As viruses jump from bats to camels and pigs to people, there are ways we can keep the next pandemic in check.
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Special discount for Stanford alumni

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I find your article magnificent and worthy of national distribution. It carries such a productive and positive and significant line of thinking, so desperately needed in these days of annihilating history, etc. Two key pieces of your message are “Everything about education has been disrupted. This is a moment for reinventing school as we restart it” and “We are giving them a solution that will work right now through remote learning, but we absolutely want them to continue this solution when everybody is back.”

Sara B. Nerlove, MA ’63, PhD ’69
Safety Harbor, Florida

The primary lesson learned from the pandemic is that nothing happens with regard to our educational system unless the teachers unions dictate it. The important lesson learned should be that we fund students, not schools. All the harmful issues raised in the article were felt to a much greater extent by students confined to public schools, run by unions, that chose to remain closed (and continue to do so). Private, parochial and charter schools continue to teach and support their students in spite of the pandemic crisis. The power of the unions needs to be challenged by real school choice.

Steven Johnson, Parent ’19
Incline Village, Nevada

We’ve been given this unique opportunity to redesign learning. To think outside the box, to move away from a century-old archaic assembly-line education system. Many are mourning academic loss. But is that all we’ve lost this year?

#remotelearning

Monica Bhattacharya, MA ’11
@MonicaMoveEd

How do we engage students in virtual classrooms? Acknowledge every student by name in class, include community-building activities that motivate students to turn cameras on and more good ideas in this article.

#education

Amy Gillett, ’91, MA ’92
@AmyonEducation

I’ve been teased about @stanfordmag calling me the “Bard of #Barbecue,” but I think they are on to something. I need cool intros when I start my next book tour. Here’s what I’ve come up with so far:

The Ruler of Rib Tips
The Sultan of Sauce
The Potentate of Potato Salad

Adrian Miller, ’91
@soulfoodscholar

@stanfordmag

Get used to these names.

The Baron of Babyback
The Bishop of Brisket
The Crown Prince of Coleslaw
Director of Dry Rub
The Head Hog
The Lord of the Greens
The Mac Daddy of Mac ’n’ Cheese
Maestro of Maillard
Sauce Boss

Read them all at adrianemiller.com.

Food for Thought
In March, we profiled soul food scholar Adrian Miller, ’91, whose latest book is about barbecue.

Nicely done, but . . . as an ethical vegan, I found this article very difficult to read.

Amy Halpern-Laff, JD ’85
Palo Alto, California

Past and Present
The March issue included a letter that characterized the magazine as “lightweight” and an article with tips on empathy from psychology professor Jamil Zaki.

I write to express full support for the critical letter you published in the latest issue of Stanford.

Your magazine used to inform me about much fascinating work, study and advances going on at the university, plus some news of alumni.

Now, for some unfathomable reason, your focus is on emotions, student feelings and lightweight articles on serious topics with a Stanford slant such as the Mars rover.

In the March issue, to give some examples, we have two pages devoted to an unknown

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Maestro of Maillard
Sauce Boss

Read them all at adrianemiller.com.
Knifely Done
A March story marked Ana Ziadeh’s 50 years with Stanford Dining.

Oh, my! I was a hasher at Wilbur for all four of my years at Stanford, and I remember working in the kitchen with Ana!

Anastasia Cronin McNabb, ’87

Stanford is more than the students and faculty. Love this feature.

Julius Paras, ’91

Covid-19: Israel is on it!

New Israeli drug cures 29 of 30 moderate to severe Covid cases.

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Israel has lightning fast Covid Vaccine rollout.

Israel reports Covid-19 cases dropped 94% with Pfizer vaccine.

Israel donates Covid-19 vaccine to Palestinian Authority.

Help us educate Americans about Israel’s big role in fighting Covid-19.

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Post Haste
An online article put the much-ballyhooed USPS into historical context.

As Professor David M. Kennedy, ’63, has noted, before the New Deal, the postal service was almost the only regular contact the average citizen had with the federal government. And in the days before radio, TV and the internet, delivery of newspapers by the postal service was vital to the many people who lived in rural areas, far from where the newspapers were published.

Merlin Dorfman, PhD ’69
San Jose, California

Allergy Angel
Our March feature on professor of medicine Kari Nadeau’s treatment of children with severe food allergies resonated with families.

Your article made me cry with hope! God works in mysterious ways.

Maile Cuffel
Dallas, Texas
**Editor's Note**

**KATHY ZONANA, ’93, JD ’96**

**A Tale of Two Covers**

The bat virus is connected to the camel virus, and the camel virus is connected to the people virus. But we weren’t sure that would entice pandemic-fatigued readers.

For this issue, we were in the unusual position of having two cover mock-ups to consider (generally cost-prohibitive, but in one case the image was free). Having two good choices was welcome, but it put us in a bit of a quandary.

On the one hand, we thought you’d probably be eager to read our story on university scholars’ right to study what they want to study and say what they want to say, especially in light of recent controversies over scientific evidence and pandemic policy (page 30). But we weren’t sure we had successfully crystallized the topic of academic freedom in our cover image. On the other hand, we had a beautiful piece of art to use for our feature on the complex and interwoven web of climate change, species-jumping and the prospects of future pandemics (page 44). But we were a little worried that asking you to contemplate the next major outbreak of zoonotic disease in the same month that most of us are getting vaccinated against COVID-19 would earn this magazine a one-way ticket to the recycle bin.

So we did what anyone would do in this situation: We asked our readers. Well, a baker’s dozen of you, ranging from the Class of ’77 to the Class of ’12. Broad in terms of demographics; narrow in terms of employer (all work at the Stanford Alumni Association, but in areas beyond the magazine). We posed one simple question: “In mid-May, which of these two magazines would you be more likely to open and why?” And you said, 8–4–1, “camel.”

The camel cover, you told us, was striking, unexpected, intriguing, wacky and “beautifully bizarre.” Even if no one understood what exactly a camel had to do with anything.

Dromedary camels, it turns out, are the main reservoir for MERS-CoV, the coronavirus of concern between SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2. And it appears they’ve been carrying the virus since 1983. There are a whole bunch of diseases like that, crossing back and forth among people and wild and domesticated animals without causing massive outbreaks, just waiting for the right mutation or environmental condition or international flight to break free. As creatures great and small move closer to the urban-wild interface, we can’t think about pandemics as 100-year events anymore.

Uh-oh. I’m doing what I worried about: making you want to pull the blankets over your head and never leave the house again. First of all, if you have any anxiety about reentry after limiting your social contact for a year—and I can admit to that—we’ve got some tips from Stanford psychologists on how to manage it (page 18). Second of all, as the cover hints, there are things we can do to prevent, predict and prepare for the next pandemic. And if all else fails, take a look at the illustration on page 44 and contemplate the headline we almost used: Reservoir Hogs.

Email Kathy at kathyz@stanford.edu.
Those 65 and better can enjoy this vacation destination year-round. Like many resorts, Carmel Valley Manor has impeccable service, three delicious meals a day, acres of pristine gardens with a pool, putting green, limousine service, even a personal trainer. In addition to housekeeping services, most of the apartments enjoy private patios where you can soak up the sunshine 300 days a year. Unlike other resort destinations, Carmel Valley Manor offers three levels of healthcare: independent living, assisted living and skilled nursing, all at no additional cost. What makes a great resort makes a great retirement too.

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Stanford Arts Beyond the Pandemic

As we look to the future, the university is applying lessons learned in resilience and innovation.

WHEN STANFORD CLOSED its campus in March 2020, our art museums and performance spaces also temporarily shut their doors. Over the past year, Stanford Arts has worked to bring artistic experiences to our community remotely. As our museums and performance spaces begin to reopen this spring, we are applying lessons learned as we look to the future of the arts at Stanford.

In the early days of the pandemic, the Stanford arts community quickly pivoted to connect with the public in new ways. The Cantor Arts Center and the Anderson Collection launched expanded digital resources within days of closing their doors. Over the last year, the museums have continually enhanced their digital content, which includes virtual tours of their collections, an online student lecture series and inspiration for family art activities.

Likewise, Stanford Live moved its season to a digital offering (with the playful slogan “The show must go on . . . line!”) and introduced new performances reflecting on the pandemic. As part of its 2020–21 virtual season, Stanford Live is producing 12 original films that showcase a mix of performance, interviews with musicians and behind-the-scenes footage of performers adapting the creative process to COVID-19 restrictions. The online pivot has greatly expanded Stanford Live’s reach—the performance of “The President Sang Amazing Grace,” by the singer Meklit and the Kronos Quartet, has been viewed more than 360,000 times.

The arts community has also worked with students and faculty across the university to launch new technologies that enhance remote collaborative performance. Researchers at Stanford’s Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics developed a new platform that enables musicians to play together remotely with minimal lag time. Similarly, researchers and students in theater and performance studies, electrical engineering and computer science worked together to develop a platform that improves the audio and visual experience of live virtual theatrical productions. They then used the platform to showcase short plays performed remotely by Stanford actors.

Our arts community’s resilience and innovation throughout the campus closure has been inspiring—and it has helped us reimagine the purpose and reach of the arts at Stanford. As we begin to reopen our arts facilities, we are considering how we can take what we’ve learned from the past year and apply it to the future of the arts at Stanford broadly.

One lesson that I have taken to heart is how valuable the arts have been throughout the pandemic. Art gives us comfort in times of hardship, connection in isolation and new insights into our own experiences. As I look to the future, I believe we have an opportunity to ensure that the arts at Stanford engage even more fully with the emotional and physical well-being of individuals and build connections across our community.

The arts can also help us imagine a better future for our world. Artistic experiences can inspire and shape social justice and culture change: They increase our empathy, create connections across differences and spur us to action. Organizations like Stanford’s Institute for Diversity in the Arts reinforce the power of the arts to advance social justice. As we renew our focus on advancing the critical cause of diversity, equity and inclusion in our institution and society, we can strengthen the powerful role of the arts in that work.

Over the past year, the arts have provided solace and meaning through hardship, and technology has enhanced our ability to connect with culture across distance. This period has helped redefine the purpose and the potential of the arts at Stanford—and it has given us new energy and direction for the path ahead.
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Stanford Health Care is ready to care for you with convenient video visits and safe in-person appointments.

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- Ensuring separate screening areas for symptomatic patients
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Don’t delay your care. Appointments are available at our locations across the Bay Area and remotely by video visit.

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The Zoom
Where It Happens

CS 182 enrolls up to 250 students, and in a remote setting, the professors—computer scientist Mehran Sahami, ‘92, MS ’93, PhD ’99, and political scientists Rob Reich, MA ’98, PhD ’98, and Jeremy Weinstein (pictured)—just weren’t feeling it. So they asked director of classroom innovation Bob Smith, MS ’82, to help. Smith set the instructors up at a 32-foot by 8-foot “videowall” in Wallenberg Hall and divided the students in Ethics, Public Policy and Technological Change into three simultaneous Zoom sessions. About once a week, students find themselves in the empaneled group, which means instructors can converse with and call on them. TAs post real-time questions from students to the videowall, facilitate breakout rooms and polls, and toggle video feeds from five different angles so that instructors can move around, students can see multiple presenters, and everyone gets a break from straight-on talking heads. Now that’s one zippy Zoom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH, MS ’82
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WHO WE ARE

Meet Luciana Frazao

A robotics engineer meets the moment.

“Brazil is not a culture where it is easy to be poor, because if you’re poor, you’re almost not allowed to dream.”
GROWING UP POOR WITH A SINGLE MOM AND TWO SIBLINGS

In Rio de Janeiro, Luciana Frazao realized early on that education was perhaps her only passport to a better life. But even that path seemed in peril after her first week in a rowdy high school. “Everybody was screaming, everybody was talking, not allowing the teacher to lead the class,” she says. “I was like, ‘I can’t stay here.’” So she concocted a plan: drop out, spend a year cramming and win entry to one of the city's elite schools. Some in her family protested, but not her mom. Frazao aced the test.

Success brought entry into an affluent new world, one where her sister’s baggy hand-me-downs marked her as an outsider. But she excelled again, winning a full ride to one of Brazil’s top-ranked universities, Pontifical Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro, where she studied industrial design and embraced combat robotics. That combination of interests led her to Stanford in 2019. As a master’s student in mechanical engineering, she’s developing robotics that help prevent elderly people from falling—work inspired by her grandmother, who died shortly after Frazao came to Stanford.

The pandemic has loomed over her time on campus, but it has also brought opportunity. Frazao became a fellow with Meeting the Moment, a new outreach program created by the Office for Religious and Spiritual Life to help students find meaning in difficult times, which she credits with helping her clarify her life path. After she graduates in June, she'll begin work as a global research manager at Z-Tech, an Anheuser-Busch InBev unit focused on enabling small and medium-size companies to grow and to improve their use of technology.

“From an early age, I just started to see that if I want to change my life and provide for my family, I have to study. That’s the only way for me to be someone.

“Robotics gave me the technical knowledge to go nuts and think bigger.

“I love to see a material going to an extreme. Is this battery pack going to explode? Is this battery pack going to support all the pressure and all the force that is being applied on it?

“I think [my mom’s lesbianism] made me a more empathetic person. I had this feeling that I can’t share [the truth] because people think it’s a terrible thing, but that made me realize, ‘Oh my gosh, how bad it must be for my mom.’ She would walk on the street and never hold her girlfriend’s hand. Not even a hug.

“Meeting the Moment was, for me, a space where I had time to put myself first and to think about my own self. My entire life I never stopped to do this kind of exercise. It helped me a lot to direct myself and see what I want to do and what I want to be when I finish here.

“My main dream is to go back to Brazil to work helping single mothers. It’s pretty common when the parents get a divorce, the father divorces from the children as well and just leaves the mother with a huge burden to take care of. My long-term goal is to use social entrepreneurship to help single mothers.”

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Novel Ideas

WHAT DO A HYPERORGANIZED SEVENTH GRADER, a young woman living in disguise and an aerial-skills artist have in common? They were all dreamed up by Stanford students. As if college life weren't packed with enough things to do, three women worked on novels for young readers while they were undergrads, then got them published during a pandemic. Going by the titles, you might assume that's where the similarities end. But that would be judging three books by their covers.

LAURA ROBSON, '18
Girls at the Edge of the World

MALAVIKA KANNAN, '23
The Bookweaver's Daughter

CHRISTINA LI, '21
Clues to the Universe
Neighborhood Watch
A new vision for undergrad housing.

STANFORD’S UNDERGRADUATE housing system has long exalted the virtue of choice. During a four-year journey, students have 80 different living options across the vast campus.

Even as they establish lifelong friendships with fellow Larkinites or have academic epiphanies with their Structured Liberal Education hallmates, frosh also confront the anxiety of the Draw, where chance might place them in the poshest Row house or in a campus backwater (here’s looking at you, Potter), not to mention fling them far from many of their friends. And then there’s the sophomore slump, when the thrill of being in college wanes and the pressure of finding one’s path bears down. Suffice it to say, the Residential Education live/learn system is one of the most memorable parts of the Stanford experience, but it also has headroom to improve students’ sense of home and belonging.

Enter the ResX initiative—a multiyear planning effort sprung from the university’s Long-Range Vision that means to strengthen relationships, learning and inclusion in student residences. A central recommendation of the ResX Task Force was to group the dorms and houses into neighborhoods, where most undergrads would spend all four years with the same cohort. Within each neighborhood, they said, students should have equal access to increasingly desirable and more independent housing options over time. Seeing opportunity in the disruption wrought by the pandemic, university leaders announced in February that the neighborhoods would launch in fall 2021, a few years earlier than planned. “ResX gives us a chance to restart how we want to build values-based communities,” Susie Brubaker-Cole, Stanford’s vice provost for student affairs, said in the announcement.

Each of the eight neighborhoods will have a gathering hub, advising services, dining areas and meeting spaces. Students will be responsible for personalizing their neighborhoods by selecting their own themes, crests, mascots and traditions. Meanwhile, university-wide theme houses, such as ethnic theme dorms, co-ops and Greek houses, will remain available to all upperclass students.

Akshay Jaggi, ’19, a former frosh RA, sees a lot of upsides to the plan. “There’s still lots of choice within a more constrained system,” he says. And the sunsetting of the Draw in favor of a seniority-based system could calm a lot of anxiety. “I generally think that it’s a social stress that would be lost—in a good way.”

The new model increases access to all-frosh housing, which senior Alexa Thomson views as a plus. And she’s hopeful that neighborhoods will mitigate the “slump,” which, for her, came junior year when the Draw left her unassigned; she eventually ended up in Florence Moore Hall without any close friends. “I was feeling so separate and lonely my junior fall,” she recalls. “Anyone experiences a slump at one point or another; having familiar faces that make you feel like part of a community is so meaningful.”

To view an interactive map of the new plan, visit resx.stanford.edu/neighborhoods.

THE TICKER

Junior James Kanoff has received a Congressional Medal of Honor Society Citizen Honors Award for his work as co-founder of The Farmlink Project, which connects communities in need with farmers who have surplus produce during the pandemic…. Senior Emma Rashes published Lily the Llama Helps Her Herd in March to teach children about herd immunity and the importance of vaccination…. Former acting U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York Joon Kim, ’93, was one of two attorneys named in March to investigate allegations of sexual harassment against New York governor Andrew Cuomo…. Julie Su, ’91, head of California’s Labor and Workforce Development Agency, has been tapped to serve as the Biden administration’s deputy labor secretary (confirmation was pending at press time). And Michael Sulmeyer, ’02, JD ‘11, has taken the position of senior director for cyber on the White House’s National Security Council. He was a senior adviser to the NSA and U.S. Cyber Command during the Trump administration…. At the 2017 Emmys, actor, writer and producer Issa Rae, ’07, said, “I’m rooting for everybody Black.” Now she has teamed up with Black Lives Matter to sell shirts sporting the statement…. And in wrong-place-at-the-right-time news, Brandon Haase, MBA ’93, MA ’94, interrupted an attempted sexual assault on a Filipina woman after he got off the train at the wrong stop in San Jose, Calif. Haase and others scared off the alleged attacker, who was yelling anti-Asian epithets and has been charged with a hate crime, and followed him until police arrived.
As more people receive their COVID-19 vaccinations, travel and social restrictions are loosening. But the toll the pandemic has taken on our collective mental health won’t simply disappear with a shot (or two) in the arm, experts say, and may affect how you feel about resuming “normal” activities or being in proximity to other people—even if you’re simultaneously impatient to get back out there.

“We’ve essentially been in training for a phobia,” says David Spiegel, a professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Stanford Medicine and director of the Stanford Center on Stress and Health. “When people start avoiding something, they then associate it as something dangerous or stressful. And the more they avoid it, the more anxious they get about it.”

