunking, disenchantment and demystification . . .’ (Bauer, 2012, p 52). But I have demonstrated how Zimbardo has managed this paradox by addressing most of his multiple performances to the media and the public rather than to his peers. Zimbardo’s hundreds of performances of the SPE over more than four decades have been in the public sphere where he has adopted a highly effective communication style that connects with his lay audience, a style which is at odds with the style valued by the academy with its emphasis on the objective, unemotional, and highly structured writing and rhetorical practices (Bazerman, 1988).

This case study of the SPE demonstrates the symbiotic relationship between social psychology and journalism. I have argued that until relatively recently, the media has been largely uncritical of Zimbardo's performances of the SPE, celebrating and amplifying his conclusions and consolidating its status as psychological fact. In this chapter I have contrasted Zimbardo’s journalism with one of the few articles I found that took a backstage look at the SPE. I have proposed the use of the term 'focusing lens' to better describe the potential of literary journalism in science communication. But a comparison of Ratnesar's and Zimbardo's journalism demonstrates the difficulty for journalists in challenging a scientist-narrator's account of a compelling narrative that has become lodged in the public imagination. The same qualities that have made Zimbardo an effective public performer—his authority and credibility—in addition to his journalistic storytelling skills and his control of the narrative make him a formidable opponent for journalists writing investigative accounts of the research.

In proposing the focal lens model I have suggested that notions of journalism as a ‘dirty mirror’ be abandoned in favour of a more equitable relationship in which literary journalism can celebrate, discover new knowledge or reframe information about science in new and revealing ways. Such a model assumes practitioners of literary journalism adhere to journalistic ethos. However my analysis of Zimbardo's writing suggests that he has violated journalistic norms of truth telling, fidelity to facts, accuracy and fairness. His focus on keeping damaging information 'backstage' has involved suppression and concealment of information that might undermine the credibility of the science. Crucially, Zimbardo's journalism has created a false illusion of scientific and participant consensus.

Romesh Ratnesar's article is not a rigorous exposure of the SPE but a mild, sober attempt to present the SPE from the point of view of all participants, and is largely free of hyperbole. It does nothing to shed light on the process by which the SPE gained its fame nor how its conclusions have come to be accepted as fact. But Ratnesar's journalism troubles Zimbardo's insistence on his participants' unquestioning acceptance of the reality of the dramaturgical situation. Ratnesar's article highlights an alternative role for the literary journalist in writing about science, one which disrupts Zimbardo's dominant narrative by giving equal space to competing interpretations of the same event by the participants involved. Ratnesar unlike Zimbardo, does not speak on behalf of 'guards' and 'prisoners'. In presenting interviews with participants whose role in the narrative has previously been filtered and narrated by the experimenter, Ratnesar upends implicit notions of subjects as objects and invites the reader to construct their own conclusions from the range of voices presented in the story. He presents a messier, more nuanced narrative, one which unlike Zimbardo's resists neat resolutions and raises issues of alternative points of view.

Chapter 3 The Bad Samaritan

Perhaps no social psychological experiment better encapsulates the influence of journalism on psychology than the bystander studies of John Darley and Bibb Latane. Inspired by newspaper reports in 1964 about the murder of a young woman in New York and the apparent indifference of 38 witnesses who failed to go to her aid during the attack, the two social psychologists embarked on a series of experiments to explore the limits of altruism and helping behaviour.

The newspaper report of Genovese's murder has been called 'one of the most powerful and influential moments in the history of social psychology' and Genovese's death has earned an 'iconic place' in the discipline (Manning, Levine, & Collins, 2007, p. 555). Moreover, on the basis of the resulting field of research the 'bystander effect' has been a core idea handed from psychologists to the general public to explain the behaviour of humans under pressure.

Darley and Latane reported the first of their experiments in 1968. A group of college students volunteered to take part in a discussion of college life. When they arrived at the university lab they were told they were either part of a pair, a group of three or six volunteers. Each student sat in a soundproof booth and the discussion was conducted over an intercom system, ostensibly so students would feel more uninhibited in talking about their personal experiences. Part way through the discussion, one of the group members could be heard over the intercom having an epileptic fit.

Darley and Latane predicted that students who thought they were part of a pair would seek help for the epileptic student faster than students in a larger group. This hypothesis was based on their theory that our sense of personal responsibility to help someone in danger diminishes according to how many other people we are with. The experiment supported this hypothesis.

‘A true sign that a study or studies have acquired mythical status is when they lend their name to an “effect”’ (Jarrett, 2008, p. 758). Darley and Latane’s initial study spawned two decades of research on what was soon dubbed the ‘bystander effect’. In addition to the original variation of simulated seizures, bystander researchers have pumped smoke through vents to see what people will do if they think there is a fire, staged workmen falling from ladders in a shower of broken glass and fake blood, had

people collapse on the subway and on the street, and faked violent brawls in the night time corridors of university buildings. Fifteen years after they published their first study, John Darley proudly reported that researchers had conducted 100 different kinds of staged emergencies (Korn, 1997, p. 129).

The bystander research and the tragic consequences of humans' reluctance to help in a crisis is typically presented alongside photos of Kitty Genovese and details about the night of her murder in social psychology textbooks, where it is regularly featured. The bystander research strengthened the link between psychological science and real life, and acted as a powerful propaganda tool for the discipline of social psychology.

In the journalistic sphere, Darley and Latane's research with its troubling counterintuitive conclusions about human nature has gained sustained and continuing media attention. In popular culture the bystander effect has inspired a hit TV series on America's ABC network. The premise of What Would You Do? uses deception and hidden cameras to record the reactions of ordinary people to dramatic situations. These include a waiter refusing to serve a same sex couple in a restaurant, teenagers beating up a homeless man on a busy street and a Muslim woman being abused and refused service in a bakery. In its first season, the show reached 8 million viewers (ABC, 2016).

In the past decade, new research has challenged the veracity of the story of Genovese's death and the apathy of the witnesses. The 50th anniversary of Kitty Genovese's death brought fresh attention to the circumstances of her murder. Two books about the case were published to coincide with the anniversary, (Cook, 2014; Pelonero, 2014). A documentary by Genovese's brother who disputes the original newspaper reports about the passivity of witnesses (Dollar, 2016) and a feature film about Genovese's life and death called '37' (Anderson, 2015) have recently been released.

Journalist Peter Baker's (2014) article is not the first to report on the revisions to the Genovese story and the myth of the apathetic witnesses but he is the first journalist to query the social psychological research which Genovese's death inspired. Baker's backstage investigation does more than critique the original study. I will argue that he

challenges the authority and relevance of psychological research of that era and raises epistemological questions about social psychological research.

In this chapter I will explore the relationship between social psychology and literary journalism through a comparative analysis of front stage and backstage performances of the bystander research. Through my analysis I intend to demonstrate the effectiveness of the researchers' rhetorical performance in having their research so readily accepted as psychological fact. In comparing Darley and Latane's account with Peter Baker's backstage account I plan to show how, far from polluting or diminishing scientific 'truth', literary journalists can upend the hierarchical assumptions of traditional models of science communication. In Baker's case, I will highlight the ways in which literary journalists can challenge notions of scientific objectivity and enlarge our understanding of psychological research and the cultural and social milieu in which it is embedded. I intend to demonstrate the capacity of literary journalism to destabilize truth claims and ask questions about the motives and purposes of social psychological research and its role in shaping narratives about human nature.

'Bystander Intervention in Emergencies'

In 1968 'Bystander Intervention in Emergencies' was published in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 'one of the most prestigious journals in psychology' (Gergen, 1990, p. 273). The article conforms to the APA publication style and consequently reflects a behaviourist view of the world and deploys its rhetoric (Bazerman, 1988). As a performance it was enacted by Darley and Latane for their peers in social psychology in order to have their results accepted. to 'gain the reward of acceptance of . . . results' (Bazerman, 1988, p. 139). The publication in which their article first appeared and the professional affiliations of the authors automatically confer prestige on the research and establish a 'claim for the paper to be taken as authoritative fact' (Gusfield, 1976, p. 18).

As Gusfield has argued, the rhetorical aim of a scientific report is to convince the audience that this is real science by telling a story in which there is action and change. Given that in 1968 social psychology was still a relatively new discipline, this imperative was even more pressing for its practitioners. Adopting the writing style of

the physical sciences was central to claims that social psychology was a legitimate science (Danziger, 1990).

So what is the scientific story that the researchers are promising to tell? First we can look for clues in the paper's title. Called 'Bystander intervention in emergencies' it is a title that immediately presents us with a contradiction. Bystanders by definition are people who don't intervene so the title foreshadows the arc of the story and suggests a tension that will require resolution.

The abstract which functions as a summary of the paper describes the experiment and what the authors found:

Ss overheard an epileptic seizure. They believed either that they alone heard the emergency, or that 1 or 4 unseen others were also present. As predicted the presence of other bystanders reduced the individual's feelings of personal responsibility and lowered his speed of reporting ($p < .01$) . . . (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377)

In contrast to the title and abstract, the opening paragraph plunges the reader into a dramatic scene involving an individual woman and the specific time and place of her murder. It's an arresting beginning for a scholarly article and at that time it was unusual in its framing of a social psychological experiment in relation to actual events. The opening swiftly establishes the relevance of social psychology and the experiment about to be described to the real world:

Several years ago, a young woman was stabbed to death in the middle of a street in a residential section of New York city. . .at least 38 witnesses had observed the attack—and none had even attempted to intervene. Although the attacker took more than half an hour to kill Kitty Genovese, not one of the 38 people who watched from the safety of their own apartments came out to assist her. Not one even lifted the telephone to call the police . . . (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377)

The opening paragraph sets out to shock and engage the reader. We are offered no explanation for the neighbours' passivity and the question of why they made no move to help hangs over the paper. Darley and Latane have established the horror of the situation and the paper promises an answer to these questions. From the outset the two

authors of this performance are entirely hidden. Having given their names at the head of the paper and specified their employing universities to establish their authority, Darley and Latane move backstage. Their seeming invisibility, use of the passive voice and impersonal tone is consistent with the norms of scientific writing. Their 'language and style must . . . approximate, as closely as possible, a pane of clear glass' (Gusfield, 1976, p. 17). Their stance as impartial scientific observers is objective, the language they use is 'neutral' (Gusfield, 1976, p. 17) untainted by emotion or personal judgement and their aim is to convince the reader that in their use of language they are describing reality, not shaping or constructing it.

However, there are clues in the writing that suggest they are directing the reader's attention. For example, in the opening paragraphs about the night of Genovese's murder they repeat variations of 'not one' or 'no one' in describing the repeated inaction of the neighbours. This sets up a rhythm reminiscent of the accusatory tone of the prosecution in a court case. The authors want their readers to be moved, horrified and indignant at the circumstances of Genovese's death. Her murder was not swift, and a large number of people stood by from the 'safety' of their homes and watched it happen. It is difficult for a reader not to feel outraged by the neighbours' lack of response and to experience a sense of urgency that something has to be done. This gives the introduction a sense of energy and purpose.

It is customary in academic journal articles to begin with an overview of the existing literature surrounding a topic so that the writer can position their proposed research against inadequacies in prevailing theories or current literature. But Darley and Latane dispense with a literature review. The backdrop for their research is real life and the failure of people to take action to prevent a young woman's murder. They frame their study as an answer to the kinds of questions they anticipate their readers are asking. They argue that community leaders—and common sense—have failed to explain why none of Genovese's neighbours intervened. They frame their proposed experiment as a corrective to common misconceptions. How can the passive neighbours' 'conscienceless' and 'inhumane' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p.377) behaviour be explained? Conventional wisdom has no answers. 'Preachers, professors and newsmakers' all have their theories and the authors quote some of them: "moral decay", "dehumanization produced by the urban environment", "alienation", "anomie"

and “existential despair” (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377). But these sound vague and unhelpful and offer no comfort to a reader looking for answers. Here Darley and Latane are framing their research in contrast to the often misguided and inadequate theories put forward by other experts. They are marking the boundary between expert and lay knowledge—which includes academics from other disciplines—and establishing the superiority and expertise of social psychology in particular to solve not just difficult and troubling social problems but to correct moral failures.

Conventional wisdom has failed. This establishes that the research they are about to describe will act as a corrective to common misconceptions in the public mind. Their experiment will be a scientific antidote to frequently misguided and inadequate commonsensical explanations of human behaviour. Or as Gergen puts it, in an echo of the myth of the hero:

In dramatic terms, the scientist is one whose skills in observation and reason enable him . . . to step outside the vagaries of common opinion and political prejudice, to press beyond the frontiers of the unknown, and to fetch truth from the lands of mystery. (Gergen, 1990, p. 370)

Darley and Latane are clearly confident that they have some answers. ‘An analysis of the situation suggests that factors other than apathy and indifference were involved’ (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377).

This sentence suggests that others—the journalists and the ministers and the academics—have not stopped to ‘analyse’ but have been quick to make unwarranted assumptions and reach faulty conclusions. The authors continue in an authoritative tone, demonstrating their superior knowledge. ‘A person witnessing an emergency situation, particularly such a frightening and dangerous one as a stabbing, is in conflict’ (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377). The use of ‘frightening’ ‘dangerous’ and ‘stabbing’ evokes the emotions of the onlookers who the authors tell us are torn between ‘humanitarian norms’ and ‘rational and irrational fears about what might happen’ if they intervene (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377). As readers we can empathise with this push pull of emotions. But the language shifts back to the impersonal and scientific in the next paragraph as the authors introduce their hypothesis: ‘In certain circumstances, the norms favouring intervention may be weakened, leading bystanders to resolve the

conflict in the direction of non-intervention' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377). In contrast to the earlier passage describing the neighbours in the safety of their apartments, there is no moral failing implied in this description. Instead the authors frame the neighbours' behaviour as resolution of 'conflict' which suggests that bystander inaction is a case of faulty reasoning rather than the high emotion suggested earlier. The authors illustrate what they mean by referring to the night of the murder and how witnesses saw 'lights and figures in other apartment house windows' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 377). No one went to Genovese's aid, Darley and Latane theorise, because once the neighbours knew there were a group of other people watching, a 'diffusion of responsibility' and of 'a diffusion of blame' took place and each person assumed someone else would take action. 'The pressures to intervene' are diffused and 'As a result, no one helps' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 378).

Darley and Latane provide this hypothesis as if it is fact which leaves the reader with the sense that all that is required is experimental confirmation. But before the reader has a chance to think that perhaps the researchers are setting out to confirm what they think is obvious, they give more detail about the way people will act in an experiment involving an emergency, 'the more bystanders to an emergency, the less likely, or the more slowly, any one bystander will provide aid' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 378). It is a surprising assertion. Most readers would assume that people are more likely to take action when they are part of a larger group of onlookers because there is safety in numbers and a diffusion of risk.

But there is nothing tentative in Darley and Latane's hypothesis. Their explanation of the power of norms in influencing people's behaviour in emergency situations is presented as solid fact. They don't provide any reference to previous research as evidence for such claims. But they don't need to. This is not the psychologist scientist's job in writing a journal article, as Bazerman reminds us: 'The author must display competence to the audience, rather than persuade readers of the truth of an idea. If properly demonstrated by a proper experiment, the hypothesis must be accepted by the audience' (Bazerman, 1988, p. 275). Consequently the experiment Darley and Latane propose has a ring of confirmation rather than exploration about it. They confidently offer an explanation of Genovese's bystanders' behaviour, and then go on to

describe how they will duplicate the same phenomena in a laboratory experiment. The stage is circumscribed, any reference to the world beyond it is controlled by the authors.

The persona the authors adopt is the public character of psychological scientists, objective, disinterested and invisible. Their trustworthiness is demonstrated in a number of ways—transparency in describing methods, attention to detail in presenting supporting evidence, and invisibility as narrators of the research. They identify themselves as clearly belonging to the same scientific community as their audience, speaking in the same language as their peers, and adopting a tone of careful reason. They will create an experiment 'in which a realistic "emergency" could plausibly occur' where 'each subject. . . is blocked from communicating with other subjects' and where 'the speed and frequency of subjects' reaction' can be measured (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 378). The article at this point is written using the 'empiricist repertoire' with the authors providing evidence that seems to 'speak for itself' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 51).

In describing the procedure for the experiment Darley and Latane use short sentences, full of concrete detail, enacting the set up in vivid detail. This serves a number of purposes. It provides enough information to would-be replicators. It reassures the audience that the experimenters were scrupulous. It also creates the impression that the researchers were not initiating action but were strictly following scientific procedures, i.e. that the narrative action of the research paper is a result of the experimental method.

Hilgartner (2000) argues that scientist performers have to juggle what they keep back and what they share with their audiences. On one hand they create a backstage inaccessible to their audience behind which are hidden, for example, any debates or disagreements among the researchers, uncertainty about the results and confidential information about the subjects. This concealment ensures the unity of the performance is not undermined. On the other hand, the audience have to be able to 'feel they were there' and to be assured that 'they need not—and even should not—look behind the curtain' (Hilgartner, 2000, p.70). So while the procedure and methods section of the research paper demonstrates the authors' independence and objectivity, it also has to provide enough detail for audiences to feel as if they are watching the experiment as it unfolds. It also works to offer concrete 'conceptual elaboration' by transforming what

might have been opaque theoretical language into the 'commonly known' (Gergen, 1990, p. 375). The bystanders of the paper's title are college students, the 'intervention' is the amount of time it takes for them to leave their cubicle to find help, and the 'emergency' is the sound of another 'student' having an epileptic fit.

The authors describe how student subjects arrived at the lab to take part in a group discussion of problems of college life. To help them feel comfortable and free to openly discuss their reactions and thoughts, the discussion was held via intercom. Each student was seated in an individual booth wearing headphones and took part in the discussion. While any student was talking, the others' microphones were automatically switched off. Each subject was told they were part of a two, three or six person group.

During the discussion, one of the students has a 'very serious nervous seizure similar to epilepsy' which subjects can hear through their headphones. Because their microphones were inactive the 'witnesses' couldn't communicate with each other. Darley and Latane measured how long it took them to report the emergency to the experimenter and how this was affected by the size of the group each person thought they were part of. The authors include the script for the 'seizure':

... I could really-er-use some help so if somebody
would-er-give me a little h-help-uh-er-er-er-er-er
c-could somebody-er-er-help-er-uh-uh-uh (choking
sounds). . . . I'm gonna die-er-er-I'm . . . gonna
die-er-help-er-er-seizure-er-[chokes, then quiet]. (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 379)

Their use of passive voice and objective and scientific language to describe the deception, the role of the confederates and the inclusion of the script for the faked fit all add the authority and seriousness of science to the dramaturgical situation. But there's a juxtaposition here too—between the disinterested and disembodied voice of the scientist narrators and the dramatic scene they are describing. The 'epileptic' student has a vivid presence in the article, by way of the inclusion of the script with his stammering cries for help, summoning the image of Genovese. In contrast the subjects—the listening students—are objectified, faceless and nameless and distinguished only by gender. They

are representative of a type and a class of people as shadowy as the unnamed figures who stood behind the curtains on the night of Genovese's murder. The researchers take the same stance in interpreting the behaviour of the subjects as they do towards Genovese's neighbours. They are not interested in what they were thinking during the experiment. It is their helping behaviour that is measured, not their reasons for behaving the way they did.

The first item in the 'Results' section is 'Plausibility of Manipulation' which signals that this topic is of central concern to the researchers. The believability of the faked fit and the experimental set up is central to an experiment where the researchers have used deception. For Darley and Latane, subject scepticism is not countenanced. In an experiment where deception of subjects is key, evidence that they believed the cover story is used to head off any suggestion that subjects saw through the hoax and the study did not measure what it claimed to measure. Darley and Latane provide little hard proof of the 'plausibility of the manipulation' (1968, p. 379) which suggests that in 1968 there was little expectation that the experimenters' report could be unreliable or biased. The researchers could be trusted to be objective in evaluating how believable the situation was to their subjects:

Subjects, whether or not they intervened, believed the fit to be genuine and serious. "My God, he's having a fit," many subjects said to themselves (and were overheard via their microphones) . . . Others gasped . . . Several . . . of the male subjects swore . . . (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 381)

The summary of results includes the trappings of hard science with graphs, statistical analysis and tables providing quantitative proof for the support of the experimenters' hypothesis. The experimenters report on quantitative measures—the amount of time it took subjects to respond and the differences in response when people thought they were part of a smaller or larger group. In groups of two 85% of people called for help, in three person groups 62% responded and in groups of four or more, 31% did so. In this statistical summary 'individual behaviour disappears in a pattern' (Bazerman, 1988, p. 272) and individual subjects disappear too. In a crucial rhetorical shift the term 'subjects' is abandoned and is replaced with 'bystanders' collapsing the distinction between the laboratory and the street.

Subjects' thoughts and feelings are given little attention in this paper, even though the researchers asked subjects afterwards to write about their emotions and thoughts during the experiment. This information is dealt with in a cursory way in the methods rather than the discussion section, suggesting that subjects have little to offer by way of interpretations and explanations of their own behaviour. And this is highlighted when Darley and Latane write that all subjects said the presence or absence of other people during the epileptic fit 'made no difference to their own behaviour' (1968, p. 381). Despite this contradicting their conclusions, they make no further comment on it. This privileging of the researchers' perspective over their subjects' demonstrates their belief in the superiority of the experimental method over introspection in gaining information about human behaviour. Subjects might have thought the presence of other people had no influence over whether or not they called for help, but clearly the researchers view the subjects as unreliable narrators of their own experiences.

In their conclusion, Darley and Latane bring the article full circle. On one hand they argue that the experiment was not life-like in that 'no subject was able to tell how the other subjects reacted to the fit' because they couldn't see or communicate with others in their group but it was 'similar' to the 'Genovese murder' where people 'knew' others were watching but couldn't communicate because they were separated by their 'apartment walls'. From here on, having established the link between the subjects in the lab and the murder witnesses, Darley and Latane collapse the distinction between the two and the metaphor of the experiment is complete.

The 'apathy' of Genovese's neighbours cannot be attributed to indifference to others or personality problems that limit empathy, Darley and Latane conclude: 'These explanations generally assert that people who fail to intervene are somehow different in kind from the rest of us . . .' (1968, p. 383). The stance of the authors until this point in the paper has been to align themselves with their readers to observe the subjects in the experiment and theorise about their behaviour. But this use of the inclusive pronoun 'us' forces the readers to consider themselves as part of the same category of passive onlookers. This is a confronting idea and forces readers towards the conclusion that Darley and Latane have foreshadowed. Passive witnesses are not psychopaths or loathsome individuals but ordinary people who make bad judgements. The authors win

the readers' receptiveness to their conclusion that it is not 'apathy' or 'psychopathology' but 'situational forces' that hold people back (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 383). It's a satisfying answer to the 'moral dilemma' (Gusfield, 1976, p. 29) suggested in the opening paragraph.

The authors are skilful at anticipating any likely scepticism on the readers' part. Darley and Latane acknowledge that in pointing out the susceptibility of their audience to the same passive behaviour, they are asking them to accept an unpalatable truth that 'may force us to face the guilt-provoking possibility that we too may fail to intervene . . .' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 383). Again they include themselves in such sweeping pronouncements, an effective device for building alliances with their readers. Here they have abandoned the more measured style of earlier parts of the article in favour of 'emotive, imperative language' that Gusfield argues build towards a paper's conclusions and recommendations for further action. In this case, the problem's solution is in sight, brought to the fore by social psychology which has provided a new way of understanding 'the puzzling and frightening problem of why people watch others die' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 383).

The tone at the end of the article is reassuring. In reproducing what priests and pundits have explained as a moral sickness, in their lab Darley and Latane have transformed it into a solvable problem and can prescribe social psychology as the cure. This reinforces the importance of the discipline in providing answers to complex and troubling problems through the application of the experimental method. Ending on this celebratory note acknowledges the audience's need for resolution and reassurance and sends a powerful message about the effectiveness of this new discipline.

We can see then, in the performance of this first article why it made such an impact both within social psychology and beyond. Firstly, the authors positioned themselves as designing an experiment that answered an important contemporary question that had moral overtones and that had been inadequately explained by other experts and common wisdom. Secondly, they incorporated references to the triggering event - Genovese's stabbing and murder- into a scientific report, thereby investing a genre notable for its dry and impersonal style with drama and reinforcing the experiment's relevance to the world beyond the text. Lastly, in a circular motion the

experimental results were dramatic and startling, mirroring the triggering event. Darley and Latane proved their counterintuitive hypothesis that we lose our moral compass when we are part of a crowd. The bystander study served to link social psychology with powerful questions—and answers—about human nature. 'If people understand the situational forces that can make them hesitate to intervene, they may better overcome them' (Darley & Latane, 1968, p. 383).

In 2007 British researchers published a paper in the *American Psychologist* that argued the original *New York Times* newspaper report of Genovese's murder had more to do with urban myth than reality (Manning *et al.*). Through their search of the historical records, and in particular the work of an amateur historian who had researched and written a history of Genovese's neighbourhood and of the case, Manning *et al* concluded that original newspaper reports about Genovese's murder and the reaction of her neighbours contained crucial errors. Contrary to newspaper reports of the time, Manning argued that the number of witnesses, the assertions that they watched as the attack unfolded and that they did nothing to help were wrong. They presented evidence to show that far fewer people could have seen the attack because it occurred in two different locations, that during the initial attack a neighbour shouted and appeared to scare the attacker away, and that neighbours did call the police. In their analysis of the errors in the original story, Manning and her co-authors were careful to sidestep the issue of whether the bystander research was valid in view of the fact that the story it was based on had been proven a myth. 'We draw a distinction between the story itself and the research tradition that emerged in response to it'. Manning and her co authors state that 'it does not matter to the bystander effect that the story of the 38 witnesses may be misconceived.' The experiments are still important they argue, and were 'elegant, inventive and extremely persuasive' (Manning *et al.*, 2007, p. 556). Notwithstanding this claim, the authors' convincing challenge to the accuracy of the murder story by implication undermines the assumptions of the original research as well as the conclusions Darley and Latane reached about the 'dangers of the crowd' (Manning *et al.*, 2007, p. 560).

In a 2012 interview Bibb Latane dismissed new evidence from Genovese's neighbours as a case of people with an investment in rewriting the past to 'say that they weren't such bad guys after all' (Benderly, 2012). As for Manning and her co-authors,

Latane reacted defensively and dismissed their scholarship and any notion that the original story was distorted:

"Here are three psychologists in England purporting to analyze history and newspaper accounts and even some sociology that they have no expertise in, purporting to claim that [New York Times editor] A.M. Rosenthal and the crack staff of The New York Times had it wrong". (Latour, 1987 as cited in Cassidy, 2006)

Latane's interview appeared in an article entitled 'Psychology's Tall Tales' (Benderly, 2012) published in *gradPSYCH* magazine, an APA publication aimed at graduate students teaching psychology. The article emphasised the importance of critical thinking in teaching psychology and like Manning *et al's* article it stopped short of dismissing the bystander research and tiptoed tactfully around the issue of its dubious provenance. The author Benderly says the bystander effect 'has stood the test of time and peer review' but then goes on to quote 'recent research' which shows the bystander effect disappears when there's a 'real emergency' (2012).

These revisions of the history of the case have had some impact on the teaching of psychology. Griggs' survey of psychology textbooks suggests that recent scholarship questioning the myth of the Genovese case and by implication its effect on bystander research has had an effect in the academy. Griggs found that writers of introductory textbooks published between 2012 and 2015 have been quick to amend their entries about the Genovese case and bystander research. However social psychology textbook authors have been much slower to do so, with 50% surveyed continuing to publish inaccurate information and most of the remainder downplaying recent critical scholarship (Griggs, 2015). The revelations about the inaccuracy of the original reports remained largely within academe and did not capture public attention until the almost simultaneous publication in 2014 on the 50th anniversary of Genovese's death of two book length treatments of the topic— *Kitty Genovese: The Murder, the Bystanders, the Crime That Changed America*, by journalist Kevin Cook and *Kitty Genovese: A True Account of a Public Murder and Its Private Consequences*, by Catherine Pelonero.

Both books offer a detailed account of Genovese's life and the circumstances of her death—which is where the authors differ. Cook offers a revised account of the

behaviour of the witnesses while Pelonero's account supports the original newspaper story. In both books Darley and Latane's research and the subsequent development of the field of bystander psychology is a footnote in the larger narrative about Genovese and the misinformation that has grown up around her murder.

'Missing the Story. How Turning the Story of Kitty Genovese into a Parable Erased its Particulars'

'Missing the Story. How turning the story of Kitty Genovese into a parable erased its particulars' (Baker, 2014) was published in the April 8 edition of *The Nation*, the oldest weekly magazine in America. The magazine's editors describe it as a publication driven by 'the critical spirit of dissenting journalism, giving voice to the passionate witnesses whose engagement with today's controversies has startled, provoked, and entertained' (Navasky & Vanden Heuvel, 2000). The influential left wing magazine is known for its commitment to investigative and long form journalism and its analysis of politics and culture. Some of its writers include Hunter S. Thompson, James Baldwin and Gore Vidal (Arana, 2015).

