At the time I was hired, the Department of Economics was undergoing a generational shift. Within two years, half of the department had turned over, and six new faculty were hired. Looking back, I am struck by the lack of numbers of women faculty, faculty of color, and the paucity of female students. Nevertheless, as a young assistant professor, I would often spend my evenings and weekends in Olin Hall, where the Department of Economics was located. It was here I would often encounter Emile Grunberg, who, although retired, still had an office and worked on his scholarship. Particularly on weekends, Emile and I would find ourselves the only two
individuals in the office, and he would invite me into his office. He was always courteous, and over a cup of tea he would inquire about my research projects. I wanted to impress Emile with my “brilliant ideas.” I would go on and on talking about what I was working on, and he would let me continue. Then, after about twenty minutes, he would ask me a question and bring the elegance of my argument crashing down, often leading me to reframe my research project.