Some of us have been more isolated than others, but as it becomes safer to resume ordinary activities, any number of us may find ourselves feeling uncomfortable. Here are ways to ease the transition.

**TAKE IT SLOW.** Even if your symptoms don’t meet the clinical definition of a phobia, gradual reentry isn’t a bad idea. When possible, resume activities at a pace that you’re reasonably at ease with. “Slide back into it in ways that are consistent with good health care and public health measures,” says Spiegel. “And don’t expect to be completely comfortable, because you can’t be.” And remember, he adds: “More worry does not equal more safety.”

**EMBRACE THE GRAY.** Public health experts still don’t have all the answers, and uncertainty doesn’t sit well with most people, says Sarah Adler, a clinical associate professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences. When under stress, your brain isn’t wired to consider the nuances of risk and probability. Instead, it seeks binary information. “When we’re hyperaroused, we’re in prime learning mode. That’s how we learn to not step in front of cars or to not do dangerous things,” says Adler. That black-and-white thinking is beneficial when you’re in the path of oncoming traffic; it’s less helpful in determining the relative safety of trivia.

**KEEP ZOOMING, TOO.** People who feel connected to others have lower rates of anxiety and depression, higher self-esteem and other markers of mental health, says Adler. And virtual connection works. So even as you start seeing some loved ones in person, remember that you can keep up remote check-ins with others.

**PRACTICE GRATITUDE.** Thankfulness decreases anxiety, and three times more positive things than negative things happen to us every day, says psychologist Emma Seppälä, PhD ’09, science director of the Center for Compassion and Altruism Research and Education. Unfortunately, humans have a well-documented negativity bias—we focus on the bad stuff. In a year filled with trauma and loss, who can blame us? Still, Seppälä says it can help to simply notice when your perspective is negative. Then take note of something positive.
The Last-Mile Helpers
How some food banks are meeting a spike in demand.

JEFF MILLER’S SUDDEN TURN into the world of food delivery began with a CNN report early in the pandemic about an elderly couple too scared to enter a supermarket. Instead, they sat in their car for nearly an hour, until someone heard their cries and took their shopping list through a cracked window.

It hadn’t occurred to Miller, MBA ’07, that something so mundane could now be so terrifying. With some research, he began to realize the dilemma high-risk Americans were facing just to get food. “My eyes were wide open with how large this challenge was going to be for our country,” he recalls.

And so Miller, an entrepreneur and a tech investor, made some phone calls—first, to an old co-worker from his days at Uber: Pedram Keyani, MS ’03, a veteran of Google and Facebook, who started tinkering on some code.

The goal was to hack together a simple app to enable volunteers to connect with people like the couple in the news. More than a year later, the effort has grown into an all-volunteer nonprofit called Helping Hands, whose mission is to connect food banks with the people who need their services. In its first year, with support from nearly 400 volunteers—in areas from coding to logistics to driving—Helping Hands assisted in delivering food to more than 53,000 families across the country.

In pre-COVID-19 times, most people picked up their food-bank groceries in person, says Amy Kaiser, a director at Second Harvest of Silicon Valley, one of about 20 organizations that work with Helping Hands. The pandemic created a surge in food insecurity, doubling the number of people using Second Harvest’s curbside pickup. But it also led to a spike in clients who couldn’t leave their homes. Second Harvest’s home-delivery rolls grew from 750 households to around 5,000.

That’s where the Helping Hands app has been crucial. The developers created a platform that integrates with courier apps such as Uber, AxleHire and Lyft, allowing the food bank to upload hundreds of addresses and dispatch paid drivers on optimized routes. It also guides volunteer drivers and records their drop-offs. “We couldn’t have responded without them,” Kaiser says.

Even after the pandemic, Kaiser expects deliveries to remain important. COVID-19 didn’t just increase the number of people stuck at home; it highlighted how many were already there.

“I don’t think food scarcity is going away,” says Keyani. “If we can build a proper kind of IT department for these food banks, we can make them more effective in their missions.”

—Elizabeth Lindqwister, ’21

Fishnet Stalkings
The quest to fetch sea litter.

IN ANY GIVEN YEAR, some 640,000 metric tons of fishing gear is abandoned in the oceans. The nets and traps drift from where they were placed and continue to collect and kill hundreds of thousands of fish—for no one. It’s known as ghost fishing, and in addition to being bad for sea life, it costs fisheries thousands in lost equipment and harms the harvest.

But Kortney Opshaug, PhD ’01, a marine and aerospace engineer with expertise in underwater robotics, has a solution: trap tracking. Blue Ocean Gear, which she founded in 2015, produces small orange and yellow Smart Buoys, which help fishermen relocate their lost tackle.

“At its core, the buoy is a GPS tracking device, similar to many that are used on land,” Opshaug says. “We spent years with fishermen just learning how they operate and listening to what they need; they really came up with the design.” Now, Smart Buoys are at work off the coasts of Alaska and Nova Scotia; Opshaug expects to have roughly 500 on the water by year’s end. Next stop? The open seas.

—Elizabeth Lindqwister, ’21
After 29 years, the Cardinal women’s basketball team brings another national title home to the Farm.

BY SAM SCOTT

In a season when nothing came easy, it seemed only fitting that Stanford’s quest for its first NCAA women’s basketball championship in nearly three decades came down to the agonizing end—a desperation heave by the University of Arizona that came frighteningly close to causing Cardinal heartache.

“I was just like, ‘Oh please, God, don’t go in,’” said sophomore Haley Jones, who was named the tournament’s most outstanding player, after the game. “I kind of stood there for a second. It hadn’t clicked that we actually just won and the shot didn’t go in.”

The confetti was in her hair before she fully grasped the result: Stanford 54, Arizona 53.

Let the debate begin on how the 2021 champions compare to their predecessors in 1990 and 1992, or even to the many talent-stacked Stanford squads who came so close in the long generation since. No NCAA Division I coach in any sport has won championships as far apart as Stanford’s Tara VanDerveer. No coach knows better how thin the line is between winning it all and going home hungry.

After the game on April 4, VanDerveer mused on all the great players she’s coached who didn’t get to cut the nets in the championship, from Kate Starbird, ’97, to Candice Wiggins, ’08, and how much fortune plays a deciding part. The last time the Cardinal made it to the finals—in 2010—All-American center Jayne Appel Marinelli, ’10, hobbled through the game on what turned out to be a broken foot. Back in 1998, Stanford lost standouts Vanessa Nygaard, ’97, and Kristin Folkl, ’98, to knee injuries the week before handing in history’s first-ever loss by a No. 1 seed to a No. 16 seed, which happened to be Harvard. In 2017, the team was up eight in its Final Four game when star guard Karlie Samuelson, ’17, went down with an ankle injury.

This year, the metaphoric breaks went Stanford’s way. The team climbed back from a double-digit halftime deficit against Louisville in the Elite Eight before surviving a nail-biter against South Carolina in the Final Four. In the title game, both Stanford and Arizona missed potential game winners in the dying seconds. Watching it unfold was like sitting for a root canal, VanDerveer said afterward.

“I think sometimes you’ve got to be lucky,” said VanDerveer, who was named the Naismith women’s college basketball coach of the year two days before the game. “We had some special karma going for us.”

The wins, she said, were more gritty than pretty, but that befits a team whose legend is forever tied to its ability to grind through a season of unprecedented off-the-court challenges with their eyes always on the prize.

The pandemic affected athletic programs across the country, but local strictures against playing or practicing during the winter COVID-19 surge cast the Cardinal to the wind in a way that perhaps only their fellow travelers on the men’s team fully appreciate. For nearly 10 weeks, the women lived out of duffel bags, played on the road, and practiced in a high school gym in Santa Cruz that had a short court and a plethora of wooden backboards. All told, the Cardinal played only 5 of 21 conference games in the comfort of Maples Pavilion.

It would have broken some teams, Jones said. But for the Cardinal, the curse of COVID-19 contained blessings. Early in the fall, several players broke protocols by playing pickup at an off-campus gym. VanDerveer didn’t hold back her frustration. But that moment set the stage for what was to come, senior guard Kiana Williams said at the postgame press conference: an unwavering commitment to following the rules, to leading and to winning.

“When she found out, she was just so
heartbroken and disappointed,” Williams said. “I felt like the only way to make up for that is to win a national championship for her.”

The months on the road—and the close-quartered living on an uncommonly quiet campus that followed—only brought the players closer, VanDerveer said, a bond as real off of the court as on it. It was a sisterhood, she said, one that stood on the shoulders of all the Stanford players that had come before—a tradition that stretches further back than many realize. By coincidence, the championship fell on the 125th anniversary of the first-ever women’s collegiate basketball game—another one-point Stanford victory, 2–1 over Cal. “Former players would be so proud to be part of this team because of the resilience they’ve shown, because of the sisterhood that they represent,” VanDerveer said at the post-game press conference. “I’m just thrilled for this team, but also for all the women out there that played at Stanford.”

The victory elicited praise from President Joe Biden, of course, but also more personally from the director of the White House Domestic Policy Council, Susan Rice, ’86, who tweeted out a video of her celebratory dance to “All Right Now.” VanDerveer closed her press remarks by revealing she’d already received 600 text messages.

But perhaps nobody could appreciate it as much as her former players. “When the game had finished, I was definitely ugly crying,” Nneka Ogwumike, ’12, a star for the Los Angeles Sparks, said on journalist Holly Rowe’s Twitter feed. “I went to four Final Fours and was never able to really come back with one. So it feels like we all won it, like decades of players.”

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George Shultz is best known for his work in the 1980s to end the nuclear arms race. But the economist and diplomat was a public servant to the end.

George Shultz and Nikolai Patolichev could not have been more different. Shultz grew up as an only child in a prosperous New Jersey home, attended elite universities and believed deeply in democratic ideals. Patolichev came from a Russian peasant family, was orphaned at age 12 and got his start in communist politics as a teenager. But when the two men met at a Battle of Leningrad wreath-laying ceremony in 1973—while Shultz was Richard Nixon’s secretary of the treasury and Patolichev was the Soviet Union’s foreign trade minister—Shultz was moved by his counterpart’s reverence for the sacrifices of his countrymen. A World War II veteran himself, Shultz described the pain of losing friends in battle and praised the fallen Russian soldiers “who defeated Hitler.” Then he turned toward the cemetery and raised a salute.

More than a decade after that graveside meeting, his gesture of respect and subsequent dealings had won Shultz the trust of Soviet officials conditioned to see the Americans as enemies. By then he was secretary of state in the Reagan administration; the goodwill he had fostered helped him negotiate a nuclear arms agreement that effectively ended the Cold War.

When Shultz died at 100 years of age on February 6, accolades for the four-time Cabinet member and longtime Stanford scholar poured in from around the world. Many of them touched on Shultz’s humanity and decency. “He was a gentleman of honor and ideas, dedicated to public service and respectful debate,” said President Joe Biden.

Condoleezza Rice, also a former secretary of state and now director of the Hoover Institution, called Shultz “a great American statesman and a true patriot in every sense of the word.”

One of only two Americans to hold four Cabinet-level positions—he served as secretary of the treasury and director of the Office of Management and Budget in addition to heading the departments of labor and state—Shultz also was an accomplished industry executive and academician. He taught at MIT for nine years, served as dean of the school of business at the University of Chicago, and was president of the Bechtel Group, an engineering and construction firm, from 1974 to 1982. He began his 53-year relationship with Stanford when he accepted a one-year fellowship at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in 1968, and returned in 1974 for a part-time teaching position at the Graduate School of Business.

After leaving government service in 1989, he joined the Hoover Institution and was a fixture there for the remainder of his life. Shultz was an economist by training—he earned his bachelor’s degree at Princeton and his PhD at MIT—and his scholarly pursuits were “energetic and ecumenical,” says Philip Taubman, ’70, a former New York Times journalist and Shultz’s biographer. Shultz was prolific as a convener of symposia on a range of topics, from climate change to democratic governance to nuclear nonproliferation. At the time of his death, he was leading a Hoover initiative aimed at promoting international cooperation to deal with new threats, including pandemics. A Hinge of History: Governance in an Emerging New World, which he co-authored with Hoover visiting fellow James Timbie, was published in November 2020, a few weeks before Shultz turned 100.

“He loved Stanford,” says Taubman. “It was the anchor of his later life.” Shultz and
his wife, Charlotte, regularly welcomed dignitaries such as Henry Kissinger and Michael Bloomberg to their campus home. (In addition to Charlotte, Shultz is survived by five children from his 49-year marriage to his first wife, Helena, who died in 1995; 11 grandchildren, including Kelly, ’10, MS ’11, and Tyler, ’13; and nine great-grandchildren.) An office and exhibition space currently under construction at Hoover will be named the George Shultz Fellows Building.

History likely will declare his efforts to end the nuclear arms race as Shultz’s chief accomplishment. Although the United States and Soviet Union had menaced each other for decades, Shultz saw an opportunity when reform-minded Mikhail Gorbachev took over as Communist Party general secretary in 1985. After the two sides failed to reach an agreement at a summit meeting in Reykjavík, Iceland, in 1986, Shultz nudged Reagan forward and brought Gorbachev back to the table. In December 1987, the United States and the USSR signed the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Treaty, which eliminated all land-based short- and intermediate-range missiles.

His work in the arms talks made the world safer, but when pressed to say what he was most proud of, Shultz often pointed to the liberation of Russian refusenik Ida Nudel in 1987. Nudel, who had been exiled to Siberia and then put under house arrest for several years for her human rights activities, immigrated to Israel after Shultz helped persuade Soviet authorities to grant her an exit visa. His phone call with Nudel upon her arrival in Tel Aviv was one of the highlights of his career, Shultz told Taubman.

Shultz’s stoic public persona—reporters covering the White House in the 1980s dubbed him the Sphinx—obscured a more playful side. In 2005, the campy San Francisco comedy show Beach Blanket Babylon included a special skit for an audience that included the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall. Onstage were Charlotte and George Shultz, portraying famous comic book characters. Charlotte played Wonder Woman. And her 84-year-old husband—friend of presidents and saver of worlds—well, he was who you might expect him to be: Superman.

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SUCCESS AS AN AUTHOR came fast for Julie Lythcott-Haims. Three years after stepping down as Stanford’s dean of freshmen to pursue a writing career, she had a bestseller: How to Raise an Adult, an eyewitness to the epidemic of overparenting and a guide to a better way. But then came a “how” she was less poised for: how to write a sequel.

Not that she had trouble writing. In 2017, she released Real American, a well-received memoir about growing up biracial. But her publisher was nudging her back to the domain of her debut, a pop-culture hit one New York Times reviewer likened to “the Black Hawk Down of helicopter parenting.” In her next book, they agreed, she would shift her gaze from raising an adult to becoming one.

It might seem a small pivot—from one side of the parent-child equation to the other—but for Lythcott-Haims, ’89, it proved paralyzing. She’d spent years at Stanford and as a Silicon Valley mom steeped in the habits of parents stage-managing their kids—and as a mother of two, she certainly would admit to having done her fair share of hovering. Overparenting was an area she knew cold.

But what expertise did she have on becoming an adult, besides having slowly emerged as one herself, with plenty of mistakes along the way? And wasn’t there a suspicious irony in being the woman who blew the whistle on checklist childhoods only to create a checklist for young adults?

“If you could have heard me talking to friends, I described this book like this poor stepchild I didn’t want to adopt,” she says. “I dwelled in that space for a couple of years.”

Her breakthrough came with an assist from a handwritten letter sent by a Washington University student named Kristine. Lythcott-Haims’s first book, Kristine wrote, had helped her see how her parents’ heavy-handedness had left her a little “underbaked.” Just that day she’d had to push her mom to let her 16-year-old brother slice his own salami. Kristine didn’t want to obsess on blame; she wanted to claim her agency—and to foster it in her brother. How could she?

The letter jolted Lythcott-Haims and helped develop a vision of whom she was writing for and why they would want to read what she had to say. “HEY Y’ALL WE’RE WRITING THIS BOOK FOR KRISTINE,”

OPEN-DOOR POLICY

Former dean of freshmen Julie Lythcott-Haims offers advice on adulting.

BY SAM SCOTT
she wrote to her editor and assistant, with a photo of the letter.

She wasn’t an expert, but she’d long been a mentor. She was going to talk to her readers as if they were her former students, who still ask for her advice over coffee. She was going to be open and honest with her own hard-won lessons and the experiences she’d gleaned from others. “I am not smarter than you. I am not wiser than you. I’m just going to tell you what I know,” she says. “It’s meant to be this very close narrative that ultimately feels like a companion walking this journey with the reader.”

The result—Your Turn: How to Be an Adult—came out in April. And judging by the reactions of some young Stanford alums, she appears to have hit her mark.

“Going through this book has been the perfect balance of uncomfortable and loving,” says Michelle Goldring, ’10, MA, ’11, who is part of a group of alumni who began discussing advance copies of Your Turn on Zoom this winter. A corporate attorney who recently shifted into the HR side of law, Goldring didn’t personally know “Dean Julie” at Stanford—they embraced once in White Plaza when Goldring was giving out “free hugs”—but the voice in the book feels intensely familiar to her. “Reading this book sounds like sitting down in her office or sitting with my favorite people who I knew at Stanford who kind of set me straight.”

Key to the book is that “adulting”—dear grammar traditionalist, she goes there—isn’t reaching a milestone, it’s reaching and sustaining a mindset. Lythcott-Haims was 25, married and armed with degrees from two of the world’s most prestigious universities before she ever felt like she was doing more than playacting as a grown-up.

Recognition of her arrival came only when the truck moving her and her husband’s possessions from Harvard Law School back to the Bay Area went up in flames—and she realized that not only was no one coming to the rescue, but she didn’t want anyone to. She and her husband, Dan Lythcott-Haims, ’91, could and would do this. They were adults—or at least adulting. The process never ends.

“Adulting is wanting to, having to and learning how,” she says, a phrase she calls the book’s guiding principles. And it’s hustling.

Therapists’ couches, she writes, are heavy with the weight of 40- and 50-somethings who marched lockstep into sensible, ultimately unhappy livelihoods. Lythcott-Haims herself started on that path as a corporate lawyer. But today, she sees a contrary problem—abetted by the over-protected childhoods she’s famous for calling out—where kids emerge slowly into adulthood, and their 20s turn into a sort of playground.

Your Turn advises another path: Find and follow your own voice, most definitely, but get your “butt in gear” and engage with the world to find your place in it.

“Yes, you should have fun,” she writes. “But at the same time, you’re supposed to be figuring out who you are and what you’re good at, how you’re going to make a living, who you want in your life, and how you’re going to make things better in the world, so you need to get going on that.”