The author Peter C. Baker is an American writer who writes both fiction and nonfiction and has been published in *Granta*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker* and *Pacific Standard*, where he is a contributing editor. He has an apparent interest in social psychology, having previously authored a story on contemporary challenges to Stanley Milgram's obedience research.

Baker's 3,700 word article is part book review, part essay, part meditation on the philosophy of social psychology, part investigative journalism. Baker's purpose is suggested in the title. His article aims to unpack the myths that have grown up around Genovese's murder and the role that social psychology has had in promoting the circumstances of her death as a moral lesson.

He begins with a compelling paragraph that echoes the theme of the article, moving from the general - murder statistics in America in 1964 - to the particularity of 28 year old New Yorker Catherine Genovese and the sudden and brutal details of her death. Genovese's rape and stabbing by an as yet unnamed 'stranger' with a 'serrated' knife and the specifics of how she died forces the reader to focus on the details of her

death and evokes our horrified sympathy. The startling fact of her 'posthumous' fame, if we are a reader unfamiliar with the case, makes us want to read on. Baker suggests that Genovese as a person has been forgotten, that her life has been eclipsed by her death. Baker withholds any reference to Genovese's neighbours. We are forced to dwell on this image of a young woman and the loneliness of her death instead of the usual descriptions of Genovese's murder which invariably has her surrounded by a silent watchful crowd:

By the FBI's count, 9,360 Americans were murdered in 1964. One of them was Catherine Genovese, a 28-year-old New York City resident. Early one March morning, she was walking from her car to her apartment in the Kew Gardens neighbourhood of Queens when she was raped and stabbed by a stranger wielding a serrated hunting knife. He left her in an apartment building's foyer, where she died from suffocation when the stab wounds let air into her chest, compressing her lungs. Today, Catherine (or Kitty, as most people know her) is one of the best-known murder victims of the twentieth century—and the only one whose fame is entirely posthumous. Her renown has nothing to do with how she lived her life and everything to do with stories told about the essentially random way it ended. (Baker, 2014, para. 1)

The article's promise is here in the final line of the opening paragraph. Baker provides commentary to direct our attention to the question of what it was about Genovese's murder that distinguished her from the 9,359 other people murdered that year. It's a powerful opening that sets up an expectation of revelation.

Baker introduces new characters into the story. The police commissioner who urges the newspaper editor to take a closer look at the original 'few inches of coverage' of the murder, the journalist who returns to the scene of the crime and interviews the witnesses. Baker creates a compelling picture of the complicity of journalists in creating dramatic stories and how suddenly Genovese's neighbours became 'front and center, almost as main actors' (para. 2) in the subsequent *New York Times* front page story which began: "For more than half an hour 38 respectable, law-abiding citizens in Queens watched a killer stalk and stab a woman in three separate attacks in Kew Gardens" (para. 3). This quote illustrates how the story was sensationalised with the shift in emphasis away from Genovese's attacker 'the killer' to the specific and

contradictory fact of the apparent indifference of so many 'respectable, law-abiding' neighbours.

For a while Genovese's murder was famous, published in newspapers across America and around the world, the perfect 'click bait' 'rich with easy meanings' (para. 4). Baker's tone here clearly conveys his disapproval and echoes the theme of the complicity of the media in creating the myth. The story was 'kept alive by television shows, movies, plays, novels, comic books, newspaper columns, pop songs and Malcolm Gladwell'. Baker piles on the anecdotes here, again withholding comment : Bill Clinton visits the murder site in 2004, leading journalists like Gay Talese endorse books about it, and in 2002 US Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz justifies his desire to invade Iraq because of Kitty Genovese and his horror of her apathetic neighbours (para. 5). Baker's inclusion of this last detail suggests that he is sending up the evangelical flavour of the Genovese story and its power as parable. But the linking of the invasion of Iraq to Genovese's murder seems such a ludicrous detail it prompts the reader to ask the questions of how and why the story has managed to take such a hold. Baker's rhetorical strategy is to adroitly select and order detail without commenting on it. The effect is that as a reader you feel as if you come to your own conclusions based on the detail presented. Baker builds a rising tension by structuring the story to raise questions and doubts about a murder that is both familiar and famous. As readers our sympathy, curiosity, incredulity, and scepticism are all aroused. Baker has hooked us in.

The major reason or 'root cause' of Genovese's fame and the endurance of the parable of the apathetic witnesses is not just because of a psychology experiment by Darley and Latane with its 'provocative hypothesis', that 'tricked' subjects (para. 6). Nor is it the ensuing body of research that 'seemed' to support their initial findings. It's the fact that it has become a 'fixture of the social psychology literature' (para. 7). Thus far Baker has outlined the social construction of the parable—the complicity of the newspaper editor with the police, the hungry media pouncing on a sensational story with a moral. But it is here in the prominence of the story in student textbooks amidst the discipline's “greatest hits” (para. 7)—a term that conjures the frivolity and fads of pop culture—that Baker sees the most worrying part of its impact:

Undergraduate colleges are now issuing more than 100,000 psychology degrees each year, and many more students, while not majoring in psychology, take Psych 101 courses with social psych units covering the field's "greatest hits." This does more than just keep the Genovese story in circulation; it also teaches class after class of college students—our future pundits, magazine editors and television writers—that groups, by their nature, discourage people from helping neighbors in need. (para. 7)

In likening the experiment to a parable in the story's heading, Baker suggests that a scientific experiment can carry a moral message in much the same way biblical stories do—to shape the way we think about ourselves and provide standards for our behaviour. So Baker's article is already far more than a retelling of the Genovese-story-isn't-true-narrative. Baker's story asks a larger question of how we come to believe what we think is psychological truth.

His introduction of the two new books about Genovese—*Kitty Genovese: The Murder, the Bystanders, the Crime That Changed America*, by journalist Kevin Cook and *Kitty Genovese: A True Account of a Public Murder and Its Private Consequences*, by Catherine Pelonero—signals a shift of scene, a change in focus. According to Baker, Cook is a 'revisionist' who claims that accounts of the indifference of the neighbours were 'wildly exaggerated' and Pelonero's impatience with claims like Cook's and eagerness to counter them make her a 'weak historian' (para. 12). What both books offer however is a more complex picture of Genovese's life, which is a reminder, Baker comments, of just how much is 'written out' in order to turn a story into a parable. But the failure of both authors in Baker's view is that they 'take Darley and Latane's conclusions about bystanders as a given' and as a result 'miss a valuable chance to analyse myth-making in action' (para. 17).

This statement positions Baker as the writer prepared to take on such a task. Baker distances himself from other journalists who have 'pumped out' a 'flood' of rehashed stories to coincide with the 50th anniversary of the murder (para. 24). This sceptical 'I' promises the reader a 'larger truth' offered by literary journalism (Marsh, 2010). Ironically, it is also a reminder of the strategy used by Darley and Latane in foregrounding their work against the inadequacy of others' explanations of witness

behaviour. It's also a reminder of the journalistic imperative that drives Baker's story—the discovery of something new.

If newspapers edited out details of Genovese's life and death and the response of her neighbours, that was nothing, Baker says, compared to what happened in the 'academy' where a 'drastic flattening' of the story took place in order to fit a mythic mould (para. 17). Here Baker takes the reader beyond the backstage of the bystander experiment to the back lot of the social sciences. He locates Darley and Latane's work on a stage that is in turn located on a much larger one, on which are played out cultural and social forces which shaped the original performance. From here on Baker deploys a 'web of associations' (Hilgartner, 2000, p. 50), scholarly references that confer authority, add credibility with each association and demonstrate the breadth of the research he has undertaken. Firstly he cites historian of psychology Frances Cherry and paraphrases Cherry's view that the bystander research says more about the attitude of social psychologists at the time than it does about the case itself. Baker's language is revealing. Darley and Latane were full of 'envy' were 'hungry' and tried to 'cook up' a theory that applied universally to all 'bystanders in all emergencies', the social science equivalent of the 'theory of gravity' (para. 18). This use of 'gravity' with its alternate meaning of importance or seriousness is a contrast to the flighty desperation of the social scientists that Baker describes.

But Baker has his own take on this period too. He draws a connection between the bystander research and two other of the 'greatest hits' (para. 18) of social psychology—Stanley Milgram's obedience research and Philip Zimbardo's Stanford Prison Experiment—as examples of research reflecting Cold War anxieties about brainwashing, passivity and the spinelessness of American men. His confidence in adding his own view to Cherry's suggests an equal relationship between peers. His entitlement to make connections between fields of research has been earned by his wide reading.

He now switches from the bystander research to commentary about the discipline as a whole. Rather than the individuals it is 'the field' now 'on the hunt', who are 'fretting' (para. 20) when they see and seize an opportunity in the case of Kitty Genovese's murder. This depiction suggests a kind of voraciousness and insensitivity, a

profiting by the discipline from Genovese's murder. In their haste and anxiety about the 'spineless man on the street' the researchers saw the 38 witnesses failing to go to Genovese's aid and from that they formulated their theory of 'group passivity.' Baker evokes the limitation of their point of view and their way of seeing, their 'gaze' and the 'lens' through which they viewed the murder and how the search for universals meant they ignored the 'particulars' (para. 20). Darley and Latane ignored other variables that were in play—the issue of Genovese's gender and sexuality and attitudes towards violence against women at that time in 1960s America. Baker provides snippets of dialogue from the bystanders—at least some of whom mistook the couple for a pair of quarrelling lovers—and the notion of anonymous bystander slips away, replaced by thinking, feeling human beings with their own particular view of the world and the role of women in it colouring what they saw and how they reacted.

Here Baker returns to the two new books about the case and Pelonero's which he says does a good job of 'getting readers to think about gender as a crucial key to the puzzle'. But it's not just the original pair of researchers who have been complicit in manufacturing a myth but the repeated retellings of 'professors and pundits' as a parable about human "nature"—and like most such tales, it has almost nothing to say about the fine grain of human practice or experience' (para. 24).

He cites a 2011 article in the *Psychological Bulletin*, swiftly establishing the credibility of the article by where it was published and that it was written by 'an international research team' suggesting a worldwide co-operative enterprise to establish through 'meta-analysis' (para. 24) just what conclusion we can reach from the bystander research. The reviewers found that in those experiments where the emergency seemed realistic and dangerous, where no actors were involved and where bystanders could communicate with one another, the 'bystander effect was either non-existent or more often, positive: additional bystanders led to more helping, not less' (para. 24). Baker could well have placed this revelation earlier in the story but by placing it here, following as it does the litany of issues ignored in the original research, it has more impact on the reader.

By now, having demonstrated his thorough research and established his credentials in referencing through the scholarly literature, Baker has established a

persona of truth teller. He highlights this by putting the blame for our lack of awareness of such a significant and damning piece of research at the feet of his profession. Baker says this meta-analysis was ignored because it wasn't 'counterintuitive, provocative or remotely scary' (para. 24), qualities that he believes attract media attention to science research. This point raises the question of how we can trust what we think we know, what hidden priorities sort and filter the news we consume. It also echoes and brings us back to the beginning of the article where Baker recounts the police commissioner and the newspaper editor conferring over lunch to develop a larger story and a particular angle about Genovese's murder.

The final paragraphs involve a shift in scene. Baker turns his attention to Genovese's killer, placing him centre stage. Winston Moseley is a man who 'by day' resembled a working family man, but who 'by night' 'roamed the streets of New York full of violent sexual impulses' (para. 25). Two weeks before he killed Kitty Genovese, he raped and murdered a black woman in Queens. After his arrest and during his trial for Genovese's murder Moseley was unrepentant. The judge sentenced Moseley to death, but this was later commuted to life.

Four years into his sentence 'Moseley stuck a Spam tin into his rectum' a detail that has the reader wincing at the violence and the desperation of the act. Baker adds vivid detail without commentary but depicts Moseley as a kind of animal. Having escaped from his prison van on the way to hospital, Moseley breaks into a house and spends three days 'watching TV and eating canned food' (para. 26). The banality of this is juxtaposed with his violence. First he rapes a maid who comes to the house, threatening to kill her children if she reports him, then later when the homeowners return, he ties up the husband and rapes the wife. By adding this detail without commentary Baker leads us to see Genovese's rape and murder as part of a larger narrative and interrogates a justice system that administers inadequate punishment to the perpetrator and punishes the wrong people. The fact that the maid Moseley raped during his escape was later charged 'for failing to report her rapist to the police' (para. 26) increases our sense of indignation at a system that appears to favour the rapist and murderer over his victim.

In the final paragraph Baker keeps Moseley in the spotlight. Baker tells us how Moseley is the longest serving prisoner in the state. During his incarceration he has completed a degree from the University of Niagara and has been a straight 'A' student. He took social psychology as part of his studies where he would have read 'a potted summary of the most fateful night of his life, presented as the origin story of a valuable research program' (para. 27). Having read about the bystander research in his psychology textbooks, Baker says of Moseley 'It seems he was impressed with himself, and the apparently widespread flaw in human nature that he'd helped to uncover'. Baker emphasises the irony of this by including a direct quote from Moseley. "The crime was tragic," Moseley wrote in a Times op-ed, "but it did serve society" (para. 27).

These last words of the article leave the reader pondering how the social psychologists in focusing on the witnesses to the crime have completely overlooked the criminal. Baker brings Moseley to front and centre stage in these final paragraphs, rendering his rapes and violence in vivid detail. The irony of his rehabilitation through studying social psychology, his pride in being the cause of 'valuable research' bring home that social psychology ignored the crime and the criminal in favour of what they saw as the moral transgression of the neighbours.

Summary

In this chapter I have explored the two-way relationship between social psychology and literary journalism through the close reading of a historical and contemporary, scientific and journalistic account of bystander research.

In my analysis of the original research report I concluded that Darley and Latane's first journal article was a highly effective performance using behaviourist rhetoric. It persuaded their audience of peers of the veracity of their knowledge claims and spawned a new field of social psychological research. The murder of Kitty Genovese became a powerful rhetorical frame through which social psychology could offer both a diagnosis and a cure. Darley and Latane crafted a powerful and convincing rhetorical document the conclusions of which have been 'mirrored' uncritically by the media in the intervening 50 years. The experiment, with its dramatic and compelling results has earned its place in social psychology textbooks as one of the discipline's classic studies. Journalists have translated the original scientific prose for lay readers

and have applied the experiment's findings to a broad range of topics as diverse as cyber bullying, child abuse and sexual harassment, and in the process reproduced and strengthened Darley and Latane's claims about human nature. The experiment's counterintuitive finding has added power to the discipline of social psychology and its apparent ability to identify the gap between how people think they will behave and how they actually do.

Peter Baker's backstage account raises the question of who the research served and the usefulness of a science that in its focus on the witnesses to a crime as the immoral actors have ignored the perpetrators. Baker's investigation does more than question Darley and Latane's findings but challenges the authority and relevance of social psychological experiments of that era.

I have highlighted how in this case study we can see the emergence of a different role for literary journalism in relation to science. In his writing about Genovese and the bystander research Peter Baker uses the techniques of literary and investigative journalism to hold up a mirror to social psychology, but not to passively reflect a scientific 'truth' but to actively interrogate it. In the process he leads the reader to consider some uncomfortable questions. These questions include how much of what we have come to believe as social psychological science is 'true', how much of social psychological knowledge has been shaped by hidden social, cultural and political influences and how much the discipline's pursuit of universal laws about human nature has been at the expense of an understanding of the particularity and complexity of social life.

Baker upends any notion of a hierarchical model when it comes to the communication of social psychology to the public. In traditional top down models scientists produce knowledge and journalists translate it. In this model it is scientists who decide whether the translation is an adequate reflection of the original and who more often than not find journalism wanting. In Baker's case, this process is reversed as he calls social psychology to account for its claims about its research. Baker views scientific accounts of bystander research as akin to a 'dirty mirror' reflecting not an inalienable truth but the anxieties and preoccupations of an era. He highlights the

complicity of the media that has profited and traded on the ‘easy meanings’ offered by this kind of research.

Baker steps to the front of the stage and adopts a narrative voice that interprets and draws our attention to the way the action of the original story has been shaped. Using the techniques of literary journalism he draws together the missing threads in contemporary accounts about Genovese’s death and the research that resulted. Baker signals his scepticism about the bystander research from the outset and beginning with the story’s headline. His investigation which ranges across newspaper reports, interviews with historians and scholarly articles, establishes his as an authoritative voice and highlights the tunnel vision of the original researchers.

He lifts the backstage curtain to point out the research tradition to which Darley and Latane belong. By connecting the bystander research to Stanley Milgram’s obedience experiments and Philip Zimbardo’s Stanford Prison Experiment he invites us to consider the thread that connects them—their interest in the moral weakness of human nature. By contextualizing Darley and Latane’s dramatic performance in this context, Baker highlights how and why out of the complex mix of events that occurred with the rape and murder of Kitty Genovese Darley and Latane chose to focus on the seemingly apathetic neighbours. In doing so they were perpetuating a research tradition of crafting dramatic experiments where ‘good people do bad things’ and where the experimenters enact moral fables in the guise of social psychological research (Nicholson, 2014).

Baker’s weaves together material from a range of sources and disciplines, texturing a narrative that is rich in concrete detail. Even so we are aware of Baker’s particular point of view and his desire to persuade the reader to share it. This view is expressed in the telling details and choice of language. We understand his view of journalism that mindlessly recycles and celebrates, a legal system that punishes the victim rather than the perpetrator, and the opportunism of researchers capitalizing on a murder as a way of elevating the status of a fledgling profession.

Readers with a strong investment in social psychology and a belief in its power to reveal truths about human nature would no doubt argue that Baker's article is a poor reflection of the original study and a cynical view of the discipline. However Baker’s

article is difficult to dismiss because the criticisms of the ‘myth-making’ of the bystander research have already been raised in the academic sphere. But aside from airing academic debates, Baker more broadly questions the purpose and impact of social psychological research. Even if original accounts of Genovese’s death had not been challenged, even if the meta-analysis of bystander studies had confirmed that the bystander effect was a real and universal phenomenon, what has been the purpose of such research and what benefit have we gained from it? The final paragraphs, with their portrait of William Moseley rehabilitated by his university studies and proud of his contribution to the field of social psychology, offer the unsettling conclusion that the field of bystander research has let Moseley off the hook.

Baker’s article calls into question the passive acceptance of results from the bystander research, the amount of trust we place in psychological science and the perils of accepting accounts about human nature as fact. His article prompts readers to consider taking a more questioning stance towards the social psychological knowledge and how and what is selected for investigation and what purpose that knowledge serves. He argues convincingly that the bystander research has distracted attention from the particularities of the crime itself and channelled attention towards a topic that social psychology was positioning its expertise to address—what Darley and Latane saw as the moral transgression of Genovese’s neighbours.

This case study demonstrates that a focal lens is a more effective analogy than a mirror in describing the relationship of literary journalism to science. Baker has used the focal lens of literary journalism to take a wide angle view of social psychological research and the influences that shape a researcher’s choice of subject and presentation of findings. By prompting readers to reconsider notions of scientific objectivity and including elements normally excluded from scientific reports of psychological research, Baker demonstrates how literary journalism can offer a more complex and nuanced view of how science knowledge is produced and the implications of its findings.

Chapter 4 Conclusion

The three case studies I have examined bear out my reservations about models of science communication that carry with them paternalistic assumptions about the role of journalists as collaborators, contaminators or celebrators of scientific research. In the three case studies I have analysed the literary journalists involved do not demonstrate obedience to these scientific assumptions, nor to the kinds of hierarchical relationships traditional models of science communication presuppose and its proponents wish for.

My analysis of these three case studies has demonstrated that while social psychology and journalism are distinct disciplines, they share a common interest in research that purports to offer new insight into human relationships. The permeable boundaries of psychology as a discipline and the ownership of psychological ‘common-sense’ by the lay public has allowed psychological scientists and journalists to compete in the creation, promotion and dissemination of psychological knowledge.

Until relatively recently psychology and journalism have enjoyed a mutually beneficial relationship with journalists helping to establish the credentials of a newly emerging discipline in exchange for often dramatic and newsworthy stories that appeared to reveal something profound about human nature. However as the work of the three journalists I have examined demonstrate, the emergence of literary journalism and its practitioners’ more subjective and critical stance towards psychological research has weakened the control social psychology has been able to exert over its public portrayals.

My comparison of social psychological front stage and literary journalistic backstage accounts of research highlights the different rules that operate in each sphere. In the scientific sphere a tacit agreement operates not to look behind the theatrical curtain; or least not to publicly report doing so. Only in exceptional circumstances such as data fraud or controversy over failure to replicate results does peeking backstage become public and official. In contrast, literary journalists have an investigative brief; they see themselves as duty-bound to interrogate rather than accept such tacit understandings of what is off limits. When it comes to psychological science, this means peeking behind the curtain with often disruptive effects. Baker, Slater and to a

lesser extent Ratnesar illuminate what Latour calls the ‘Janus face’ of science (Latour, 1987 as cited in Cassidy, 2006):

. . . scientists tend not to wash their dirty linen in public, confining their disagreements to the more restricted space of academic fora such as journals and conferences. This leads to what Latour (1987) refers to as the “Janus face” of science, where one (internal) side speaks of controversy, and the uncertainty and contingency of knowledge, while the other speaks of scientific truth and consensus. (2006, p. 175)

We can see from these three case studies that the flow of information and intellectual capital between the scientific and journalistic spheres is a two-way and often messy exchange. Scientists and journalists in each sphere speak to different audiences and with different effects; they can generate different forms of intellectual capital and authority and can and do parlay this in the other sphere. Some scientists such as Zimbardo and Rosenhan grasped and exploited the fact that a scientist-journalist can use the public sphere, journalistic and performance techniques to generate certain kinds of capital and authority that in turn had an influence on how they and their ideas were received within science proper, especially in academia. Zimbardo transformed himself into the consummate showman—the scientist as evangelical preacher man—to gain an enormous public influence. This also shaped his reputation and influence within the academy in ambiguous ways—both adding and subtracting to it by both tarnishing his reputation and increasing his influence—as well as shaping the science of situational influence.

Journalists too can grapple with and exploit their power to disrupt the flow of authority and information, likewise exerting an influence over and making an impact within the confines of academic science. Slater brings her own subjectivity to bear on Rosenhan’s study and while she amplifies and celebrates Rosenhan’s original experiment she also challenges the power dynamics and disciplinary boundaries between science and journalism. The controversy between herself and Robert Spitzer and his colleagues was played out in the scholarly sphere bringing attention to Slater’s claims that psychiatric diagnosis was as problematic as ever. The fact that she seemingly experienced in contemporary America what Rosenhan did four decades earlier makes her point an even more powerful one. Psychiatry’s reaction to Slater, in

the form of Robert Spitzer, demonstrates that Slater's account had touched a raw nerve and the public spat between them, conducted in the pages of a professional journal, made Slater's 'experiment' difficult for the academy to ignore. Whether Slater's account makes it into psychology textbooks is yet to be seen but the media attention to the dispute between her and Spitzer had the potential to disrupt psychiatry's narrative of improvement and progress. Romesh Ratnesar wrested control of the narrative away from Zimbardo in his account of the SPE. His abandonment of Zimbardo as the narrator of the research and his inclusion of formerly silenced subjects has had an impact in the scholarly literature where it has been cited in reviews of interpretations of the SPE and in the public sphere through its re-publication in some leading news outlets. The impact of Ratnesar's article 'upstream' and 'downstream' demonstrates the potential for literary journalism to have an impact on the scientific as well as the public sphere. Peter Baker demonstrated how literary journalism has the capacity to destabilize truth claims and challenge social psychological research that shapes narratives about human nature. Through his access to and animation of debates previously contained to the scholarly literature Baker probed the epistemological assumptions of the research and the cultural forces that shaped it.

In the case studies I've examined the psychological scientists involved have engaged in different kinds of public performances and stage management. Darley and Latane with their use of passive voice and their absence from the text secreted themselves backstage. On the front stage the drama of the experiment was enacted with the stuttering epileptic student cast in the role of Kitty Genovese and the immobilised fellow students cast as the neighbours failing to seek help. Philip Zimbardo on the other hand, is firmly centre stage, as actor-narrator and director of a performance that is proselytizing and messianic in tone and in which he paces the stage, spotlighting the individual actors and commenting directly to the audience about their motives and actions. David Rosenhan moves in and out of the spotlight as both participant and author, showing as well as commenting, punctuating the performance with telling anecdotes that illustrate the larger point he is trying to make.

None of the three journalists whose accounts I analysed diminished, distorted or dumbed down the original version of the science proper. Each deployed the techniques of fiction writing to varying degrees in their own truth-telling. Slater immersed herself

in her own experiment to re-experience the original scientific text, presenting it to us in vivid detail. We don't need to be told what the experience of madness is like because Slater offers plenty of material from her own life, which makes her a powerful and persuasive performer. Slater borrowed from the scientific literature to retell Rosenhan's story.

I would argue that all three case studies of social psychological research I have examined, while ostensibly offering new knowledge to help the way we live our lives, offer moral lessons cloaked in scientific language. As a form of public performance all three psychological scientists have mobilised tropes that connect to shared stories and therefore connected their research proactively to journalistic and media interest. Darley and Latane disconnect us from notions of self as the Good Samaritan, rewriting the parable to depict our natural tendency to become immobilised by the evil power of groups (Manning et al., 2007). Rosenhan upends common wisdom about notions of sanity and insanity and echoes the Samaritan story, with psychiatric patients outcast, forgotten and ignored. Zimbardo has co-opted the techniques of literary journalism to tell a more persuasive if not hyperbolic account of the Stanford Prison Experiment and has made the narrative more powerful by connecting to deeper stories within our culture. Zimbardo's self-fashioned persona connects his experience to 'the idiolect of biblical conversion stories' (Wesseling, 2004, p. 303) in which the newly converted see their role as enlightening others. His own role in the experiment is one in which he illustrates the redemptive power of psychological knowledge, as evidenced by his own epiphany and rebirth as the repentant sinner. Notions of guilt and complicity are at the heart of this narrative. Zimbardo's subsequent involvement in prison reform, in the defence of soldiers at Abu Ghraib and more recently in the founding of the Heroic Imagination project are, I argue, a form of expiation. Zimbardo has deployed these evangelical tropes and his persona as the penitent prison warder to great effect, disarming critics of the ethics of the study and distracting from the study's artificial nature. Zimbardo has resurrected different aspects of the SPE at different points in each decade since it was conducted to highlight and elaborate particular themes. He has managed to attract and maintain audience attention by continually refreshing and updating the performance—like a good preacher he represents the story of the SPE as a

timeless parable that can and have been applied by journalists to a broad range of contemporary topics.

I have argued that the relationship between science and journalism is best conceptualised as two spheres, each with its own rules and reward systems, each with its particular strengths and limitations, each as authentically powerful in different ways. The interactions between these two spheres however are being reconceptualised with increasing pressure on scientists to engage with the public and evolving media practises which bring with them the potential to dissolve science's sense of condescending hierarchy as the boundaries between science and journalism are increasingly blurred. Research that can theorise and document this changing relationship particularly in the social sciences and psychology whose interpenetration with public life has been central to its imputed relevance will offer fresh insights into how psychological ideas are adopted, adapted and circulated in the public realm.

Bridging Statement

In the creative component of my thesis I have chosen to research and write a behind-the-scenes story of Muzafer Sherif's Robbers Cave Experiment. In writing this backstage account I adopted a literary journalistic approach and applied the model and techniques that I identified in my dissertation to the retelling of this classic social psychological study. Like the case studies I examined in the dissertation, Sherif's experiment involved deception, subterfuge and covert observation as part of the research design.

In writing this extended treatment of the 'backstage' version of Sherif's experiment I have taken a critical rather than a celebratory stance towards the topic. I have been less interested in articulating Sherif's ideas so much as contextualising them within the particular historical era and from within Sherif's unresolved motivations. In this sense I have brought Sherif centre stage as a key character in the story of the origins and results of his experimental program. In the creative component I have concentrated less on questions of rhetoric and performance of Sherif's later published work than with the way Sherif practised and perfected his research design in earlier and lesser known versions of his later study.

I have chosen to focus on the second of these earlier experiments in this creative work, one that has been little more than a footnote in Sherif's writings. This 1953 study which ended in tatters, offers an insight into how Sherif's work evolved and the pressures on Sherif by 1954 to recover his vision and ensure the Robbers Cave experiment was a success. The creative work ends with the cancellation of the 1953 experiment and the beginning of the Robbers Cave experiment. Given the restrictions of length on a thesis, the full book-length work would move from the beginnings of the final 1954 study and record the ways in which it attempted to resolve some of the ethical, organisational, scientific and personal issues the earlier failed experiment raised.

Part 2 — Creative work

Chapter 1 Prologue

On a hot and overcast summer day in 1954 a yellow bus threw up a plume of grey dust along a dirt road in the foothills of the San Bois Mountains of south-eastern Oklahoma. The drive from Oklahoma City had taken just over four hours. The north side boys - those from the better class of suburbs north of the river in Oklahoma, sat together and the Southside boys, from the rougher part of town, occupied the back rows.