But how to get there and know it, short of a burning truck blazing like a message from on high? Your Turn mixes tactics, tough talk and earnest encouragement with Lythcott-Haims’s personal experiences and those of more than 30 people she interviewed from all walks of life. Weighing in at more than 450 pages, the book is filled with people who’ve wrestled with racism, disease, incarceration, mental illness, death, divorce, poverty and, yes, helicopter parents in search of an authentic adult life, often with rewarding results, and sometimes falling short.

The characters span political views, socioeconomic statuses and mindsets. Lythcott-Haims purposefully introduces each by race and sexuality. This isn’t a book where people are white and straight unless otherwise noted.

Some of the stories connect to Stanford. Lythcott-Haims tells the journey of Akshay, a 36-year-old doctor whom she remembers
from campus as a warm, brilliant and clearly scared 22-year-old who would spend the next decade getting his conservative Indian parents to accept that he is gay. Others—like the 23-year-old white Lyft driver who came to the rescue when Lythcott-Haims’s Prius conked out—are the fruits of the author taking her own advice on the value of talking to strangers. His journey is one of self-reliance at an early age. Each receives equal weight.

“I very much believe in the power of our personal stories to help others feel less alone and more seen and supported,” she says. “This isn’t an explanation on adulting. This is like, ‘Hey reader, I’ve been there, you’re there now, let’s talk.’”

Lythcott-Haims is candid about her own challenges in work, life and love. She reveals the despair that led her to abandon law for a job at Stanford, the twists and turns of navigating three decades of marriage, and her regret at economic missteps (she did not spend the insurance money from the truck fire wisely). “She is so much more vulnerable and open and honest than I ever expected from someone who was always already so vulnerable, open and honest,” Goldring says.

The author’s continuing evolution is part of what makes the book inspiring to Fannie Watkinson, ’12, another member of the Zoom reading group, who quit her job in educational technology in 2017 and spent the next three years exploring careers. She recently started working as a life coach.

For sure, the book offers direct advice and mantras, like most self-help books. “You’re not perfect,” “stop pleasing others” and “get out of neutral” are some that Watkinson picks out as meaningful to her. But, Watkinson says, the book is distinctly compelling in the context of Lythcott-Haims’s life and its continuing variety, typified in the way she has changed careers from attorney and mantras, like most self-help books.

Adulting can’t be boiled down to just 10 steps. It’s a very philosophical conversation about what life is, when life feels good, and what gets in our way.’

The result has come with tremendous upsides and a host of challenges, Lythcott-Haims says. In an era when things like COVID-19 and economic hardship are forcing more people to try multigenerational living, she and her mother want to offer an account of why they did it, what was hard and what they learned.

Or at least that’s what they plan to write. With chapters alternating between mother and daughter, the two might put out contrasting realities. “You know the things she writes about, like what made it hell, may not be on my radar, and the things I choose to write about may not be on hers,” she says.

“But, you know, that’s sort of the point of the book.” Spoken like an adult.

‘Adulting can’t be boiled down to just 10 steps. It’s a very philosophical conversation about what life is, when life feels good, and what gets in our way.’

She adds: “My hope is that, as [readers] get a taste of it, as they hear the voice of it, they will be drawn in and they’ll decide it’s worth turning the pages.”

As far as what’s next? She’s considering co-writing a memoir with her 82-year-old mother, which could take parenting and adulting insight into a whole new trimester of life. Her mother joined Lythcott-Haims’s household more than 20 years ago in an arrangement inspired by a goal any helicopter parent could appreciate: trying to afford a house in the Palo Alto Unified School District.

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The Great Barrier, Grief

Could writing about my grandmother be my lifeline?

BY ANDREW TAN

I can’t imagine a more treacherous place than a hospital waiting room. All the weeping and whispering, the sidelong glances and the concealing smiles, and the ineffability of it all bring one to the brink of oblivion. Yet here I sit, an interloper in the kingdom of the sick, struggling to keep my composure.

Since March of last year, the deepest personal connection I have felt was not to a real person but to a literary character: Joseph Grand, from Albert Camus’s The Plague. Does this speak to my complete lack of a social life? Yes. But, at the risk of sounding maudlin, I think (and certainly hope) this bond speaks to more than just my current Zoom-and-gloom lifestyle.

In the plague-stricken town of Oran, Grand is preoccupied with the task of crafting the perfect opening sentence for his novel as miasma consumes the town and his fellow citizens succumb one by one. “How absurd,” I thought this past winter as I struggled to channel Jane Austen for the first line of my Northanger Abbey fan fiction assignment, “that he should concern himself with such frivolous work while people are dying.”

My situation was surely different, right? I ran down the list of similarities until the list became a mirror and Oscar Wilde’s paradox rang as a taunt in my mind: “Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.” Rebuffing the horned poet on my shoulder, I searched for the distinction that would acquit me of Grand’s escapism, but before I could present my case, I was pulled from my imaginary waiting room into the infirmary, deeper in the recesses of my mind.

There, in an impossibly impersonal photo, sat my halmoni (“grandmother” in Korean) tethered to that ghastly paclitaxel bag, reading serenely from her Bible. Between us spanned a chasm 5,000 miles wide—the distance between Palo Alto and Daegu, South Korea—and on my plateau, I stood, glassy-eyed and unfeeling. Out of the pit rose the Grand specter of guilt to torment me for my numbness. So, I ran.

Days after her diagnosis, I was in Bay City, Ore., an hour and a half west of Portland, where I would spend the next nine weeks of winter quarter. As a lifelong resident of Menlo Park, I had frequently left the Farm to solicit home-cooked meals; this would be the longest I had ever spent away from my childhood home, and I welcomed the change of scenery. With distractions aplenty, from the strange verdure of the environment (“It’s so green!” I texted to family) to the nearby Tillamook Creamery (“The place where they make the cheese!” I reported to my friends), I figured it would be easy to steer my mind away from halmoni, forgetting that I had already enrolled in English 118A: Illness in Literature.

The weeks proceeded with Chekhov, Sontag, Verghese and, of course, Camus, each text another memento mori that brought me back to the abyss between her hospital bed and my reluctant gaze, between the grief I thought I should feel and the emptiness I truly did. When it came to the anonymous patients of a worldwide pandemic, I could reconcile my public lamentation with, as Camus wrote, “the utter incapacity of every man truly to share in suffering that he cannot see.” But for halmoni, this would not suffice.
“Where are the five stages of grief I was promised?” I screamed into the chasm, feeling that if I could name the emotional void, I would understand it and then know how to bridge the gap. What I did not feel, I could not describe, and what I could not describe, I could not control.

So, I tried to write about her—through gimbap (rice rolls), tteokbokki (spicy stir-fried rice cakes) and Woobang Land (an amusement park in Daegu)—but these efforts only made me feel more distant, especially considering my flair for butchering the Korean language.

Next, I became more abstract, scrawling a poem in my notebook about my desire to “exhume from the grey / matters of the heart,” but predictably, as a means of deflection, my thoughts quickly turned away from halmoni so that soon I was writing about “Purina chow particles / on my cardigan.”

As a last resort, I drafted a note of the things I wished to say to her, hoping to manifest the feelings that I believed halmoni was due: “Halmoni, I miss you. I miss the way you would peel sagwa [apples] for me without my asking. I miss the way you would smile when I looked at you, even though you could barely speak English and I could hardly speak Korean. I miss your laugh when it would take me five tries to say saehae bog manh-I bad-euseyo [Happy New Year!] before I would receive that prized red envelope. But most of all, I miss shiwonhada [literally, “hits the spot,” aka “massage”]. Saranghae [I love you].”

When I reread the letter, I cannot say that I am flooded with emotion, yet I also can’t say that anything I wrote is untrue. It is an intermediate position, still an eternity away from halmoni but committed to reaching her, nonetheless. Straddling the abyss like the Colossus of Rhodes, I feel afraid, longing to close the rift, but this is better than feeling nothing.

Above the chasm, I continue to write, moving closer with every word. I don’t know if there is enough time for my mind to catch up to my pen, but that will not slow me down. And if, when I arrive, the bed is empty and halmoni is gone, I will know that I wrote as best as I could.

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WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE ONE PERSON’S DISINFORMATION IS ANOTHER PERSON’S TRUTH. BUT THE UNIVERSITY’S FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS CAN SHARPEN THE PICTURE.

John Etchemendy shakes his head. He unclaps his hands, then clasps them again. “I’m terribly worried,” he finally says. “I think that academia has not been going in a good direction in terms of academic freedom.”

Etchemendy, PhD ‘82, should be enjoying himself. After 16 years as provost—the university’s chief academic and budget officer—the philosophy professor has spent the past four years pursuing his intellectual passions, including co-founding Stanford’s Institute on Human-Centered Artificial Intelligence. But ever the university citizen, he can’t shake the concern that something is amiss.

The academy, Etchemendy says, is becoming increasingly one-sided—one university’s economics department is liberal; another’s is conservative; these cardiologists think it’s all about cholesterol; those say eat the eggs. “There’s a natural tendency to become more and more homogeneous within a department, within a discipline, within a university as a whole, and less tolerant of people with different perspectives,” he says. And without the ability to pressure-test ideas, scholarship can become less credible and the public trust in the knowledge disseminated by universities can erode. “You know, up until fairly recently—I think it’s fair to say 10 years ago—support for academia was completely bipartisan,” Etchemendy says. “Science was good. That has completely become a partisan issue.”

During recent campus controversies over science, politics and speech, Etchemendy, PhD ‘82, has been the center. Not at the center; literally the center. When the Faculty Senate voted in November to condemn the COVID-19-related actions of White House Coronavirus Task Force member Scott Atlas, then on leave from Stanford, Etchemendy was the chief voice objecting to institutional, as opposed to individual, censure. When a group of professors raised concerns about perceived partisanship at the Hoover Institution and asked the senate to form a committee to study the university’s relationship to it, there was Etchemendy again, proposing a compromise: that the policy institute’s new director, former secretary of state Condoleezza Rice, and Stanford provost Persis Drell prepare a report on plans for and progress on increasing the interaction between Hoover and the rest of the university.

His fretting over academic freedom might seem esoteric, the kind of concern only a logician and longtime provost could embrace. But what’s at stake is nothing less than the university’s—and, by extension, society’s—ability to search for truth. And at a time of deep cultural fissures not seen since the Vietnam War, with fundamental disagreements about everything from pandemic policy to the nature of racism to election integrity, there might be nothing more crucial.

FREE THINKERS

Academic freedom is the principle that protects faculty members’ right to study what they want and say what they think, to voice unpopular views and question conventional wisdom. “It is vital for both our research and our teaching missions,” says Stanford president Marc Tessier-Lavigne. “It supports our scholars in their search to advance knowledge and deepen understanding, which requires at times contemplating views...”
that some may consider strange or objectionable. It’s also, we believe, essential for education. It helps prepare students to function in a society where active citizenship and meaningful work require engaging with a broad diversity of individuals, ideas and arguments.”

The university’s Statement on Academic Freedom is expansive by design. “Stanford University’s central functions of teaching, learning, research, and scholarship depend upon an atmosphere in which freedom of inquiry, thought, expression, publication, and peaceful assembly are given the fullest protection,” it begins. “Expression of the widest range of viewpoints should be encouraged, free from institutional orthodoxy and from internal or external coercion.” The statement goes on to say that “the holding of appointments at Stanford University should in no way affect the faculty members’ rights assured by the Constitution of the United States.”

This might suggest that academic freedom is essentially higher education’s version of free speech, and indeed both are grounded in John Stuart Mill’s precepts in On Liberty. The First Amendment, though, protects individuals from government sanction; academic freedom, instead, from employer retaliation. “It extends the rights of faculty members from the public sphere to their place of work, which is not true for all places of work,” says Tessier-Lavigne.

In general, at secular universities in the United States, the practice of granting lifetime tenure reinforces that protection for a distinguished portion of the professoriate. It’s not that only tenured scholars have academic freedom—Stanford’s policy, for example, applies to pretenured and many nontenured faculty—but rather that the job security afforded by tenure enables professors to feel secure in pursuing their work. “In a sense, academic freedom fortifies the First Amendment and tenure fortifies academic freedom,” Tessier-Lavigne says.

The First Amendment comparison also underscores that academic freedom protects unpopular expression whether the shoe is on the left foot or the right. “Beware of tinkering with the Statement on Academic Freedom,” Tessier-Lavigne says. “Some people who are concerned that certain types of speech should be either censored or constrained may well find that whatever is put in place then reverberates back on their own speech.”

But academic freedom is, well, academic. “The First Amendment does not say that Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech except laws that require you to provide respectable arguments and sound evidence,” says Peter Berkowitz, a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution whose areas of expertise include constitutional government and liberal education. “We must immediately add that it’s complicated. In all the academic disciplines, there must be wide room for disagreement: disagreement about the facts, the interpretation of the facts and what constitutes sound evidence.”

Scholars can use strong evidence to challenge established orthodoxy, says history professor Priya Satia, ’95. “Academic freedom was what allowed scientists to disprove the eugenicist assumptions that guided early genetics,” she says. “That’s how knowledge advances, but you can’t just utter it. You’ve got to prove it and back it up. It’s a collaborative, collective process. It’s not just someone saying, ‘I had a thought today in the shower, and since I’m an academic, I’m free to assert that as evidence-based truth.’”

Indeed, rare is the academic-freedom controversy that arises from faculty publishing in peer-reviewed journals subject to the standards of their professional societies. Everyone agrees that plagiarism and data falsification are verboten. When firestorms over academic freedom erupt, a scholar who has taken a policy position is almost always at the center of the conflagration. This was true in 1900, when Jane Stanford’s animus toward a professor’s stance on Chinese labor led to his firing—and, indirectly, to the establishment of tenure and academic freedom in the United States (see sidebar, page 35). It was true in 1972, when tenured associate professor of English H. Bruce Franklin, PhD ’61, was dismissed from Stanford because of his role in campus antiwar protests that turned violent. And it is true of the questions permeating campus today, from pandemic policy to faculty friction over the Hoover Institution.

Science Says
When former School of Medicine dean Philip Pizzo started hearing from people around the country about misinformation related to COVID-19, he wasn’t sure he had any responsibility to speak up about it. After all, since 2013, he has been focused on establishing Stanford’s Distinguished Careers Institute rather than practicing medicine. Pizzo’s sense of obligation began to grow, he says, when Hoover senior fellow Scott Atlas, a health policy scholar and the former chief of neuroradiology at Stanford, took a leave from the university to serve on the White House Coronavirus Task Force. Being in that
role, which Atlas held from August to December 2020, gave prominence to his opinions on mask wearing, herd immunity and risks of the disease to young people—views with which Pizzo, a pediatric oncologist and infectious disease specialist who is also a professor of microbiology and immunology, frequently disagreed. “But it wasn’t just Scott Atlas,” Pizzo says. “There’s a whole bunch of people, including here at Stanford, who had been making statements that have borderline scientific relevance.”

As his inbox continued to fill up—Pizzo characterizes the prevailing sentiment as “How could Stanford allow this to happen?”—he and 104 of his colleagues in infectious diseases, microbiology and immunology, epidemiology and health policy wrote an open letter in early September countering some of Atlas’s statements. It says that “the preponderance of data” supports the use of face masks; that asymptomatic people frequently spread the disease and should be tested when appropriate; that children of all ages can be infected, increasingly with serious consequences; and that herd immunity should be reached through vaccination rather than uncheckered transmission.

Pizzo says the group wanted to both respect academic freedom and keep the letter apolitical. “We really wanted to speak only when we felt that the health of the nation was being endangered,” he says.

One week later, the signatories received a letter from an attorney giving them two days to withdraw their letter or face a defamation lawsuit. After a scramble, the faculty were able to retain counsel pro bono, and no lawsuit materialized. But many of them were spooked, says Pizzo. Professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences David Spiegel, who was not a signatory to the letter, took objection in academic-freedom terms. “Siccing a lawyer on a group of 105 faculty who raised an issue,” he remarked to Stanford, who had been making statements that have borderline scientific relevance.”

At the event, Atlas questioned the efficacy of lockdowns and mask mandates in stemming the spread of COVID-19. “All legitimate policy scholars should today be openly reexamining policies that severely harmed America’s families and children while failing to save the elderly,” he said. “Those who insist that universal mask usage is absolutely proven to be effective at controlling the spread of this virus and is universally recommended by ‘the science’ are ignoring all published evidence to the contrary.”

Although it may seem as though “the science” is at times overwhelmingly settled—Rice, a political scientist, says she’s “envious” of the scientific method—university administrators are agreed that scholars must be able to question its consensus. “I really have to defend a faculty member’s right to pursue ideas, to challenge ideas, to have unorthodox approaches,” says Drell. “I mean, gosh, where would we be if Galileo hadn’t insisted on taking an unorthodox approach to thinking about the solar system?”

Moreover, she says, many of Atlas’s statements were based on the work of Stanford professors of medicine Jay Bhattacharya, ’90, MA ’90, MD ’98, PhD ’01, and John Ioannidis, who is also a professor of epidemiology and population health.

The essence of the 105 letter writers’ argument is that lives are at stake. “The natural process has been a disaster,” said Pizzo in February. “We’re approaching 500,000 deaths in this country.” The essence of Atlas’s arguments is that lockdowns put livelihoods at stake—not to mention that people forgo needed medical care—and when livelihoods and medical care are at stake, so too are lives. “To determine the best path forward necessarily means admitting social lockdowns and significant restrictions on individuals are deadly and extraordinarily harmful, especially on the working class, minorities and the poor,” Atlas said to the College Republicans.

“So set aside the mask thing,” Etchemendy says. “It’s not obvious to me that we will know what the right policy decisions were until long after the pandemic’s gone and we look back and we have lots of natural experiments where this state did one thing, this country did another thing. And there you do have to weigh the disease, you have to weigh the economic factors, you have to weigh the impact on kids’ education.”

Indeed, say Tessier-Lavigne and Drell, it’s imperative that a university let those scholarly debates play out. They resisted calls to censure Atlas. “Marc and I actually try not to speak all that often,” Drell says, adding that it’s “absolutely appropriate” for individual faculty to voice their disagreements with colleagues.
When the university is sometimes called upon to speak out against a faculty member, our position is that, as a matter of principle, we do not do that,” says Tessier-Lavigne. “We ask that the faculty member clarify that the position they’re taking is their own and not that of the university. If the university happens to have a position on those issues by virtue of having to have one for its own community, the university can express its position.”

Which is what happened after the “rise up” tweet. When Michigan governor Gretchen Whitmer announced on November 15 that the state would close some schools and businesses for three weeks amid a spike in COVID-19 cases, Atlas tweeted, “The only way this stops is if people rise up. You get what you accept. #FreedomMatters #StepUp.”

Some interpreted this as a call to lawbreaking, even violence. “Critics immediately condemned Atlas’s ‘rise up’ rhetoric,” the Washington Post reported, “which mirrored President Trump’s previous calls to ‘LIBERATE MICHIGAN!’ and statements that correlated ‘tyranny’ with the pandemic restrictions put in place by Whitmer, who was the target of an alleged kidnapping plot that was thwarted last month.”

The next day, Atlas tweeted a clarification. “Hey. I NEVER was talking at all about violence. People vote, people peacefully protest. NEVER would I endorse or incite violence. NEVER!!”

Also that day, Stanford issued the following statement:

The university has been asked to comment on recent statements made by Dr. Scott Atlas, a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution who is on leave of absence from that position.

Stanford’s position on managing the pandemic in our community is clear. We support using masks, social distancing, and conducting surveillance and diagnostic testing. We also believe in the importance of strictly following the guidance of local and state health authorities.

Dr. Atlas has expressed views that are inconsistent with the university’s approach in response to the pandemic. Dr. Atlas’s statements reflect his personal views, not those of the Hoover Institution or the university.

At the Faculty Senate meeting that week, Tessier-Lavigne reiterated the university’s commitment to academic freedom and Atlas’s right to express his opinions. “But we also believe that inflammatory remarks of the kind at issue here by someone with the prominence and influence of Dr. Atlas have no place in the context of the current global health emergency,” he said. “We’re therefore compelled to distance the university from Dr. Atlas’s views in the strongest possible terms.” Rice called the tweet “offensive and well beyond the boundaries of what is appropriate for someone in a position of authority, such as the one he holds.”

Such statements from administrators are intentionally rare. Tessier-Lavigne says a “wonderful quip” by former Harvard president Drew Gilpin Faust, that she did not see herself as “denouncer in chief,” resonates with him. “I’m continually asked to criticize individuals all across the political spectrum,” he says. “That’s not the role of the president. It would be wrong, and it would have a chilling effect on discourse, which would effectively undermine our Statement on Academic Freedom. My role is to foster and preserve an environment where diverse opinions can be expressed and debated freely.”

When Pizzo worked with his 104 colleagues to put together the open letter about Atlas, he strove to keep it about science. “For me, it’s never been an issue about the Hoover Institution,” he says. “I’ve worked with many people at the Hoover Institution, and there are some outstanding people there.”

But for some faculty, it is about Hoover. Some see the campus policy institute as an ideologically diverse and necessary corrective to an overwhelmingly liberal professoriate; others, a right-wing think tank. In September, 122 faculty members signed a letter entitled “COVID-19 and the Hoover Institution: Time for a Reappraisal,” arguing that statements by several Hoover fellows downplayed the seriousness of the pandemic in the service of a particular policy approach at a time when the White House was suppressing or distorting information.

“We thought we detected a concerning pattern where more than one person appeared to be straying outside of their area of expertise and making pronouncements on an important scientific question,” says Joshua Landy, one of five professors who represented the group’s concerns to the Faculty Senate in February. “We weren’t always convinced that their methodologies were sufficiently robust for such a vital question—it’s a matter of life and death. And we weren’t convinced that, as an institution, Hoover was taking all of the steps that it could to make
Freedom and the Farm
It all began with a standoff between Jane Stanford and David Starr Jordan. Of course.

The imperative to delineate academic freedom in the United States originated at Stanford, although not in the principled way you might imagine. Between 1896 and 1900, an economics professor named Edward Ross came under scrutiny from Jane Stanford, possibly for the political position he took on silver monetary policy, but more probably because of his criticism of Asian immigration and labor, given that the latter underpinned the railroad wealth that had enabled Leland and Jane Stanford to establish the university. (Lest you detect a whiff of principle, Ross grounded his objections in xenophobic rhetoric. “He was a racist,” says former Stanford provost John Etchemendy, PhD ’82.)

In any event, after some years of pressure, Jane Stanford persuaded the university’s first president, David Starr Jordan, not to renew Ross’s annual contract. It created an uproar. Five faculty subsequently resigned—one under pressure from Jordan for questioning Ross’s dismissal, and four in protest of that. One of those, Arthur Lovejoy, would go on to co-found the American Association of University Professors, which, in 1915, released a “Declaration of Principles” that led universities nationwide to adopt common practices on tenure and academic freedom. Its 1940 update remains a guiding force in American higher education to this day.

Stanford’s current academic freedom statement was adopted in 1974, in the wake of disciplinary hearings that culminated in the dismissal of a tenured faculty member, a singular event in the university’s history. Associate professor of English H. Bruce Franklin, PhD ’61, was brought before the faculty advisory board on charges that his campus antwar speeches had incited lawbreaking and violence. The most serious concerned the events of February 10, 1971: First, Franklin urged students and others to shut down the Computation Center, then-president Richard Lyman wrote in his allegations, disrupting university operations, including Stanford Hospital. (Franklin says the center was running a government program related to the war effort.) After police cleared the building, Lyman wrote, Franklin incited protesters to disobey orders to disperse. Later that night, during a speech in the Old Union Courtyard, he encouraged the crowd to “make people’s war.” As was typical during Stanford protests over Vietnam, rocks were thrown and fires were started. As was much less typical, two young men were wounded by gunfire.

Franklin’s disciplinary hearings, which lasted six weeks and whose transcript surpassed 5,000 pages, were star-studded: Donald Kennedy, who would go on to become the university’s eighth president, presided over them in his capacity as advisory board chair; Ray Fisher, ’61, LLB ’66, later a Ninth Circuit judge, represented the university; future New York City schools chief Joel Klein assisted Franklin; and Harvard Law School professor Alan Dershowitz, then a young visiting scholar, supported his case in a brief with the ACLU. In his memoir, A Place in the Sun, Kennedy describes the hearings as also chaotic: Some of the 111 witnesses showed up in costume, and Franklin perused Chairman Mao Zedong’s Little Red Book during fulls in testimony. Dershowitz remarked afterward to the New York Times that he would not have chosen to decorate the defense table with a portrait of Stalin.

And they were consequential. The advisory board rejected the first charge—disrupting a campus speech by former ambassador to Vietnam Henry Cabot Lodge, forcing its cancellation (“I heckled him twice,” says Franklin)—but found Franklin responsible for the incitement charges pertaining to the Computation Center and Old Union, voting 5–2 to dismiss him from the faculty. Religious studies professor Robert McAfee Brown, who along with Kennedy preferred a one- or two-quarter suspension to outright dismissal, explained his thinking in terms of intellectual pluralism. “Stanford University will be less a true university without [Franklin] and more of a true university with him,” Brown said. “I fear that we may do untold harm to ourselves and to the cause of higher education unless, by imposing a penalty short of dismissal, we seek to keep him as a very uncomfortable but very important part of what this university, or any university, is meant to be.”

With the help of the ACLU, Franklin challenged the decision in court, where the Old Union charge was thrown out. It would take until 1985 for the case to wind its way through the courts, back to the advisory board, which confirmed that dismissal was appropriate based solely on the Computation Center charges, and back to the courts for a final decision on appeal. Meanwhile, the dismissal had real consequences for Franklin’s career. He says he found himself “blacklisted” from academia for three years, enrolling in a horticulture degree program at the College of San Mateo before landing a tenured position at Rutgers University—Newark.

Franklin flourished at Rutgers, writing books and articles on topics ranging from science fiction to Vietnam to prison literature to the overfishing of an unsung, ecologically valuable forager called the menhaden. “American studies is really my field now,” says the one-time Melville scholar, now 87 and living in the East Bay. “Probably my firing at Stanford was good for me. I loved being at Rutgers, especially the Newark campus.”

In his memoir, Kennedy, too, brought the benefit of hindsight to bear on the decision. At one point, “I thought I had wasted half a year of my life,” he writes. “I now realize that the Franklin case was influential in reshaping the faculty’s view of its own role. . . . As I later wrote, this case and others like it proved that ‘faculties can take hold of the values of their institutions, defend them successfully, and make a reality of the vision of the academy under even the most stressful challenges. The Franklin verdict, whether one agrees with it or not, represented a triumph of due process.”

Read the full story of Edward Ross at stanfordmag.org/contents/watch-your-words-professor

SAYS WHO

Edward Ross at stanfordmag.org/contents/watch-your-words-professor
A HOOVER HANDBOOK

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE began in 1919 as an archive of World War I materials collected by Herbert Hoover, a member of the Class of 1895 and Stanford’s only U.S. president. It derives its current mission from his 1959 statement to the university’s Board of Trustees: “This Institution supports the Constitution of the United States, its Bill of Rights and its method of representative government. Both our social and economic systems are based on private enterprise from which springs initiative and ingenuity... Our is a system where the Federal Government should undertake no governmental, social or economic action, except where local government, or the people, cannot undertake it for themselves... The overall mission of this Institution is, from its records, to recall the voice of experience against the making of war, and by the study of these records and their publication, to recall man’s endeavors to make and preserve peace, and to sustain for America the safeguards of the American way of life. This Institution is not, and must not be, a mere library. But with these purposes as its goal, the Institution itself must constantly and dynamically point the road to peace, to personal freedom, and to the safeguards of the American system.”

By design, Hoover is more independent than other institutes on campus; it reports directly to the president rather than to a dean, and it is advised by a board of overseers. Financially, it is a tub on its own bottom, supported almost entirely by endowment and donations. “I do not fund Hoover,” says Stanford provost Persis Drell. “I do provide funding to the library”—a much-renowned archive largely dedicated to the world history of the 20th and 21st centuries—“because that’s open to the entire community.”

Hoover has several categories of fellowships: visiting, research, adjunct—even particular ones for midcareer government officials and for postdoctoral scholars. The senior fellows most closely resemble university faculty; they go through a four-step appointment process in which they are vetted by their peers before being approved by the Hoover director and the university president. Fully two-thirds of the senior fellows have joint appointments and hold tenure in Stanford schools and departments, largely business, economics, political science and history, but also law, comparative literature, materials science and engineering, and developmental biology. The institution’s current research priorities include challenges in advanced capitalist societies; America and the world; embracing history; state and local governance; public opinion; China; and technology and governance.

Because Hoover is a policy institute, about 20 percent of its senior fellows don’t fall into traditional academic categories, often hailing instead from government or military service. One recent acclaimed presence on campus—Drell calls him “one of my heroes”—was former national security adviser H.R. McMaster. Hoover’s own Statement of Academic Freedom incorporates Stanford’s but also explicitly allows scholars and staff to publish writings that “give their interpretation or opinion.”

sagegovernments that “give their interpretation or opinion.”

But the presenters’ concerns about Hoover fellows’ statements went beyond COVID-19; their examples included sidinging ideas (a historian advocating “removing harmful influences” from high schools such as the 1619 Project, a Pulitzer Center curriculum on Black history based on a New York Times special report) and raising questions about the 2020 election (a classicist concurring with a TV commentator about a “feeling” that Joe Biden was “installed” as president-elect). They suggested that the proposed committee examine whether Hoover, which is uniquely independent among Stanford institutes (see sidebar), has a partisan agenda.

“It’s not as if Hoover is the only place that has a value statement about what it’s studying,” says Rice. “I have been an adjunct to the Center for Democracy, Development and the Rule of Law, and it explicitly says that it thinks these values [of democracy] are so great that we ought to be promoting them. Now, I happen to agree with it, but there are a lot of people who think the United States should mind its own business.”

“Hoover may be unique,” she told the Faculty Senate, “but it is not singular.”

And it’s not as if Hoover is the only place in the university that houses scholars whose views draw objections. “If the goal of the presentation is really to denounce or silence individual Hoover scholars who have behaved inappropriately, who have voiced unpopular opinions or views, who have spoken untruths, or have spoken publicly outside of their expertise, I just have to say as provost that is not just a Hoover issue,” Drell said at the Faculty Senate meeting.

“I get many demands to censure Stanford faculty for all sorts of things. It is the essence of academic freedom that we are not going to institutionally pass judgments of that sort.”

As to the question of partisanship, Rice pulled 2020 data from the Federal Elections Commission that showed that Hoover fellows donated in equal measure to Democratic and Republican candidates for office. The Stanford faculty at large? 9:1.
“I think we’re lucky that we have Hoover in that it brings a little bit of this ideological diversity that we sorely lack,” Etchemendy says. “I wish people were encountering that kind of diversity within their own departments. The thing is, it hones your own argument.

“Now, mind you, I’ve been a Democrat my whole life.”

Rice, too, speaks forcefully against echo chambers. “You have to subject your views and your research and your opinions to contest with those who don’t agree with them,” she says. “I say this to my students all the time: If you simply are in the company of people who say ‘amen’ to everything you say, find other company.”

But there’s the value of ideological diversity and then there’s the pesky problem that commentary, whether from left, right or center, isn’t the same as data-driven research. And since Hoover is a policy institute, that issue can come up a lot, especially when its fellows engage with the media. As Spiegel pointed out at the senate meeting, not every member of the general public can differentiate between the results of a peer-reviewed paper and a scholar’s off-the-cuff remark, especially if it’s taken out of context and amplified by an internet outrage machine. Either way, they consider it “Stanford” speaking.

That’s part of the price of academic freedom, says Drell, and the benefit “totally outweighs the cost” in the final analysis. “Academic freedom is the right for me to study what I want to study and draw the conclusions that I choose to draw, and sometimes my conclusions are based in deep disciplinary knowledge—and that’s the goal that the university is built on. But sometimes my opinions are not very well formulated or they’re based on shallow thinking on my part. Because I want to protect the one, I’m going to allow the other,” she says. “And one person’s deliberate disinformation is another person’s truth.”

A 3-D VISION
Drell and Rice, who were ultimately tasked with presenting a report on Hoover to the senate in a year’s time, already have plans underway. Rice wants to more deeply integrate the institution with the rest of Stanford, especially in the relatively untapped areas of science and engineering, which Drell fully supports. “You want the technical people and the people who are crafting policy to be very closely tied together, or policy can fail to understand the power of the technology or squelch the technology,” Drell says. “Having some Hoover senior fellows who are joint with the School of Engineering or the School of Medicine—I think that would be awesome.” Also on the to-do list: increasing the diversity of the Hoover fellows in age, race and gender—“Condi will joke that she’s on the young side of the age distribution”—and focusing on the institution’s research priorities.

“If it is a matter of cooperation, integrating more deeply into Stanford, working more effectively with Stanford, I am committed to that. And I do believe that I know how to do it,” Rice, herself a former provost, told the Faculty Senate. “Let us get to work on it, and I’d be happy to come back with Provost Drell and talk about how it’s going.”

A fortified relationship between Hoover and the rest of Stanford could increase scholarly cross-pollination and healthy debate. It’s the kind of work universities are well equipped to do, both fueled by and in furtherance of academic freedom. Tessier-Lavigne brings us back to Stanford’s statement of its principles. “Every word was carefully chosen by our forebears back in 1974,” he says. “There is this phrase in it: ‘expression of the widest range of viewpoints should be encouraged.’ It’s very important for the university to be attentive to whether or not it has become captive to a small set of views, and there’s no question that without Hoover and the scholars at Hoover, Stanford would have less intellectual diversity. The academic life of the university would be the poorer for it.”

And he has a perfect example of the Hoover-Stanford relationship at its best. “That senate meeting was very poignant because it was soon after George Shultz passed away,” Tessier-Lavigne says (see page 22). “If you think about what George Shultz contributed as a senior fellow at Hoover—to scholarship, to policy breakthroughs in arms control and energy policy and many other fields—Stanford’s intellectual life would have been dramatically impoverished without those contributions. His approach to tackling problems was to bring together people who often had very different views and persuasions in an attempt to develop policy solutions that could elicit wide support. That was part of his genius: He was a bridge builder extraordinaire. And so, especially at a time of such terrible division in our country, which is preventing progress in tackling many of the great problems confronting us, I hope we’ll keep in mind the value of Secretary Shultz’s approach.”

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Work on the country’s biggest student-run powwow never really stops. By the time bills are paid, records are closed and everything is put away after the Mother’s Day weekend event, it’s nearly time to start again, says Denni Woodward, associate director of Stanford’s Native American Cultural Center.

But preparations truly pick up after freshmen arrive in the fall, some of whom join the planning committees with only a vague idea of what lies ahead. Often, she says, it’s not until Grand Entry on opening night—as hundreds of dancers in tribal regalia from across the United States and Canada arrive to song and drum—that new students grasp the full picture.

“They’re all just a blubbering mess,” Woodward says. “It’s so powerful. To see that arena full of the dancers you’ve invited and every seat, every bleacher, someone sitting—it’s amazing.”

About 50 students work on Stanford Powwow throughout the year, a number that triples as the event nears. Over three days in May, Powwow attracts an estimated 30,000 visitors, about half of whom are Native, Woodward says.

Or so it was for decades. This year, the pandemic forced Stanford Powwow to celebrate its 50th anniversary without the distinctive mix of drum, dance and dust in the eucalyptus grove across from the stadium. The same was true in 2020. But this time, organizers found ways to bring

BY SAM SCOTT
most of Powwow—from dance contests to honor songs to art stands—online.

“All you need is some dirt, frybread and the smell of the eucalyptus trees, and you will have the Stanford Powwow in your home,” says senior Jade Okute Win Goodwill, in her third year as co-chair. “We wanted to keep the people dancing and to keep this event going no matter what.”

**Powwow can be** an intensely social event. For former co-chair Marcel Begay, ‘96, it’s what pulls him back to campus. “It serves as an anchor,” he says. For many, it also has larger meaning as a proclamation of the vibrancy of Native life on a campus that long seemed bereft of such, despite its roots on the ancestral lands of the Muwekma Ohlone Tribe.

As recently as 1969, there were just four Native undergrads in the Stanford student body. (Today, there are around 300.) Ella Anagick, ’73, a Native Alaskan, remembers the Daily asking to interview her during her freshman year. “I declined,” she says, “because I just wanted to blend in back then.”

But Anagick and the other undergrads made their presence known in other ways. In November 1969, they signed a letter to Stanford president Kenneth Pitzer, asking the university to increase its enrollment of Native students and to offer more administrative and academic support for them.
STANFORD SHOUTOUT:
Chandler Hood, '14 (Navajo), performs the Grass Dance during the 2017 Powwow.
including through changes to student orientation. “Almost anything that is done in this regard will be an improvement over the present situation,” they wrote.

The letter helped spur a new chapter in the Native experience at Stanford. By 1970, Indigenous enrollment had increased sevenfold, and the newly founded Stanford American Indian Organization (SAIO) was pressing to remove the Indian mascot, which would happen in 1972. In 1974, Stanford’s Native American Cultural Center (NACC) opened, the enduring heart of Native life on campus.

Amid all this, the first Powwow was held on May 1, 1971. Ads said the event would highlight Native culture to the local community and raise money for student financial aid. They also had a political cast: The two-day dance would honor the Sioux men, women and children massacred by U.S. Cavalry at the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890, an event one organizer likened to atrocities in Vietnam.