Social psychologist Muzafer Sherif had chosen the location carefully. The attractions of the nearest town McAlester with its the soda fountains and picture theatre were far behind but the boys didn't mind. The Robbers Cave would be theirs for the next three weeks of summer camp, a sojourn that promised excitement and adventure. Outside of McAlester they took a winding dirt road, and ascended the mountain. Thunder rolled in the distance promising rain that never came.

They turned off at a pyramid of logs carved with the white letters 'Robbers Cave State Park' named because it was the hiding place of famous outlaws like Jesse James and Belle Starr. The campsite was a series of pretty stone cabins dotted throughout a treed park, with a baseball pitch and a river for swimming.

Three weeks later, their faces painted with camouflage paint, south side and north side divisions were forgotten and they were a single group called the Rattlers, creeping up in the darkness towards the cabin of their enemy, a group of interlopers who called themselves the Eagles. The Rattlers burst into the cabin, upturned beds, stole clothing, and were chased back by the furious Eagles. The midnight raid sparked days of retaliation and violence.

One day at the height of the fighting and when the temperature was 38 degrees, the camp staff - social psychologists in disguise who had watched with growing excitement as the name calling escalated to shoving and fistfights between the two groups - announced the water supply had failed and asked both groups to help fix it. Hot and thirsty, moving rocks that blocked the supply line on the hillside above the camp, the boys soon realized the only way to get the job done was to put aside their

differences and work as a single team. By sundown, the boys had fixed the pipe, the flow of refreshing mountain water was restored and they guzzled the water, then flicked and sprayed it until they stood in little pools of mud. Tempers cooled and over the next few days tension between the boys evaporated. By the time the camp was over, their anger was forgotten.

When David Baker at the Archives of the History of American Psychology at Akron told me excitedly that the 'gem' of their collection was the newly acquired material from the Robbers Cave experiment, I only pretended to know what he was talking about.

When I returned home I looked up my daughter's 2013 social psychology textbook and sure enough there it was in a chapter on human aggression and conflict. Once I saw the black-and-white photos of boys in their striped t-shirts and 1950s haircuts it came back to me. The photos showed the boys, straining at games of tug of war, raising flags, and conducting raids on one another's cabins while the text alongside referred not to children but to humans, prejudice, violence and war.

If the book told me nothing about the individual boys, it said even less about Muzafer Sherif. The Wikipedia page on Sherif was disappointingly measly with details about the man and his life and I was surprised that Sherif wasn't better known. How did he get the idea for it and how on earth did he pull it off?

The story of the Robbers Cave experiment is both strange and familiar. It's famous within social psychology where the story is passed on from generation to generation through textbooks where Sherif's unique methods are admiringly described along with the experiment's striking results that can be applied to a broad range of different fields.

It's less well known beyond that even though story of children forced to fight one another for their survival is a plot that anticipated *Lord of the Flies*, and has been elaborated on since then from *Battle Royale* to the *Hunger Games*.

While fiction has given writers like William Golding, Koushun Takami and Suzanne Collins an outlet for exploring the ideas of conflict between groups of children at war, Muzafer Sherif was the first to test it in a real life experiment. So why isn't it he more well known?

Historians of social psychology regard Sherif's experiment as a classic within the field up there alongside Solomon Asch's studies of why people conform, John Watson's conditioning experiments on baby Albert, Stanley Milgram's exploration of our obedience to authority and Philip Zimbardo's study of submission and brutality in the Stanford Prison experiment.

In the case of Watson, Milgram and Zimbardo an entrepreneurial streak and gift for self promotion also helped propel them as well as their research into the media spotlight. But it takes a certain type of personality and chutzpah to take your research out of the academy and spruik it in newspapers, magazines and on TV. And it takes a public appetite for the experiment's message - some resonance with common sense - for a social psychological study to take root in the public imagination. You would think Sherif's feel-good message and recipe for defusing deadly conflict would have considerable popular appeal to people who back then were tired of the brinksmanship of the Cold War and it seems even more relevant today.

Sherif's reticence certainly wasn't due to shyness. His contemporaries describe him as someone who loved being the centre of attention, who was arrogant at times and convinced of his own genius. He bragged to colleagues that with the Robbers Cave Experiment he'd broken the mould when it came to social psychological research. Yet Sherif made only one foray into the popular press in 1969, 15 years after the experiment was over, when he wrote an article about the Robbers Cave experiment for the Washington Post. A Hollywood producer contacted him almost immediately saying he wanted to make a film based on the experiment but Sherif refused to have anything to do with it.

At Akron, archivist Lizette Royer-Barton pulled on white cotton gloves to carefully unpack a grubby calico flag. It was the size of a couple of pillowcases with a childish painting on it of an eagle with a snake in its talons. The flag is among hundreds of items that Sherif brought away with him from the experiment and stored in a wooden trunk that eventually made its way to the archives after his death in 1988.

During the three weeks at Robbers Cave Sherif also used a tape recorder to capture conversations and arguments between the groups of boys. It was these that interested me at first. I thought they'd make the basis for a good radio story.

As well as the trunk, Sherif collected thousands of black and white photos, daily observation notes made by the researchers as they secretly watched the campers and a paper trail that charted the massive amount of preparation involved from organising camper health insurance to planning each meal. It was all there, all the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle that made up the picture of the three week experiment.

Nothing like the Robbers Cave experiment had been done before or since. Sherif's use of secret observers and tests disguised as games combined the observational methods of sociology with the statistical measurement of experimental psychology. A field experiment with twenty two children was much more demanding than an experiment in a laboratory where subjects appear at regular intervals for their scheduled appointment. But looking at these boxes and folders filled with details of its planning and execution it was clear that the experiment was more than demanding. It was ambitious, daring, even reckless. And it took someone obsessive and driven to pull it off. But driven by what?

Sherif admitted once in print towards the end of his life that the experiment was inspired by his childhood experiences during the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire and the establishment of the Republic of Turkey. But what exactly what was story from Sherif's past that was being played out in Robbers Cave state park? Exactly which groups of compassionate-one-minute, brutal-the-next people was he referring to? And to which group did he feel he belonged?

I'm suspicious of these kind of simple accounts of an experiment's provenance, with their almost Freudian emphasis on the link between early life and adult research interests especially when they are written by someone towards the end of his life, looking backwards for a connecting thread. Sherif's explanation doesn't answer my questions. What about events of his adult life in Turkey and the USA that might have led him to the remote state park in rural Oklahoma in 1954? And how after a career that seemed to start with such promise at Harvard, then Princeton and Yale, did Sherif end up at a lowly backwater university like the University of Oklahoma? How much of his study of the power of tribal loyalty, in-groups and out-groups, had to do with his own experience as an adult looking for a place to belong?

Lizette the archivist carefully unfurled a paint spattered pair of jeans with the words 'The Last of the Eagles' painted in orange capital letters down each leg. In photos of the experiment you can see a group of boys holding them on a pole like a flag, taunting their opponents. The theft and vandalism were acts of aggression, the denim trophy the symbol of a nation state in Sherif's eyes.

But looking at the jeans with the narrow waistband lying flat out on the table you can't help but think of the boy who wore them. Where was he now, I wondered. And if Sherif believed that events in his own childhood had such a direct effect on his later life, what did he think the effect of an unhappy and sometimes violent summer camp would be on the boys from Oklahoma City? How were they changed by the experiment?

If I was going to write about the experiment, I had to do more than just reconstruct a series of events from the archival material, I had to write about the people involved and in particular the man behind it. But at that moment the small amount I knew about Muzafer Sherif was like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that didn't seem to fit—he craved attention and shied away from it, he was cautious and a risk-taker, highly regarded and outcast.

These boxes and boxes of stuff in the archives didn't tell me much about Muzafer Sherif. It wasn't as if he had nothing to say. He was a prolific writer : of funding applications, academic papers, professional correspondence. He clearly had lots of energy. But where was the information about him? There were snippets: an AA card, a handful of photos of people in Turkey, of Sherif with his American wife, drawings done by his children, a fat file of correspondence about his precarious immigration status. My frustration grew. What did his absence from the archives mean? And why did I have the feeling he was hiding?

Chapter 2 Smyrna

In the summer of 1914 a group of village boys kicked a ball along the road, shouting and kicking up dust. They moved in a pack, chasing a donkey and cart along the road, jostling at the village well to take long drinks of cool water, slowing down only when the sun began to wane.

Muzafer Sherif was one of them. As usual he'd discarded the leather sandals that marked him out as wealthier than the other boys, the sons of his father's tenants. It was the dying days of the Ottoman Empire but the boys had no sense of the changes to their village that were ahead. Sherif took off his shoes because he wanted to be like the others. He wanted to belong.

Not that Sherif was a conformist or a biddable child. His mother Emine had her hands full with him. The second eldest of five children, Muzafer was either adventurous or foolhardy, depending on your point of view.

When the camel caravans passed through Odemis—an Anatolian market town in the Aegean region - on their way from Egypt the drivers stopped at their favourite teahouse. It was a typical Turkish teahouse, with a large tree outside that kept the interior of the wooden building dim and cool even during the hottest part of the day. Sherif's daughter Sue told me that while the men sat inside with glasses of tea the boys, led by Muzafer, sneaked behind the building where the camels were resting and restrung their ropes. When the drivers returned and the camels stood again they were not tied in single file but every which way. It was chaos. The men shouted and a few ran from the square, looking for the culprits. But the boys were gone, racing through the narrow streets, gasping with laughter and exhilaration.

The next time the drivers left one man behind to hide and keep watch while they had their tea. Muzafer and the others were in the middle of retying the camels when the drivers—tough men used to fighting off bandits and thieves—charged towards them yelling and waving their knives. In the noise and shouting and confusion the boys scattered, all except for Muzafer, caught between two camels who grunted and kicked in fear, knocking the boy to the ground. He lay unconscious in the dust and when he came to he was surrounded by the furious camel drivers. We don't know how he got away, perhaps one of the other boys ran to Muzafer's home and got his father, an influential

man who would become mayor of the town, who hurried to his son's rescue. Fifty years later after Muzafer had a brain scan following a stroke, his doctors were mystified to see evidence in his x-rays of serious head trauma. But this was just one scar from his childhood that Muzafer Sherif carried with him into adulthood and to his life on the other side of the world.

Osman was bemused with our interest in travelling to Bozdag. He straightened up from where he'd been lounging against his taxi when I approached. Far fewer people in Odemis spoke English compared to Izmir and Istanbul so I'd come prepared. 'Bozdah,' I used the Turkish pronunciation, then opened my notebook so he could write down how much it would cost.

He kept up a steady stream of conversation on the drive out through the flat road across the valley and up into the mountains, glancing back in the rear-view mirror from time to time, his voice rising in inflection at the end as if he was asking a question. I imagined what some of these might be: 'What are you doing here?' I'd had the question enough times from those English speaking shopkeepers or waiters since I'd arrived in Odemis three days before. And every time they asked me I lied. The Turkish government website warned that writers or journalists working in Turkey had to report to the police station on their arrival in any new town. I figured given that Muzafer Sherif was dead and that I was not reporting on current events that I didn't count. But lying made me nervous.

The most avuncular enquiry from a shopkeeper or bus driver felt like an accusation. One told me bluntly. 'There's nothing for tourists here. You should be down in Bodrum.' It came across as unfriendly, unwelcoming. But it also felt like a warning.

When we finally reached Bozdag which sat on top of the mountain above Odemis I understood why Osman was curious. It was little more than three or four streets, which he drove straight through, following the road up a steeply wooded mountain side where he passed through some large iron gates and then parked in a clearing beside some dilapidated looking picnic tables.

At first I was annoyed that he'd driven straight through the town but it was a pretty spot to stop. A refreshing cool breeze came off the mountain peak above us, which was invisible behind thick trees but I had read that even in late summer the peak

was usually still covered in snow. Back when Sherif was a boy the servants of wealthy Levantine families climbed to the top of the peak in summer, bringing down huge chunks of ice that they wrapped in felt and used as refrigeration in the summer months. I've read about these families, about the history and politics of the time in order to try and find Sherif and I enjoy passing on these snippets to my husband and travelling companion. But he is more interested in the present than the past, in the living rather than the dead. He wishes he could talk to Osman beyond the gestures and mimes that make up our current conversation.

Sherif was born in the summer of 1905 in Bozdag, named after the mountain range's highest peak. Two miles above sea level the mountains were a magnet in summer for wealthy Levantine families wanting to escape the heat of the plains. They arrived with loaded camels and servants for a season of picnics in the forest, hiking on the mountain, blackberry picking and boating at Lake Golcuk.

The mountains were also a great hiding place for local brigands or outlaws. When Sherif was a boy groups of armed bandits or zeybeks lived in these mountains, venturing down from time to time to rob traders, kidnap people for ransom or demand protection money from caravans. It was a great place to hide. Local bandit Charkirge had a price on his head for kidnapping and holding wealthy hostages for ransom. The summer Muzafer Sherif was born the Levantine community holidaying in the mountain resort were panicked by rumours that Charkirge, frustrated by the birth of yet another daughter, was planning with his followers to kidnap and keep a baby boy.

The rumours panicked a missionary family who were holidaying nearby and in particular the new mother, Helen Lawrence how she was recuperating in the mountains after the birth of her son. In her memoirs she recalls how to appease Charkirge she and her retinue visited Charkirge's wife, bringing gifts and an invitation to a family picnic the next day.

The picnic was held on the plateau almost at the top of Mt Bozdag. The servants spent all day preparing a lavish spread including roast lamb on a spit, pilaf and yogurt. For dessert they picked blackberries and ate them until their tongues were black. The crisis was averted, the baby boy was safe. It's a beguiling story. It echoes Sherif's most famous experiment with its friction and eventual reconciliation of opposing groups.

I imagine Sherif as a small boy staring up at the camels loaded with tents and furniture, pots and pans ahead of the holidaymakers and their servants. I find myself doing this constantly: imagining Sherif as a boy and casting round in my reading about the history of Turkey that might tell me more about his future. But sometimes it seems that all I've managed to do is accumulate a wealth of interesting but unrelated detail.

The owner of the café at the picnic spot insists we climb up into a kind of tree house furnished with cushions and a low table and brings us tea in small glasses rimmed with gold. He and Osman settle at a table in the shade and the smell of their cigarettes drifts on the breeze. It's quiet except for the rustle of the wind and the gurgle of a nearby spring.

Was it coincidence or chance that Sherif chose a site in the mountains of Oklahoma that offered shelter for outlaws? Here in Bozdag Charkirge the outlaw hid in these mountains with his gang, avoiding the law in the same way that outlaws like Jesse James and his gang hid out in the mountains at Robbers Cave.

Sherif's single-mindedness was probably inherited from his father. Raised an illiterate farm boy, Serif Efendi had taught himself to read as an adult and eventually became a successful businessman. It was an act of will that offered a way out of poverty and earned him respect, especially from people like his future father-in-law, who was a headmaster in the village of Birgi.

I've seen one photo of him: Serif Efendi rests his chin on his hand, his pinkie resting on his chin. His dark goatee and eyebrows contrast with the snow white hair that is brushed back from his forehead. The thoughtful pose suggests a man of intelligence. The direct gaze suggests a man used to getting his way.

Serif Efendi moved his family from Bozdag to Odemis after the British had bought the railway line. Here he acted as a broker between local farmers and British traders, organising the sale and transport of tobacco and cotton to nearby Smyrna for export abroad. Later he became mayor of Odemis.

Sue Sherif told me Serif Efendi kept the members of his household firmly under his thumb, decreeing that his four sons and daughter would all become doctors. All five of his children were university educated, which even today makes the family a local legend. At the family gravesite where he and his wife are buried, coloured prayer cloths

tied to the fence flutter in the breeze, put there by pregnant women wishing their unborn children would be as well educated.

We wandered around the picnic tables, admired an ancient chestnut tree that a sign told us was 20 metres high and 3 metres in diameter and I ran my hand over the trunk feeling for carved initials. The teashop owner showed us a pipe that gushed mountain water and he encouraged us to cup our hands and take a drink of water so cold it made your teeth ache. All of these things, I thought, Muzafer Sherif had done almost a hundred years ago on his hikes up the mountain.

When I realised how little detail Muzafer Sherif had written about the childhood experiences that inspired his research at first I put it down to professional reticence. Like most social psychologists of the era, Sherif would have regarded personal details about his own life as irrelevant to the discussion of his experiment, especially in an era when a scientist's objective stance was regarded as the hallmark of good science. Acknowledging that your research might be shaped by your personal history was dangerous territory, suggesting that your emotions may have influenced your research.

But the more I read about the events that led to the founding of the Turkish Republic and particularly those around Odemis and Smyrna where Sherif grew up, the more I wondered how reticence was a case of him not wanting to remember.

In 1914, when he was 9, Sherif's school like so many during the war closed its doors. For his mother, Emine, keeping an eye on four boys with no school to occupy them was a worry. While the boys could play freely in their own neighbourhood, straying further afield could be dangerous. The ties that bound the multiethnic groups in Odemis were unravelling the same way they were across Anatolia. From Ankara to Istanbul, these tensions between different ethnic and religious groups played out on the streets by gangs of children. Turkish boys who strayed into Greek, Jewish or Armenian parts of town risked being attacked by gangs of local boys and vice versa.

Muzafer was cocky and adventurous. No school meant freedom and a chance to explore. One day he and a friend set out for Smyrna, 60 miles away, catching an occasional ride on a donkey cart and following the railroad track until they reached the city.

It's easy to see why a boy would dream of an adventure in Smyrna. A coastal city it faced outward to the sea towards Europe on one side and Asia on the other. Behind it the hinterland, which included Odemis, seemed a world away. Historian Philip Mansel vividly captures the city. On the streets traditional Ottoman subjects wore turbans, fashionable Turks wore the fez, Greeks wore flat brimmed caps, and Americans favoured broad brimmed straw hats. Baggy zeydeck style trousers that mountain men wore were banned: at the railway station, men queued to hire European style trousers for their visit to the city. People who considered themselves sophisticated eschewed Turkish and spoke Greek and French.

Above the cries of sherbet and fruit sellers shouting their wares, Greeks chattering and yelling over games of cards through the open doorways of cafes, the ever present barking of dogs, the bells of St Photinia, taller than the minarets of the mosques, rang out across the city at the same time as the call to prayer.

This mixing and intermingling, of languages, religion, culture was heady stuff for a boy. On Frank Street bakery windows were full of French cakes. Muslim women wore transparent veils or no veils at all and close fitting clothes that showed their figures. At Bon Marche and Petit Louvre department stores young women entered iron grilled elevators that took them upstairs to be fitted in the latest fashions copied from French and American magazines.

The Cordon, the long street that ran along the quay with its marble fronted houses facing the water was crowded with camel trains loaded with cargo. Some caravans travelled with as many as 1500 camels bringing in Eastern luxuries—carpets and rugs, silk and cotton, baskets full of lemons—and taking back Western luxuries—sacks of spices, watches and clocks, Singer sewing machines. The bay bristled with ships and sailing boats, steamboats and caques.

At night, the traders packed up and the quay became a promenade. Inhabitants of the city were skilled at circumventing the Sultan's strictures and enjoyed religious and economic freedoms not at all typical of the rest of the Empire. The local newspaper was careful in its reporting of the city's social activities to avoid angering the Sultan. The pale marble facades of the buildings glowed against the night sky. The cafes below lit up, and music floated out across the water as far as whichever battleship was moored

out there—a fusion of Greek and Turkish music they called ‘Rebetiko’. Wharf workers, tough men who hauled sacks and carried heavy loads all day played cards with sailors who had come ashore for the night. Above them on the café walls hung portraits of the Greek king and queen.

It was easy in Smyrna, they said, to forget that you were in Turkey at all. On its crowded streets you could hear passers-by speaking any number of languages from Greek, French, Turkish and English. It was known as the infidel city for the number of Europeans who lived and worker there in commerce, business, international trade and diplomacy. On the city’s skyline, the spires of Catholic, Greek and Armenian churches jostled with the minarets and domes of mosques. But the city’s tolerance of diverse religions, cultures and nationalities was part of its downfall as well as its charm.

To 9 year old Muzafer Smyrna was still a magical place. But his happy wandering through the streets was cut short. He was grabbed from behind by his uncle, a doctor in Smyrna, who shook him furiously. What was he doing? Didn’t he know how many people were out looking for him? This time Sherif returned to his family unscathed, with just a few coins from Smyrna in his pocket, but he wouldn’t always be so lucky.

Up and over the squat NATO building that stands on the busy corner of the street in Izmir, over the tops of the trees, you can see the clock tower of McLaughlin Hall, several kilometres away. In 1918, 13 year old Muzafer Sherif arrived with his trunk and passed through the ornate gates up the driveway lined with cypress trees and into one the most exclusive schools of the late Ottoman Empire.

Boarders came from as far away as Greece and the Aegean islands. Day boys arrived by steam train each morning from Smyrna, getting off at the place known to locals as Sirinyer, but the missionaries had called Paradise.

It was a picturesque setting. The school was 250 feet above Smyrna in a lush green valley surrounded by hills covered in wildflowers with snow covered mountains

to the east.¹ Situated on choice farmland the property included a vineyard, orchards, vegetable garden and a large field for crops. Each of the more than a dozen faculty members had their own house that accommodated their families and servants. Beyond the school wall, in a dip in the valley, ancient Roman aqueducts spanned the river and nearby a railway station connected Paradise to Smyrna.

Today the farmland is gone, the valley and hills are covered in houses, and Sirinyer is a suburb of Izmir. The school is fenced off, swallowed up by NATO, who use it as part of their headquarters. We catch a taxi to see it and I signal to the driver to slow down and let me out, lifting the camera that hangs around my neck to show him I want to take a photo. But he looks angrily back at me and says something in rapid Turkish. I twist my head and look back at the clock tower rising from the top of the trees. I'm about to say NATO when I realise his reluctance. What are you doing? he's probably saying. Why does a foreigner want to stop and take photos of the heavily guarded entrance to a NATO building? I slump back in my seat and he drives on, looking at me from time to time in the rear view mirror and muttering to himself. I tried to look relaxed but all the way back to the hotel I worried that he would report me. Later that night I wondered at this sudden and strange attack of paranoia. I had done nothing wrong, it was a simple misunderstanding. But the next day I couldn't shake the feeling we were being watched.

At mealtimes the schoolboys were required to dress formally in what passed for the school uniform, a European suit with a crisp white shirt. They sat around a long table covered each day with a fresh white tablecloth and set with silverware and crockery in a formal dining room, waited on by servants. All the students came from well-to-do families. In the case of Muslim parents like Muzafer Sherif's (who were secular rather than practising Muslims) a wealthy 'foreign' school with money to spend offered a better education than a local Ottoman one, even if it was Christian.

¹ Descriptions of Kizil Tchokour or Kizil Culla from s's memoirs of growing up at the International School. <http://levantineheritage.com/note29.htm>

Many of the schools graduates would go on to prestigious universities in Europe and abroad, including Switzerland, England and America. Others wouldn't live that long.

Underneath its cosmopolitan surface, the fault lines of race, nationality and religion in Smyrna were widening. Loyalty to the Sultan which had gone some way to uniting the melting pot of different ethnic religious and cultural groups in Anatolia was dissolving with rising nationalism. Mistrust between Ottoman Greeks and Turks surged after Greece declared war on the Empire during the Balkan wars and after the Empire's humiliating loss of the prized city of Salonika to Greece in 1912. A tidal wave of refugees engulfed Anatolia after the Balkans war with almost half a million arriving between 1913 and 1918. They were joined by Muslims expelled from Greece, as well as people of Greek origin returning after their expulsion from Anatolia during the wars. Most were outraged by their treatment, many were dispossessed.

In villages and towns across Anatolia differences that had been submerged by generations of intermarriage, the practicalities of business relationships and the interdependence of neighbours suddenly resurfaced. Friends and neighbours who had lived in the same area for generations now viewed each other through the prism of religion and politics. Increasingly with war, the battle for new territories and rising nationalisms in both Greek and Turkey, the classification of Ottoman subjects according to race and religion gained new power - which group did you belong to - Armenian, Greek, Turk, Jew, Christian, Muslim?

At Muzafer's school in Sirinyer the school population ebbed and flowed, pulled and pushed by the tide of politics and war around it. By 1918 when Muzafer arrived most of the Christian Armenian boys who had made up the majority of the pupils since the school was founded had disappeared. Scapegoated for the disastrous Caucasus campaign, six hundred thousand to a million Armenians were marched towards the Syrian desert, where most of them perished. When he arrived at the International school most of the students were Greek and Turkish and were united in their dislike of the requirement to attend chapel every day, sing hymns, and listen to the Reverend's preaching, a camaraderie born of shared boredom of young men with no interest in being 'saved'.

In May 1919 at the age of 13 Muzafer stood in the midst of a crowd on the quay in Smyrna to watch the arrival of Greek troops. The armistice had been signed and Britain had occupied Constantinople. Although the British, French, Italians and Greeks were all manoeuvring for advantage in the empire's break up, it was the Greeks who succeeded. During the war the British promised the Greeks land in Turkey in exchange for entering the war on their side, and the British made good on the deal, granting Greece the western regions of Anatolia, including Smyrna.

The quay was a sea of red fezzes, the headgear that identified the wearer as an Ottoman subject. Some of the crowd were celebrating, others were sombre. To the Ottoman Muslims the arrival of an invading army was a disaster and cause for bitter humiliation and anger. The Greeks in Smyrna were ecstatic at the arrival of the troops, waving pictures of Greek Prime Minister Venizelos and showering the soldiers with flowers. Church bells pealed in celebration and bands played the Greek national anthem. To the Greeks it was an exhilarating first step towards recovery of the Byzantine heritage.

The festivities didn't last long. The troops began rounding up Turkish soldiers and citizens, marching them up and down the quay forcing them to shout "Zito Venizelos" (Long live Venizelos!). Those that refused to join in were tortured and bayoneted in front of a large crowd of cheering locals, many of whom joined in. Then suddenly the Greek soldiers appeared in front of Sherif, shouting and thrusting forward with their bayonets into the crowd. In the screaming and the yelling and the panic Sherif froze, and watched as a soldier killed a man on Sherif's right, and then his left. And then the soldiers moved on. Sherif said later it was a 'miracle' he wasn't killed.

According to reports, a few hundred died on the Smyrna quay, many were taken away and tortured. Almost immediately, the reprisals began with Turks attacking Christians, violence, murder and looting. The arrival of the Greek troops in May 1919 splintered the Empire and galvanised the Turkish Resistance movement. Within a year of the Greek invasion at the age of 14 Muzafer Sherif had joined the Young Turk movement and the nationalist cause.

Standing on the quay in Izmir, the wind flaps the flags bearing Ataturk's face in a kind of strange game of now-you-see-me-now-you-don't. Sometimes he is depicted

wearing an calpac, a black wool hat wider at the top than at the bottom and military uniform. At other times he looks sophisticated in tails. War hero and military man one minute, suave westerner the next. On every street corner, at busy intersections or on quiet streets Mustafa Kemal's ice blue eyes seem to be watching wherever you go.

The flags snap and billow on the quay at Izmir where a former carpet merchant's house has been converted into a museum. The museum's rooms and displays tell the official history of the birth of the Turkish Republic. In one room stand eerily lifelike mannequins of Ataturk and his commanders in military uniform, poring over a map. Photographs attest to the transformation from the old ways of the Ottoman Empire from primitive and backward to the modern and forward-thinking Republic. Workers toiling in fields or riding donkeys are replaced with images of machines pumping in modern factories and groups of young women doing calisthenics and jumping jacks.

There's a photo in the museum of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in 1923 at a boy's high school, surrounded by a large group of students. They are positioned like a triangle, with Kemal at the head and the group fanning out on both sides of him. The foreground is crowded with boys who look like they have shouldered their way in front of the camera to get a photo of themselves with their leader. It could just as well be Muzafer Sherif and his schoolmates jostling to be included in the picture. Kemal was Sherif's hero, as he was for most Turkish boys of his generation. They wore a picture of him on an armband and followed the progress of nationalist forces with great excitement, despite the strictures of the school headmaster.

Turkish nationalists finally repulsed the Greek army in 1922. The revenge, when it came, was terrible.

I move from photo to photo, from one glass case to another, peering into the rooms where Ataturk slept, read books, took baths, and had his daily shave with his personal barber. But nowhere in the building is there a reference to the event that caused the original owner to 'surrender' the building. The catastrophic fire that destroyed the city of Smyrna is represented by a single blurred photo without a caption that's part of a film about the Republic. It's a photo taken from the sea where black clouds of smoke billow upwards from the city. The next frame shows Turkish soldiers standing in a ruined and still smoking remains of building, as if surveying the damage.

I kept looking to see how the fire would be explained, and importantly who would be blamed but there was nothing of the sort. The gaps in the museum's exhibit mirror those in official histories of Turkey.