Dean Chavers, MA ’73, MA ’75, PhD ’76, a Lumbee Indian who had been part of the Native occupation of Alcatraz the year before, remembers another motivation as well: to attract Native students to Stanford and to make life better for the few already there. “It was most important for the freshmen,” he says. “They were pretty homesick.”

Fifty years later, Powwow is many things to many people. It’s a highlight for the Bay Area’s large Indigenous population, a magnet for tribal performers and vendors from across North America, a pan-Indian celebration of unity, a spiritual affirmation, the university’s largest annual multicultural event and an ideal way to celebrate Mother’s Day weekend.

And, as in Chavers’s day, it’s a comfort to those adjusting to life at Stanford. Approximately 100 of the 1,700 freshmen
who matriculate each fall are Native, Woodward says.

January Tobacco—a member of the Oglala Lakota Tribe who grew up on Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, one of the poorest regions in the nation—chose Stanford because of its support for Native students. She remembers getting calls from the NACC, and from students, reassuring her Stanford would be a good place for her. “No other university was doing that,” she says.

But as a self-described mama’s girl, Tobacco, ‘17, who co-chaired Powwow her junior and senior years, still missed home—and the wealth she saw on and around campus jarred her. “I didn’t even realize that there was that much money in the world.” Her first Stanford Powwow surprised her with the way it transported her back to Pine Ridge. “To get a piece of frybread, to just hear all the Native voices and the Native laughter and to get dust in your hair—it was like having a piece of home on campus.”

There are other vital aspects of Stanford Native life: the NACC, the Muwekma-Tah-Ruk ethnic theme house, SAIO and the students themselves. But Powwow weekend, Tobacco says, brings them all together.

Even next year, the pandemic could continue to present challenges for Powwow. There will be only one undergrad class on campus that has put on the event live. Goodwill and other leaders are busy creating guides to bridge the knowledge gap.

But Constance Owl, ’18, a member of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians and another former Powwow co-chair, doesn’t seem fazed. Powwow’s persistence for 50 years is testament to a deep community commitment to making things better for those who come after. “I don’t know if campus is going to be able to handle the turnout that we’re going to have for the next in-person Powwow,” she says. “It’s going to be huge.”

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Reflecting: A Northern Traditional dancer at the 1999 Powwow. “Dancing in one’s tribal regalia is often a prayerful process full of respect for the environment and Native lifeways.” Woodward notes.
In an increasingly interconnected world, the next pandemic is not 100 years away. Here’s what scientists are worried about and how we can prepare.

BY DENI ELLIS BÉCHARD

Illustrations By Catrin Welz-Stein
Maria Van Kerkhove crossed the yard to the bedroom window of her sons, then 9 and 1, to wave to them. For two months—“the worst of my life,” she recalls—she saw them and her husband only through glass. The novel coronavirus was spreading in Geneva, Switzerland, where Van Kerkhove, MS ’01, is the World Health Organization’s technical lead for COVID-19 response, and too little was known about the disease for her to risk exposing her family. “A lot of people have asked me if that was an exaggeration,” she says. “You have to remember that time and the uncertainty in it.”

She, like millions of others, has since learned much about SARS-CoV-2, the virus that causes COVID-19. And yet a question remains as to how the virus first infected humans—an important one for Van Kerkhove, an epidemiologist who also heads the WHO’s unit for emerging diseases and zoonoses (animal diseases that have spilled over into human populations). Understanding the path each zoonotic disease takes to reach humans is crucial for developing strategies to prevent, detect and respond to future outbreaks. “By some estimates, 70 to 80 percent of emerging and reemerging pathogens are zoonotic,” she says, “so we always expected that the next one—Disease X—could be a zoonotic pathogen.” But though SARS-CoV-2 originated in bats, the story isn’t simple, and its journey to humans may have taken years. For instance, the MERS (Middle East respiratory syndrome) coronavirus, which was transmitted from bats to camels to humans, was first documented in 2012, but analysis of stored camel blood has revealed the presence of MERS antibodies as far back as 1983. “This means that MERS coronavirus was circulating among dromedary camels for almost 40 years—for at least that long,” Van Kerkhove says. In January 2021, a WHO team traveled to Wuhan, China, and examined the Huanan Seafood Market, where the COVID-19 outbreak was initially thought to have begun. They determined that the virus could have hitched a ride with a number of species sold there: rabbits, civets, ferret badgers, raccoon dogs, pangolins—some of which, though wildlife, are raised for slaughter in other provinces. The virus could have been circulating in animals for years, mutating and becoming better adapted to humans, before the urban density of Wuhan—a city of 11 million—provided the perfect setting for a massive outbreak. “The Huanan market itself was an amplification event,” Van Kerkhove says. “It wasn’t the start of the pandemic.”

News outlets have called COVID-19 “a once-in-a-century pandemic”—as if, when it’s over, the human race can indulge in a 100-year-long unmasked sigh of relief. But today’s earth is not that of 1918, when we last saw an outbreak this disruptive. Since then, the world population has quadrupled, increasing by 6 billion, in lockstep with livestock breeding, the destruction of forests and global warming. Not for the distant future but for this world, as it is now, COVID-19 provides a cautionary tale—of transmission between wildlife and humans, of densely packed urban areas, of a globe as wound up as a ball of yarn but with highways and flight paths. This, though, is a tangled tale: In nature, all is connected, and in ways that humans have only begun to imagine.
In the Beginning

Wrath of gods or evil spirits, epidemics are mentioned often enough in ancient texts as to count among life’s inevitabilities. While some civilizations may have understood the source of infection—hence cultural prohibitions against eating certain animals—the full extent of zoonoses was unknown. The bubonic plague originated in gerbils; genetic studies have traced smallpox back millennia to rodents, and measles to cattle. Well into the 19th century, diseases were often transmitted from animals to humans via milk—until Louis Pasteur turned the page on that era with his eponymous technique in 1862. He later devised vaccines for two zoonotic era with his eponymous technique in 1862. He later devised vaccines for two zoonotic diseases, anthrax and rabies. Today, scientists continue to refine their understanding of zoonoses, increasingly advocating for surveillance of hot spots.

Among the most monitored viruses is the one we know best: the flu. Specifically, the avian flu, passed from migrating birds to poultry. In 2009, Van Kerkhove finished her PhD on the avian flu and shortly afterward became a WHO consultant, when that year’s influenza pandemic began. Whereas the avian flu virus is poorly adapted to humans (difficult for us to transmit, though often causing fatal illness), pigs are susceptible to both human and avian flu, providing a crucible in which a virus can mutate. The best-known virus to emerge in this fashion was the 1918 flu, which may have claimed 3 to 5 percent of the world’s population—50 to 100 million people.

The 2009 influenza, dubbed the swine flu, was another interspecies alchemy. Since then, avian flu has been transmitted to humans many times, often directly from birds. “It just keeps going,” Van Kerkhove says. “You have spillover events and then a small outbreak, but it hasn’t taken off.”

Stephen Luby, a professor of medicine and a senior fellow at the Woods Institute for the Environment, has also researched avian flu outbreaks. “Had we had this conversation 14 months ago,” he said in January, “we probably would have spent it all on influenza and not said a word about the coronaviruses, because communicable disease epidemiologists are constantly looking back to 1918 and saying, ‘It could happen again.’”

During his eight years in Bangladesh with the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, Luby discovered that an obstacle to decreasing avian flu outbreaks lay in people’s relationship with their poultry. “Eighty-five percent of the rural population in Bangladesh raise chickens,” he says. “The return on investment is on the order of 300 percent. These are low-income settings, so you want to raise poultry, and the cheap way to do that is to have them run around your hut. Then, at night, people usually bring them into the home and, most commonly, put them under the bed.” Though such frequent contact could create a virus adapted to humans, people are reluctant to forgo economic benefits. “We’re arguing from the perspective of pandemics, which are low-probability, high-consequence events,” Luby says. “The issue here isn’t about education and knowledge. It’s really about incentives.”

However, Luby has seen success mitigating outbreaks with a virus that few know by name but that anyone who’s seen the 2011 film Contagion knows in spirit: Nipah. While it doesn’t actually melt your brain, as depicted during the autopsy of Gwyneth Paltrow’s character, initial symptoms include fever, coughing and vomiting, followed by seizures, coma and often-fatal encephalitis. Today, Nipah is among the world’s most surveilled viruses. Whereas COVID-19—having already claimed nearly 3 million lives—has a 1 to 2 percent fatality rate, Nipah’s can be as high as 75 percent, worse than the Black Death’s, which wiped out a third of Europe’s population during the late Middle Ages.

Luby recalls leaving a CDC conference on Nipah earlier in his career, shaking his head and thinking, “That is one bad virus. Glad I don’t have to work on that.” A few years later, in Bangladesh, he was studying Nipah outbreaks and prevention. Fortunately, whereas SARS-CoV-2 is airborne—diffused during normal breathing and able to linger in the air—Nipah is transmitted via large aerosolized droplets from coughing that don’t carry far. “We’ve had dozens and dozens of spillovers,” Luby says, “but the virus has never been efficient enough in person-to-person transmission to sustain ongoing transmission. But we worry that the virus has changed just as we’re watching SARS-CoV-2 change now.”

Though COVID-19 is to Nipah what hand grenades are to heavy artillery, they both—like rabies and Ebola—originated in bats. In Nipah’s case, large fruit bats savor date palm sap, which Bangladeshis collect similarly to
We are pushing into carrying capacity of the planet. There will be more people.

We are pushing beyond the carrying capacity of the planet. We are pushing into and exploiting more areas and exposing more people, and we are also just so much more connected than we ever were," Luby says. "It's kind of like telling the French that wine with dinner is a risk factor." Ultimately, after the education campaign, Nipah cases declined.

During our restive truces with the viral world, we easily forget the unceasing mutations. While experts watched for Nipah and avian flu, coronaviruses schooled us in nature's variability. Before SARS-CoV-1 broke out in 2003 with a 9 percent mortality rate, coronaviruses were known to cause only mild upper-respiratory infections. MERS followed in Saudi Arabia with a 35 percent mortality rate but, mercifully, a relatively low rate of transmission. "If the coronaviruses had just read our textbooks, they would have behaved better," Luby says.

Whereas in previous centuries, outbreaks among humans often burned themselves out in remote villages, today's coronaviruses jet around the globe. In late 2019, weeks after SARS-CoV-2 was detected in China, it turned up in California. "We're pushing beyond the carrying capacity of the planet. We are pushing into and exploiting more areas and exposing more people, and we are also just so much more connected than we ever were," Luby says. "There will be a SARS-CoV-3."

**We're Pushing Beyond the Carrying Capacity of the Planet. We Are Pushing Into and Exploiting More Areas and Exposing More People. There Will Be A SARS-CoV-3.**

→ **Reservoir Hogs**

Human expansion and its consequences are stirring further uncertainty into nature's already formidable unpredictability. Global warming, habitat destruction, population growth, poverty and migrations—of both people and animals—are changing our relationships even with well-studied diseases. And what we know so far suggests that we are entering a new pathogenic frontier.

At first glance, the relationship between a population's size and viral spread is straightforward. Viruses thrive in dense populations, where air, water, surfaces and so much else are shared. But while the idea of herd immunity through infection—rather than holding out for vaccines—may seem to be a viable solution, it doesn't account for the fact that as viruses spread, they mutate. "The probability of that happening is a direct function of the number of people infected," says Robert Siegel, '76, MA '77, MD '90, a professor of microbiology and immunology. The larger that population, the greater the likelihood that a mutant will adapt to survive longer in the air or to better infect respiratory tracts, as we are seeing with SARS-CoV-2. The same is true for diseases spreading through large livestock populations crammed into limited spaces. Global increase in human population (on average, by 84 million annually) creates a chain reaction: Meat demand rises, more forests are razed, and more atmospheric carbon and methane are produced. Then, as the planet heats up and habitats vanish, wildlife and insects migrate, increasing the likelihood that even well-known diseases will become more devastating.

Consider Rift Valley Fever, a virus carried by mosquitoes and thought to have originated in bats. It has long infected cattle, sheep and people during rainy periods in East Africa, but in recent years, outbreaks have become more frequent and widespread. "When the rains come, you go from having zero mosquitoes to a million mosquitoes," says Desiree LaBeaud, a professor of pediatrics specializing in infectious diseases and a senior fellow at the Woods Institute. "Climate change and more flooding events are leading to more outbreaks."

Rift Valley fever hits livestock the hardest, causing nearly 100 percent of those pregnant to abort while killing 90 percent of the young and 10 percent of adults. For humans, typical consequences are fever, aches and dizziness, with small risks of vision loss, neurological damage or death. Twenty years ago, the disease spread beyond Africa through cattle trading, infecting both livestock and people on the border of Saudi Arabia and Yemen. Yet even as outbreaks grow larger and more frequent, there is little surveillance to prevent the disease from reaching the western hemisphere, which has hundreds of millions of cattle. "If the virus were to make it here, there's a lot of potential for it to become endemic and to spread," LaBeaud says.

The movement of millions of humans around the planet in conjunction with global warming has, in just the past few decades, caused known viruses to become newly
established in the Americas. In 1999, West Nile virus—which originated in Africa—appeared in Queens, New York. In epidemiological lingo, the reservoir is the host species in which the virus multiplies, and the vector is the species that transmits the infection between organisms. For West Nile, both were present throughout the western hemisphere: Birds were the reservoirs and mosquitoes the vectors that transmitted the virus. The disease spread rapidly—especially along changing bird migratory routes—from Canada to Venezuela, infecting millions of people and killing thousands from encephalitis. Similarly, Chikungunya and Zika, both mosquito-borne viruses, have spread into the Americas and Europe.

Even long-established diseases such as yellow fever, dengue and malaria, which arrived in the western hemisphere during the slave trade, are expanding their ranges. Yellow fever—transmitted from nonhuman primates to humans via mosquitoes—found a new world replete with all three and caused deadly outbreaks across the Americas in the 18th and 19th centuries. In recent years, Brazil has experienced some of the worst flare-ups of yellow fever in nearly a century due to rapid deforestation that brings the mosquitoes down from the canopy and into impoverished settlements. “Most of the infected were young men working in the forest or along the edge,” says LaBeaud. “They’ll say, ‘Oh no, the monkeys are dropping dead out of the trees.’ They know that means yellow fever is around.”

To understand how diseases are spreading, LaBeaud partners with Erin Mordecai, an assistant professor of biology and a disease ecologist. Using LaBeaud’s field data, Mordecai models how climate change may redistribute mosquito-borne diseases. “You might think of it as the mosquito biting someone and picking up some blood and putting the pathogens in that blood into another person, but that's not really the way it happens,” Mordecai says. “The pathogens in that blood meal have to avoid getting digested and excreted, so they have to be able to break through the mid-gut barrier of the mosquito and then replicate and disseminate throughout the body, and eventually bind to the salivary glands.” With rising temperatures, that process speeds up, as does the mosquito’s life cycle. Taking both into account,
Mordecai’s modeling shows optimal temperatures for the spread of each disease: for dengue, 84 degrees; for malaria, a balmy 78. As average global temperatures rise, dengue could replace malaria across much of the world and spread as far north as Alaska and Scandinavia.

While less malaria sounds great, a corresponding increase in dengue is not a fair trade. For decades, public health measures have been developed to treat malaria and to target the Anopheles mosquito, which carries the pathogen. For example, Anopheles is nocturnal and can be killed with insecticide-treated bed nets. Aedes aegypti, which carries dengue, is diurnal. “One way to control malaria is to diagnose cases quickly and treat people with antimalarial drugs,” Mordecai says. “Well, the diagnostic test for malaria and the drugs that work against malaria don’t work for dengue.” In fact, no reliable treatment for dengue exists. The mortality rate of its severe form—though less than 1 percent with proper care—can be as high as 20 percent.

Living on the Edge

Historically, bats have had a bad rap in the West—nocturnal, diabolic, vampiric—even though they pollinate plants and keep insects in check. Though scientific data has yet to link them to the devil or living dead, they are host to, well, a host of pathogens, in part because of their proclivity for spending their days in conditions as crowded as house parties. (We’ve seen how that has worked out for humans with SARS-CoV-2.) “Bats are what viruses dream about at night,” Siegel quips—not just because of their population density and their roosting in excrement-filled caves, but also because of their ability to fly and disperse pathogens. They may also have immune systems perfectly calibrated to suppress viruses without eliminating them; or, through the high metabolic demands of mammalian flight, they may sufficiently raise their body temperatures at night to keep those pathogens in check, allowing for periods of latency and recrudescence (think herpes). These theories are unproven, but scientists are currently building cases. “Bat viruses adapted to fight a really immunologically adept host and then got a different host, like humans,” Siegel says. “They don’t realize that they’ve got a weakling for a host, basically, so we suffer the consequences.”

Though bats hardly rise to mascot status for humans, humans are truly the stuff of nightmares for bats—not to mention other species. We’ve contributed to atmospheric carbon levels that are consistently higher than any time in the past 3 million to 4 million years, and global temperatures are soaring. The natural world—and by that, we’re talking ecological systems so complex and vast that scientists have barely tapped their mysteries—is buckling under the strain. Less obvious is the fact that sometimes we are driving the spread of diseases. Professor Elizabeth Hadly, an environmental biologist and a senior fellow at the Woods Institute, studied bats in Costa Rica, where farming has fragmented forests. Blood tests showed that 33 percent of them carried bartonella, a
bacterium implicated in cat scratch fever, among other conditions, in humans. While this prevalence was remarkable, Hadly says, the real surprise came when her lab built a phylogenetic tree of every known sample of bartonella collected in the world, showing the many species affected. Human activity appeared to be spreading independently evolved strains of the bacterium into new regions and between species, with evidence of transmission from domesticated animals to bats. “Many people assume that we have to fear wildlife,” Hadly says, “but actually wildlife has as much if not more to fear from us.”

This risk of spillover—both to and from humans—increases with climate change, which continually shifts the natural environments of animals toward the poles. A changing climate can cause flowers to bloom and insects to hatch at different times, and animals that have adapted to year-round food sources suddenly face privation. “As we all know,” Hadly says, “when you’re stressed, it’s pretty common to get sick, because stress basically causes a lot of wear and tear on your system.” Starving bats on frantic forays into human farmland are at higher risk of being contagious.

Hadly evokes the iconic image of an orangutan in a single tree, surrounded by clear-cut forest. We have become accustomed to such images of charismatic, keystone species: the polar bear trapped on the ice floe. But what we fail to see, Hadly says, is just how many wildlife populations are locked within increasingly fragmented landscapes. This not only disrupts migratory patterns and creates more edges where humans and animals come into contact, but it also prevents animals from finding new homes as the planet warms, since entire regions are now denuded. “How are they going to get across that area?” Hadly asks. “They end up either just dying or kind of piling up on the last place they can persist—and that is exactly where human domination of the landscape begins.” Bats that had inhabited the same caves for thousands of years suddenly begin roosting in the attics of homes and barns.