By September 9, 1922 the last of the Greek troops that had occupied Smyrna since 1919 had withdrawn. Refugees fleeing both armies engulfed the city: Christian, Muslim, and Jewish families carried what belongings they had been able to salvage from the razing of their villages. Rape, looting, atrocities and savagery were reported on both sides.

The city was in chaos. The streets were choked with refugees, the roads into town were littered with the bodies of dead and dying people and the carcasses of animals, smoke from burning villages smudged the skyline.

Tens of thousands of people poured into the city. Fearful of the retribution of the nationalist army and desperate to escape, they gathered on the waterfront and were likely reassured by the Allied warships at anchor in the harbour. Meanwhile Smyrna's foreigners—British, French, Italians and Americans—were safely boarded on to twenty one Allied battleships with orders to protect their own citizens.

Mustafa Kemal and his cavalry escort drove into town in an open car draped with olive branches, past the Smyrna Theatre, which advertised its latest movie titled 'Le Tango de la Mort.'

Mobs took over the streets. The Greek archbishop, who had welcomed the Greek troops to the city three years earlier, was lynched by a Muslim crowd.

By September 13, different Christian parts of the city were on fire. The Armenian quarter was the first to go up. Other Christian districts quickly followed and the fire merged into a two mile long, hundred feet high wall of flame.

The fire roared through the streets, buildings collapsed, horses and camels screamed in terror. The shops and department stores, the churches, theatres, hotels, factories, coffee houses and consulates were destroyed. Thousands of people fled to the waterfront to escape the advancing fire, joining the huge crowd that had been gathering there for days. But now they were trapped between the city and the water. When night fell they were robbed and attacked by bandits and brigands. The water bobbed with

dead bodies—some murdered, others who had tried to swim out to a ship and drowned. The frantic screams of the people on the quay could be heard for miles. Mansel says the wall of fire was so tall that it was visible to the monks on Mount Athos, on the other side of the Aegean Sea.

Finally on September 16 Kemal allowed Allied ships to evacuate survivors except for thousands of Greek and Armenian men aged 18 to 45 who were required to rebuild villages in the interior, few of whom were seen again. Over 200,000 Greek and Armenian people were ferried to Greece.

Sherif, by then in his final year of school, was likely safe from the worst of the atrocities, but doubtless he would have seen and been surrounded by evidence. The fire destroyed all reminders of Smyrna's Ottoman cosmopolitan past. The mansions and clubs, hotels and cafes, were gone. The Levantine district, the Greek and Armenian quarters were wiped away. In its place was a new city, given the Turkish name Izmir. And yet he never talked about his experiences of this violent and traumatic ethnic conflict in detail with his family. Perhaps the fact that Sherif never spoke about it isn't surprising.

The fire that obliterated the multiethnic, cosmopolitan and second largest city of the Ottoman Empire has been swallowed up in silence. In his victory speech to the Assembly just weeks later Mustafa Kemal recounted how Turkish nationalists won the war but made no mention of the burning of Smyrna. Five years later, in his famous 6 day speech in 1927 about the founding of the Republic, there was no mention of the fire. Mustafa Kemal blamed the loss of the Ottoman Empire on the treachery of ethnic and religious minorities. For Kemal, a strong and unified country was one with a homogenous population and a new shared history that helped people feel a sense of belonging. And that meant telling a new story of the vanquishing of a common enemy that stressed liberation rather than destruction of Turkey's second largest city and the triumph of Turkish nationalists over foreign powers.

Sociologist Biray Kolluoglu points out that the Great Fire of Chicago in 1871 was equally catastrophic and produced an enormous amount of literary, scholarly and popular accounts of the event and its aftermath. But in Turkey, no novels, films,

memoirs or scholarly accounts of the Smyrna fire have resulted. It seems no one wants to remember.

It's one thing for official histories to be edited but what does that silence do to people who were there? What do they do with the memories, emotions and experiences that contradict official accounts? Perhaps you intellectualise it. In 1967 Sherif wrote:

'I was profoundly affected as a young boy when I witnessed the serious business of transaction between human groups. It influenced me deeply to see each group with a selfless degree of comradeship within its bounds and a corresponding intense degree of animosity, destructiveness and vindictiveness toward the detested group - their behavior characterized by compassion and prejudice, heights of self sacrifice, and bestial destructiveness. At that early age I decided to devote my life to understanding and studying the causes of these things.'

I felt sorry for Sherif when I read this passage. It reads to me as if he's using language as a shield or a way of distancing himself from the events he has seen. In his description Greek soldiers and Turkish civilians become 'human groups', murder and savagery become 'destructiveness', and terrifying experiences become moments of intellectual awakening. He wipes out any detail that anchors this story in a particular time and place, Sherif's description becomes universal. Reading it I'm struck by how what he has written could just as easily be referring to the behaviour of the boys at the summer camp, with their animosity and vindictiveness, their raids and invasion. The parallels are so striking that it made me wonder if his social psychological research was more a re-enactment than an experiment.

In the museum in Izmir devoted to all things Ataturk beyond a velvet rope we can peer into the room where each morning and evening he sat in the large leather barber's chair for the twice daily ritual from his personal barber.

Laid out elegantly one on top of the other in a glass case is a pair of beige kid gloves, and next to them, a highly polished pair of spats. Kemal was a man who took pride in his European clothes. There are photos of him parading down a village street in a pale linen suit wearing a panama hat, swinging a cane as if he was on a catwalk. A

man passing by on the other side of the street wearing a full turban gapes at Kemal in surprise.

With the break up of the Ottoman Empire Kemal's government began homogenising the previously multi-ethnic, multi-religious and diverse groups of people who made up the Ottoman subjects. They needed a new identity—something that would cement the groups of disparate groups now living in the region—many of them people with Turkish origins repatriated from other parts of the Empire—into a whole. They had to learn what it meant to be Turkish.

Intent on banishing the Ottoman past and what Kemal saw as its obsolete and reactionary values, he embarked on a series of radical social reforms aimed at forging a new national identity. And what better way to do that than to make everyone dress the same, speak the same, and behave in a modern fashion.

By the time Muzafer Sherif graduated from the University of Istanbul in 1928, the fezbade of the Ottoman subject—had been outlawed. Men had to wear European style hats and clothes, women were encouraged to discard the veil and Kemal had weakened the grip of religion by closing religious schools and turning Hagia Sofia, the most important religious building in the Empire, from a mosque into a museum.

The Republic needed a modern education system, and a national examination was held to identify the best and brightest who would be sent abroad for further study. Muzafer Sherif was selected and sent to the US and Harvard in 1929. The plan was that, armed with new knowledge, these foreign trained graduates would return to Turkey and play their role in the modernisation of country and its education system.

Muzafer Sherif, with his fluency in English, his excellent academic results, political credentials as an ardent nationalist and powerful family connections would have seemed an ideal choice. But as Sherif would discover, exposure to new ideas in America would change the way he viewed his homeland.

Chapter 3 America

At a symposium in honour of Muzafer Sherif in his hometown of Odemis in 2013 the photograph on the printed program and projected on the wall during the ceremonies was not of Muzafer Sherif but of social psychologist Solomon Asch. In the audience, few other than Sherif's daughters visiting from America noticed the error. Afterwards the mayor of Odemis snipped a piece of ribbon at the entrance of a small street in the old part of Odemis and announced that the street was now named “Muzafer Sherif Street” in honour of the town’s famous social psychologist.

The clerk at the front desk of my hotel couldn't help me find the street. Like me, he checked Google Maps so I knew he wasn't going to have any better luck. He tried a few spelling variations, then looked up and shook his head. Ridiculously, I felt a bit tearful. It was our second last day in Odemis, time was running out and so far I hadn't found any evidence of Muzafer Sherif in Odemis or the mountaintop village of Bozdog. It felt very important to have a photograph of myself standing underneath the street sign. The same way a big game hunter wants photographic evidence of a trophy it would make me feel that the trip had been worthwhile. Perhaps the clerk saw something in my face because he was less stern all of a sudden and typed something into his laptop then swivelled the screen around for me to see. Odemis has a city museum that he was urging me to visit.

The local history museum has room after room dedicated to leading citizens and their businesses. Life size dioramas show local businessmen going about their daily life in rooms decorated as their shops—the world famous chess master frowned over a chessboard, the local clockmaker squinted down through his eyeglass into the innards of a watch, the barber and shoemaker shaved and cut leather.

Tjuba the archivist took me upstairs and proudly showed me a small glass cabinet in the corner of a hallway that displayed four of Sherif's books. I had to hide my disappointment. Afterwards she told me the street I was looking for was the one Sherif lived in as a boy. She called a cab and gave the driver directions. He looked at the address, shot her questions, then opened the door doubtfully. ‘He will take you,’ Tjuba said confidently.

But soon we were lost. The driver stopped at a shop to ask directions, then at a shoemaker's stand under a striped canvas awning on the footpath. Finally he stopped at what looked like a car park where a man got up from his desk and came out and inspected me through the window of the cab, then pointed across the street.

It was a long street, lined with low stone houses hidden behind high walls. The taxi driver stopped at a pink washed wall with a bright blue door and the branches of an olive tree spilling down over the wall. I walked to the street corner, looking for the sign but there was none. No wonder no one knew where the street was. The original sign was gone, and the new one too. It was missing from maps, and from memory. I thought at first that perhaps a local vandal had commandeered the sign. Later I discovered the mayor who had organised the street naming had lost the next election in 2014. So perhaps politics had a hand in the removal of the street sign. Maybe there were still people in Odemis who didn't want Muzafer Sherif remembered.

In 1929 Muzafer Sherif arrived in America, a privileged, well educated young man, born an Ottoman subject and now at 24 a citizen of the Turkish Republic, already marked out as a future candidate for his country's intellectual elite. On the face of it, Sherif fitted in at Harvard. He looked the part in his suit, crisp white shirt and tie, his black hair brushed back from his high forehead. In a photo of he and his brother Mutahhar taken in Turkey before he left they stand close together, their heads almost touching. Sherif's brother has his head tipped to one side, a smile playing round his lips as if he's just shared a joke with the photographer. In contrast Muzafer's head is straight. He stares unsmilingly at the camera. Intense and serious.

Prejudice against Turkish people was rife in America. A few years before Sherif arrived in 1929 Turkish journalist Ahmet Yalman wrote about how he and his friend travelled to Maine on holiday from New York and how locals who heard that Turks were coming installed new locks on their doors and reinforced security at the local jail. A century and a half of mythmaking had embedded itself in the American psyche. Media images and stereotypes propagated during World War 1 and the Greek-Turkish war painted a picture of the 'Terrible Turk' as someone who enjoyed killing, rape and torture. Turbaned, bearded, bare-chested, wearing baggy pants and wielding a cutlass, famed for his brutality and savagery, he stood for all Turkish people and was a figure of

terror, little more than a beast. During the Greek Turkish war, leading American newspapers including the New York Times published reports gathered from missionaries in Turkey who favoured the Greek army and portrayed them as saviours of Christian minorities and civilisers of the 'barbarian' Turks.

While the attitudes of American diplomats and government officials toward Turks and Turkey had shifted dramatically in light of Mustafa Kemal's zeal to 'civilise' the country, the press and the public took decades longer to change.

Sherif experienced the full force of this anti Turk sentiment almost from the moment he stepped off the boat and certainly from the moment he walked across the clipped green lawns and stepped inside the ivy clad buildings of Harvard. Harvard had strong missionary connections. Bigotry against Turks, like anti-Semitism, was common.

Historian of psychology Andrew Winston describes how Chair of Harvard's Department of Psychology Edward Boring regularly alerted potential employers of Jewish colleagues or students who displayed the "defects of his race". But if his fellow students and faculty weren't immune to prejudice, neither was Sherif. According to one of his contemporaries Sherif left Turkey in 1929 an ardent supporter of 'ultranationalist ideologues' who advocated the superiority of the Turkish race and embraced bigotry and prejudice against ethnic groups they regarded as inferior and who supported ridding Turkey of non-Muslims on its path to a new nation.

But far from being intimidated by Harvard Sherif saw himself as taking his rightful place in a pantheon of the great in the field of psychology at the prestigious university. But from the moment he arrived he later told a graduate student Don Granberg he felt he had to fight to be taken seriously by 'blue bloods' who he said didn't believe a Turk could read or write. This would have been particularly galling to a young man who already had an inflated sense of his own importance.

Perhaps this is why he was so combative at times. He was determined to follow his own interests, reading across a wide range of subjects, clashing with teachers who felt that he should be focussing more exclusively on psychology. He would decide which subjects were more important and gave his attention to those that he cared about rather than being guided by his teachers.

For his Masters project he studied the influence of prestige and its effect on judgements. He found that readers evaluated prose more favourably when they thought it was by someone famous rather than by someone little known. It was a theme that would be played out in his own life - how people's views of Turks and Turkey, of blacks and whites, of insiders and outsiders, affected their reactions, feelings and behaviours.

After a brief stint back in Turkey, Sherif returned to Harvard in 1933 to begin his PhD. Scholar Sertan Batur unearthed letters between Americans who had known Sherif in Turkey and met him again on American soil. An acquaintance who ran into Sherif at this time, Ted Gannaway complained in a letter to a friend about Sherif's arrogance. Gannaway had congratulated Sherif on getting a place and a scholarship to Harvard and was annoyed that Sherif didn't acknowledge the efforts of the American consul staff in getting him support and a place at a time when money was so tight. Sherif replied it was 'no more than to be expected and that the Harvard authorities thought extremely well of him'. Infuriated, Gannaway wrote to his friend. 'Dr. Parker informs me that he [Sherif] is one of the ablest young psychologists she knows, having the unique background of both continental and American training. Shaw also seems to think he is too . . . but I can't see him for a loud cloud of dust. I'm still anxious to get the low down on him . . .' He would have been even more appalled to learn that two months later, Sherif abandoned Harvard and switched to Columbia University, losing the Harvard scholarship as a result.

It was an impetuous move. Sherif left because he had a falling out with his mentor Gordon Allport who Sherif said wasn't enthusiastic enough about his research plans. But Allport believed Sherif had a morbid fear of Harvard exams and left to avoid them.

It was the midst of the Great Depression and Sherif, like so many new arrivals in the city arrived with no money and no means of supporting himself. For a while his new supervisor Gardner Murphy helped Sherif out financially even though Murphy could ill afford it. The American Friends of Turkey, an organisation set up to improve relations between the two countries, stepped in and secretly gave \$500 to Murphy for Sherif's living expenses. Batur suggests that Sherif's pride might have been at stake and that he would not want to accept what might be regarded as charity. Asa Jennings, who

organised the funds wrote that Sherif was 'a serious drain on [Professor Murphy's] own personal budget. The situation being what it is. . . and Sherif's mental processes being what they are, [we] felt that we should make a grant to Professor Murphy, rather than to Sherif direct. Sherif will probably never know the grant has come from us . . . [He] was over to our apartment for dinner a few nights ago. We had a very splendid evening's visit with him. He has made a marvellous record over here and there is no doubt that he will go far. I am very anxious to see his book: it is evidently quite remarkable."

From his first days in America Sherif attracted this see-sawing of opinion. His supporters admired his intellectual promise and energy, and tolerated his egotism. His detractors found his arrogance and hubris off-putting.

In one of the few letters in the archives from this time, Sherif wrote excitedly to Gardner Murphy about his observations of life on the streets of New York. He was caught up in the mass rallies, protests and marches of the time which called for unemployment insurance and rent relief and stood for hours listening to soapbox speakers arguing with one another on street corners. 'Last night I attended two meetings at Columbus Circle. . .one of the Salvation Army; the others called themselves hobo group. . .The speakers were attacking each other. . .The hobo speaker was pointing at six hungry men and saying 'We don't want pie in the sky. We want to feed these hungry men (with the emphasis of his fist going down) and now!' Sherif described the scene as 'like melodrama.'

But this wasn't just an intellectual exercise aimed at gathering material for his doctorate. Like so many others, Sherif's political sympathies were changing course as a result of the social and economic turbulence of the Great Depression. He saw the widespread suffering and destitution of thousands of people in growing numbers as he walked the streets of New York every day. This prompted him to ask questions about a system that could cause this catastrophe and the lack of a welfare system that meant the poor had to rely on charity.

Sherif was exhilarated by the impassioned speeches at mass gatherings, the defiance and indignation that fuelled union membership, rent strikes, marches and protests and the way people were organizing and banding together to fight injustice at home and fascism abroad. But it was the Communist rallies that had the biggest effect

on him. One night he attended a rally of 15,000 people to protest the arrest of 20 year old Communist and African American labour organizer Angelo Herndon who had been sentenced to 20 years on a chain gang for 'inciting insurrection' amongst black workers in Georgia. Herndon and others recounted the legacies of slavery, the devastating effects of discrimination, segregation and lynching, and how the Great Depression had hit black Americans much harder than whites. Sherif was electrified by the injustices the young man described, and that night wrote to his supervisor Murphy again that he felt outraged and embittered by what he'd heard. Sherif was like so many others who in the 1930s joined clubs and societies, committees and associations that had sprung up to fight for social, political, racial and international justice. It was the Communist Party—which championed public building works for the unemployed, agitated for racial equality and workers rights, opposed fascism overseas and oppressive economic practices at home—that Sherif chose to join.

It's ironic that the discipline that helped legitimise racism in the first two decades of the twentieth century was two decades later trying to dismantle its effects. Historian of psychology Franz Samelson describes how in the years following World War 1 North American psychologists argued that there were mental differences between races and that some groups were clearly superior to others. By the 1930s studies appearing to prove differences in intelligence between ethnic groups were being abandoned, the US was dealing with an influx of new immigrants and was preparing itself for a war against a leader who made race superiority his signature. Critiques of IQ testing argued that differences in intelligence amongst different ethnic groups were the result of differences in environments and opportunities rather than race. By the 1930s the idea of hereditary racial inferiority was in decline. If notions of race superiority had no basis in fact, then hatred and disdain for people from other races was redefined as a case of faulty thinking, the persistence of negative cultural stereotypes that fed irrational attitude or prejudice, not based on reality or the facts. Racism became a psychological issue.

Studies of race differences were abandoned and funding for research now focussed on the psychological causes of prejudice between different ethnic groups in American society and how to overcome it. At Columbia University, Sherif joined a small group of psychologists from racial minorities who identified strongly with the

issue. The group included African American researchers Kenneth and Mamie Clark whose research on the psychological effects of racial prejudice on black children would later contribute to the US Supreme Court's ruling in the case of Brown vs. Board of Education that racial segregation was unconstitutional.

Sherif was one of a growing number of psychologists who shifted to the political left as a result of the Depression, saw the capitalist system as perpetuating inequalities of opportunity and promoting a culture of discrimination and prejudice. A communist society in contrast offered the promise of equality and freedom from oppression.

At Columbia Sherif experienced an epiphany. If social psychology could borrow the techniques of the hard sciences why not borrow from anthropology and sociology as well? He was impatient with social psychology that took the individual person as its focus. A social psychology that was relevant, that could address issues of equality and freedom had to concern itself with the study of groups and in particular how we embrace the often faulty thinking of those around us—what he called group norms.

'Father Divine is Dean of the Universe' the silver letters swayed from a line across the ceiling in the hall in Harlem. In the packed benches below, hundreds of people sang fervently, accompanied by a brass band.

'Father Divine is the captain,
Coming around the bend,
And the steering wheel's in his hand. . .'

The hall was hot and handkerchiefs fluttered as people in the crowd mopped their faces. A large middle aged woman with a hat perched sideways on her head stood and told the audience she'd suffered terrible pain and misery from her bad knee, no doctor could help her. But then she met Father Divine and he miraculously cured her. Some people listened quietly, others closed their eyes and moaned. Some shouted 'We thank you Father!' and 'Isn't he wonderful!'. The band started up again, the woman led the next hymn with people clapping and calling the praises of Father Divine. One by one a continuous stream of people stood up to testify to his amazing power to reverse misfortune and transform lives. Downstairs, an enormous banquet was laid out, the plates continuously replenished for the constant stream of hungry disciples.

Muzafer Sherif spent most of his Sundays in 1934 here at Father Divine's Revival meetings, watching fascinated at this proof that such a large and growing number of people were convinced that a rather ordinary looking black man was God on earth. Estimates of his followers ranged from a conservative two million to ten million people. How and why had he managed to inspire such devotion? What psychological factors were at play? Sherif, disguised as one of a handful of white believers, mingled with the crowd surreptitiously recording proceedings and conversations with followers.

What Sherif and fellow researcher Hadley Cantril noticed was how the preacher created a self contained world in which his followers traded their former individual identity for a new collective one, bound together by a common set of standards. In the world of Father Divine, believers were promised not just material comfort, but pride, freedom from oppression, racial equality, and certainty in a frightening and uncertain world. He must have recognised the pattern from his brief visit to Germany in 1933 where he'd seen Hitler and his adoring crowds, using race as the boundary to define a new collective identity, the difference between an 'us' and a 'them'. But did he see Mustafa Kemal too, in the promises of a new national identity with the founding of the Republic?

At the same time that Muzafer Sherif was watching and writing about Father Divine, he was trying to work out a way of replicating in a laboratory how groups of people came to develop shared norms.

Early astronomers had noticed how if you looked at a single star against a very dark night sky it appeared to move. They called this the auto kinetic effect and Sherif used this as the basis for his experiment. He seated a man in a completely dark room and asked him to estimate how far a single point of light moved. When a man was on his own, he estimated movement anywhere from one to ten inches. But when Sherif put others in the room the individual's estimates converged with those of the others in the room. The men substituted their individual judgement for a group one and continued this even when they were alone again. He argued that we are most susceptible to group norms when we are placed in highly ambiguous situations in which we feel uncertain about our individual judgement.

It might not sound like much of a trailblazing experiment, especially given other much more dramatic social psychological experiments that followed, but it made a splash. Sherif it seemed had captured what had been a theoretical concept—social norms—and reproduced it in an experimental setting. He published his first book *The Psychology of Social Norms* based on this PhD research in 1936. With his dissertation complete, it was time to return to Turkey.

In the darkened room with its pinpoint of light at Columbia and on the streets of New York, Sherif was studying the same phenomena—the emergence of a collectivist identity. Sherif embraced Communism with the same fervour and ideological zeal that he'd brought to Kemalism. The Great Depression demonstrated that a capitalist society inflicted cruel consequences on its members. But at soapboxes, street corner meetings and demonstrations he also saw the disempowered became empowered, the downtrodden became defiant, the oppressed raised their voices, as a result of being part of a larger movement. He observed the speakers who in their passionate commentary described individual experiences that everyone in the audience could identify with. By dramatic gestures and rhetoric, they created a feeling of 'we-ness', a sense of shared identity that gave people solace, a sense of solidarity, and encouraged people to take action to look after one another.

Back in Turkey, Sherif had all the fervour of a new convert, one who'd seen the light. He threw himself into leftist intellectual circles, meeting, writing, arguing politics with journalists, poets and academics of the new generation many of whom like him had returned from overseas study and saw the political landscape in Turkey with a new perspective. But in the eight years since he'd been away Turkey had changed.

The program of nation building and radical and violent reforms aimed at obliterating reminders of the Ottoman past begun by Mustafa Kemal in the 1920s had accelerated. Turkish history had been rewritten to prove the historical superiority of the Turkish 'race'. According to this thesis, Turkic people brought the foundations of Western civilisation with them from the Asian steppes. The Turkish language was 'purified' of Persian and Arabic words and citizens caught speaking other languages in public were punished. The Latin script replaced the Arabic script making texts written before the reforms inaccessible. People's names changed too. In 1934 all citizens were

required to adopt a Turkish surname, abandoning the system that identified people by patronymic, title or place of origin. Citizens who already had surnames were required to Turkify them. People with Greek and Armenian surnames Turkified them by dropping the endings –os or –ian.

Sherif was out of step with the Turkey he returned to in 1936. His eyes had been opened to the failures of capitalism, the myth of racial superiority. But in Turkey the government was embracing both, looking to import a capitalist model for the economy, and increasingly framing discourse about national identity according to race. To Sherif and his leftist colleagues, the government's reforms only went so far in dismantling Ottoman structures of power. Kemal may have changed people's way of life, banished Ottoman traditions and religious structures of power but did not address the issues of wealth and equality. While some Turkish intellectuals regarded the reforms as very progressive, making Turkey equal to other European cultures, those like sociologist Bernice Boran and Muzafer Sherif argued that the social contradictions, the gap between the privileged and the poor were being ignored and the reforms did nothing about redistribution of wealth. Kemal had engineered a new Turkish identity but the Turkish peasant was as poor and downtrodden as ever.

In 1938 Ataturk died, and was replaced by Turkey's second president, İsmet İnönü. It was the end of an era. Sherif like many of his peers had regarded Ataturk as a modern day hero, with a vision for a new Turkey as a modern democracy, a state that could straddle both the secular and the religious, and the progressive reforms required to transform it into a nation equal to other modern nation states in the world. But after Ataturk's death, the political atmosphere disturbed Sherif and others in his intellectual milieu, especially Turkey's relationship and alignment with the ideology of Nazi Germany.

Ankara when Sherif returned there in 1936 was a modern European city. At the end of the first world war it had been a small town on a hill with a few thousand inhabitants surrounded by a plateau ringed by malarial swamps. In 1923 Mustafa Kemal moved the capital from Istanbul to Ankara and made Ankara in the image of the new Republic.

Istanbul is on the sea, Ankara is landlocked. One is the famed city of the ancient Empire, culturally diverse, enterprising, and forever associated with political conservatism and the old regime. Ankara represents the future—planned, orderly, regulated—home of Kemalism and the new Republic. The sleepy country town was transformed, the swamps were cleared and Austrian and German architects designed new roadways, wide boulevards and public buildings in Bauhaus, Art Deco and cubist styles. New buildings sprang up and money and people flowed into the city—government officials, diplomats, teachers, students, businessmen and shopkeepers. By 1933 the population was 135,000. The newly rich embraced the latest European fashion, dances crazes and smoking. There were few mosques built but plenty of health centres, sports arenas, some cinemas, and schools. Ankara had been remodelled to reflect Atatürk's view of a modern Turkey.

Sherif was employed in the capital first at Gazi Teacher Training Institute and then in the Faculty of Languages, History and Geography at Ankara University. The faculty was established to advance scholarship and promote the teaching of the new Turkish history which among other things declared that Turkish people were a superior race. The Faculty was divided into those like the German or German-trained Kemalist professors who supported theories of racial superiority and those like Sherif and his close friends Behice Boran and Niyazi Berkes who had studied in the US and brought criticisms of racist science back with them.

The Communist Party had been banned for over a decade by the time Sherif returned to Turkey and assassinations of leading Communists had been a feature of political life in Turkey since the early 1920s. Scholar Sertan Batur hasn't been able to find evidence that Sherif joined the Communist Party in Turkey when he returned home, but he may as well have. Left-leaning intellectuals in Turkey were regarded as Communists, party membership or no.

Despite pressure from France and England, Turkey refused to enter the Second World War and declared itself neutral. At the same time, the government of the day was increasingly aligning itself with Germany and developed strong financial ties with the Nazi regime. Racism and pro Nazi sentiment flourished in both government and business. A struggle between ideological camps raged during the war with the

government alternately tolerating the ultranationalist pro-Nazis when Germany looked like winning the war and the progressive left wing when Germany looked like losing it.

During the war, Sherif made no secret of his views. Carol Pratt, the Harvard professor who had filled in at Ankara University while Sherif was in America described him as 'violently outspoken' about his support for America, England and France and vociferous in his opposition to the Germans and the Italians who were favoured by the powerful clique of families involved in running Turkey. Colleagues at the university described him as "immature, careless, thoughtless, irascible, and highly conceited."

Sherif expressed his views in a series of articles in left wing journals where he criticised those in Turkey who were sympathetic to the Nazi doctrine. He scoffed at supposedly scientific theories about race differences based on IQ or skull size—a thesis put forward by Ataturk's adopted daughter in a paper using cranial measurements to establish that Turks were more evolved than Jews, Armenians, Greeks and Kurds. Sherif argued that such views were a matter of attitude and prejudice rather than scientific fact.

In his writing, Sherif ridiculed those in power who had previously defended fascism but were now abandoning it with the change in Germany's fortunes as the war progressed. In print he belittled the future Education Minister, a politician who had done a U-turn on support for fascism once it became clear Germany would lose the war. But even his left wing friends felt Sherif's goading went too far. Sertan Batur describes how during a railway tour of Anatolia to promote Ankara University in 1944 a military veteran on the train was holding forth on the superiority of the Turkish race. He gave the example of people of Kayseri province who had cleverly invented a way of salting and curing meat—a dish called pastirma. Sherif mocked him, telling him the people of the province would erect a statue of him made of pastirma. This public insult was particularly dangerous given that in Turkey the military enjoyed a privileged place in society and public criticism was taboo. Sherif was later questioned, but no charges were laid.

Sherif published articles in a leading left wing magazine called Adlimar, in which he called out members of government for their racist policies and called them 'backward', a term that was particularly insulting because it had been used with such

effect to describe the legacy of the Ottoman regime. The intellectual elite in Turkey was small and such public criticism was hard to ignore. Sherif's personal style, and his opposition to the old guard ruling class 'caused Sherif to be hated and feared by them' as Pratt, the American faculty member at Ankara wrote.

In his writing Sherif called for the redistribution of wealth and power in Turkey a move which antagonised the old guard ruling class—which included landowners, educators, and government officials—and included his own family. He made many enemies among the influential in Turkey, some of whom held grudges against him for years afterwards and one of whom, the future Minister of Education, would get his own back.

When the war began to turn against Germany in 1943, the Marxist circle of scholars of which Sherif was a part became a target of attack by members of the far right. On February 12, 1944, a student at the reserve officer academy had been caught with Communist party propaganda. The government instigated an immediate crackdown and began mass arrests of Communists followed soon after by mass detention of leftist intellectuals. Their detention was brutal and torture was common.

Despite being tipped off that his arrest was likely, Sherif believed he was immune. Unlike his friends Sherif made no attempt to hide. Perhaps it was the city of Ankara with its wide boulevards and modern architecture that lulled Sherif into believing that independent and outspoken views would be tolerated. Perhaps having almost been murdered as a child he thought no harm would come to him.

It was a spring evening in Ankara and he leaned against the wall of the building as he waited for a bus, cupping his hand around the flaring match as he lit a cigarette. He looked up, startled at the sound of screeching tyres, and at the two soldiers who raced towards him. They grabbed his arms and pushed him roughly into the back of the car.

Ironically, it was his powerful connections that saved him. The Prime Minister Şükrü Saraçoğlu came from the Sherif family's hometown of Odemis and was a close friend of Sherif's brother, a leading lawyer and prison reformer who was by 1944 mayor. Unlike his friends and colleagues who were imprisoned, tortured and later tried, Sherif was detained not in a jail but in a school library where he later told friends he

used the time to plan his next book. After four weeks of detention Sherif was finally released. According to Batur, his colleagues in the Communist Party said that Sherif had a private meeting with the Prime Minister where he gave his word that he'd leave the country and Saraçoğlu promised to keep him out of the upcoming trial. After his release, Sherif was depressed. His leftist friends felt betrayed and angry and closed ranks against him. Isolated and suspicious of university colleagues who he thought were spying on him, Sherif applied for a leave of absence from the university and made preparations to leave the country.

Eight months later, in January 1945, with the help of colleagues in America, Sherif boarded a plane for the USA. But the chill wind of the Cold War was soon to blow in America and it would not be a welcoming place for people with his political past.

Chapter 4 Cold War

'I'm not traumatised by the experiment but I don't like lakes, camps, cabins, or tents,' Doug Griset tells me. 'My kids always said, "Why is it dad that you never want to go camping?"' Doug laughs. 'I always told them about this camp where I ended up in hospital but no one believed me.'

We're talking on the phone and he sounds excited. It's the first time I realise that he'd never been told that the camp was an experiment. 'It's funny,' Doug says. 'But my wife June and I have been addicted to this TV series called The Fringe about a group of young people who find out when they are grown up that they were experimented on as children. What do you make of that?'

What do I make of it? It never occurred to me that the children hadn't been told later that they had been being studied and I'm unexpectedly in the situation of having to explain the experiment to Doug and tell him something about the man behind it. I think of the half dozen other letters I've sent out across America introducing myself, asking people if they are the same person who attended a camp near Schenectady in upstate New York in 1953. It's strange enough to receive a letter like that out of the blue, but weirder still to have someone tell you that 60 years ago you were experimented on.

But Doug is fascinated. Suddenly his life has a strange twist, an interesting plot point. He tells me the end of the story first. 'I remember my parents coming to get me from a hospital in the Adirondacks. I think it was in a place called Monroe, close to the Canadian border.'

Our roles are reversed. Doug is asking me questions instead of the other way round so between our initial phone contact and our first meeting I piece together as much information as I can about the 1953 study.

The trouble is that it's a study that Sherif would prefer to forget. He never published a full description of it and regarded it as a failure, referring to it only in footnotes which confusingly, attributed the failure first to the staff, and later to the children. A 1954 footnote read that the experiment was aborted because of 'various difficulties and unfavourable conditions including errors of judgement in the directing of the experiment'. Two years later he wrote 'in a frustration episode, the subjects

attributed the plan to the camp administration' in other words, the boys were aware they were being manipulated.

I'd expected any boys I could find from the 1953 experiment would not only know they had been in an experiment, but to have discovered and discussed the hoax amongst themselves at the time.

So I went looking for the men who had run Doug's camp with Muzafer Sherif—hoping that some of them were still alive and could provide some answers. I started with a list of five names in the archives, a few black and white snapshots of a group of unidentified men with Sherif. Gradually I added a name and then a story to each face.

At the University of Oklahoma campus, inspired by the architecture of Oxford and Cambridge, the turrets of the gothic buildings rise above the trees, and the curving archways and leadlight windows and verdant setting create an illusory sense of history and tranquillity. When Sherif arrived there the university was little more than 50 years old and underneath its peaceful veneer Cold War tensions crackled.

His first four years at the university were nightmarish at times. In March 1951 the Oklahoma state government turned its attention to local universities as part of its hunt for Communists. His students remember he and his wife Carolyn building a bonfire in the backyard and burning any incriminating books. The government passed a law requiring all local and state employees to sign a loyalty oath. Sherif signed the oath in March 1951 swearing that he was not a Communist, that he would be loyal to America and in the event of war—presumably between Russia and America—he swore to bear arms and fight for America in the event of an attack. But a month later he was arrested because his visa had expired and the US government planned to deport him. Turkey was a dangerous place for leftist scholars. Sherif's Ankara colleagues had been jailed or had fled and leading intellectual Sabahattin Ali had been assassinated by the security service as he tried to escape the country.

Carolyn lobbied furiously on his behalf, marshalling all her contacts and acquaintances arguing that his pro-Allied stance in Turkey at a time when such views were unfashionable, proved his loyalty to America. That same year the Turkish government instigated proceedings against him to recoup the salary he'd been paid during his leave of absence. His brother the lawyer represented Sherif at the trial but

their relationship soured as a result. In Turkey another major Communist trial was also underway and Sherif stopped writing letters home around this time probably because many of his friends were implicated. He was cut off from Turkish friends and family.

In August 1952 J Edgar Hoover directed the Oklahoma branch of the FBI to investigate Sherif. As a foreign scholar with a military research contract and leftist sympathies he was of interest to the FBI in an era of high anxiety about communist spies. According to scholar Sertan Batur, the investigation lasted almost a year and aimed to establish whether or not he was a security risk and whether he had access to any classified information as part of his work on naval research. An FBI investigation into communism among Turkish students in America also turned up his name. FBI agents across the country interviewed Sherif's mentors and colleagues, librarians and landladies, shopkeepers and administrative staff who had known him in America as well as some who had known him in Turkey about their views of his Communist leanings. At the same time his mentors Gordon Allport and Gardner Murphy were also under investigation.

Did Sherif notice on those afternoons when he called into the campus post office to collect his mail that the postmistress could no longer meet his eye? Did he ever wonder who the stranger was lurking in the corridor outside the dean's office?

I'd like to think someone let him know about the FBI investigation. But I'm not sure any of them did. Most of the people interviewed by the FBI reported he was a respected and even outstanding scholar, but it's striking how many said they didn't like him. At first I wondered if this was a ploy, an attempt to distance themselves from someone who was under suspicion. But the more I read the more obvious it was that Sherif invested little energy with his peers in being likeable. One colleague from Sherif's time at Princeton Herbert Langfeld said that he and Sherif talked mostly about psychology and never about politics and 'although he did not especially like him due to his arrogance, conceit and a desire to be the center of attraction at all times' he had no reason to think either Sherif or his wife were Communist or Russian sympathisers.

In contrast, Sherif's friend Hadley Cantril dropped a bombshell. First Cantril described Sherif as so thoroughly 'obnoxious' that he arranged for Sherif to work from home instead of coming to campus at Princeton. While Sherif was an 'outstanding'

scholar he was very 'unstable and erratic. . . arrogant, highly conceited, intellectually dishonest and a hypocrite.' Cantril said he suspected that Sherif was 'psychotic'. When they worked together at Princeton Cantril said Sherif continually voiced his admiration of the Soviet Union and the way things were handled there. Cantril told the FBI he believed that Sherif 'would have no hesitation in providing all the information he might possess to the Russians.' Cantril knew exactly how tenuous Sherif's status was in America and how dangerous things would be for him in Turkey. He knew the risks.

I tried to get to the bottom of Cantril's accusation. I wrote to some scholars far more familiar with the man than me but they could only speculate that perhaps it was a case of professional jealousy. But there had to be more to it than sheer vindictiveness. Cantril himself was subject to extensive surveillance and repeated interrogations of his loyalty up until 1956. I requested Cantril's own FBI files and they show that at one point that Cantril was implicated in a major Soviet spy ring. Agents wrote that Cantril had been responsible for recommending a leading Soviet spy for a government job and his name was found in the address book of another spy accused of passing on material from the OSS to the Russians. In his interviews with the FBI Cantril seems to have used the opportunity to feed them damaging information about colleagues like Sherif. But was it a way to eliminate competition, realise a grudge, prove his own co-operativeness and loyalty? Sherif whose intellectual preoccupation was with the shifting boundaries of group loyalty and what turns friends into enemies was seeing it once again played out in his own life.

No one else repeated Cantril's claim about Sherif and the Russians. But all repeated Cantril's complaint about how difficult Sherif could be to *get along* with. According to his colleagues at Oklahoma, he was 'not popular with either students or faculty' because of his overzealous focus on work. He spent 'every waking hour in pursuit of some psychological theory'. They implied Sherif was given less teaching because of his unpopularity. Instead he spent more of his time on research with graduate students. Another said that when Sherif first arrived it was clear 'other professors would not be able to tolerate him because of personal characteristics. . .' but there was no question he had an outstanding international reputation that was an asset to the university.

But by the time of Sherif's second camp study in 1953 his troubles seemed to be over. After two years of intense lobbying by Carolyn and with the help of an immigration lawyer his deportation had been averted. Despite Cantril's damning testimony against Sherif the FBI found no proof and closed the case against him. And while his position at OU was untenured and dependent on the amount of research funding he could bring into the university, the funding for this new study at \$38,000 for a three year research project was huge in comparison to the earlier one—the equivalent to seven years of Sherif's salary.

If the university was a comparative backwater it did allow someone as competitive as Sherif to feel important. He showed up in the office of the Dean or the university President, ignoring the protocols of making appointments and walking straight past the desks of their secretaries to call in on them unannounced. He convened meetings of colleagues from across the country in a series of symposiums and publicly and tactlessly pointed out the weaknesses as well as the strengths of their presentations. For Sherif the idea of co-operation over competition was alright in theory but it was another thing to be able to put it into practise. He often got on better with his graduate students than his colleagues, and with peers outside rather than inside his own discipline.

But while his colleagues may have found his vanity and arrogance off-putting, his wife Carolyn was his biggest fan. Soon after they arrived in Oklahoma the local paper wrote a story about Muzafer, calling him 'one of the world's greatest psychologists.' But Carolyn complained to a friend that they'd got it wrong, 'he is *the* greatest.'

If you're lucky you come across a teacher in your life who changes everything. A door swings open, a previously dark and stuffy room is filled with light, and beyond the doorway a whole vivid world springs to life. OJ Harvey felt this way in his first class with Muzafer Sherif. Until then psychology for 24 year old Harvey had been 'a puny little science'— simple, dull and myopic in its focus on the laboratory life of rats. But Sherif's psychology incorporated notions from history, anthropology and sociology. For Harvey it was a whole new world.

The two men hit it off, largely Harvey believes because he corrected Sherif during a class—something his classmates were too afraid to do. Soon Harvey was Sherif's teaching assistant, then his right hand man. Sherif was highly dependent on the practical people in his life. Carolyn ran the household, wrote the family letters, took care of the children, answered calls for Sherif, drafted book chapters and papers, paid the bills and smoothed ruffled feathers. At the university, Harvey played a similar role. Sherif's reputation for unpredictability meant colleagues and students didn't know what sort of reception they'd get when they requested a meeting with him or asked for a response to an administrative request—whether they'd be greeted by the cordial and charming professor or his intimidating alter ego who was overbearing and argumentative. So they went to Harvey instead. OJ was well known for his organisational skills. Friends said he could 'organise a bucket of worms'.

Few knew Harvey's secret. In 1950 soon after he started working for Sherif, they had a run in over an administrative mix up. Sherif shouted at Harvey and among other things called him an idiot. Harvey told Sherif 'Screw you! Nobody talks to me like that!' and quit. After a week Sherif sought Harvey out, hugged him and cried. From then on they were very close. Sherif trusted Harvey after that.

Sherif expected his graduate students to work as hard as he did and those that didn't soon fell by the wayside. His evening seminars scheduled to finish at 9pm frequently continued at the bar and well into the night. If a student was absent he would go looking for them afterwards to publicly remonstrate with them about missing class. Some found his compulsive drive and single mindedness repellent, others found it compelling. But social psychology was his life and he expected his students to take it as seriously as he did. OJ Harvey shared his zeal.

They made a strange pair. On one hand was the Turkish professor with his relatively privileged upbringing and sense of entitlement. On the other was the Choctaw son of a sharecropper who had saved for college from the age of 10 by fattening up and selling orphaned calves.

For his next experiment Sherif chose people like Harvey who shared his work ethic and would be grateful for the opportunity to work with him. Carolyn did her best to help him choose the right staff. There was so much riding on this experiment Sherif

couldn't afford to make any mistakes. He wrote regularly to his mentor Carl Hovland at Yale updating him on progress and met with him monthly in the four months before the experiment began to make plans and finalise arrangements.

Marvin Sussman was another obvious choice as a research assistant. He had the experience of working on Sherif's first camp study in 1949. In the intervening four years he had finished a PhD and taken a job at Union College in upstate New York. Sherif knew Sussman was a hard worker. Sussman recalled how when they first met he was a full time student who worked 18-20 hour days, teaching at a nearby college, working as a research assistant, in a diner and taking in night work as a watch and clock repairer.

For Sussman sacrificing the summer holidays with his wife and young family to work on the experiment with Sherif was worth it. He was desperate to get out of Union College. He wrote to Sherif that he wanted Sherif's help in finding a better job through his 'extensive connections with top level men in sociology and social psychology'.¹ Sussman felt undervalued at Union College. At the first faculty meeting after his appointment as Assistant Professor in 1951 he was puzzled when the President introduced him not by his new job title but as coming from a long line of watchmakers with skills in restoration and repair. To his dismay five of the faculty—including the Dean—were avid collectors of antique clocks. He spent most nights working late at his workbench, making repairs and trying to ignore his growing conviction that it was these skills rather than his academic qualifications that had gotten him the job. Working with Sherif and helping to author a book about the study would give him a boost up the academic ladder, a way out of this small college to a bigger city, a better job.

Two months before the experiment was due to start Union College sent out a press release to the local newspaper trumpeting Sussman's work with Sherif. The *Schenectady Union-Star* newspaper ran a story with the headline "Dr. Sussman Heads Summer Research Project" naming him 'Administrative Executive' responsible for a staff of fourteen. The story went on describe the Rockefeller Foundation funded project as aiming to 'shed light on race relations' through a study of competing groups of boys who are hostile and aggressive towards each other.

Sherif was furious that Sussman seemed to be taking all the credit. Carolyn urged him to put himself in Sussman's shoes to understand why getting this kind of

recognition was so important. ‘You must be able to imagine how dreadful it must be to be stuck in a little one-horse college with 3 children where no stimulation or accomplishment is possible and with just enough to make out on . . .’ⁱⁱ It sounded like Carolyn knew exactly how that felt.

Sherif had no need to worry that Sussman might upstage him. Despite his lofty job title, Sussman’s job was much more prosaic—booking trucks, buying camping equipment, finding staff, ordering food. His letters to Sherif in the months preceding the camp are increasingly plaintive as he details the hours spent on securing a suitable site, organising the recruitment, psychological testing, physical examinations, and selection of subjects. When they finally agreed on the choice of a former girls’ campsite in Middle Grove, Sussman had to organise the installation of plumbing for running water, draining and repair of the dam, connection of gas, electricity, telephone. He had staffing problems too, with two junior counsellors pulling out: one for ‘moral’ reasons, the other for financial. He complained to Sherif that he had time for little else but Sherif showed little sympathy and replied ‘. . . this is the reason why the pioneering type of research is so difficult and heartbreaking. It is not like following routine with regular hours.’ⁱⁱⁱ Perhaps at Carolyn’s urging, Sherif used flattery, telling Sussman he relied on him to make sure the mistakes of the 1949 study—mistakes that caused Sherif ‘great agony’ last time—were not repeated. But Sussman was aggrieved that so much of his time was spent on mundane organisational tasks rather than the theoretical work required for their book.

But Carl Hovland understood there were risks with a committed team who had a big investment in the experiment’s success. He stressed the how important it was to safeguard against staff enthusiasm for results and potential bias especially in light of Sherif’s 1949 study. So Sherif chose his third staff member Herbert Kelman to be the ‘scientific conscience’ of the study. They had met in 1949 at Yale when Kelman was a 22 year old graduate student whose opinion and candour Sherif respected.

Next on the list was the camp nurse. If he could have got away without not having one, he would have, but a nurse was required by law. There was to be no vivacious young woman on staff to distract the men this time. Sherif rejected the first nurse Carolyn selected because she was too young and pretty. Carolyn was sorry to let

her go. 'I must say she seemed most intelligent . . . but I'm sure you know best what sort of difficulties she may have caused.'^{iv} Instead he chose Mrs Terani, whose age and appearance made her a much more suitable candidate from Sherif's point of view. But Carolyn worried that because she was both a 'conscientious mother' as well as a nurse she would have misgivings about the treatment of the boys.

Jack White, another graduate student and best friend of OJ Harvey and Jim Carper a friend of Herb Kelman's were also added to the team. Unfortunately for Sherif he was unable to take the one person who was his greatest asset on camp with him. Carolyn with her knack for anticipating and smoothing over problems and her ability to keep Sherif in line would be staying in Oklahoma with their daughters, aged six and three. That would turn out to be his biggest mistake.

Marvin Sussman's most important and time consuming job was to find subjects. He used local Ministers in and around Schenectady to help in recruitment, asking them to recommend boys who were Protestant, aged between 10 and 10 and 1/2, who were 'well adjusted . . ."typical American Type"[s] who were 'group minded' and who weren't 'cissies or extreme isolates' and who came from well adjusted families, not from 'broken homes.'^v Once a pool of potential boys was identified Sussman sent out a detailed letter to the parents.

'For many years camp executives throughout the country have been trying to find out what camp activities will result in giving their campers a fruitful educational and recreational experience. These camp directors are interested in finding out what things can be done to give their boys and girls a wholesome cooperative living experience which will prepare the youngsters for better citizenship and to be leaders in their communities. The question is what camp programs best serve to enrich the life and experiences of growing children?'^{vi}

The purpose of this camp, Sussman went on was 'simply to study the best programs and procedures for campers which will develop cooperative and spiritual living.'

The choice of words suggests the letter was appealing to the lower middle class aspirations of the parents he had targeted. The boys would be 'carefully selected', successful boys would receive a 'scholarship' and the study was auspiced by prestigious

institutions including Yale and Union College. Psychological screening was not mentioned. Instead a 'Mr King' would 'test' the boys in order to get to know them better. The letter portrays the camp as benign, instructive, and selection as a camper as a privilege. The parents had no idea they were volunteering their child for a three week psychological experiment.

By the first day of camp—Thursday July 23, 1953—when the bus pulled up outside Schenectady Public Library, 24 boys were waiting.

Doug Griset, Schenectady judge and stalwart of the family court puts on his robes each day and enters the theatre that is the courtroom, the drama of family disjunctions are played out daily in front of his bench. So good is he in the role that he was recently cast as a judge in *The Place Beyond the Pines*, a gritty movie about a carnival drifter who washes up in Schenectady that starred Ryan Gosling.

Doug is used to playing roles. But what he didn't know until he got my email was that it began in childhood when he was cast in the role of America or the free world, against whatever enemy takes your fancy—Russia, communism, or anything in between. He's cleared a couple of days of his summer schedule and we're going on a road trip to find the campsite. I'm hoping on the journey that more of Doug's memories will surface and I can make a connection between the scant detail provided by Sherif and his colleagues and Doug's personal recollections.

I'm surprised—Doug is sceptical—to see the location of the camp as described as Middle Grove because it's only an hour from Schenectady. 'I'm amazed because in my mind it was a thousand million miles away. It's like my dog when we go to our lake house which is 200 miles away but he sleeps most of the way out and it's 5000 miles away and takes a hundred hours because in his mind it seems that way—now I'm going to have to be a little careful here. . . !'

The conversation in the car goes mostly this way, interrupted reflections and reminiscences. Doug's organised. 'Here's where we're going.' He has Google maps printed out and smooths them flat on the dashboard for me to see. He has his finger on a spot not far from Saratoga Springs. The indicator tick ticks and I look at the Google map, not sure now that I'm here what exactly it is I hope we'll find. We've jokingly called this a road trip and going on Doug's memory, we expected to find ourselves deep

in the Adirondacks probably lost. He had warned me it would probably be a fruitless trip but it's an opportunity to talk and hear Doug's story.

I'm not sure why finding exactly where the camp took place has become important. Partly I'm hoping it will prompt Doug to recover more than just a vague and troubled memory.

We take three wrong turns on our way of Saratoga. At the edge of town Doug pulls over and goes into a garage and asks directions. I wonder at the fact that we seem geographically so close but Middle Grove seems to hard to find.

When we did find Middle Grove—a crossroad and a general store—we meandered. Not that it wasn't a pretty drive, but we followed minor roads up green hills and down the other side, passed horse studs, dairy farms and mansions set back from picket farm fences with sweeping gravel drives. We scrutinised signs, looking for something that might take us to the campsite.

We stopped at a gas station but it was closed. Then we stopped at a store selling candy, a low gloomy place where the woman emerged from the shadows and shook her head when Doug started his story. To an outsider it sounded strange. He began by telling people how I'd come all the way from Australia and that we were looking for a camp that was run during the 1950s. Even to someone logical and trusting it sounded like a cockamamie story. A camp, a group of boys, an experiment. It surprised me that people wanted to help us at all. We passed Boy Haven, a camp for boys. We got excited when we saw a sign for Camp Wood but were disappointed when we couldn't find an entrance. Then after three more signs for the camp of the same name we realised they were referring to kindling for campfires. Finally, on a back road we passed a single building, a post office.

Inside, Doug explained to the postmistress and I smiled and nodded in the background, convinced after two hours of driving round that this was a wild goose chase. When Doug mentioned the camp and the experiment on the boys she said. 'Were you one of the boys?'

'Yes,' but he must have seen something in her face because he hurried on. 'I'm all right,' he said, 'nothing bad happened.'

Two women wrapping up parcels to post who were standing behind us looked up from the paperwork they were sorting. 'Hang on,' one said. 'I'll call my dad. He's 95 and lived here all his life. He might know.'

Five minutes later, we were following her car out of the car park. In the car Doug said, 'OK we really we may have hit a jackpot. We'll see. I'm still cautious.' Two miles from the post office we turned up a dirt road, then off an even smaller track that curved in and out of tall stands of forest. Is this looking at all familiar to Doug I wondered. But he wasn't thinking that far ahead. This was an adventure and the thing with adventures is that you never know which way they will turn out.

At the top of a hill she slowed and pulled off to the side of the road and Doug did the same. 'We would never have found this spot,' Doug said. We'd parked at a fence facing a wooded area. A truck was parked beside a wooden shack and a couple of cars were parked beside it.

'I see a guy with a dog up ahead so we're going to get out but we're gonna be real careful, right?' A large dog ran towards the gate and a man in a flannel shirt stood on the porch looking at us.

The man was approaching the fence cautiously, and made no move to call off the dog. I waited by the car. The woman from the post office approached the fence with Doug and told the man her father recalled a camp for girls on this land in the 1950s. Then Doug started talking and the man came a little closer. I moved towards the fence and the dog jumped again and barked. The man held out a hand and the dog quieted. The screen door slapped and a young woman with long red hair stepped off the porch her white legs flashed against the dark greenery as she made her way to the fence to listen.

Here the sun was dappled by the thick trees and a mosquito buzzed by my ear. The man opened the gate and Doug waited for me to catch up before he stepped through.

I felt suddenly nervous. Doug's comments, that we were strangers here felt right. We were strangers in this muggy green patch of forest at the top of the hill. The man didn't seem to know what Doug was talking about but we were in. On the porch, Doug pulled out his card, told them who he was, how he was a boy here in 1953. Meanwhile I

was thinking this place was too small. The house was a wooden shack with a stone chimney. It was a narrow piece of land that dropped away steeply on one side but went back quite a way and was bordered by tall trees.

The whole enterprise, our excitement in the car that we might have found the camp seemed ridiculous. I was wasting everyone's time—Doug's, this couple's, the women in the post office, the 90 year old father who seemed to remember the camp. Then Doug said, 'That chimney, is it inside the house too?' Then almost straight away he said, 'I remember a chimney, a stone chimney, with a big lintel where they displayed the prizes us boys would win.'

Now the young woman invited us in and we were inside a large room that opened off the porch. Doug was staring at the wall of the lounge room. 'That's it. They kept a barometer thing up there, with the scores of both teams in red and every day we looked at how we were doing and we looked at those prizes. I wanted that knife so badly,' he shook his head.

Outside again on the porch I asked them if they'd mind if I took some photos. Go ahead, they both said and I did it quickly. The house, the land, and then I stood on the top of the rise and looked down the gully where the land dropped away. A small wooden hut was half hidden in the trees. Doug came over and looked. 'It's an old outhouse,' the man said. Doug nodded. 'A double outhouse, huh.' We could see the neighbour's wire fence in the tangle of bushes at the bottom of the hill. A line drawn that separated what must have once been a much bigger block of land. What we were standing on was one part of the original, much bigger camp.

We got in the car and drove away. 'She's in there Googling Muzafer Sherif right now,' Doug laughed. And for a while we drove along without speaking. What had happened back there had seemed laughably simple, both a dramatic revelation and an anticlimax. But Doug, like the judge that he was, remained cautious. Yes, he recognised the stone chimney, yes, the outhouse he remembered, yes, it looked like it could have been the place. 'I know you want me to say it was,' he said. 'But I can't do that.' He was right, I wanted him to say it but by the time we got back to Schenectady later that evening I didn't need him to say it. I was certain we'd found the site of Sherif's mysterious footnote.

Marvin Sussman had handwritten the envelopes. It was a nice touch, a personal touch that might persuade those parents who might be wavering. He'd drafted and redrafted the letter on advice from Sherif. They both agreed that an earlier draft used for the 1949 experiment could be improved and Marvin contributed his knowledge of the area and its people to the rewriting process. The letter did not convey his growing anxiety—many of the boys in the age group they were looking for were already signed up for other summer camps—and conveyed both the honour and privilege of being invited to apply with just enough information to allay suspicion.

When the letters arrived with the monogram of Union College—whose history went back to the beginnings of Schenectady and the founding of the nation—with their suggestion that this was a personal invitation to their son, parents like Doug's and especially his mother may have hoped that this letter would trigger a flow of other invitations—to tennis parties, bridge nights, perhaps membership of the golf club.

Sixty years later, Doug laughs and shakes his head when he reads the letter. He's sitting in the lounge room of his home not far from Union College, on a 19th century housing estate known as The Plot. Union college had originally owned this 30 acre tract of wooded land. But in 1898 they sold it for \$57,000 to the General Electric Company who wanted to build a housing estate for its employees. But these weren't just any homes. And these weren't ordinary employees. From 1898 to 1927 the company built around 100 enormous homes in an eclectic mix of styles that it hoped would lure the best research scientists from around the world. Swiss chalets, Tudor homes, Queen Anne, Spanish colonial homes sit back on deep large blocks, shaded by established gardens. It was said that this geographic patch generated more scientific inventions than just about any other patch in history as General Electric employees continued their scientific tinkering in their homes and sheds after they got home from work at night. We're sitting in a house where the first TV broadcast was received in 1927.

Science was the lifeblood of Schenectady. In 1951 when Doug and his family moved here General Electric and Alco, both renowned for their scientific discoveries and contribution to the war effort, were the largest employers in town. Today, the large silver letters GE General Electric dominate the skyline above the imposing red brick headquarters on one of the town's main roads.

Doug peers at the letter again. 'That letter was the perfect sell!' Doug says. 'Yale, Union College,' he laughs. 'The only thing missing is God and America.' He slaps his knee. 'What an amazing—somebody ingenious drafted that letter.' He passes it across to June his wife.

June starts reading the letter half aloud but Doug keeps interrupting.

'Don't you love it? Just picture my mother and father getting this.'

'A grant to Yale, that would be impressive.' June's lips twitch. 'Oh the Rockefeller Foundation—', she laughs.

'The Rockefellers! Can you see my mother? My 28-year-old mother reading this? It may as well have come from the President of the United States!'