Climate change essentially turns these edges into a paradise for pathogens: large numbers of humans, livestock and wildlife crammed together, sharing water, air and nutrients, contaminating one another with fecal matter. A virus can jump to a domesticated animal when a sick bat feeds from a trough or gets caught in the jaws of a dog or cat. From there, millions of humans and other animals are easily within reach. By one estimate, 1.7 million viruses have yet to be discovered in mammals and birds, of which 800,000 might be transmissible to humans. And we have little understanding of how they affect the wildlife that carry them. “We don’t know the basics of how bats or other mammals are responding to the waxing and waning of diseases,” Hadly says.

While animals are forced to infiltrate human territory, our own most vulnerable are the ones on the front lines of diseases. Americans have seen this play out with many service industry workers during COVID-19. Those with limited access to health care and who live in crowded conditions are at greater risk. Their increased vulnerability can give a pathogen the foothold it needs to begin to spread, says James Jones, an associate professor of earth system science and a senior fellow at the Woods Institute. Furthermore, in many countries, rapid urbanization leaves city dwellers with nostalgia for village life and an appetite for wild meats from home. And in rural settings, poor people—living at the human-wild interface with less and less buffer between them and natural habitats—find themselves foraging where humans once rarely ventured, says Laura Bloomfield, ’07, MS ’10, PhD ’20. “You have these islands of forest, which have been diminishing over time. People have higher access to the core habitat at the center of that forest,” she says. Her research in Uganda showed that people living in these regions had a greater risk of contact with nonhuman primates even in the absence of hunting.

Though additional forest may be cleared as local farms suffer the effects of climate change, the growing global demand for timber, sugar, palm oil and other exports is at the core of the problem, says Eric Lambin, a professor of earth system science and a senior fellow at the Woods Institute.

The simplistic version of the COVID-19 tale is that a bat flapped out of a cave and happened to infect an intermediary animal, which ended up in a market. But the complex pandemic reality is that as humans have reshaped the earth to our needs, desperate and vulnerable animals, sometimes carrying disease, are finding what may be their final refuge at the edge of human habitats—among our own most desperate and vulnerable.
→ Is There Hope?
Fevers. Blindness. Hemorrhaging. Inflamed brains. And now a global pandemic, which—while not the most lethal one imaginable—has devastated communities and left us hankering for good news. And there is some. The Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) is developing seven high-priority vaccines: Nipah, Rift Valley fever, Chikungunya, Ebola, Lassa (for a virus from rats), MERS (which, alongside Ebola, helped pave the way for the rapid creation of the SARS-CoV-2 vaccine) and Disease X—which is not a vaccine, per se, but a platform from which future vaccines could be developed.

Among COVID’s lessons is the importance of developing treatments for viral infection, to save lives until vaccines are created and distributed. Jan Carette, a professor of microbiology and immunology, is working to create broad-spectrum antiviral medicines, not unlike certain antibiotics. He does this by focusing on how viruses use animal cells to replicate. Rather than target the virus itself, he blocks the cellular proteins that the virus needs to make a copy of itself, keeping a lid on viral load in the infected body and buying hosts—us—time to kick the disease. “What host components does the virus latch onto in order to start a successful infection?” Carette says. His team has already identified a protein used by flaviviruses (yellow fever, dengue and Zika) and a drug that inhibits them, as well as a protein that, once neutralized in mice, completely protects them from enteroviruses (those that cause polio, some forms of the common cold and more). He is currently evaluating the safety of treatment and the best drugs to use.

But many of the most effective measures against pandemics lie in governance—from addressing people’s basic needs to funding the virological sleuthing that detects foes measured in nanometers. Michele Barry, senior associate dean of global health at Stanford Medicine and director of the Center for Innovation in Global Health, co-authored a 2020 paper on how improving rural health care in Borneo decreased illegal logging, since many of the people logging did so to pay for medical expenses. One of her students, Isabel Jones, PhD ’20, “did a deep dive and what we called ‘radical listening’ to hear what people wanted that would prevent them from logging.” Barry says. “And what they wanted was health care.” Ten years after a medical clinic was established, illegal logging had decreased by 70 percent and better access to health care had reduced the rates of infectious diseases.

Barry believes that governments must provide better funding for the WHO, CEPI and PREDICT, a USAID program that identified 1,200 viruses capable of infecting humans, among them more than 160 previously unknown coronaviruses. (PREDICT, part of USAID’s Emerging Pandemic Threats program, was defunded in 2019.) “When we look at the WHO, its budget is not even as much as the Stanford Hospital budget,” Barry says, “and you’re talking about the budget for the entire world.” Her goal is to establish a center for planetary health at Stanford, since ecosystem health is inseparable from human health, just as the health of other nations is inseparable from that of our own. Barry believes we need to put some of our focus on other countries, or “it’s hopeless for pandemics—unless we work in a global fashion.”

The challenge, of course, is that political—and corporate—leadership changes, often reversing previously established initiatives. But some entrepreneurs are devising ways to mitigate pandemics by writing them into the business model. The virologist Nathan Wolfe, ’92, who describes his former work as a virus hunter in The Viral Storm: The Dawn of a New Pandemic Age, has added pandemics to the list of natural disasters against which companies should insure themselves. Just as hurricane or earthquake insurance requires businesses to be prepared. “To qualify for the insurance policy,” Wolfe says, “you have to show that you have reasonable surveillance, and you have to have contingency plans. You are incentivized to look for [virus outbreaks] because if you see cases, you know that the certification of those cases will lead to the release of funds that permit you to control the outbreak early.”

But companies showed virtually no interest in pandemic insurance before COVID–19, and the cause may lie in how humans reason: We don’t worry about problems that don’t regularly arise. “When public health works, we don’t see illness and disease, right?” says James Jones. “People aren’t able to make that counter-factual scenario, where if we didn’t have the public health, what would this look like?” For
Jones, understanding human behavior is crucial to preventing pandemics. “If 40 percent of the population think the virus is a hoax and another 20 percent think it’s actually the harbinger of a new world government coming to put mind-control chips in your brain, your optimal strategies won’t do a damn bit of good.”

Behavioral response is crucial even at the most basic level, such as perceiving a disease as harmless and ignoring public health orders. “That’s the paradox of COVID,” Jones says. “Because it, for the most part, is a mild disease and most people who are infected will recover, people don’t take it as seriously as something like Ebola.” He recently received a National Science Foundation grant to investigate how ideas about pandemics emerge, how they influence transmission and how they can be overcome. Understanding human belief might prove key to encouraging people not only to adopt preventive measures and get vaccinated, but also to run pandemic-conscious companies and elect governments that invest in surveillance, prevention and treatment.

As for the beliefs of government leaders, those most attuned to pandemic prevention are in places that have experienced previous outbreaks. “These are real-world ‘simulations’ that countries have gone through,” Maria Van Kerkhove says. “Each time, they learn and they adapt and they adjust.” For instance, in 2015, a single individual who had visited several countries in the Middle East returned home to South Korea and started a MERS outbreak with 186 cases and 38 deaths. “The country had more than 70,000 people quarantined at one point,” she says. “The economic impact was on the order of $8 billion.” That experience with MERS made South Korea more responsive to COVID-19 than many other countries.

But even nations with comparatively few resources—Nigeria, Senegal and Rwanda—have successfully mobilized public health staff experienced with outbreaks. “Countries across Asia and across Africa know the value of basic public health measures. This is Epidemiology 101,” Van Kerkhove says. “You build the system from the ground up. You have the workforce in place to find cases and do cluster investigations and have community health workers go door-to-door. These countries may not have the most robust hospital system or the most sophisticated lab system, but every single one of them knows how to use the resources they have strategically.” Van Kerkhove hopes that in many countries—and especially in those of North America and Europe, where quality of individual care is emphasized over public health—the experience of COVID-19 results in better systems. And each nation, she believes, will have to take into consideration many larger factors—people and animals migrating and the disruption of ecosystems. “We have an opportunity here to use this horrible experience that we’ve all gone through to better ourselves and better the world we live in and the world we’re giving to our children and our children’s children,” she says. “This is no longer theoretical. It’s real.”

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“APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS the man,” Shakespeare declared. Clothing is a form of communication, conveying “respect or disdain, purpose or aimlessness, seriousness or frivolity,” writes Stanford law professor Richard Thompson Ford, ’88, in Dress Codes: How the Laws of Fashion Made History. But if clothing is communication, are dress codes censorship?

Throughout history, sumptuary laws—laws regulating consumption, often but not always of clothing—have restricted certain colors, fabrics and garments, usually to preserve a social hierarchy. The Spartans, predictably, one of the first societies to place legal limits on opulent attire; medieval sumptuary laws reinforced biblical dictates about vanity, greed and modesty. As social mobility and industrialization transformed Western culture, dress codes protected elites from competition with the emerging merchant and middle classes.

Today, dress codes turn up in surprising places: not just schools and offices, but also Disneyland and Starbucks, the latter of which has a strict dress code for its baristas. Controversies over hemlines, hijabs and hoodies continue to make headlines. Even the most anti-authoritarian subcultures have unwritten dress codes “as powerful as rules inscribed in law,” Ford notes. And trademarks increasingly do the work of sumptuary laws, creating artificial scarcity.

Ford dissects dress codes with the eloquence and argumentative precision you’d expect of a law professor, deftly drawing ideological lines from the sprezzatura (studied nonchalance) Castiglione recommended in The Book of the Courtier to The Official Preppy Handbook, from the Zoot Suit Riots to the sagging pants of urban Black teens, and from Louis XIV’s red heels to Christian Louboutin’s red soles. But he underestimates the extent to which sumptuary laws were often ignored or selectively enforced, and rooted in economic rather than moral concerns. The platform shoes of Renaissance Venice were controversial because they necessitated longer, more expensive gowns, for example, and the growing variety of dress over time was a function of cheaper, mass-produced clothes as well as the rise of liberal individualism.

Ford concludes, persuasively, that true freedom of dress does not (yet) exist; until it does, dress codes can be helpful as well as harmful. Thought-provoking and sweeping in scale, Dress Codes captures how what we wear proclaims “our deepest commitments, aspirations, and sense of self,” whether we realize it or not. Don’t get dressed until you read it.

Such laws were hard to enforce and often flouted: After all, if a nobleman was to be distinguished by his attire, how else could one tell whether a person dressed in red silk and ermine was entitled to wear it?

We Recommend

On the Horizon

**While I Was Away**
Waka T. Brown, ’94, MA ’95; Quill Tree Books. Pitch-perfect memoir for tweens, teens and anyone who has ever felt out of place.

**The Alchemy of Us: How Humans and Matter Transformed One Another**
Ainissa Ramirez, MS ’92, PhD ’98; MIT Press. Eight inventions that radically changed our lives, and the materials that made them possible.

**Time’s Monster: How History Makes History**
Priya Satia, ’95; Belknap Press. From a Stanford history professor, the policymaking power of the historian’s pen.

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David Biespiel, Stegner fellow 1993–95; Kelson Books. The disquietude of returning to what you thought you’d left behind.

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Ernest William "Bill" Hancock, of Palo Alto, December 1, at 93. He taught cardiology from 1960 to 1994 and was the 1997 winner of Stanford’s Albion Walter Hewlett Award for teaching and research. He made fundamental contributions to understanding mitral valve prolapse, pericardial disease and the effect of radiation treatment on the heart. In the 1980s, he was chairman of the cardiovascular board of the American Board of Internal Medicine. He also loved music and was a lifelong pianist. Survivors: his wife, Joan; sons, Will, Nelson and Adam; and six grandchildren.

Ralph Hester, of Stanford, November 29, at 88. He was professor emeritus of French after spending his entire 37-year career at Stanford. His research focused on Renaissance literature and language pedagogy. He co-authored several widely used French textbooks, chaired the department of French and Italian, directed overseas programs in Tours and Paris and founded the France-Stanford Center for Interdisciplinary Studies. The French government awarded him the title of Chevalier dans l’Ordre des Palmes Académiques. Survivors: his wife of 54 years, Claudie; daughters, Annabelle, ’90, and Nathalie; and four grandchildren.

Edward Paul Lazear, of Reno, Nev., November 23, at 72, of pancreatic cancer. He was Davies Family Professor of Economics. He was a pioneer and founder in the field of personnel economics. He received numerous awards, both in his field and for teaching, and founded the Journal of Labor Economics and the Society of Labor Economists. He also served as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and played a critical role in addressing the financial crisis and recession at the end of the George W. Bush administration. Survivors: his wife, Victoria; and daughter, Julie.

Carl Edwin Thoresen, MA ’60, PhD ’64 (education), of Los Gatos, Calif., October 20, at 87. He was professor of psychology and the author of nine books and more than 150 articles and book chapters on eating and sleep disorders and other topics in the field of health psychology. He enjoyed exploring the world with his family on visiting professorships at Harvard and in Montana, New Mexico, Maine, Rome and London. Survivors: his wife of 62 years, Kay; children, Trygve, Kristen Bridgeman, ’84, MS ’85, and Amy Goforth, ’88; and seven grandchildren.

1930s

Robert H. Dreisbach, ’37 (chemistry), of Spokane, Wash., at 104. He was professor emeritus of chemical and systems biology. He did graduate work at the U. of Chicago and served as an Army doctor in Panama before joining Stanford’s department of pharmacology. His handbook on diagnosing and treating poisoning became a standard reference work and is still in print. In retirement he enjoyed hiking and mountain climbing in Switzerland and closer to home near Seattle. Survivors: his children, Carl and Elizabeth; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Elizabeth MacCallum Buell, ’38 (German studies), of Greenbrae, Calif., September 1, at 102. She was a member of Chi Omega. She worked as administrative assistant to Ernie Arbuckle, then dean of the Graduate School of Business, and moved with him when he became chairman of the board of Wells Fargo in San Francisco. She retired in 1984 and moved to Greenbrae in 1997. She was predeceased by her husband, Ross, daughter, Leslie, and grandson Rodney. Survivors: her sons, Geoffrey Culver, MBA ’74, and Mac Allen Culver III, ’64, MBA ’66; and grandson.

1940s

John G. "Jack" Gurley, ’42, PhD ’51 (economics), of Palo Alto, November 15, at 100. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and helped the tennis team, playing both singles and doubles, win the national championship in 1942. After teaching at Princeton and the U. of Maryland, he returned to Stanford, where he was the first recipient of the Walter J. Gores Award for Excellence in Teaching. His research focused on economic growth and the economies of communist countries. He was predeceased by his wife of 69 years, Yvette (Magagnose, MS ’55).

Barbara Vogt Mallery, ’42 (Spanish), of Santa Fe, N.M., November 11, at 100. She raised her family Blazing a trail with wit and empathy, Deb Price let readers into her life and neutralized homophobia with candid accounts of quotidian concerns she shared in weekly columns.

Deborah Jane Price, ’81, MA ’81, died November 20 in Hong Kong of an autoimmune lung disorder, according to her wife and sole survivor, Joyce Murdoch. She was 62.

Price, the daughter of an Episcopal priest, began her journalism career at the Northern Virginia Sun and the Washington Post before joining the Detroit News, where, in 1992, she pitched what would become the first column on LGBT+ issues to be nationally syndicated in mainstream newspapers.

Her move was bold and her timing opportune, as the AIDS epidemic had frightened straight America and focused negative attention on gay men’s lives. She would write more than 900 columns over 18 years before accepting a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, where she studied Chinese history and politics. After her fellowship, she became the Southeast Asia editor of the Wall Street Journal, and, most recently, she worked for the South China Morning Post, based in Hong Kong.

Price’s columns were intended as a spirited and good-natured corrective to disapproving stereotypes. She visited a gay rodeo, referenced Bugs Bunny’s flirtations with Elmer Fudd in noting the rise of gay studies, and skewered sodomy laws and the ban on gay service member in the military.

“I chose a very personal style, inviting readers into my home life,” she wrote in the introduction to her 1995 collection of columns, And Say Hi to Joyce: America’s First Gay Column Comes Out. Her inaugural column, Price recalled, “described how awkward it was for me to try to introduce the woman I love to my boss because no universal language exists to describe gay couples.” So she solicited suggestions, and readers responded: One proposed “lovemate” while another offered “partner in perversity.”

She discounted the barbs. “I think it’s really important for me to remember,” she told the Associated Press in 1992, “that if there weren’t hostility and if there weren’t misunderstandings about gay people, there would be no point in doing this column.”

“It’s hard to overestimate how significant this was,” tweeted Joshua Benton, founder of Harvard’s Nieman Journalism Lab, after Price’s death. “Most Americans in 1992 said they didn’t know a single gay person. Then suddenly there was Deb on the breakfast table, next to the sports section.”

Her work was groundbreaking, both for its subject matter and its reach. “She was not singing to the choir,” Murdoch told the Detroit News. “She was singing to people who had not heard a voice like hers before. She was making a difference slowly, week by week, in how they saw things.”

—John Roemer
in Palo Alto and, after relocating to Santa Fe, worked for the U. of New Mexico Medical Center, state department of health and St. John’s Col- lege. The Historical Society of New Mexico hon- ored her for a book, “Wrote about her family’s ranch at age 80. She was predeceased by her first husband, Lawrence Bell, ’42, MS ’50; sec- ond husband, Richard Mallory; and son Alan Bell, ’65. Survivors: her children, Bruce Bell, ’71, and Catherine Bell; two grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

Russell Byrne Bryan, ’43 (physics), of Belmont, Calif., December 23, at 98, of COVID-19. He was a member of the soccer team and Phi Kappa Psi and served in the Navy during World War II. After earning his PhD at Harvard, he taught at Dartmouth, Cambridge and UC Berkeley. He was an avid hiker and reader and twice ran for Congress in California’s 10th District. Survivors: his daughters, Nicole Byrd, Katherine Larson and Jacqueline Wender, ’78; four grandchildren; three great- grandchildren; and brother Greysen, ’41.

June Ellis Catron, ’44 (sociology), of Santa Fe, N.M., October 12, 2017. She was a member of Delta Delta Delta and Cap and Gown. She met her future husband on their first day of freshman Eng- lish. Her volunteer work supported Junior Welfare, the Museum of New Mexico, the Santa Fe Opera and environmental causes. She was predeceased by her husband of 74 years, Tom, ’44, JD ’50, and son Stephen. Survivors: her children Fletcher, ’69, and Peggy; four grandchildren, including Thomas F. Catron, ’99; and two great-grandsons.