'The Rockefeller Foundation,' June says again.

'Yeah, from Yale! They mention everything except God and country. Oh,' he shakes his head, laughing. 'That would have got my mother. She was a sucker for anything fancy, my dad too. All you had to say was Union College in those days. We weren't allowed on those premises I never set foot on Union College and my father used to revere Union College. "Oh, if you were a Union College person, whoa!" That was a big deal. So imagine throwing Yale on top of that.'

'Looks like they had to do some kind of interview,' June said.

Doug blew air out of his lips. 'Not a problem. My mother grew up dirt poor in the south, but she was smart enough. And my father could have finagled anybody he wanted. My father would have walked into any interview and pulled it off. So they would have handled an interview very well.'

Doug thinks about it for a minute. 'My dad who was an extremely patriotic World War 2 veteran could have been talked into sending me to something very easily—even though he was a very bright and discerning man—if he thought it was going to be advancing some patriotic concept "We're gonna help figure out how we can make kids like your son be leaders" that would have appealed to his sense of patriotism. My mother who came from a very poor background would have been persuaded if she thought that she or the family would somehow be elevated by my attendance. But my parents were very protective. My mother—I wasn't leaving her side unless it was for

something that she thought was wonderful for me and pretty much the same for my father except his view would have been, “OK you can go if it’s gonna toughen you up a little bit”. Until I was about 17 I was always the smallest kid in my class. But here’s the part that still is gonna trouble me and trouble me. It’s three weeks—that’s a long time for a kid to be in a situation like that. My mother—that would have been a very long time for her too. Can you see my mother saying go off to the woods for 3 weeks?

‘No,’ June says.

‘She was bamboozled,’ he leans over and looks over June’s shoulder. ‘It doesn’t say anything about the parents not coming up to visit. At every other camp I was ever on every weekend the parents were there. Not only did they deliver you and pick you up they came up for events.’ He shook his head. ‘Three weeks!’

Chapter 5 Camp Talualac Part 1

Nine boys stood in a ragged line in a clearing, holding their bows and arrows. An impatient queue of six other boys watched from the sidelines, waiting for their turn. The tallest boy in the line, Peter Blake, held his bow expertly, and was trying to get the others' attention. Some boys were shooting already, others were still trying to get their arrows correctly in the bow. Bond yelled that they should do it all at the same time.

It was the first day of the camp, the first time Doug, a sandy haired eleven year old had held a bow and arrow. 'I loved archery,' Doug says. He loved the tautness of the bowstring when he pulled the arrow back, the thrill of letting the arrow fly, even when it fell short and hit the ground instead of the target. He didn't mind that he often missed. He waited patiently with the others on the sidelines until it was his turn again. It was the thrill of it that he enjoyed. 'I remember that very well because it was very dangerous.' Doug laughs. 'When I got back home I asked my parents if I could do it in the backyard and it was "No!"

Bond lifted his bow, inserted an arrow. 'Ready', he called and squinted along the arrow, aiming it at the target 10 metres away. 'Aim!' he called. Just then a smaller boy darted out in front of the line to retrieve his arrow from where it had fallen short of the target and lay in the long grass. Another boy let his arrow go and it whizzed towards the target. Bond stamped his foot. 'Fools!' he yelled angrily. He spotted Jim Carper, a camp counsellor lounging against a tree by the side of the clearing, smoking a cigarette. 'Jim!' Bond appealed to Carper, 'Can you call the commands?'

Jim Carper gave Bond the thumbs up. 'You're doing fine. Go ahead!' he called back.

Carper described this exchange in his daily observation notes as proof for his new boss Muzafer Sherif that he was fulfilling his role as disinterested observer. Carper had been recommended by his friend Herb Kelman for the summer job and he was eager to please his new boss. But reading Carper's description of the chaos and exuberance of the archery range on the first day at Camp Talualac it's impossible not to feel worried for the boys' safety.

This was the first stage of the experiment, a chance for the men to observe the boys' natural interactions with each other, before the competitive element was introduced. This unstructured time—or Spontaneous Group Formation—as Sherif called it, was a chance for boys to mingle and the staff to watch and take note of emerging friendships.

The boys' over-exuberance in archery was a release of pent up energy. It had been raining most of the day and they'd been stuck indoors. That morning, after the bus had pulled off the muddy dirt road just before lunchtime and into the camp, rolling to a stop on the wet grass, the boys spilled out and waited impatiently while the caretaker Mr Mussee, who had trouble lifting and carrying so many bags and his assistant his assistant Mr Herbee, with his cap pulled low over his eyes unloaded their bags.

It had seemed like a long trip, to 11 year old Walt Burkhard. 'They were primitive roads and a trip that today would take an hour took three hours back then.' What struck him first about the place was its isolation. 'It was right out in the woods, and we were all together in this big dark building.' It was the first time he'd been away with a group of people he didn't know. Even travelling into Schenectady to visit the library with his mother from the small village of Alplaus where they lived, 'Schenectady seemed like a metropolis.' Alplaus was a hamlet with just a post office, a garage, a store and a tiny four roomed schoolhouse. And Walt was used to knowing everyone.

For Doug it wasn't the number of people he found himself with that bothered him at first so much as their size. He was small for his age, a fact that his father was often trying to help him compensate for. 'I was this dweeby little kid and these kids were so much bigger than me. It was hard for me too because I was very close to my mother and this was my first time away from home on my own.'

After a welcome by the Camp Director, Harry Ness, an introduction to the staff and an inspection by the nurse, the boys were encouraged to claim one of the twenty four beds that had been set up at one end of the mess hall and unpack.

The wet weather might have ruined the adults' plans for the day's activities but it was a stroke of luck for boys like Doug who felt far from home. With twenty four

children and ten adults inside and the rain falling steadily outside, the large room was warm, crowded and cosy.

Walt and Doug quickly made new friends. Doug and a boy called John Waters lay on a bunk, reading comic books together and Walt chased another boy called Irving Shelby around and around the mess hall pretending to threaten him with a pocket knife. Others played cops and robbers, using sticks as guns, some wrote letters home, or played Parcheesi or Crazy Eights.

Soon a boy called Eric Olson produced an accordion, Junior Counsellor Ken Pirro brought out his mandolin and Irving Shelby paused his play with Walt to pick up his ukulele and join them. One boy brought out a pair of boxing gloves and suggested a match but none of the boys was willing to take it seriously and the tournament fizzled out without a fight.

In the kitchen, divided from the main room by a partition, the cooks fried chicken croquettes and hash browns, buttered carrots and boiled green beans for lunch. The air was steamy and fugged with food smells, the heat of warm bodies and the men's cigarette smoke.

By mid afternoon the rain had cleared. Doug and John headed back with the others to get their bathing suits and spent the rest of the afternoon swimming in the dam, jumping from the jetty into the clear cold water. Walt and Irving were swimming buddies that afternoon too. At dinner Irving saved Walt a seat beside him and later they sat on the jetty fishing together as it grew dark.

It was hard for the boys to sleep that night even though it had been a full day. There was a lot of giggling and excited talk after lights out—although some like Doug were quiet, trying not to think about home—others bragged about their exploits in the water, and others told knock-knock jokes or shouted mock insults in the dark. But soon one of the camp counsellors came in and told them to settle down. Gradually the talk died down as one by one the children fell asleep.

The next morning the sky was clear, the puddles had almost disappeared and the only evidence of rain was the mosquitoes swarming in the shade of the trees at the edge of the clearing outside the mess hall. After a breakfast of ham and scrambled eggs, the boys raced from the building towards the archery range, while those who missed out

improvised a series of running races and games of horseshoe while they waited for their turn.

For the adults observing, the goal on the first day had been simply to make note of developing friendships like Doug and John's, Walt and Irving's. But on the second day their job was to assess the boys' skills in a range of activities as well as their 'size, strength, athletic ability, other abilities and interests, leadership ability etc.'

A week earlier the men converged on the site to ready it for the boys' arrival. On the morning the camp began they stood in a straggly line on the crest of a small hill. They took turns snapping group photos with the new cameras Sussman had bought to record the experiment. The suave looking Sheriff of earlier photos I'd seen had been replaced by a rather portly middle aged man wearing a rumpled grey janitor's uniform, a thick grey shirt with roomy pockets and matching trousers. But the bulge in his shirt pocket shows not a small screwdriver or some lengths of string but the stub of a pencil and a small notebook.

In the photo Sheriff looks relaxed, his hands in his back pockets, smiling and chatting around a cigarette hanging from his lip to his two graduate students. Jack White on his left wears a flat cap at a jaunty angle pushed back and showing his black hair swept straight back from his forehead and accentuating his dark eyebrows. In a tight white t-shirt that shows off his muscles and highlights his olive skin you could mistake him for one of the smooth-talking Italian boys like the ones from West Side Story, but White was a Native American from the Kiowa tribe. He's smiling at something Sheriff is saying and has a cigarette pinched between his fingers half raised to his mouth.

OJ Harvey is looking away from both of them towards something outside the frame of the photograph, squinting into the distance and holding the camera that hangs around his neck as if he's about to lift it and take a photo, a distracted smile on his face as if he's only half listening to the banter between the other two. With his brown hair carefully parted and Brylcreemed back into a series of corrugated waves, his crisp long sleeve shirt tucked neatly into his trousers, OJ looks old enough to be Jack White's father even though they are the same age. With both a camera and a compass hanging round his neck he looks like an explorer ready to begin an expedition. Harvey and White are wearing the trousers they'd normally wear when they go hunting and fishing

together. They wear army style trousers with external pockets half way down the leg that are useful for carrying fishing line and pocket knives and a small torch. In the photo their pockets are bulging but this time it's with matches, chalk, a whistle, a compass. OJ Harvey has put rubber bands around the bottom of his trouser legs to stop unwelcome pests like ticks. Harvey is wearing what I learn is his default expression—an open faced curiosity and a half smile as if he's about to be told the punch line of a joke. There's a pent up energy in his pose, as if he's about to leap away from this posed tableau to begin an adventure.

Herbert Kelman looks self conscious in his photo with Sherif, an actor still trying out his role. Of all the men, Kelman looks most like he's wearing a disguise. He's dressed like an Eastern European peasant, modelled perhaps on his memories of what a working class man wore during his childhood in Vienna or the kinds he'd seen more recently on the streets near his family's new home in Brooklyn. His pants are cinched high up over his belly and he wears a plaid shirt and a leather cap with the brim pulled low over his round black glasses. With the stubble of a black beard coming in he looks swarthy and slightly disreputable.

It's hard to look at these photos now without reading things into the men's gestures and body language. In his photo with Marv Sussman there's tension in Sherif's pose and a physical distance as if they've been reluctant to stand too close. Sherif is unsmiling, and he looks formal, with one hand tucked into the pocket of his trousers he looks up at the camera which accentuates the dome of his high forehead and his receding hairline. Sussman in his horn-rimmed glasses and baseball cap, with the movie camera swinging from one hand looks like a father off to a baseball game. But his smile is both tentative and timid, as if he's not sure what's ahead. It's hard not to notice how relaxed Sherif is with Harvey and White, and how they are the only men in the photos who have his full attention.

For five days from July 18-22 before the camp began the six men worked on their roles, memorised hypotheses, got the camp ready for the arrival of their subjects and practised and tested their observational skills.

But they had to rely on more than just their observations of the boys to prove the experiment was a success. How do you scientifically measure qualities like loyalty and

trust? OJ came up with the idea of using a ballgame. On one side of a large wooden board he'd have a normal target, the same size as the one's the boys used for archery. OJ would give the group a chance to briefly look at the target, then cover it up. One by one the boys would take turns at throwing the ball and the rest of the group, looking on, would guess how close the ball was to the bullseye. On the back of the board would be a mechanism that would record exactly where the ball had hit. Boys who liked their group would overestimate how close the ball came to the bullseye. Behind the scenes, OJ would record the difference between perception and reality. It was like a Friendship Measuring Machine.

Every afternoon in the week before the boys arrived, stripped to the waist and dripping sweat, OJ sat on the ground outside the rec hall to work on the machine. One by one the others joined him. It was a welcome break for the men to be doing something with their hands, and OJ and the machine became a magnet in the late afternoons when the sun slowly moved behind the trees. It became a way of relaxing after the intensity of their planning sessions and away from the controlling tension of Sheriff. Kelman and Carper were friends before they arrived, and Harvey and White were too, but gathering around as OJ worked they got to know the others better.

On one side OJ painted a target with 15 concentric circles and a black bulls eye. The back with its electrical circuitry was more complicated. The men got to know one another as OJ struggled to get the contraption to work. Marv Sussman offered his watchmaking skills to advise on the mechanics. Jim Carper who had done some electrical work during his stint at Conscientious Objector camps helped with the wiring. Jack White kept up a steady stream of encouragement as OJ tinkered and tested and tried again.

Finally, the day before the boys arrived, the machine was done. There's a photo of them, bending and straightening up as they lifted the heavy wooden frame, to carry it into the mess hall where it would be put away until it was needed. They smile through the sweat and the effort but the board is heavy and it's an effort to stop and pose. Their smiles look like grimaces.

Compared to the research group, the normal camp staff experienced in running summer camps—the Camp Director, two Junior Counsellors, two cooks, waterfront

men and a nurse—were given little detail about exactly how this camp would be different. Carolyn had pointed out to Sherif that this needed careful handling. In their letters about the nurse, Carolyn urged Sherif not to give too much detail ahead of time and to convince Mrs Terani of his good intentions. ‘I think it would be wise to be sure she feels at every step that you have the boy’s (sic) health as one of your primary concerns. . . this study should be explained to her in the most humane way possible, and you should use your judgement in how much you want to tell her about how conditions are being manipulated. When you are all together you tend to talk about this manipulation in a cold-blooded way that might be alienating to a humane person going into the situation without preparation . . . It might be better to let her see what happens for a while before giving all details in a cut-and-dried fashion . . .’^{vii}

Sherif used a similar approach with the men responsible for running the camp and the Junior Counsellors in particular. They knew the camp was unusual because it was a 'research project' but little else. In his written instructions Sherif warned them to take direction from the research staff, not try to ‘influence’ campers, not to take initiative ‘in introducing activities’ and not to ‘counsel campers.’ If asked for advice they could give it and only intervene to exert control if a situation warranted it. ‘It is better to do nothing than to begin a course of action which may prove deleterious to the operations of the study.’ They were also warned that the research team would be watching to make sure they complied. They were reminded too that the camp could well take an unexpected turn. ‘Some physical arrangements and activities may appear unfamiliar to you or not in accordance with your previous camping experience. Also there may be times when it is virtually impossible to communicate to you the reason for the introduction of a particular situation or activity. Be assured . . . that it is done with the best judgement regarding the success of the project and the participants.’ Trust us, Kelman’s instructions seemed to say. We know what we’re doing. But trust and faith are one thing. The practicality for staff running the camp of implementing and sticking to these instructions was another matter.

Research staff, in contrast, were given much more detail about how to maintain a hands-off approach. It was Herb Kelman's job to develop detailed advice for the observers. "Since the observers are familiar with the hypotheses, they may tend to

expect certain kinds of behavior . . . and may be selectively perceptive . . . They should try in every way possible to counteract this tendency . . .’

Their 12 pages of instructions told them that ‘Nobody is to be a leader to the boys . . .’ Staff were to remain low key and were not to distinguish themselves in any way that might detract from the boys’ relationships with one another. ‘We do not want boys to develop attachments to certain staff members. Do not display talents during stage 1, e.g. music, athletic, camping abilities . . .’^{viii} Their role was to observe and they were not to influence the behaviour of the boys in any way, and in particular not to usurp the role of the groups’ natural leaders. To this end, staff were not to make suggestions, question the boys, form attachments, or wear insignia. Instead they were to be unobtrusive in observing the boys, taking photos and movie film covertly, memorising their observations so that later, when they could get away from the group, they could make notes without arousing suspicion.

By the time the boys arrived the research team knew their roles and had adopted their disguises. Marvin Sussman played the head of the camp with OJ Harvey as his helper. Sherif and Herb Kelman were Mr Mussee and Mr Herbie the caretakers. Finally, Jim Carper and Jack White, the men who would spend the most time watching the boys were introduced as Senior Counsellors.

The plan was that Sherif and Kelman, moving about the camp site picking up rubbish, raking leaves or chopping wood, would be able to move freely from group to group, boy to boy making observations and ‘asking naïve questions’ supposedly without drawing attention to themselves. But Sherif has been seriously miscast. He was never been a handy man, had never used a screwdriver or fixed a squeaky door. And the boys would wonder how a man with a job that involved so much work managed to do so little.

For the boys the second day of camp seemed an extension of the first. At the archery range, Peter Blake with his friend Laurence Winston had established a system and set rules for the others to follow and the rest of the boys seemed happy to follow their lead. They now formed a straight line and fired in unison and only on command. They went spontaneously from one activity to the other, unfettered by adult intervention.

‘The experimental part of this was very well hidden,’ Walt says. He had no idea at first that he and his friends were being studied. ‘I guess the camp counsellors been given instructions to not let on that were observing and not just counselling,’

But in their desire to simply record the behaviour they observed, no one comforted a boy who on the second day had the ‘sniffles’ when it came to swimming, no one encouraged another boy who was clearly ‘reluctant to mix.’^{ix} Still, the men were complying with Sherif’s instructions, ‘Do not use verbal means to influence subjects, do not take initiative . . . and do not counsel individual campers.’

Following these instructions was always going to be easier for Jack White. He was about to complete his dissertation under Sherif so he was not only more familiar with his professor's work but with the ups and downs of Sherif's personality. He could read the beginning of one of his black moods, although Jack knew, as did the others who came from OU, that these could be as unpredictable as they were intense.

On the face of it, Jim Carper was an ideal candidate for the role of Participant Observer. Carper had studied experimental psychology using rats at John Hopkins University, and was well trained in the minutiae and attention to detail required in laboratory experimentation that would be useful in the field. And he’d come recommended by Herb Kelman who Sherif respected. But if Sherif had looked more closely into Carper’s background he may have had misgivings. His sister told me Jim Carper had grown up in a conservative Mennonite colony in rural Virginia, the only son of a father who often beat him. As a teenager Jim rebelled, refusing to wear traditional Mennonite clothing despite the huge row this caused with his father. During the war he'd been a Conscientious Objector an unpopular position to take so he was used to standing his ground for something he believed in. Jim Carper was alert to hypocrisy and ready to stand up for himself. And he wasn’t intimidated by authority. He was enthusiastic about this job, which was such a contrast to the stuffy musty world of laboratory rats.

The 28 year old with the lick of dark hair that fell James-Dean like onto his forehead was already disenchanted with experimental psychology by the time he turned up for work with Sherif in the summer of 1953. Through his rat research Carper observed first-hand the limitations of the scientific point of view. Although it was

simply his job to be scrupulous and objective and to record how long it took a rat to turn left or right, he noticed that rats did much more interesting things on their way through the maze. They sniffed, they looked around, they showed curiosity about their surroundings. All of which he was required to ignore. All that mattered from a scientific point of view was which way the rats turned and how fast they found their way out of the maze. This summer camp was a chance to break free, try something different. But he knew the importance of good and standardised observation and he took his friend Herb Kelman's instructions to heart.

As the second day wore on, it became clear to White and Carper that monitoring the boys was proving difficult, with twenty four boys spread out across the woods and grounds engaged in such a diverse range of activities, shooting arrows, playing badminton, tossing horseshoes and hiking in the woods.

After lunch the men tried to round the boys up for group games. The Junior Counsellors suggested a game of soccer but the boys refused. This must have surprised Sherif. He had specifically instructed Sussman to recruit the kinds of boys who would love group games. Sherif had been explicit about the type of boy he wanted recruited as: 'in good health, interested in and enjoys peer group activity, no delinquency or involved emotional problems such as frustration, strong mother attachment, etc. Also avoid social isolates, boys who are primarily interested in solitary recreational pursuits and hobbies; fishing, insect collecting, stamp collecting, etc.'

After the boys refused to play, the staff rounded the boys up 'rather forcefully' and took them to the volleyball court for what Carper described as 'a lethargic game.' There was 'general apathy and chaos' and very little enthusiasm shown.'; Next on the agenda was a game of softball but the boys had to be talked into a game of prisoner's base. Carper wrote that once play started, 'many of the captured prisoners accepted their incarceration as an opportunity to sit down and do nothing. For those boys not participating, two sat and read comics while a third 'went hiking in the woods, alone.' Eventually the men gave up and the boys ran off to swim, play badminton and practise with the bows and arrows.

The second day of camp ended happily for the children. Around a campfire, there were ghost stories and later, music and singing. The whole group joined in to sing

‘On top of Ol’ Smoky’ and one of the men led them singing ‘Hail, hail, the Gang’s all here!’ but the whole group, ‘balked’ at singing the word ‘hell’ in ‘What the hell do we care.’

‘We got to know each other and we did everything together in those first couple of days. We developed a sense of camaraderie,’ Walt says.

By 8 o’clock on the second night the campers were in bed and settled in. If any of them had stayed awake after the others had fallen asleep if they’d listened really hard they might have heard above the steady click of crickets, the tap tap of a typewriter coming from tent on the other side of the birch grove as the two watchers typed out their observations of the day. Side by side, Jim Carper and Jack White typed without speaking—forbidden from discussing their opinion of the day’s events with each other—their fingers flying faster as the time neared 10.30pm when they were scheduled to present their observations to Muzafer Sherif.

Sherif’s tension is palpable, even in his notes and directions to staff you can sense his desire for control of every detail—he dictates what time Participant Observers can finish work for the day, where and when they can sleep, how and when and to whom they were to turn in their notes, who they could and couldn’t discuss their observations with.

But the instructions weren’t just for the camp staff, they were for Carl Hovland too. Sherif wanted to reassure Hovland that this time he would get it right. He frequently reiterated the care he was taking in planning this experiment and his desire to repay the confidence Hovland had in him. After all it was Hovland’s influence that secured the funding for this second study.

But Jim Carper’s observation notes at the end of the second day would have irritated Sherif. He noted the boys’ ‘apathy for organised sports’, suggesting it might be due to poor selection procedures. It was a tactless observation, given how much of the later conflict Sherif was planning revolved around competitive games. And Carper’s commentary on the number of boys who seemed to enjoy their own company would have been unwelcome too. After lunch he counted six individual boys ‘wandering around’ alone, a seventh went to see the nurse and an eighth was ‘by himself at old piano.’ A third of the group hadn’t buddied up. But what none of the men commented

on or maybe didn't notice was that the temperature was in the 90s by lunchtime. What group of children wouldn't avoid high energy activities out in the hot sun?

Jack White's notes, on the other hand, could be describing a completely different day. He notes which boys took charge and which were happy to take turns in archery, horseshoes and badminton. There is no mention of the boys' reluctance or resistance to group games. In White's notes boys volunteer to carry sporting equipment, to be captains for each team. White notes which boys were the best players. In contrast to Carper, White's notes indicate that things were proceeding according to plan.

Perhaps it was as early as this, the second day of the experiment, that the rift amongst the experimental team began.

At the end of the second night, after he'd reviewed Carper and White's notes, Sherif met with his assistant, Sussman, and as they would every night they stayed up until well after midnight, planning the next day's events. I can picture them sitting side by side in their tent, lit only by torch-beam, discussing how they could make the boys interact. The tent from the outside would have been an illuminated triangle, and even if one of the boys had seen it from the building, they would likely not have realised anything was strange. Then once Sherif had retired to his own tent in the woods, Sussman lit his pipe and began typing the script for the next morning's announcement. It was a script that for the boys, would change everything.

Chapter 6 Camp Talualac Part 2

The next morning after breakfast, Saturday July 26, the boys gathered as they'd been told outside the hall. Their luggage—a pile of suitcases and duffel bags, blankets and pillows—were piled up on the grass. Harry Ness who in the boys' eyes was the Camp Director, made a carefully scripted announcement that was annotated by Sherif:

‘The boys can now move into their permanent quarters which consist of two tents’” [In announcing this mention that the new arrangement will be much superior: sleeping facilities won't be as congested, and also the rec hall will now be available for recreational facilities.] “The following boys will be together in one tent. As I read your names, come up and stand here [point to one side].” He reads the names of one “group”. He then says: “The following boys will be in the other tent. As I read your names, come up and stand here.” [point to other side].”

[Note : while the names are being read and the boys are lining up, movies and pictures should be taken. Observers should note the reactions of the boys.]

There are a handful of photos as well as some film footage of this event. One photo is taken from the rec hall, looking down the slope to where Ness—tall as a bean pole in short shorts that make his white legs look even longer and wearing a white baseball cap—is speaking to the campers, who surround him in a half circle.

The next photo is taken just a moment later, but from the front facing Ness and after he has finished his announcement. The orderly half circle is disrupted, some boys have stepped towards Ness, others have turned away. Most look dejected. Pairs that staff had noticed having fun together—John Waters and Doug Griset, Peter Blake and Lawrence Winston, Walt Burkhard and Irving Shelby—have been split up and put in different groups.

Sherif was counting on the boys being upset and wanted proof of it, hence the instruction to photograph and film their reactions. Peter Blake said he didn't want to be separated from his friend who was ‘looking morose and may even have been sniffing a bit’. Jack White noticed that three boys looked ‘disgusted’ and three more asked if they could swap groups and another ‘cried’ as he went to get his luggage. ‘We'd made friends in those first couple of days when we were all one big group and now the camp

was divided up,' Walt says. Each group was given a tent about 500 yards apart, on opposite sides of a stream.

Sherif's pencilled notes on the back of this photo comment on the boy's body language, 'Note the displeasure of Ss.' This unhappiness was seen as a positive sign because it signalled that the men had achieved their goal in the first stage of the study. Friendships were formed so now they could study what happened when they broke them up. Sherif's hypothesis was that when he put boys who were friends into competing camps their allegiance would be to their group instead of to their original friends.

Sherif wrote that after the boys had been moved to their new tents 'the pain of separation was assuaged by allowing each group to go at once on a hike and camp out.' But it wasn't as simple as that, as he was to discover.

Doug thinks their distress at being put in different groups says something about the situation the boys found themselves in. 'When you think about it, there were 24 boys and none of us knew each other. We didn't come from the same communities, neighbourhoods or schools so the fact that the boys would become friends in just 1 or 2 days is pretty unique I think, that's a pretty quick period of time to become that friendly that you didn't want to be divided. I'm wondering if the place was so darn spooky that we didn't want to be divided for that reason. Because this camp site was not your standard summer camp with a pretty lodge and its little cabins or lean-tos. This was the woods and you were a long way from your home and I don't get the sense that the counsellors were trying to be our buddies and supportive so all in all it had to be a fairly unpleasant experience for everybody. Maybe the boys just felt, "At least we have each other."

Sherif allocated five days to this second stage of the experiment. He predicted that at the end of that time, each group would have a positive view of itself, a leader, a name, shared rules and ways of punishing non conformists.

Each group was allocated a junior counsellor—a Union College student—whose job it was to organise and supervise the children as well as a 'Senior Counsellor'—the observers Jim Carper and Jack White. Observers were not to take notes in front of the boys, but were to memorise and then find time to write their recollections down later.

Staff were not to discuss the experiment or details of it with one another, and especially not around the boys. All communication happened after the boys were in bed at night or they communicated in code if something unexpected came up. If staff needed to talk to one another urgently one would say "I have a message for you from the office" and they'd huddle together out of sight.

On Saturday July 25 Jim Carper led his group—which included Walt—on a day hike away from the campsite and Jack White led his group—which included Doug—off in the opposite direction. The men's notes comply with the instructions to look for examples of initiative but they make dull reading : who took the lead in the hike, which boy built a fire and who helped, who cut up the meat and melon for lunch, and who initiated games. But again it's Carper who gives an insight into the emotional state of the boys. Halfway through their hike Carper noticed one boy was missing and sent one of the other adults to find him. "They drove up the road and found him one mile from the camp in a fast run. He ran into the bushes and hid. When they got him, he sobbed loudly all the way back. He said "The boys will call me a sissy" and "Please let me go home." He said he didn't want to come to camp but his mother made him.'

The new daily schedule ensured the groups didn't cross paths. Meals were served at different times and 'all activities will be carefully scheduled to ensure no contact between the groups'. But both Carper and White found themselves fielding questions from the boys about their friends in the other group, what they were doing and why they weren't allowed to see them. The instructions to staff were silent on how to handle the boys' curiosity as if the men hadn't thought this through. White wrote that he told his boys 'the reason for their not seeing the other boys was because they were engaged in different activities and were not to be interrupted. The fact that the camp was organized to try out different camp activities has been stressed when questions were asked.'

The boys tried a different tack. They asked the cook and the caretakers about their friends. Carper wrote that "Every time someone from the administration came up to their tent (including Mr Mussee) they asked many questions about the other group." Clearly the boys didn't buy the adults' explanations. Eavesdropping outside his group's

tent Jim Carper overheard his boys concluding that they had been split up as punishment and that they must have inadvertently angered one of the adults.

The adults organised a Treasure Hunt on Saturday afternoon at different times for each group to get them working as team, hiding clues around the campsite and in the woods. The boys in Carper's group bickered over how to spend their ten dollars prize money. Some wanted to buy a Coleman lamp so they could continue to play once it got dark, others suggested using it to hire a canoe or buy soda pop. One boy suggested buying rubbers, and another boy said they should spend the money on a whore for the counsellors. Given the refusal of the boys to sing the word 'hell' on their first night of camp, this last suggestion was probably met with a shocked silence. Later in the evening when Carper asked what they wanted the staff to go to town and buy for them with their prize money, the boys said they'd decided on a lamp.

By Sunday morning the enforced separation to prevent the campers from mixing was frustrating White's boys. In contrast to Carper's boys who blamed themselves White's group directly challenged the adults. Over breakfast Peter Blake, the leader in archery, called out to the assistant cook 'Hey Sandy, why don't we eat together? Not allowed to see our friends together, eh?' After breakfast, three of White's boys—including Peter and Eric the accordion player—used the bushes as camouflage and came within '100 yards' of Carper's group's tent where they called out to their friends. Five of Carper's boys who saw them, ran to meet them 'but were stopped and taken back.'

Despite Sheriff's warnings to regular camp staff in his orientation session that this would not be a normal camp I wonder what Sandy the cook, Mrs Terani the nurse and Harry Ness the Camp Director were making of this turn of events and how they responded when the boys asked them for explanations of what was happening.

On Sunday July 26th, each group cleared their own space and fashioned an altar in the woods for a church service. Marv Sussman played the role of Minister and gave a sermon at each service on the importance of 'clean minds.'

After the service for Jack White's group, one boy with a troubled conscience confided to White that the night before some of the boys had formed a swearing club with an initiation ceremony. He told White that he didn't believe in swearing and he

didn't like it, clearly expecting White to intervene and put a stop to it as would happen on a normal summer camp. But instead White quizzed the boy about what exactly was involved in the initiation ceremony—'saying a 6 word sentence using 5 words which are profane.' White described it in his daily notes to Sherif as proof that the group was developing its own rules.

By Monday the effort of keeping the two groups apart and scheduling activities to keep them separate was increasingly difficult. Sherif decided that getting more physical distance between them was a priority. He scheduled a 3 night camping trip for each group starting on different days and going in completely opposite directions.

On Tuesday morning Carper's boys hoisted rucksacks and tents into the back of the tarpaulin covered truck and chattered excitedly, groaning and 'owwing' as the truck bumped away from camp in the direction of Lake George.

After lunch they took the small track down to a nearby stream where the boys played in the water, building a series of dams to try and trap fish. Carper sat on the bank leaning casually back on his elbows as if enjoying the scenery but all the while his eyes darted from one boy to the other as he memorised snippets of conversation, as well as committing to memory who was giving instructions and who was carrying them out.

Carper stuck as scrupulously as he could to the instructions to take no leadership role. He wrote in his notes how he and the Junior Counsellor didn't help the boys in preparing and cooking their food or in pitching their tents even though the boys were tired from the afternoon of swimming and struggled to put up the large canvas tent on their own. One yelled, "'We need somebody's advice.'" Carper wrote 'This was directed to the counsellors who said not a word.' But the impracticality of non intervention was becoming clear to Carper. He confessed in his notes that he had to 'goad' the boys into getting supper ready and set rules about when they went swimming.

If Carper was trying to stick to the detailed rules and instructions Kelman had drafted before the camp began White seemed to be flouting them. Back at base camp he and Sherif set a series of tasks for White's group that forced the boys to work as a team. On Sunday they had hauled logs to double as bench seats for the church service. On Monday they had to build a latrine, erect a hut and dig out and remove a large boulder from the hut's floor—all of which required the combined physical strength of the whole

group and sometimes the assistance of the adults. But the men only pretended to help, secretly pulling instead of pushing to make the boys work together all the more.

With their Treasure Hunt money White's boys had ordered an American flag and a second flag with a Panther head surrounded by olive branches printed on it. On Tuesday morning the flags arrived and the boys gathered around and 'oohed' and 'aahed' over the size of the American flag which they hung up outside their tent. White explained that unfortunately the Panther flag would not be ready before the end of camp so they had bought a plain flag for the boys to decorate themselves and that White could help them do it. He announced that he also had a 'special purchase'—for fifty cents each boy could have a cap and t-shirt also decorated with their group logo. But it was an 'all or nothing' deal—every boy had to buy them or the deal was off.

After their first night of camping Carper's boys were awake by 5.30 on Wednesday July 29 but he had to hurry them up when it came to preparing breakfast. The break away seemed to have distracted them from missing their friends and when Carper asked them to vote on whether or not they wanted to stay another night, only two boys were reluctant and were soon persuaded. Carper's observations are interrupted because he has to go off and find a boy who has gone off to the woods on his own. Meanwhile OJ Harvey had joined them and observed the boys cooking lunch. He could be describing a different group from the one Carper has watched the night before. Harvey notices how one boy takes charge, allocates jobs which other boys readily do, and orders the boys to stand in line when the meal is ready. Carper described how Harvey told the boys to pull the tables together so they could all eat as one group. But Harvey reported it differently. 'One boy said, "Bring two of those tables together while I finish heating the meat"'

In the evening before dark they all joined in a game of Dodge ball run by the Junior Counsellor who also taught them to sing Titanic. As night fell the boys settled in the tent. It was very quiet compared to base camp. No sounds of Sandy the cook clattering pots in the camp kitchen and no sounds of the radio on low from Mrs Terani's cabin. The boys who lay listening in their tent would have heard frogs croaking by the water's edge, the occasional slap and bump of the rowboat against the jetty and the murmur of Harvey and Carper discussing plans for the next day.

Meanwhile, White's group were setting off for their own camping trip. The atmosphere amongst White's Panthers, however, was troubled. Some of the boys in the group were testing just how far the adults would let them go. They might have had a group name and a flag (or 'group products') but there little sense of camaraderie. One boy had already gone home. The majority had outlawed the swearing club but bullying and cursing were going unchecked. Some boys had instituted 'depantsing' a process where they pulled off the pyjama pants of boys who had held them up some way during the day, and threw their pants up in a tree. White was complying with instructions to pay attention to behaviour that supported Sherif's hypothesis. Depantsing was described as 'corrective' another sign that the group was policing itself. But it's hard not to read it as a plea for the adults to intervene. Correctives were 'examples of censure or punishment of boys either by other individual boys or by a whole group. Examples included being ignored, ridiculed, chided mildly, berated, physically punished.' White like Sherif read the instigation of punishment as healthy sign of the development of a group and missed the alternative interpretation that it was the behavior of unhappy children.

White took his group to Sacandaga Reservoir and after pitching their tent and cooking their lunch, he took them to a nearby airfield where the boys were allowed to play on an abandoned B24 bomber and White watched to see who took the lead as pilot. Doug had a great time in the plane, often taking the role of lieutenant to Shelby's captain. Shelby was having such a good time he wouldn't get out of the pilot seat and give the other boys a turn.

'Jack! Jack! He won't give us a turn Jack!' they pleaded with White from the plane but he just lay back on the grass, brushing away an occasional fly refusing to take anyone's side. Later back at camp nine boys piled on top of Shelby who they said had not contributed to chores. He started to cry 'I don't care if you de-pants me but do you have to stick your knee in my stomach?'

Despite the establishment of a 'non swearing club' some boys had instigated strip poker. White wrote : "All of the boys are very careful not to disrobe in the presence of others. Most of them put their pyjamas on under their blankets after getting in bed. Playing strip poker is considered quite daring, and one of the penalties instituted

by the boys for losing is that the loser must do a hula dance in the nude when he is completely stripped.' One boy complained to White that 'he was forced to do the hula when he lost recently.'" They were a divided bunch.

Chores, cooking and decisions about where to go and what to play were left entirely to the boys and there was a lot of disagreement. White, like Carper was waiting impatiently for a boy to emerge who would take control and set boundaries for group behaviour. A likely candidate in White's view was one of the smaller boys—Doug Griset.

Overnight Carper had decided he had to take action. The dinner dishes had been left unwashed. They were on the edge of the Adirondacks and there were plenty of wild animals including bears and coyotes who could be drawn to the food scraps. On Thursday morning July 30 Carper was careful in his observation notes to use the passive voice to distance himself from directing the boys. They were he wrote 'presented with an agenda' which was 'Start fire, wash dishes, make breakfast, decide when they want to go home.' After breakfast the boys had a full group meeting to decide the day's activities and menu and Carper watched closely, waiting for a leader to emerge and take charge. But none did. The chaotic sounding meeting took over 45 minutes with boys wandering in and out and shouting non sequiturs as the men looked on. This must have been quite disorientating. The boys would have been used to having an adult leader direct them. It was this that contributed to the sense of 'unease' about the camp that Robert remembers. 'It was so unstructured. We spent a lot of time to do things on our own. We could do whatever we wanted. There was no one in charge saying, 'We're going swimming, we're going boating, we're going fishing.' I didn't know it was an experiment but we sure knew this wasn't a regular camp.'

Carper noted the boys did chores and played together in groups of twos and threes and some boys were solitary. Once he found Robert whittling a piece of wood by campfire while others went swimming. For a redhead swimming meant sunburn so he stayed under the shade of a tree. Carper asked him what he was doing. Robert said it was a special stick he was carving, big enough to fit the signatures of everyone on the camp including the 24 boys and staff. Carper tried to get him to join the others in the

water but Robert stayed put. He doesn't know what happened to the stick. He remembers that later on in the camp he went looking for it but it had gone from his tent.

Jack White's boys were exhausted that night. It was their second night at Sacandaga and they chose something that would be easy to cook for dinner—hotdogs and buns. White drove to a payphone to call Sheriff back at camp to check if this was OK. White worried that because the boys planned to cook the hotdogs individually by holding them on a stick over the fire that no group work was needed to get the food cooked. Sheriff approved the hotdogs so White drove to the nearest store. When White arrived back with the food it was getting dark and the conical spires of the pine trees were silhouetted against the pink sky. Soon night fell, the fire was lit and the hotdogs spat fat into the fire and the flames hissed and leapt. The boys were ravenous after the day of swimming and clambering all over the plane. Some like Doug ate four hotdogs, others ate as many as six, washing them down with lemonade. White had to leave camp again to go and get more supplies.

In the night White wrote that Doug got up and woke him three times complaining of stomach ache. Each time White told him to wait till morning. The fourth time that Doug woke him White told Junior Counsellor Ken Pirro to take Doug back to camp and the dispensary. At 4.30am Doug was 'marched through the woods' for an hour, arriving back at camp at 5.30am. I imagined the Adirondack woods at that time of night, the rustling in the bushes and the animal eyes glinting in the thin beam of the torchlight.

On Friday morning Carper and his Junior Counsellor Rupert Huse took charge, cooking breakfast and delegating jobs so they could pack up camp. On the way back to base camp in the truck he wrote all the boys were engaged in 'individual activity'—chewing candy, humming, chatting or singing as the truck bumped along the dirt roads. Back at camp two boys went to the infirmary with a 'fever.' One of them who had been writing letters home every day told Carper that he wasn't really sick but if he wasn't allowed to go home he would 'wreck the group.' Carper wrote 'he prides himself on knowing everything that goes on around the camp' implying that the boy had worked out what it was the men were hiding from the boys. Sheriff took the boys threat seriously and his parents were called and told to come and collect him.

Jack White was worried that Sheriff would be angry that he'd allowed Doug Griset to be returned to camp especially given Doug looked like being the group's leader. So he made it clear in his notes that he wasn't being soft on the boy. He emphasised in his notes the number of times he resisted Doug's requests to return to camp, and how he made every effort to persuade Doug to go back to sleep. In his notes White details Doug's symptoms from eating too many hotdogs. But he might have wanted to come back because of the bullying that was flourishing or his worries about what others were being allowed to get away with. Doug could also been suffering from homesickness. But White does not acknowledge this possibility to Sheriff.

Certainly the infirmary seems to have become a kind of refuge. In choosing someone matronly like Mrs Terani Sheriff had only factored in the influence of the only woman at the camp on the adult men. But the infirmary seemed to be a magnet for some of the boys. Carper already had two boys ill in the infirmary, although one confided that he was pretending to be ill so he could go home. Now Doug from White's group made three. Were the boys drawn there because the nurse, a mother of two teenage children was likely to offer sympathy and comfort? As usual, Carolyn Wood Sheriff had anticipated that the boys might see the nurse as a mother figure and argued that this would be offset if Mrs Terani was allowed to wear a uniform. 'She should function as nurse there, not as a woman.'

Whether Doug was struck down by a stomach bug or simply a hankering for home his return to camp triggered anxiety amongst the research team. Sheriff wrote that White and Sussman were 'gloomy' about Doug's 'stomach ills' and 'feared contagion.' With Doug a potential leader, the men were worried the boys in his group might follow Doug's lead.

Doug doesn't remember the hotdogs or the night walk but he's certain of one thing. 'Oh I would have been homesick all right. I would have been homesick to beat the band,' Doug says. 'You know I'm speculating here but you can see why they might not have wanted the parents to visit. All the kids would have been blubbering and saying, "I want to go home."'

The men's typed observation notes—and there are 300 pages of them by Jim Carper and Jack White—are like letters to Sheriff. But like letters, they convey

something about the perspective of the writers as well as their relationship with their reader. Was it a coincidence that it was Jack White—the only man on the research team to have been to war and a graduate student dependent on his teacher—who took his group to play on a fighter plane or that his group played the game 'War'? The symbolism of their own flag, especially one decorated with the head of a vicious animal, fit perfectly with Sherif's theory about group identity. But was it deliberate or a mistake that a critical detail had been left off the flag? The boys had requested 'those leaves that stand for peace' in a circle around the Panther's head but when White printed the image on the flag he left the olive branches off.

Did Carper's experience as a Conscientious Objector detained in camps during the war mean he was more alert to the individuality of the boys and their resistance to being led? Perhaps if Carper had been allowed to read White's notes he would have realised his naiveté sooner and grasped what White intuitively understood—that his observation notes were meant to reassure Sherif that the experiment was going to plan.

Sherif had originally allocated five days to this stage of the camp and had already spent an extra two. Now they were seven days into the second stage. The hypothesis was that by now each group would share a sense of camaraderie and would feel protective of its members, would have a clear leader, shared ways of doing things and ways of dealing with rule breakers. But by day 7 this plan seemed further away than ever. Despite White's more optimistic descriptions of his Panther group, and his concentration ' . . . on observations that are directly related to . . . the hypotheses' at the end of Stage 2 three Panther boys were wanting to go home.

With the two groups failing to bond, and the risk of homesickness ruining their plans, Sherif was under pressure. The world outside the campsite had disappeared. The isolated camp, he wrote, had become his 'whole universe.' He was never in bed before 2am and was up each morning by 6 but even so, he was having trouble sleeping.

The nightly demands of reading and reacting to the observers' accounts, formulating and reviewing the next day's program for each group and approving any last minute changes, and the agonising wait for something concrete to happen in line with his predictions, were taking a toll.

Carolyn wrote doggedly, a letter every two or three days, enclosing news of herself and the children and any mail that had arrived and sending a parcel for his birthday. But she received no reply. While she reassured others that this was understandable, ‘there seems a strong and understandable tendency for communication with the world outside the experimental site to breakdown temporarily . . .’^x there’s an undercurrent of worry under the reassuring tone of her letters.

Ten days after the experiment began and with no news, she wrote ‘I miss you terribly and painfully . . . For goodness sake, let us hear from you!’^{xi} His reply is handwritten and stops midway into the second page and it’s not clear if he ever sent it. Life at the camp was ‘hectic’ and demanding. ‘There is so much to do, so many significant and insignificant item to attend [sic]. I have to think and think hard to put all of them together—that means a constant state of alertness, tension and perspective. It is hard on everybody and especially on me.’ Here he drew an arrow to the margin of the page and added: ‘I suppose I should not have expected any lighter load than this. It is not fair to expect persons who are working so hard here to co-ordinate smoothly their pieces in this whale of a project to which I grew up during the last twenty years with so much pain and sweat . . .’^{xii}

If the letter was meant to be reassuring, it failed. In the rambling unfinished note Sherif seemed to have been having trouble marshalling his thoughts. Perhaps he wrote it after a few glasses of whisky. He'd started drinking, despite the camp rule of no alcohol, a fact which bothered some of the other staff who knew that with the drinking came paranoia and mistrust and without Carolyn around to keep it under control things could quickly get out of hand.

Sherif agonised over whether to give the groups more time to bond, or to start the next stage. Jack White and Marv Sussman ‘urged me to start stage 3’ Sherif scrawled in his notebook.^{xiii} Sherif worried the two groups were still too fragile, perhaps it was too soon, but on the other hand perhaps the competition and the prizes would ignite the boys’ enthusiasm. OJ Harvey wrote the next day ‘Several Panthers want to go home so [we] brought stage 3 forward.’ The next stage, Sherif hoped, would rally the boys into working teams. And at first it seemed to work.

Chapter 7 Camp Talualac Part 3

Harry Ness stood holding his clipboard with a pencil behind his ear as the Panther boys cleared the lunch dishes off the table. In the kitchen, Sandy the cook ran cold water into the frypan of bacon fat and hissing steam rose in a cloud. The boys jostled and jiggled at the table but something about Ness' solemn manner and the way he cleared his throat and lifted his clipboard made the boys sit up and pay attention.

Ness announced that the other group of boys had challenged them to a three day competition including ballgames feats of skill like tent pitching and tug of war. The room erupted with excited chatter. Ness waited until the yelling and excitement died down. 'The members of the team with the most points will win'—here he turned and twitched a cloth off something standing on the mantelpiece—'these beautiful and expensive stainless steel knives.' The boys were surprisingly quiet. Doug had re-joined his group after breakfast and with the rest of his group he gazed in silence at the knives. Twelve knives fanned out on a stiff cardboard display stand like you'd see in a shop window. Ness shifted the cardboard stand so the silver caught the light and twinkled.

Ness cleared his throat and glanced down at the clipboard reading the script that Sherif and Sussman had prepared. 'All the members of the group who win this tournament will enjoy the pleasure of owning such a fine camp knife. Remember no one can win a knife by himself. So pull and work together. The only way you can win a knife is for your group to win—you have to get the most points by the time the tournament is over. So, go to it fellows, work together as a team!'

Doug held his breath, the knives glinted. 'Only the winning team would get a prize. There was no consolation prize. They paraded those knives at mealtimes. And this was not some little thing, this was a bowie knife that they were giving 10, 11 year old kids. Probably illegal to carry. And I wanted that jackknife so badly . . . every kid wanted it. Boy believe me, did we want that knife. They were real good at getting us to want that prize. I've never been someone who's had a use for knives. I'm not a hunter or into weapons. It surprises me how much I wanted that knife.'

Doug remembers a barometer they propped on the mantelpiece showing each groups scores. 'There were a great many competitions that they put us through and I put it that way because it reminded me of my years in basic training, 'putting us

through' rather than enjoying. They were testing us all the time as to whether we could be better than the others.'

But first OJ announced that both teams would get a chance to practise their ball skills in the rec hall before the competition began later that day. This was a ruse that would allow the men test how well the groups had formed. Carper's group was going first.

'Everyone got piece of paper and a pencil?' OJ calls over the din.

Several boys call yes, one is whistling. 'Write your name on the top fellas, please. Now let me explain it fellas, this is a chance for you to get a little practise before the game and to test your skills and how well you estimate your performance against another person's.'

He pulled up a large piece of hessian that was hanging over a large piece of plywood with 15 concentric circles painted on it.

The boys gave a collective 'Ooh!' They jiggled in their seats, eager to take a turn.

OJ explained how it worked. 'Now each of you is gonna throw the ball at the target so have a close look at it now because then I'm gonna cover it up. See each circle is worth two points, with 2 points on the outer circle, then 4, 6, 8 as you get closer to the centre and 30 points for the bullseye. Look close now and remember it because I'm about to cover it up.'

'We can't remember all that!'

'One glance is all you get, that's all.' OJ says. 'Now sit down fellas and let's get this show on the road.' He tells them how it works. Each boy will throw the ball at target and will call out his estimate of how well he scored. At the same time the other boys will note on their paper what score they think the ball thrower got.

The boys are confused.

'I don't get it.'

'Neither do I.'

'I don't get it either.'

'Just hold your horses, you'll get it.' OJ explains it again. One boy throws the ball at the covered target, the rest estimate where the ball landed, and write down how many points they think the boy scored.

'So we're guessing?'

OJ hesitates before he says. 'That's right.'

'But we can't see.'

'You can't see,' OJ nods.

'So how will we know what he really scored?'

'Oh, I'll know,' OJ says.

The boys shift about restlessly. Is it a test or a practise? If it's a game, what are the rules? Why does OJ stand behind the target board writing something on a piece of paper and why is he the only one who knows how much each boy really scored?

Ten minutes later the boys are still quizzing OJ. He hasn't anticipated their curiosity, nor how puzzling the game appears. 'After we're through can we see the back of it OJ?' But OJ talks over the question and doesn't answer.

Finally they began. One by one, the boys threw the ball at the target, the rest watched and scribbled their estimates onto the piece of paper in front of them. Each boy got 24 turns at throwing the ball. By the time it was Tony's turn the boys were restless.

Jim Carper noticed early on that Tony wasn't interested in group games and preferred his own company. While the others were shooting arrows or throwing horseshoes he took long walks in the woods.

Tony's just as fascinated with the natural world today, travelling the world to chase solar eclipses, chasing that moment when he can look through the hole in the sky and into the universe. And while he was not physical competition at camp in 1953 Tony's made up for lost time. On the walls of his LA office he has photos of himself and his brother, jumping from a plane. So far he's done 250 jumps. It was this older brother and Tony's hero as a boy whose stories about the great times he had at scout camp and jamborees persuaded Tony to go on this first summer camp in 1953.

But this camp was not turning out at all to be what he expected. To his shame, Tony had started wetting the bed, a habit he thought he'd grown out of years earlier and a couple of the boys in his group had teased him about it and he was longing to go home. When it was his turn to throw the ball at the target Tony was nervous.

OJ must have seen it in his face. 'Throw 'em hard now Tony.'

Thunk. Tony threw the ball, then says something inaudible.

OJ: What was that Tony?

Gene: 2.

There are catcalls and whistles. Someone burps loudly.

Thunk.

Tony: 'Six.'

'That was a big zero,' one boy calls good naturedly and the rest laugh.

Tony: 'Fourteen!'

'Ten!'

'Ten? That was more like zero!'

Each time Tony throws the ball the others can't help themselves, they call out how they think he scored. OJ tries to shush them. 'Tell it to yourself, write it down fellas.' But it's hopeless. They catcall, cheer, and OJ can hardly hear Tony over the noise. To the boys the exercise is boring and seems pointless. But it's important to gather proof that of the boys loyalty to people in their groups. So OJ persists, despite the chaos and noise.

Once Doug and the rest of his group got over their awe of the knives they were excited about the competition so when OJ rounded them up in the rec hall for their turn at the target hitting game they practised with enthusiasm. But the pounding of the ball against the target loosened the electrical wiring, and try as he might OJ couldn't get it to work. The Friendship Machine was broken.

Carper's group were subdued after Ness made the announcement and showed off the knives. After the mystifying ball practise session with OJ they seemed despondent. Jim Carper tried to get them enthused after lunch was over and the first

game was about to begin. But his boys said they couldn't ever beat the others because the other group were so much bigger than them. Carper had to 'round them up' and try to snap them out of their lethargy before the baseball game began.

On the way their way to the game that afternoon they ran into 'Mr Mussee' and told him not to bet on them winning. Their spirits sagged further when they arrived at the field. The Panthers were already there in their Panther t-shirts and with their flag hanging from the backstop and hissed at the other group's arrival. Jack White also wore a Panthers t-shirt and the Panther boys had adopted White's Oklahoma accent, adding 'y'all' to the end of their sentences with 'an exaggerated drawl'. Carper's group had no name, and no uniform.

Doug was named catcher for the Panthers—a role best occupied by the team leader. He was mystified by the staff's choice. 'I never was the catcher. I always batted first because I was small and fast and I could be the first person to get on base. But for some unimaginable reason they made me catcher. I had to be the smallest kid there—I was small for 10. Catchers are big burly kids like a block of granite who are going to catch all the balls and block the plate.'

But he was a good choice in terms of team morale. Before the game started two of the Panthers were threatening to departs Shelby if he struck out during the game. Doug took the boy aside and said, 'Don't pay any attention to them, they just have to have someone to take it out on. They all like you just as I do,' White observed in his notes.

The game went well for the Panthers, who got five runs in the first inning before things took a dramatic turn. Doug says 'They had me be catcher with no protection except for a glove. I'm a little twink of a kid and I'm in the firing line for every kid coming round third base trying to score. So here I am and I go over to block the plate when this kid came for third base and he ran right through me.' Whoomp, and Doug was knocked out cold.

The Panthers went wild. They raced across the field and gathered in a circle around the boy who'd knocked Doug down accusing him of doing it on purpose. OJ and Kelman carried Doug off the field. I imagine Sherif perhaps with a wheelbarrow

propped beside him under the shade of one of the trees, as he leaned against a tree, exhilarated to see his plans coming together.

The Panthers vowed to 'win the game for Doug' and took up their positions again. OJ noted their 'sarcasm and aggressive behavior' towards their opponents, 'hollering, spitting, calling names' yelling 'cream puff, rubber ass, sons of bitches.' OJ was shocked that the Panther's hostility was also directed at staff with one of the boys sneering at Marvin Sussman, "What are they paying you to root for them?" and calling the other team's Junior Counsellor 'an overgrown turd bender' a term which OJ—who had been initiated into the Panther's swearing club and knew their rules—noted was the Panther's 'most vulgar term.'

The game wore on in the grinding heat and when it looked like the Panthers were plotting to abandon play and fight the other team, Harry Ness closed the game down, and declared the Panthers the winners. Carper's group were more dejected than ever.

That night Sherif gave Carper a parcel of t-shirts to surprise his boys with. It was part of a plan. Sherif reasoned that if the Carper's group 'accepted defeat' and saw themselves as not equal to their opponents there was no possibility of conflict. It worked and the boys 'eagerly' bought the shirts for 25 cents each. With encouragement from Carper a couple of boys decided on the name the Pythons and the Junior Counsellor Rupert Huse stencilled a drawing of a snake on their t-shirts. They were eager for Jim Carper's approval and attention. They seemed buoyed by the gift of the t-shirts. Later that night he wrote in his notes that he was gone for half an hour and when he returned all the Python boys had climbed on the roof of his cabin. 'I was fooling around with them a bit when they all decided to take me on. There was about a 15 minutes tussle with everyone rolling round in the dust. At the end I was completely fatigued . . . At one point they were all in my cabin and when they were finally put out with a lot of difficulty they still hung around. . .'

On Sunday August 1, and the second day of the competitions Harry Ness came by the rec hall and gave Carper's group a 'pep talk' over lunch, displaying the knives again and urging them to do their best. But despite their t-shirts, their group name, the boys appeared to have given up. When Ness finished with the cry 'So who's going to

win the tournament?' there was silence for a moment and then a boy 'The others will.' That afternoon Carper's group lost both Tug of War and tent-pitching.

Carper was feeling sorry for them. When he asked them why they didn't complain about the unfairness of having one less member on the rope than the other team during Tug of War one boy said, 'We would have been overruled.' If they wanted to win, he told them, they needed to be better organised and to work as a team. But the boys replied that the other team had their counsellors coaching them. They had a point. Carper might have been doing his scientific duty in keeping himself at arm's length, but the Panthers were at an advantage with Jack White egging them on from the sidelines during games and coaching them before each competition.

But the rest of the group were feeling dejected and only took part in a half-hearted way. The Pythons' despondency worried Sherif. The last thing he wanted was for Carper's boys to give up and stop competing. Without enmity and competition the experiment couldn't progress to the next stage.

Meanwhile, the Panthers after their second day of victory carried their flag triumphantly back to camp and give a cheer for the counsellors 'who encouraged them during the game'. One of the men suggested the Panther boys catch and burn a large fly they found in their tent. One boy suggested the fly could represent the other team and they burned it while OJ Harvey took photos. OJ 'took photos of the cremation . . . and to make sure a good picture was obtained, the boys did it a second time, and 'the burning was repeated.' The men were straying far from the instructions Herb Kelman had prepared, egging the boys on and keeping the flame of their anger burning.

And what better way to capitalise on their combative move than to vandalise the Panthers' precious American flag? While the boys were at supper Sherif cut the rope of their flag. When the Panthers returned they found the flag trampled in the dust outside their tent. A delegation of Panthers complained to Harry Ness and 'Mr Mussee' who happened to be passing by 'asked Mr Ness if it might be possible to have the two sides discuss their complaints together.' It's a sign of Sherif's impatience that he interjected. Did any of the boys wonder why the camp caretaker—whose job was to chop wood, run errands and keep the grounds and buildings clean—intervened like this?