Joan Penberthy LaMontagne, ’45 (biological sci- ences), of Newport Beach, Calif., November 18, at 97. She was a member of Alpha Phi. She declined admission to Stanford Medical School in order to marry, but she went on to earn her PhD in psy- chology in 1987. She taught and wrote articles in her field and enjoyed sailing and playing the piano. She was predeceased by her husband, John, and son Stephen. Survivors: her children, John, Anne and David; seven grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Clement S. Wood Jr., ’45 (general engineering), of Reno, Nev., May 2, at 97. He was a member of Zeta Psi and the football team and served in the Navy during World War II. He worked on commer- cial and industrial projects as a partner at Hess, Greiner and Poland. He later founded an energy analysis consulting firm, where he worked until age 97. He was predeceased by his wife of 62 years, Tracy (Price, ’45). Survivors: his sons, Rocky and Robert; and three grandchildren.

Barbara Brooke Hultgren, ’46 (education), of Palo Alto, July 8, at 95. She taught elementary school on the Peninsula before starting a family in Mill Valley, Calif. Her family moved to the Stanford campus in 1959. She was a highly ranked senior tennis player, competing nationally for three decades and winning multiple singles and dou- bles titles. She was predeceased by her husband, Herb, ’39, MD ’43. Survivors: her sons, Peter ’81, Bruce and John; grandson; and brother, John, ’55.

Charles Winthrop Metcalf Jr., ’44 (economics), MBA ’50, of Elk Grove, Calif., December 2, at 97. He was on the golf team. He put his education on hold to serve in the Army during World War II. After earning his MBA, he established his own accounting firm and worked as a CPA. He was predeceased by his first wife, Barbara (Ross, ’48). Survivors: his children, David, Susan, Sharon and Melissa; 12 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

Bernice Helen “Breazy” Rosenthal, ’48 (political science), of San Francisco, January 9, at 93, of lung cancer. As a media buyer and director, she handled a number of leading accounts, from Gumps and Squaw Valley Lodge and Ski Area to the Golden Gate Bridge Authority. In 1963, she took a three-month tour of Asia and the South Pacific. She served on the board of the Green Street Cooperative for 22 years. She was also a lifelong fan of Stanford sports and an avid skier and tennis player.

Mary C. Amadonni Tateosian, ’49, of Walnut Creek, Calif., December 7, at 94. She worked as a pha- notomist in San Mateo, Calif., and raised her family in San Francisco and Walnut Creek. She held nuerous roles at St. John Armenian Church and served the Armenian community through the Daughters of Vartan Lodge. She also volunteered at John Muir Hospital. She was predeceased by her husband of nearly 65 years, Charles. Survivors: her children, David, Cathy and Lisa; and grandson.

1950s

Wiley North Caldwell Jr., ’50 (mechanical engi- neering), of Evanston, Ill., December 29, at 93. He was a member of Sigma Chi and the football team and served in the Navy during World War II. After earning his MBA, he founded Poroloy Equipment, a devel- oper of materials for the aerospace industry. He was later president of Midwest American Dental Supply and W. W. Grainger. He traveled widely to places from the equator to the North Pole. He was predeceased by his son Charles. Survivors: his wife, Joanne (Humphrey, ’50); children, Dave, Wendy Caldwell von Oech, ’76, and Tom; six grandchildren, including Athena von Oech, ’03; and seven great-grandchildren.

Ogden Jay Lamont Jr., ’50 (mechanical engineer- ing), of Belmont, Calif., December 28, at 91. He served in the Navy during the Korean War and in the naval reserve until 1989. He worked at sev- eral aerospace companies and enjoyed hunting, fishing and working in his home machine shop. He was a dedicated Boy Scout leader and was awarded the Silver Beaver for his service. He was proud of his Scottish heritage and served as presi- dent of the Last Scotch Club.

Walter Crockton Lundin Jr., ’50 (English), of Palo Alto, December 25, at 97. He served in the Army during World War II and the Korean War. In civil- ian life, he was an office manager for Southern Pacific. He loved taking his family to Pinecrest Lake, worshipping at Our Lady of the Rosary Church and helping the less fortunate. He was predeceased by his wife, Alice (Ferrera, ’51), and son Christopher. Survivors: his children, Walter, Mark, Kathy and Alison; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Howard Jesse Miller, ’50 (political science), of San Francisco, January 20, at 92. He was a San Francisco native and a proud member of Boy Scout Troop 17. Survivors: his wife of 62 years, Eleanor; daughters, Jeanne and Susan; and three grandchildren.

Kenneth D. Gardner Jr., ’51 (basic medical sci- ences), MD ’55, of Genoa, Nev., November 16, at 91. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi and the basketball team. After his internship and residency at the U. of Pennsylvania, he returned to teach at Stanford and conduct research in nephrology. He was awarded the first Henry J. Kaiser Award for excellence in teaching. He later helped estab- lish the medical school at the U. of Hawaii. He was predeceased by his wife, Margaret (Henderson, ’51). Survivors: his wife of 66 years, Dorothy (Rowe, ’53); and daughters Karen, Cathy and Hillary.

Dean Edward Holman, ’51 (economics), MBA ’52, of Atherton, Calif., December 17, at 93, of Binswanger’s disease. He was a member of the marching band and ROTC. He served as a pilot during World War II, training as a cryptographer toward the end of the conflict. After starting his career at IBM and Lockheed, he changed course by earning an orthodontics degree from UC San Francisco and opening a private practice in Portland, Ore. He was a dedicated Rotarian and loved history, animals, nature and music. Survivors: his wife, Joanne; daughters, Debby, Suzy and Cathy; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Marilyn May Dana Kennedy, ’51 (Romantic lan- guages), of Kentfield, Calif., August 29, at 90. She captained the swim team. In her charitable work, she supported the Tamalpais Guild of Sunny Hills, Florence Crittenton Auxiliary, Marin Art and Garden Center, Marin Charitable and St. Vincent’s Dining Room. She was predeceased by her husband of 58 years, Jack, and daughters Kathy and Frances. Survivors: her children Dana Kimsey, Brian and John; four grandchildren; and great-granddaughter.

Albert “Bud” Warner, ’51 (social science/ social thought), of Fresno, Calif., December 24, at 92. He was a member of Chi Psi and the baseball team. He was the fourth generation in his family to operate the Warner Company, a jewelry busi- ness that first opened in 1867. He was a Rotary Paul Harris Fellow and served on the Fresno grand jury. He was also a skilled fisherman and masterful card player. He was predeceased by his wife, Margie. Survivors: his daughters, Nancy Warner McPhaul, ’78, MA ’79, and Katie Blanchard; four grandchildren, including Angela McPhaul, ’10; and four great-grandchildren.

James Grafton Brown, ’52 (biological sciences), MA ’55 (education), of Millbrae, Calif., November 7, at 90. He began his career as a biology teacher in the San Francisco School District before assum- ing administrative roles, including serving as prin- cipal of Woodrow Wilson High School. He was also a member of the Presidio Golf Club of San Francisco and a lifelong supporter of Stanford football and basketball. He was also a skilled fisherman and masterful card player. He was predeceased by his wife, Jack, and daughter, Sandra Brown.

Joan Wildey Marshall Inman, ’53 (social science/ social thought), of Santa Rosa, Calif., June 10, at 88. She earned her master’s degree in social work at the U. of Colorado Denver, then worked in state social services in San Francisco. She later ran a bed and breakfast and pursued interests in Rosen Method bodywork, opera and Jungian psychology. She was predeceased by her former husband, Robert, ’52. Survivors: her sons, Michael and Jeff.

James Edward Monson, ’53, MS ’55, PhD ’61 (elec- trical engineering), of Point Reyes Station, Calif., January 1, at 86, of heart disease. He was a member of Kappa Alpha. He and his colleagues created the engineering curriculum at Harvey Mudd College, where he taught for 35 years. In retirement, he enjoyed exploring the natural beauty of Point Reyes, tutoring at Tomales High School and serving on community boards. Survivors: his wife of 65 years, Toni; and daughter, Sandra Brown.

James David Atchison, ’54 (psychology), of Chula Vista, Calif., December 5, at 88. He was a member of Delta Upsilon and the tennis team. A former class officer of industry psychology, he led an MBA from UCLA, PhD from the U. of Wash- ington and 27 years as professor of manage- ment at San Diego State. He was predeceased by his first wife, of 41 years, Elizabeth (Pierce, ’54),...
and second wife, Frances. Survivors: his children, Michael, Marie Edwards, Steve and Patrick; 15 grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; and sister, Edwin Stanley "Ted" Tanner, ’54 (political science), MBA ’58, of Menlo Park, Calif., December 24, at 88. He was a member of the football and rugby teams, Delta Tau Delta and ROTC. After Air Force service, he was an agent-owner with LDM United. He was also a Boys & Girls Club and Guardsmen leader. He was predeceased by his wife of 30 years, Marie Jo, and son Russell. Survivors: his wife of 32 years, Ginger; children, Mary, ’81, John, ’82, and Richard; stepdaughters, Laura and Genevieve; and seven grandchildren, including Molly Donner, ’13.

Margot Anne English Lippert, ’56 (history), MA ’57 (education), of Menlo Park, Calif., September 30, at 86. She taught kindergarten at Phillips Brooks School. She also served her community as a volunteer for the Allied Arts Shop and a docent at Filoli, but the service she loved most was to Lucile Packard Children’s Hospital. She was preceded by her husband, Allan; her parents, Paul and Myra, ’55, JD ’60, and John, ’57.

Valerie Frances Weiss Newman, ’56 (international relations), of Los Altos, December 16, at 86. She educated young people as a high school teacher and through volunteer work at a local elementary school, as a visiting English teacher in Portuguese and Taiwan. Survivors: his wife of 60 years, Jackie; children, John, Pamela, ’81, John, ’82, and Richard; stepdaughters, Laura and Genevieve; and two grandchildren.

Anthonie Maarten Voogd, ’59 (political science), of Ojai, Calif., December 5, at 83. He served in the Navy. After earning his JD at UC Hastings, he became a partner at Lawler, Felix & Hall, taught at Southwestern Law School and was general counsel for KTI. He was predeceased by his wife, Dorothy (Heffner, ’61). Survivors: his son, Don.

Kenney Gordon Anderson, ’60 (electrical engineering), of Greenbank, Wash., December 17, at 81. He was a member of the crew team and Theta Delta Chi. He earned his MBA at Harvard and held management positions at Pacific Bell and AT&T. In 2000, he built his dream home on Whidbey Island, Wash., where he enjoyed hours of sailing and helped found the South Whidbey Yacht Club. Survivors: his wife of 22 years, Lynda; sons, Kent and Nick; stepchildren, Tim Bradley, Tammy Gordon and Kacy Proctor; 19 grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Roger Nils Folsom, ’60 (history), of Monterey, Calif., October 7, at 82. He served in the naval reserve, taught high school and, after completing a PhD in economics from Claremont, taught at the San José State for 17 years. He also taught at the Naval Postgraduate School and enjoyed piloting small aircraft. Survivors: his wife of 61 years, Ann; and daughter, Heather.

Neil Thomas Laughlin, ’60, MA ’65 (education), Edd ’72, of San Francisco, September 25, at 82. He was a member of the football and rugby teams and Phi Delta Theta. His teaching and coaching career began at the high school level and continued for 47 years at the U. of San Francisco. His research focused on the physical and mental aspects of sport. He was also a fifth-degree black belt in Judo. Survivors: his wife of 57 years, Maryann; sons, Sean and Jimmy; and two grandsons.

Raymond R. Wolters, ’60 (history), of Naples, Fla., December 1, at 82. He earned his PhD in history at UC Berkeley and taught at the U. of Delaware for 49 years. He wrote a biography of W.E.B. Du Bois and seven books on U.S. race relations, supported by grants from the American Council of Learned Societies, U.S. Department of Education and other institutions. His critique of forced integration measures and the failure of school reforms to address what he saw as intractable racial gaps in academic achievement made him a figure of controversy. Survivors: his wife of 58 years, Mary; sons, Jeff, Kevin and Tom; and four grandchildren.

Jean Bartlett Gould Bryant, ’61 (history), MA ’62 (education), PhD ’73 (history), of Tallahassee, Fla., December 28, at 81. She was a member of Cap and Gown. She taught at Florida State U., where she founded and directed the women’s studies program. She was also active in Zonta International, a women’s service and advocacy organization. Survivors: her husband of 37 years, Jerry; son, Steven Hales; and brothers, Dick Gould, ’59, and Maryann; her husband of 57 years, Maryann; sons, Sean and Jimmy; and two grandsons.

Karin Truelsen, ’61, MA ’63 (history), of Ithaca, N.Y., December 28, at 81. He was a member of the crew team and Theta Delta Chi. He earned his MBA at Harvard and held management positions at Pacific Bell and AT&T. In 2000, he built his dream home on Whidbey Island, Wash., where he enjoyed hours of sailing and helped found the South Whidbey Yacht Club. Survivors: his wife of 22 years, Lynda; sons, Kent and Nick; stepchildren, Tim Bradley, Tammy Gordon and Kacy Proctor; 19 grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Michael William Erling, ’61 (political science), of Palo Alto, December 17, at 81, of COPD. He was a member of Theta Chi. He worked in insurance for more than 30 years, ultimately founding his own brokerage. In retirement, he moved to a remote ranch in New Mexico to care for llamas, rabbits, horses and dogs. He was also a Cardinal Club member and reunion chair and co-chair. Survivors: his wife, Claire; sons, Michael Jr. and Christopher, ’89; and four grandchildren.

Barry Michael Riley, ’61, MA ’63 (history), of Ithaca, N.Y., December 28, at 81. He was a member of...
Farewells

Alpha Sigma Phi and business manager for the Daily. His career in international economic aid spanned nearly 50 years with USAID and the World Bank and as a consultant. He conducted research for his book, The Political History of American Food Aid, while a visiting scholar at Stanford. Survivors: his wife of 52 years, Esther; children, Malaika Riley Imani, ’93, MA ’93, and Brendan; and four grandsons.

Richard Milford Baker, ’63 (electrical engineering), of Waconia, Minn., December 7, at 79. During the course of his career, he owned and operated multiple businesses, including several restaurants. He was a dedicated supporter of youth sports and served as regional commissioner of the American Youth Soccer Organization. Survivors: his wife of 41 years, Melinda; children, John, Jim, John Walker, Jennifer Pruetter, Michelle Kelly, Stephanie Henry and Kim Kalkbrenner; 13 grandchildren; and two great-granddaughters.

Robert Graeme Cormack, ’63 (architecture), of Palo Alto, Calif., December 5, at 79, of prostate cancer. He was a member of Theta Chi and the soccer team. After a Fulbright fellowship in India, he earned his MBA from Harvard and spent his career in real estate management. He loved building things for his family, from toys and furniture to a house in Sea Ranch, Calif. He was predeceased by his wife, Ann (Miller, ’63). Survivors: his daughters, Alison, ’88, MBA ’93, and Sara Cherry, ’91, MBA ’96; three grandchildren; and brother, James, ’59.

Mary Katherine Kroeger Porter, ’63 (French), MA ’64 (education), of Mystic, Conn., December 4, at 79, of COVID-19. She taught elementary school and then raised her family and built a community of friends wherever the Navy brought them. She expressed her creativity as a newspaper columnist, florist and handicraft artisan. She was predeceased by her husband of 50 years, John, ’63, and son Paul. Survivors: her children, Philip, ’91, and Sarah, ’96, MA ’97; and two grandchildren.

Arthur Ralph Tolleson, ’63, MA ’64 (music), DMA ’68, of Oaktown, S.C.; July 4, at 78. He was an accomplished and widely decorated concert pianist. As an educator, he chaired the music department at the U. of Maryland, U. of Arkansas and Northwestern and was dean emeritus of the U. of North Carolina Greensboro School of Music. He and his family found great joy in exploring the many wonders of the world together. Survivors: his wife of 53 years, Brenda; and son, Brian.

Paula Sue Born Bertness, ’64 (psychology), of Lake Wildwood, Calif., November 11, at 78, of cancer. After working as a probation officer, she earned her JD from UC Berkeley. She specialized in labor and intellectual property law as a partner at Morrison Foerster and also taught at Santa Clara U. and Stanford Law School. She was predeceased by her husband of 13 years, Charlie. Survivors: her former husband, Sheridan Downey, ’63; daughters, Julie Downey Giordano, ’88, and Kristina Stroeve; four grandchildren; and sister.

Mary Elizabeth “Molly” Brant, ’64 (Latin American studies), of San Francisco, October 12, at 77. She earned a master’s degree in public administration from the U. of Washington. In her career with the General Services Administration, she was responsible for construction of and improvements to federal buildings throughout the western United States. Fluent in four languages, she specialized in intergovernmental relations with Mexico and Canada. She also served as president of the Metropolitan Club of San Francisco. Survivors: her two sisters, including Crissy, ’72, and partner, Frederick Fitzmeyer. Survivors: her former husbands, Elliot Elson, PhD ’66, and Dan Evett; and three sisters.

Robert William Kittto, ’64 (economics), of Kent, Wash., December 25, at 78, of cancer. He was a member of Theta Delta Chi. He earned his JD from the U. of Washington and practiced law for more than 50 years. He also served two terms on the Kent City Council and as the fire protection district commissioner. Survivors: his wife of 42 years, Lois; former wife, Cathy (Smith, ’64, MS ’66); stepchildren, Kirk Peters and Sue Peters; three grandchildren; and sister.

Alan Vern Hager, ’65 (history), of Los Angeles, December 29, at 77, of Alzheimer’s disease. After earning his JD from USC, he spent four decades with the California Department of Justice. As a

Breakout Literary Voice Mined the Cambodian-American Experience

Writer and visual artist Anthony So moved through the world breaking boundaries of sexual and cultural identity—and insisting that artistic expression itself not be confined. He believed aesthetic wonder shouldn’t be reserved for outlets like writing or painting, but should extend to the everyday—from selecting the right ingredients for a sandwich to picking the most beautiful walk to class,” says Alex Torres, ’17, So’s partner of seven years.

Anthony Veesna So, ’14, a first-generation Cambodian-American writer whose debut book will be published this summer, died on December 8 at his home in San Francisco. He was 28, and the cause of death remains unknown.

So was raised in Stockton, Calif., by Cambodian parents who survived the Khmer Rouge genocide. A self-described “grotesque parody of the model minority,” he studied art and English literature (after dabbling in computer science) at Stanford, where he met Torres. So pursued an MFA in fiction at Syracuse University as a Paul & Daisy Soros Fellow, earning numerous honors, including a Lambda Literary Fellowship and a Joyce Carol Oates Award in Fiction.

He was celebrated as a brilliant, mordant and compassionate voice whose work depicted queer life and the Cambodian-American experience with depth and energy. So’s fiction was published in the New Yorker and n+1, while his comics appeared in Hobart and Nashville Review. His collection of short stories, Afterparties, will be published by Ecco in August.