Sherif was eager for some kind of confrontation. His decision may have seemed sensible at the time. After all, reading the men's description of the ball game, with the spitting, name calling, and physical bullying between the groups that the men described, Sherif probably concluded that a major hypothesis had been proven. 'Group members will prefer friends from within their (new) group . . . Subjects whose initial personal preferences are in the other group . . . will develop negative attitudes verging on enmity towards the outgroup . . .'

But he overlooked another observation that all the men watching had noted in one way or another—the anger and disappointment of both teams at the adults involved in the game. OJ wrote how the Panthers accused him of 'interference' in the play, and argued with the umpire over his decision. When Sussman called a Panther runner safe when he clearly wasn't, the Pythons yelled 'Kill the Umpire'. The adults' attempts to fan enmity by skewing the scores first for one group, then the other, backfired. Despite their division and the competition between the two groups, they shared a common view that the adults were playing favourites.

Ness agreed with 'Mr Mussee's' suggestion to allow the boys to air their grievances about the flag pole rope. The two groups met in the mess hall to 'discuss their complaints' and the tape recorder was rolling. Carper hid in the rafters with the tape recorder rolling and watched events unfold. At first it is pandemonium. Boys were shouting, accusations flew. The Panthers said the Python boys cut the flagpole rope because they were sore losers. The Pythons denied it. At first the exchanges were shrill and angry with boys shouting over the top of one another.

'Why would we cut our own flag down?' the Panthers taunted the Pythons. 'We paid for it with our own money!'

'No one in our group has a jackknife!' the Pythons answered angrily.

An older sounding Panther boy tapped on the table for attention, then raised his voice, waving his hand at the Pythons who were lined up on the other side of the table. 'If any of these guys had cut it they would have told us, they can't keep it to themselves.' There's some laughter from both sides of the room and the shouting died down.

One of the Pythons says, 'We're not such sore losers that we'd go and do something like cut the rope.' The boys turned to one another and wondered aloud about where the idea that the Pythons had a grudge against the Panthers had come from. 'Who made the complaint?' several boys asked this question but no one answered.

The older boy Panther boy called his group into a huddle and whispered intently. The Pythons looked on, the wriggling snake on their t-shirts looked more like a large worm. Returning to the table again the Panther boy with the deep voice announced their decision. 'If you all swear on the bible we'll believe you didn't cut the flagpole rope'.

One by one the Pythons stood and put their hand on the bible, which rested on the American flag. 'I swear by the bible and the flag that I did not cut the flagpole rope,' the first boy said. A wobbly cheer went up. As each Python boy pledged each pledge was greeted with clapping and whistling. When one boy added 'the Father, Son and Holy Ghost' to his pledge, there was approving applause. Ill will between the two groups evaporated, Carper observed from his hiding place in the rafters, 'this reduced most of the violent hostility' shown earlier. Conflict fizzled.

Sherif renewed his efforts. To 'increase hostility' Sherif had Harry Ness announce after dinner that the staff 'forgot' to add some events to the tournament. Capture the Flag was added, a second Tug of War, and a Treasure Hunt.

But Doug missed all this. While Ness was making his announcement, OJ was walking the 'downcast' boy down the track towards the road where his parents had arranged to pick him up and take him home.

Doug pulls at the ears of his little black dog. "You know I can tell you the names of every kid on my Little League team when I was the same age as when I went on this camp. I can give you the names and positions every single one of those kids played. But I cannot tell you the name or have any memory of a single kid at this camp. And that's very odd. A year later I went to a one week camp in Patterson Ville. I remember going to the shower every day, I remember playing flag football, singing around the campfire every night, I remember going to the little huts, I remember I was a Mohican. But I have hardly any memories of this camp a year earlier that went for three weeks. How do you have so little memory of something as significant as that? That's

pretty staggering really.’ A cat prowled along the fence outside the window and the little dog stiffened and growled. ‘I once described my memory of the camp as a ‘dark memory’ not sharp and vivid but murky, unpleasant. And no one in my family ever talked about it afterwards. It was not made part of our family history which is very unusual—except for my dad’s experiences in World War 2—our family talked about everything. But not this camp. It’s like my family blocked it as much as I blocked it.’

He’s wondered about that and has come up with a theory.

‘My father revered doctors his entire adult life—he was in the medical field, he was a pharmacist and all his friends were doctors. But he considered psychiatrists and psychologist to be ‘quacks’ and people who didn’t know what they were talking about, who were harmful, and of no value. And I think it’s very possible that he found out that he got duped into sending me off to this thing. And once he found out what it was all about he held that against the profession.’

The Panthers were immediately suspicious when Ness announced the additions to the tournament. They guessed that Ness was favouring the Pythons, giving them a chance to get ahead. They were right. The next day Monday, August 2nd the third day of the tournament was rigged in favour of the Pythons to ‘increase morale.’ The Panthers were given a longer route in Treasure Hunt, the clues were harder to find and staff deliberately slowed them down. Camp inspection was scheduled at the same time as the Panther’s kitchen duty, so they had less time to clean up their tent. By the time the ballgame was announced, the Panthers who were already commenting on the favouritism Ness was showing to the others, refused to play if Ness was umpire, accusing him of ‘cheating them’ and calling him amongst themselves ‘a dirty bastard’.

By the end of the day the mood of the two groups had been reversed. Jack White described a Panther boy sitting in the dust on the side of the road after a Tug of War contest was over, who ‘put his head on his arms and sobbed quietly.’

On the barometer in the mess hall the Pythons, until now the losing team, began to pull ahead. But the adults’ tactics had become increasingly clear, particularly to the Panthers who now expected that they would be discriminated against. Herb Kelman wrote that instead of directing their anger to the other team, the Panthers had turned on and were blaming the adults.

But The Pythons weren't that much happier to be winning. A small group of them returning to their tent from the Tug of War passed the old upright piano that sat outside the rec hall that they'd passed a hundred times before. Walt doesn't remember who started it but one of the boys picked up a brick from a pile next to the barbeque and aimed it at the piano. The brick hit the keys, sending out a crash of discordant notes. Someone laughed. Then another brick landed, this one bouncing off and onto the ground, sending up a puff of dust. The other boys joined in. The piano boomed and shrieked as the boys pelted it with bricks. Soon it was completely destroyed. The lid was caved in and the keys smashed, the front board gaped open and the hammers were splintered into pieces.

Walt still feels uneasy at the memory of it. He'd been taking piano lessons since he was six years old and back in his real world, the world of his home and family in Alplaus he'd been taught to respect the instrument, even to love it. For a few seconds the boys looked at the piano, split and tumbled in the dirt as if they were waiting for something to happen. After the noise and racket the camp seemed very quiet, just the tick of insects and the rustle of the leaves in the hot wind. And it was that moment that was most unsettling, that feeling that nothing they did mattered, no one would stop them, no adult was going to intervene and tell them what was or wasn't against any rules.

It was hard to imagine Walt, this rather shy, softly spoken man hurling bricks. Even though I got to the San Diego café before him he was not the type to approach someone he'd never met. Instead when he arrived he took a table outside and waited for me to come and find him.

The boys' unhappiness showed itself in their treatment of each other too. This competition phase was supposed to bring each team together but after each game there were recriminations and bickering.

'I had a fight with one of the boys—another Python—I don't remember what it was about, but I remember getting hold of a t-shirt of his and cutting it up with a pocket knife. I don't know what it was I was so angry about but it was so out of character for me, especially pulling out a pocket knife to do some damage. When it was over I was

not happy with myself and I apologised. It wasn't like me to be raising hell and I was not happy. I've never done anything like this again,' Walt said.

He looked troubled, recalling the self of this 1953 summer camp. As a professor of computer science, Walt is used to solving problems but the behavior of his 11 year old self in the summer of 1953 is a puzzle he is still trying to solve.

By the fourth day of the tournament as the antagonism between the two groups failed to materialise, tension was building amongst the staff. On one side of the divide was Jim Carper and Herb Kelman, on the other was Sherif, Sussman, OJ and Jack White.

The archery contest on that fourth day was a turning point. Carper wrote there was a lot of 'fraternising' going on between boys on opposite teams, they helped one another retrieve arrows and yelled encouragement to their opponents instead of jeering them. Kelman wrote 'there was very little name-calling or serious hostility on the part of either group.' Both groups were clearly pleased to be playing a game where there were no adult umpires and there was no way of showing favouritism or rigging the score.

Jack White did his best, trying to round up his Panther group and prevent them from talking to the other team. Jim Carper on the other hand, made no effort to stop the two teams from mixing.

The next day, the fifth of the tournament during a game of football it got too much for Marvin Sussman, who likely saw the whole summer of hard work about to be wasted and his book chapter with Sherif and job prospects slipping away from him. When he arrived part way through the baseball game Sussman was infuriated to see Carper allowing boys from both groups to crowd around 'in a concerned manner' when a boy was hurt during play. Carper was clearly to blame for the friendly atmosphere and what Carper described as the many 'gestures of friendship' between the two teams. Sussman's account of the game bristles with impatience and irritation. Sussman took charge. He replaced Carper as referee and speeded up the game so boys had to play faster and harder, and overlooked rules to favour of the Pythons.

That afternoon, Sussman and Carper had it out. While each group of boys went swimming the two men sat on either side of the small wooden desk inside Sussman's

tent. Even with the tent flap open it was like an oven. It was probably dawning on Carper by now that there were unwritten rules about this experiment that were quite different from the ones Kelman had typed up before the experiment had begun. Complying with the written instructions and attempting to remain neutral and not influence the children rather than being a sign of scientific integrity was seen as contrariness. He was not pulling his weight and was undermining the experiment's success. And he'd made things worse for himself by including unwelcome information in his observation notes. It wasn't just his passive recording of the friendliness between the groups in his notes that was the problem, but Carper's scepticism about the experiment that he would describe in later years to colleagues as a joke was becoming obvious.

Carper's observations of his group are littered with examples of the boys' suspicions about the camp. From the first day when a boy asked what the microphones in the rafters were for, to the accusations that they had been separated to see what they would do, to the unfair penalties imposed by the adults in games, Carper noticed how alert, curious, and observant the boys were to the adults and their surroundings. The day before Carper wrote how when OJ approached some of the Python boys after the ball game with the idea of a boxing match one boy 'introduced the subject of trickery. . .' Others chipped in with their suspicions saying, 'you want to make us fight the others.' His attitude was threatening the success of the study, Sussman said, and from now on OJ would take over the Participant Observer role with the Python group. Jim Carper didn't argue. He may even have felt sorry for Sussman who was looking exhausted after almost three weeks of sitting up night after night until the small hours of the morning with Sherif drinking and pacing and agonising, and going over and over every small detail.

It was clear to Herb Kelman by this stage too that as the days rolled by, Sherif was expecting staff to take a much more active role in shaping events. Kelman had been taking his role as 'scientific conscience' too seriously for Sherif's liking. 'I pointed out at staff meetings that they were going beyond observation of behaviour. You're supposed to observe not to directly influence the way the boys respond because that's manipulation. There were points at which OJ and Jack who were students of Sherif's and very close to him—would push things along . . . to encourage certain kinds of

behaviours . . . People don't necessarily do it consciously, I've great respect for these people but they were students of Sherif's and dependent on him. They were in a very delicate, tricky situation.' As far as Kelman was concerned, he was just doing his job. 'My role was to point out, 'Come on, you're not supposed to do that, it's like getting into the maze with the rat and pushing it. And you're not supposed to push the rat.'

But this was the last thing Sherif wanted to hear. So he sidelined both Carper and Kelman and from now on neither were included in staff meetings. Carper was replaced by OJ Harvey who wrote in the notes that Carper had been officially taken off the experiment because he 'failed to follow certain aspects of the master outline of the study'. On this day, the sixth of the tournament, while the activities were comparatively low-key—making model planes and performing songs and skits—OJ and Jack White actively took on the role of coaches, cheerleaders, combatants in charge of their teams. Carper and Kelman were relegated to the sidelines.

In the rec hall, each team sat at a table on either side of the room. OJ took over with the Pythons, egging them on in the art and craft contest, 'congratulating and encouraging' them as they showed him their work. White and OJ traded 'loud' comments on progress of each group and Harvey said 'Panthers had better get hot to beat the Pythons' loud enough for the Panthers to hear. This time the odds have been stacked against the Pythons. The models they've been given to assemble were more intricate and difficult—as if the boys wouldn't notice this, especially boys like Robert whose hobby was making models—and they didn't finish by the deadline.

At two o'clock that afternoon, both groups gathered outside the rec hall for the end of the competitions and the announcement of the winners. When Ness read out the final score and announced the Panthers as winners 'there were wild shouts and some of them jumped up and down,' OJ wrote. As well as the 'beautiful jack knives' they were given a ten dollar check which they ran and gave to Jack White for 'helping us win'. They asked Harry Ness for Doug's address so they could send him his knife and suggested to him that Pythons should also receive a prize even though they hadn't won.

The losing Python boys were subdued after the announcement. They sat around on the ground pulling on blades of grass and not looking at one another. But the Panthers didn't gloat and came over to shake the Python boys' hands and 'commended

them for their good performance' and praised their skills. The Pythons in turn congratulated them on their win and even had the grace to admire the knives.

Sherif, watching from the back door of the rec hall would have watched all this with a rising sense of panic. It was all wrong. He'd promised the Rockefeller Foundation a study that would show what factors generate conflict and then harmony between groups. The 'crucial' part of this ambitious project, he argued, was a phase where friction between the groups would occur and then it would be broken down. He wrote 'This is the new, experimentally not achieved, undertaking . . . will constitute an empirical verification of . . . William James' . . . "The moral equivalent of war."'

In his efforts to get one group fighting the other, Sherif and his staff had cut the rope on a precious flag, 'stolen' items of laundry, smeared and demolished the food set up for one group's dinner all to trigger a fight between them. Each time, the boys' anger and irritation was transitory. Here they were, at the end of the third stage of the experiment two weeks into the three week camp and the only resentment and anger amongst the losing Pythons was against the staff. Instead of blaming the Panthers they attributed their loss to the actions of the adults—in particular the unfairness of the rules imposed by Ness during Tug of War, the favouritism of Sussman who gave them noticeably more difficult models to assemble in Arts and Crafts and the treachery of Mr Mussee who being a caretaker, would naturally be short of money and open to bribes from Sussman to vote against them in songs and skits.

The irony was that the boys' identification of when the adults were rigging the results was—apart from the bribery of the caretaker theory—spot on. They'd been treated unfairly and they knew it.

So what happened next should have come as no surprise.

Jim Carper's and Herb Kelman's accounts of what happened on the night the experiment ended are the closest we get to looking at things from the boys' point of view. Sherif distrusted both men by now and had not shared his plans for the evening with them. Rightly as it turned out, Sherif knew Kelman would object to what he was about to do. Like the boys, the two men had to make sense of confusing and contradictory happenings, like coming across the scene of a crime and having to work

your way backwards to get a sense of what had happened and whose hand was behind it.

Jim Carper sat around a campfire on the hill after dinner with the Pythons who were quiet. It was a warm night but he built the fire up and sparks flew upwards, casting an orange glow over the boys faces and making them look more cheerful than he knew they felt. Robert remembers hearing a yell over the hiss and crackle of the fire, someone was running up the hill, a Panther boy burst from the trees crying. 'You'd better get down there,' he was sobbing. 'Or we'll wreck your tent!'

Kelman was in the staff office when he heard the shouting and he hurried out and towards the noise. All the Pythons along with OJ and Jim Carper were racing toward their campsite. 'There was a great deal of excitement and tension among them all. . . It was evident that something important had happened, but I had no idea what it was . . .'

Sherif guessed that Kelman wouldn't approve of the night's plans and he was right. But for now Kelman ran out and joined the throng. The Python boys reached their campsite where the other group of boys were shouting angrily and the front of their tent yawned open, bedding and clothes strewn on the ground around them.

It was impossible at first to tell what was going on. Boys on both sides were shouting and crying, and one of the Panther boys 'pulled out his new jackknife' and brandished it threateningly. I imagined the boys ranged on either side of the gaping tent, the abandoned campfire flickering on the hill behind them, their eyes glittering, the light bouncing off the blade of the exposed knife, the din of their raised voices. And Sherif, in the shadows, holding his breath.

Amidst the accusations and the shouting Kelman pieced together the story. The Panthers had arrived back at camp after their marshmallow roast and found their tent demolished and their belongings strewn about so they ran straight to the other group's tent and retaliated, messing up their beds and throwing their clothes outside.

The Panther boys stood in a group in front of the Python boys' tent, with Peter Blake standing off to one side, clenching and unclenching his hands. Someone was sobbing. Laurence the older Panther boy and Peter's friend yelled over the top of the curing and yelling. 'We were up there! All of us.' He pointed up the hill to where the

campfire flickered amongst the trees. But he couldn't make himself heard over the hubbub. 'Up there!' he yelled again. Robert remembers how dark the campsite seemed after the warmth and cosiness of the campfire. His heart was still pounding from the race down the hill and beat even harder when he saw the mess around their tent, and the angry and ugly faces of the other boys, the glint of the knife.

But just as quickly something changed. Maybe the boys recognised an echo of their earlier fight over the flagpole rope, maybe friends wondered why they were yelling at one another. But the two groups of boys saw reflected in one another's faces the same feelings of shock, outrage and fear. They were no longer Pythons or Panthers. A current of empathy ran around the group like a buzz and there was a shift, a burst of energy.

'Come on,' Peter the Panther boy yelled to Laurence and the others in his group. 'Come see!'

Then the boys were running again, in a single throng, their shouts echoing across the woods as they poured across to the other side of the camp. At the Panther's tent it was pandemonium. Boys were yelling, some were quiet, looking tearful and upset. The tent was flattened, suitcases had been thrown amongst the bushes, bedding was strewn around in the dirt. Irving Shelby was crying, holding his broken ukulele.

OJ ran after them sensing that things were moving in an unwelcome direction. Peter the Panther boy turned to Laurence and cried shrilly, 'Do you see now why were mad at you? Do you see?' Laurence said that he could see it and the rest of his group agreed. Robert was upset because the Panthers' tent looked completely demolished. Some looked tearful at the sight of the chaos and violence of the torn down tent. The boys spread out in twos and threes and began picking up clothing and moving beds. Some moved around the base of the tent, preparing to lift the centre pole and get it standing again. Someone went to fetch a lantern. The boys moved around the tent gingerly. Who could have done this? they asked one another.

OJ tried to call the Pythons together and called out to them and told them to return to their own area but no one was listening. Jack White was doing his best to keep the groups separate too. He announced that the Panthers could look after it themselves. OJ told the Pythons to gather back at their own tent to get it straightened out. Robert remembers not wanting to leave and wanting to help. But OJ was insistent and the

Pythons left reluctantly, promising the Panthers they'd be back as soon as they were done.

Herb stayed behind at the Panther tent helping to set it straight and eavesdropping as the boys discussed who could have done it. They had decided the other group had nothing to do with it. A Panther boy called Noble Smith said: 'Winston said the Pythons didn't do it and he doesn't lie. Winston is no liar.' The others agreed. But Jack White who was putting the beds in order straightened up and said no one else could have done it but the other boys. But the boys disagreed violently, yelling back at him. 'They couldn't have done it, because if they had they wouldn't have offered their help!'

At the Python tent when Herb Kelman arrived the boys were tidying the mess and discussing possible suspects too. One boy John Waters said he would go around and demand an alibi from everyone in the camp. Perhaps it was Sandy the cook, they said, who had told the boys he was angry that he hadn't been able to go to the races at Saratoga Springs. But they soon they ruled him out. Then the boys turned to the other adults in the tent. Waters said aggressively to Herb, 'Where were you?' Then just as quickly the boys ruled out both caretakers who had been seen helping to build the campfires earlier in the night. Then Winston turned to OJ and Jim Carper and asked whether this was an experimental camp. A second boy wondered aloud, 'Maybe they just wanted to see what our reactions would be.' Herb Kelman left and soon afterwards, so did OJ who hurried off to find Muzaffer Sherif. When the boys told Carper they were going to help the others put up their tent, he made no move to stop them.

Sherif's theory was that competition between the two groups would lead to hostility and violence. The announcement of the winners that afternoon was supposed to cause a showdown. But with the competition over, the prizes won, the boys looked no closer to fighting. That afternoon after the knives had been distributed, Sherif and Marv Sussman decided on an act of vandalism to light the fuse. It was Sussman who had crept across the campsite when the boys were away and wrecked the Panthers tent. He chose the Panthers as the target because these boys were 'quicker to get angry and seek revenge'. Herb learned all this from Sussman outside the mess hall in the few minutes before the others joined them. Sussman kept pushing his glasses up his nose which was

damp with sweat. Kelman argued. True to his role as scientific conscience of the camp he pointed out to Sussman that any hostility between the groups was supposed to have arisen naturally from the competition—and that what he'd done was a violation of the experimental design. But he was cut short by the arrival of Sherif, who immediately went on the attack.

By the time OJ arrived a few minutes later, Sherif had gone 'bonkers' and was yelling at Sussman, stepping up close to his face, waving his arms and jerking his head as he furiously berated him. Sussman stepped back nervously but Sherif kept coming, his voice rising, drawing his clenched fist back ready to punch. OJ picked up a piece of wood from the pile stacked outside the mess hall door and stepped between the two men.

'Dr Sherif,' OJ put his other hand on Sherif's chest and raised the piece of wood. 'If you do it I'm gonna hit you.'

Once OJ calmed Sherif down, and got him away from the others, they went back to their tent. A little while later, Sherif called the experiment off. He was devastated and hardly spoke for the next few days. He didn't sleep at all and OJ wrote that Sherif 'took it very badly and was deeply depressed.'

A few days later Sherif wrote in his diary 'Talked with OJ and Jack in Panther campfire area from 2.00-5.30 . . .' They sat on a log facing the cold fireplace. The day was overcast and the wind shivered the trees. Sherif sat with his elbows on his knees smoking and staring into the fireplace. They agreed that they wanted to do the experiment again. But OJ told Sherif that he and Jack would only agree to do it again if next time OJ in charge.

Sherif left the camp later that afternoon, leaving OJ and Jack to dismantle what was left of the study.

Chapter 8 Robbers Cave

Halfway between Oklahoma city and Robbers Cave state park OJ finally gave in and let Muzafer Sherif take a turn behind the wheel. Sherif planted his foot on the gas. He drove like he was racing towards the future, the past was disappearing in a cloud of dust behind him.

'He just wanted to forget it,' Herb Kelman says, leaning back in a chair beside a squeaking air conditioner that was losing the battle to keep the lounge room cool. Kelman surprisingly doesn't look that different from the 1953 photos of him at Camp Talualac disguised as a caretaker. There's no fishing cap and he is clean shaven but his pants are hitched up high over his belly and he wears the same kind of black framed glasses that he wore back then.

The details of the last dramatic last days of the Middle Grove experiment are not in any of Sherif's files and boxes in the archives at Akron. Kelman has held onto his notes for 60 years because he was convinced that Sherif should have written about the study instead of trying to bury it. He's dug out his notes and papers in preparation for my visit and jokes that I've reinforced his habit of never throwing anything away. Since he retired from Harvard he's been trying to go through and sort all the papers and files that he's brought home with him to his Cambridge apartment.

After Middle Grove, Kelman went on to a distinguished career in conflict resolution and peace studies. And yet there's no mention of his involvement with Sherif in his long and impressive resume.

'My feeling was an interesting thing happened, a terribly interesting thing happened!' Kelman's voice rises with excitement. 'And it would be interesting to find out why it happened—these kids found their own way to reconciliation and for anyone interested in these processes it was a very exciting event! It didn't have anything to do with the original experiment but it was a great learning opportunity.' He shakes his head. 'But it went against Sherif's hypothesis and so he treated it as a failure. As far as he was concerned the best thing to do with this study was to try and forget it. And to try as much as possible blame it on others. It was easier for him to say it was a manipulation failure rather than to say "There is some other variable operating here that

I haven't recognised in my theory." Muzafer's reaction was "I wish this hadn't happened. Take it away!"

Sherif seemed so intent on pushing the failed Camp Talualac experiment out of his mind that six months after it was over he still had not informed the Rockefeller Foundation that the experiment had been aborted. It was only by chance that they found out. The Foundation received a letter of complaint from a man who had read news of their 1953 Annual Report and the funding of Sherif's camp study. The man wrote asking:

'What is the Professor's background? Were the children in the camp underprivileged or orphans? If they had parents, did the parents know what the professor was doing to the minds and characters of their children? What benefit to humanity does your foundation expect to derive from the expenditure of \$38,000 on this study?'

The Foundation contacted Sherif, asking for more detail about the experiment in order to draft a reply. In their exchange of letters, Leland DeVinney from the Foundation wrote:

'Do I understand correctly from your letter that the work last summer went only to the end of stage 2? If this is in fact true, is my inference justified that this must represent something of a disaster with respect to the main objectives of the grant?'^{xiv}

Sherif replied saying he just needed a little more time, and asked for a two month extension to Sept 30, 1954 and included positive reviews of his most recent book and news of a spate of upcoming publications as both reassurance and distraction. He didn't mention that the major funded experiment—the 1953 study—was to be little more than a footnote in these publications. DeVinney reported to his superiors that:

'Professor Sherif reported that a great deal had been accomplished to date as is evidence in the completion of the well-received book, Groups in Harmony and Tension, and in a number of research monographs and reports which are appearing in various journals. He feels it important, however, to re-check certain aspects of the field experiment during the coming summer before completing the project with the preparation of the final report . . ."^{xv}

Sherif had managed to appease the Rockefeller Foundation but he had also led them to believe that his research was on track. This 1954 trip to Robbers Cave was a last ditch attempt with just the crumbs of the original grant money.

'He was under enormous pressure,' OJ Harvey says. 'He knew he had to make it work.'

As they sped along the road towards the Robbers Cave State Park Sherif had put his previous experiments to the back of his mind and was full of plans for the experiment ahead. This time things would be different. He trusted OJ. He had promoted OJ from graduate assistant to research associate with funding from the Rockefeller research grant and he asked OJ to call him Muzafer. But OJ was wary "I had the greatest respect for him but I felt I needed to keep him at a distance because he was just so temperamental.'

Sherif talked rapidly as he drove, waving his hands about and seeming to pay little attention to the road, telling OJ what they must do when they arrived. OJ kept quiet. He had his own plans for what would happen when they got there. He'd spent the past eleven months mapping them out. But he was worried. It seemed that Sherif might have forgotten about their bargain.

Up ahead OJ caught a movement, a mob of cattle were moving slowly across a field and were headed for the road.

'Dr Sherif there's some cattle up there.'

'I see them.'

'You might want to slow down.'

'Oh', Sherif said, 'I'm OK,' and kept his foot to the gas.

'Slow down!' OJ said urgently as the steers moved into the centre of the road. But Sherif didn't pause. OJ leaned across and slammed his hand on the horn. The steers scattered to the edge but a big Hereford bull had stopped in the middle of the road.

OJ squeezed his eyes shut at the last minute and felt the car swerve, his body was flung hard against the door, then away again as Sherif zigzagged up the road. When he opened his eyes again Sherif was thumping the wheel, exhilarated.

'Pull over, Dr Sherif,' OJ said through gritted teeth. 'Pull over.'

'I handled that well, didn't I?' Sherif said proudly, slowing to a stop.

But OJ didn't answer. He flung open the car door and stood out on the road, taking a few deep breaths before he lit a cigarette with fumbling hands.

Notes

ⁱ Letter from Marvin Sussman to Muzafer Sherif, January 21, 1953. AHAP Sherif papers. Box 3543.4, folder 2.

ⁱⁱ Letter from Carolyn Wood Sherif to Muzafer Sherif, May 7, 1953. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.1, folder 3.

ⁱⁱⁱ Letter from Muzafer Sherif to Marvin Sussman, July 9, 1953. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.4, folder 2.

^{iv} Letter from Carolyn Wood Sherif to Muzafer Sherif, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.1, folder 1.

^v Letter from Marvin Sussman to Ministers, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3551.3, folder 2.

^{vi} Letter from Marvin Sussman to parents, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3551.3, folder 2.

^{vii} Letter from Carolyn Wood Sherif to Muzafer Sherif, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.1, folder 1.

^{viii} Staff instructions, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3551.3, folder 2.

^{ix} Staff observation notes, AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3553, folder 2 and 3.

^x Letter from Carolyn Wood Sherif to Leland DeVinney, July 29, 1953. Rockefeller Archive Centre, Box 590, Folder 5051.

^{xi} Letter from Carolyn Wood Sherif to Muzafer Sherif, July 29, 1953. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.1, folder 1.

^{xii} Letter from Muzafer Sherif to Carolyn Wood Sherif, n.d. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.1, folder 1.

^{xiii} Notebook by Muzafer Sherif, n.d., Box 3551.3, folder 2.

^{xiv} Letter from Leland DeVinney to Muzafer Sherif, May 12, 1954. AHAP Sherif papers, Box 3543.4, folder 6.

^{xv} File note by Leland DeVinney, May 21, 1954. Rockefeller Archive Centre, Box 490, folder 5051.

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