While working on his own stories, So was committed to helping others tell theirs—particularly first-generation students. He taught at Next Generation Scholars, the Urban School of San Francisco, Colgate University, and the Center for Empowering Refugees and Immigrants.

In So’s eyes, humor was the path through hardship. Even as his material grappled with intergenerational trauma, it was infused with wit and an irreverent edge—a delicate needle to thread. In “The Three Women of Chuck’s Donuts,” a story included in Afterparties, he writes about Cambodian refugee parents operating a family restaurant in California with the help of their American-born teenagers. Tevy, one of the sisters, would “do something as simple as drink a glass of ice water, and her father, from across the room, would bellow, ‘There were no ice cubes in the genocidal!’”

“The community he portrayed was incredibly vital and alive, but he was still acknowledging what his community had gone through,” says Helen Atsma, vice president and editorial director of Ecco.

So’s art promoted self-actualization while repudiating imposed limits. “Anthony wanted to break down the boundaries of the social structures, the bureaucracy that we live in,” says Torres. “He wanted to wake up every day and feel liberated.”

So is survived by Torres; his parents, Ravy and Sienghay; and his sister, Samantha Lamb.

—Carly Stern
supervising deputy attorney general, he was a legal expert on oil and gas regulation. He loved traveling with his family and visiting the national parks of North America. Survivors: his wife of 48 years, Kathleen; children, Anne, and Christopher, ’96; and two granddaughters.

1970s

Charles Christopher "Kip" Theriot, ’70 (communication), of San Francisco, January 2, at 73, of COVID-19. He was on the golf team. After earning his MBA from UC Berkeley, he held executive and directorial positions at the Chronicle Publishing Company. Following the company’s sale, he started a Maui vacation rental business. He was an avid golfer and world traveler and also served on the boards of numerous professional, corporate and nonprofit institutions. Survivors: his son, Charles; and brother, Richard, MBA ’69.

Steven Paul Elliott, ’71 (political science), of Reno, Nev., January 5, at 72, of cancer. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi. He earned his JD from the U. of Denver. In addition to practicing law in the Illinois counties of Champaign and Osceola and in the Spokane city prosecutor and city attorney. He was elected district court judge in 1996 and served until 2013. He was an avid golfer, active in numerous civic groups and also served on the boards of numerous professional, corporate and nonprofit institutions. Survivors: his wife, Mondy; sons, Ben, Derek and Nick Vander Poel; and four grandchildren.

William James Moriarty, ’72 (history), of San Francisco, September 29, at 70, of a heart attack. He was a member of Theta Xi. He earned his JD at Georgetown and began his legal career on Wall Street. After relocating, he practiced law in San Francisco for decades, where his principal focus was litigation. Survivors: five siblings.

Thomas Robert Gidwitz, ’75 (communication), of South Dartmouth, Mass., December 4, at 67, of leukemia. He was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. After a cinema degree from UCLA, he wrote film scripts, novels and short stories but was primarily a science writer. He was on staff at Archeology magazine, edited a publication for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute and recently completed a book on Mexico’s Popocatépetl volcano. An ardent conservationist, he gave his time to the Dartmouth Resources Natural Trust and the Buzzards Bay Coalition. Survivors: his wife, Gail; and three siblings, including James, ’68.

Mary Kim Hom, ’77 (biological sciences and Chinese), of Menlo Park, January 13, at 65. She earned her MD at Albert Einstein College of Medicine and did her residency in OB-GYN at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco. After her third child was born, she retired from medicine and took on countless volunteer roles. She loved oil painting and travel and became conversant in Spanish, German and Swedish. Survivors: her husband of 35 years, Thomas Cooper, ’77, MS ’82; children, Andy Cooper, ’11, Emily Cooper, ’11, MS ’12, and Robert Cooper; mother, Pauline; and five siblings.

Richard Hammond Dohrmann, ’78 (American studies), of Rockport, Maine, January 13, at 65, of cancer. He was on the basketball team. He taught history and coached basketball at Gould Academy in Maine and Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts. As a lifelong learner, he pursued interests in calligraphy, painting, woodworking, videography, history, politics and music. Survivors: his wife, Debra (Demers, ’78); children, Anna McVier and Benjamin; two grandchildren; and two siblings, including Stephen, MBA ’68.

1980s

Debra Sue Nicholson, ’81 (economics), of Tahoe City, Calif., September 27, at 61, when the plane she was piloting crashed. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Torrey Pines Golf Club. She earned her JD from the U. of Virginia. After practicing tax law in San Francisco, she opened an estate planning practice in Tahoe City and also served as a county court judge pro tem. She loved flying, travel, skiing and mountain biking. Survivors: her sons, Bob and Will; mother, Marilyn; former husbands, John Ward and Pete Craig; and two siblings.

Darren Alan Thorneycroft, ’85 (communication), of San Mateo, Calif., September 25, at 57. He was a finance and fitness writer. He enjoyed cooking and fine dining as well as the outdoors. He loved hiking in the Sierras, camping in the desert, body surfing at Torrey Pines and watching Stanford football games. Survivors: his wife, Lila (Collins, ’88); children, Claire and Colin; mother, Karen; and brother.

1990s

Margaret Joan “Gogi” Hodder, ’90 (individually designed), of Berkeley, January 16, at 52, of cancer. She spent her career as a liability claims handler, but her calling was nonprofit work. She co-founded the Mosaic Project to train community peacemakers, helped incorporate Voices Lesbian A Cappella for Justice and served on its board for many years, taught self-defense courses for women and children and supported numerous other nonprofits. Survivors: her wife of 16 years, Sheri Prud’homme; and children, Noah Prud’homme and Nico Prud’homme.

Christopher Demetri Horner, ’90, of Belmont, Mass., December 28, at 52, of pancreatic cancer. He finished his degree at Harvard, then earned an MBA and MS from MIT and a JD from Boston College. He worked as an editor and program manager at Microsoft and as a consultant for Corporate Executive Board before retiring to focus on volunteer work. Survivors: his mother, Matina; and two siblings.

John Santos “Jack” Buchanan, ’91 (philosophy), of Jackson Hole, Wyo., December 4, at 51, of cardiac arrest. He was a member of the crew team. He worked as an instructor for the National Outdoor Leadership School and as a youth counselor in group homes. He loved skiing, hiking, rock climbing, backpacking, music and writing poetry. Survivors: two siblings.

Jehangeer Shiraz Sunderji, ’98 (biological sciences and psychology), of Los Angeles, January 2, at 44, while surfing. He spent five years in investment banking before shifting directions and applying to medical school. With an MD from USC, he developed a specialty in psychiatry and opened a private practice that provided individualized care guided by the latest advances in neuroscience and his interests in art, yoga, Eastern medicine, somatic healing and the surfer’s “flow” state. Survivors: his parents, Shiraz and Gulzar Sunderji; soul mate, Ivy Pruss; and sister.

BUSINESS

Denman Kittredge McNear, MBA ’50, of Bethesda, Md., January 5, at 95. He served in the Navy during World War II. He spent his career with Southern Pacific and rose to become chairman and CEO. In retirement, he enjoyed traveling to Scotland, the Galapagos Islands, Canarylands and Yosemite national parks, Africa, Iceland, the Panama Canal and numerous other destinations. He was predeceased by his second wife, Barbara. Survivors: his children, Denman Jr., Stephen and George; two grandchildren; and former wife, Susan.

EDUCATION

Henry Joseph “Hank” Moroski, MA ’51, of Novato, Calif., December 20, at 95. He served in the Navy during World War II. A basketball standout, he turned down the NBA to pursue his master’s degree. His career as a teacher, coach and administrator spanned 38 years, including 21 years as the founding principal of San Marin High School. He was predeceased by his wife of 68 years, Jo Ann, and daughter Jan. Survivors: his children Marty, ’76, Mike, Kay and Mary; seven grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

Joseph Perault Hannon, MA ’68, of Chicago, August 9, 2019, at 86, of heart failure. He served in the Marine Corps. After a PhD from the U. of Northern Colorado, he became assistant superintendent of Chicago Public Schools. Elected superintendent in 1975, he was a forceful advocate for magnet schools during a time of budget crises. He later directed the Chicago Convention and Visitors Bureau, Department of Commerce and the Illinois Trade Office. Survivors: his wife, Denise; daughter, Kelley; and granddaughter.

Philip Robert Hidalgo, MA ’75, of Los Altos, December 24, at 68, of acute myeloid leukemia. After an international career as a human resources executive, he undertook a second career with Stanford Travel Study. Survivors: his wife, Lauren; children, Danielle, Richard, Rocky and Buzz; two granddaughters; and two siblings.

ENGINEERING

Walter E. Jaye, MS ’52 (electrical engineering), of Menlo Park, November 9, at 95. He was a Holocaust survivor who escaped a French internment camp, joined the Free French Army and was awarded the Legion d’Honneur for service in World War II. Following the launch of Sputnik, he tracked satellites and missiles with the Dish at SRI International and also worked on projects for various intelligence agencies. Survivors: his wife, Diana; children, Laurie and Eric; and three grandchildren.

Robert Ernest Melbourne, MS ’55 (civil engineering), of Oceanside, Calif., December 24, at 91. He served in the Korean War. He worked on major water and road infrastructure projects with Morrison-Knudson, founded his own firm and then worked at the San Diego County Water Authority for 28 years. He later earned a PhD in history from USC with a dissertation on military civil engineering. He was predeceased by his wife, Jeanne. Survivors: his children, Steven, Ann Farley, Maria Hayes and Louise Vance.

Norman Manuel Abramson, PhD ’58 (electrical engineering), of San Francisco, December 1, at 88, of cancer. While at the U. of Hawaii, he headed a group that developed ALOHAnet, which led to the first wireless packet network and whose technologies are still in use today. He held eight patents and was awarded the IEEE Alexander Graham Bell Medal. He loved the ocean and he surfed regularly until age 60. He was predeceased by his daughter, Carin Wethington. Survivors: his wife, Joan, Gr. ’64; son, Mark; and three grandchildren.

Richard Charles Bailey, MS ’62 (electrical engineering), of Webster Groves, Mo., July 23, at 80, of stroke. After Army service, he spent 27 years as an IBM systems engineer. He continued consulting for Alliance Systems in retirement. Survivors: his wife of 55 years, Ruth; children, Michael, Sara, Martha Doennig and Laura; seven grandchildren; and sister.

This page was generated using a natural language processing model from the Stanford NLP project.
Frank John Muratore, MS ’63 (civil engineering), of Merced, Calif., December 24, at 86, of cancer. He served for 22 years as an Air Force civil engineering officer in South Korea, the Philippines and Japan. He later worked for the city of Turlock, Calif., and Merced County. He served as president of the local Italian Catholic Federation and Italo-American Lodge and in multiple roles at St. Patrick’s Catholic Church. Survivors: his wife of 53 years, Jeanette; children, John and Lisa; grandsons; and sister.

Otis Frederick “Fred” Forsyth, MS ’69 (operations research), of Chapin, S.C., May 30, 2020, at 85. He served in the Marine Corps. His professional career included work at SRI International, the U.S. Navy Third Fleet, NASA’s Ames Research Center and Moffett Field Airfield. Survivors: his wife, Betty; children, Tamara Johnson and Sandra Taylor; stepchildren, Allison Hays and Scott Hays; and nine grandchildren.

Constance Elizabeth “Connie” Sauer Clark, MS ’70 (operations research), of Whidbey Island, Wash., May 17, 2019, at 72, of cancer. She took advantage of her time at Stanford to explore San Francisco and the West Coast, ski in the Sierras and march against the war in Vietnam. She worked for more than 30 years at Bell Labs in New Jersey, then retired to Whidbey Island, where she volunteered for Beach Watchers and other nonprofits. Survivors: her husband, Neal; son, Alan; and five siblings.

Barbara Jean Sinkula, MS ’88, PhD ’93 (civil engineering), of White Rock, N.M., November 19, at 59, of brain cancer. Her dissertation led to a book on Chinese environmental policy. She worked at Los Alamos National Laboratory from 1993 to 2018. She enjoyed playing the cello with the Los Alamos Symphony Orchestra, beekeeping and travel. Survivors: her children, Darcy Turin and Karl; and sister.

Benjamin Phillip Kessel, MS ’11 (mechanical engineering), of Somerville, Mass., September 20, at 34, in a climbing accident. He worked first as a test engineer at CoolChip Technologies and then as a control systems engineer at Ivenix. He was also a climbing teacher and expedition leader with the MIT Outing Club and had climbed in Nepal, China, Thailand, Patagonia and Peru. Survivors: his mother, Irene; father, Paul Costello; and brother.

HUMANITIES AND SCIENCES
Jane Fowler Wyman, MA ’60, PhD ’70 (English), of Menlo Park, September 20, at 85. She taught at Stanford and Colby College and, after returning to California, worked as a technical writer at the Wolf Street Journal. In 2010, she wrote about medicine, science, terrorism, and the Wall Street Journal. She was a contributor to the magazine, Northern California Cancer Center and Cygnus Solutions. She loved traveling the country in the family’s small plane, public speaking, ballooning, dancing and worshipping at St. Matthias Catholic Church. She was predeceased by her husband of 45 years, Ron. Survivors: her son, Wayde; and four granddaughters.

Philip William Perry, MA ’69, PhD ’76 (economics), of Orinda, Calif., December 21, at 80, of Parkinson’s disease. He served in the Navy. After teaching at Occidental College and a visiting appointment at Stanford, he moved to Data Resources as manager of the company’s deposit institutions practice. He ended his career with a return to teaching in the graduate business program at St. Mary’s College. Survivors: his wife of 58 years, Julie; children, Kristianna Rassiger and Philip; eight grandchildren; and sister.

Matthew Henry Cusimano, MFA ’74 (art), of Mountain View, September 3, at 75, of septic shock. He served in the Marine Corps. He taught art at West Valley College, founded a design business and worked for the city of Mountain View, AT&T and Xynetics before working for 37 years in the family mortuary business. He enjoyed golf, building model airplanes and travel. Survivors: his wife of 16 years, Irina; stepdaughter, Viktoria Ledin; stepmother, Margaret; and two siblings.

Patrick L. N. Seyon, MA ’75 (political science), PhD ’77 (education), of Arlington, Mass., October 13, at 82, of Parkinson’s disease. As vice president of the U. of Liberia, he survived imprisonment by Liberia’s military dictatorship and later returned to lead the university as its president. He also held positions at Harvard, Northeastern and Boston U. and was a professor and dean of liberal arts at Roxbury Community College. Survivors: his wife, Barbara; children, Marina, Lord and Letecia; six grandchildren; six great-grandchildren; and sister.

LAW
Gary Byron Fields, LLB ’59, of San Francisco, October 18, at 86. After working as a prosecutor for the Justice Department, he entered private practice with a focus on civil litigation. He was dedicated to representing unpopular causes and victims of racial discrimination. He was also an avid golfer and downhill skier. Survivors: his wife, Margo.

Wayman McCowan Robertson Jr., LLB ’61, of Berkeley, November 14, at 87, of Alzheimer’s disease. He served in the Navy. He was a personal injury and civil rights attorney for the California attorney general and tried more than 50 cases. He was a passionate player of golf, bridge, backgammon and poker, and also enjoyed travel to Africa, Europe and South America. Survivors: his wife of 52 years, Pauline; children, Wayman III and Dana Kriesel; grandson; and two siblings, including Carl, ’58, LLB ’64.

Kelvin Lloyd “Kelly” Taylor, LLB ’66, of Medford, Ore., December 11, at 80. He worked for the California attorney general and in private practice before shifting to writing and editing law books with Bancroft-Whitney. He enjoyed sports, especially baseball, and was an avid supporter of the Southern Oregon theater community. He was predeceased by his first wife, Judith. Survivors: his wife, Sandy; sons, Todd and Erik; stepchildren, John Rossello, Robert Rossello and Jennifer Andrews; eight grandchildren; and great-grandchild.

San Diego, he returned to the Bay Area. His clients ranged from individuals and start-ups to major corporations. In 2000, the Santa Clara County Bar Association named him Professional Lawyer of the Year. He also served on the board and as president of the Law Foundation of Silicon Valley. Survivors: his wife of 40 years, Nancy; daughters, Lauren Byrne and Kimberly Bausback; and two grandchildren.

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DURING A ZOOM BREAK this past December, I realized I had an hour or so between my main task that day and an appointment downtown. When it occurred to me that I should use that time to drive around Stanford, a physical wave of grief came over me, buckling my knees. My main task was to pick up my father’s ashes. I placed the heavy black velvet bag in the passenger seat of my car and, in tears, called Dad’s closest friends with an unusual offer—to stop by their house so they could say goodbye. They hadn’t seen Dad in person since the beginning of the year, and, like most families who had suffered a loss in 2020, we weren’t planning a service. Wearing masks, his friends greeted me solemnly in their front yard. After spending a few reflective minutes with them, I headed back to the car, which I realized was filthy. Every week, my father had washed all the cars parked in his driveway, whether or not they belonged to him. It was one of his ways of taking care of us. On this day especially, driving around in a dirty car just didn’t feel right. So, I headed to a nearby car wash, where I generously tipped the workers, as he had taught me to do. As I turned onto Palm Drive, I thought of Dad arriving on campus in 1959, and my mother, and the many other generations of students who had taken that same route. The entrance to the Oval was closed, but I could see MemChu, where Dad had walked me down the aisle, concentrating so hard on not crying that he didn’t hear the music of the trumpets playing in the loft. I began the long loop around Campus Drive, past the eucalyptus groves, where my parents had tailgated with their friends, enjoying the camaraderie more than the football, and then the track, where Dad had run as an undergrad. A little farther down, I noticed a new underground garage where the Manzanita trailers used to sit. When my sister lived in Manzanita, Dad had insisted on replacing the gross carpet. Then there was Wilbur, where each of us had spent our freshman year. A Law School building has taken the place of Kresge Auditorium, where I took Econ 101, Dad’s suggestion in response to my declaration that I wanted to major in English. On the left, his Theta Chi fraternity house, where he built lifelong friendships with classmates who now live around the world. I reflected that we didn’t hear many stories about when he lived there, and then decided that was probably just as well. The driving was easy on the nearly empty campus. A few more memories surfaced, and at the next roundabout, I headed toward the hospitals. The children’s hospital, now rebuilt, where he’d given 29 roses to his first grandchild, born on the 29th day of the month. The main hospital, where his son-in-law’s life was saved. And the cancer center, where he and my mother had both embodied the word patient, enduring years of treatments that ultimately failed. I turned onto Palm Drive once more, the circle complete.

ALISON CORMACK, ’88, MBA ’93, is the daughter of Ann Miller Cormack and Robert Graeme Cormack, both Class of ’63. She majored in history and economics.
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— Marie, Santa Barbara